

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE

EDITED BY  
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# INTRODUCTION

A GREAT poet needs no biography in fact (were it not for the future critic who will otherwise attribute his poetry to some one else) he is generally better off without it. Moore, however, is not a great poet and since in this hurried age minor poetry that pleased in its day is in sad danger of being undeservedly forgotten, it is fortunate that he is provided with an 'aid to immortality' in the shape of his own admirably readable Journal.

When all is said and done, it is not a highly poetic personality—as most understand the somewhat vague term 'poetic'—which these records eventually reveal and the reasons of Moore's immediate and widespread popularity as a poet remain only partially explained. It is not easy to recall any writer who has been admired by his public from the very outset of his career with so little to show for it at first, and in spite, as one might think, of actual obstacles to success. On the mere record of fact, he might be quoted as an encouragement to all young poetasters and literary adventurers seeking their fortune in the great world. The son of a small Dublin shopkeeper in an age when classes were as widely separated as they have been at any time in English history—a Catholic when the Penal Laws were still unrepealed, and to be a Catholic was to be in many respects a pariah—Moore came from Trinity College in Dublin (where his religion forbade him to compete with Protestants for academic distinction) into the world of London, with a cheerful temper and a vivacious intellect, but no actual literary credentials save his forthcoming translation of the so-called *Odes of Anacreon*—a work showing that he possessed a neat talent for versification, a voluptuous imagination, and a certain amount of classical scholarship. He was then, in 1799, only twenty years old.



With as much literary equipment many an aspirant has ended in a Grub Street garret, or seeing in time the error of his ways has returned sadder and wiser to the paternal business. But Moore was born under a happier star. To begin with, he had a patron, Lord Moira, who was very ready to serve him if patronage was no longer of much value in the world of letters, it could do much in the way of social advancement. A youth of Moore's accomplishments was worth patronizing, and his cheerfulness and readiness to please and to be pleased made him friends everywhere. He had a perfect genius indeed for making friends, and (what has not been granted to all poets) the art of keeping them as well. In one way or another, 'Anacreon' Moore became the fashion, as a singer who could make graceful trifles out of serious subjects, scribble tender and witty verses in ladies' albums, or write a good song and sing it himself. Many of the *primitiae* of this period were published among his 'juvenile' works as the *Poems of Thomas Little*—these are for the most part slight erotic trifles, many of which go even farther than the not very prudish mode of the day. Casual versifying, however, was hardly likely to provide a living, though it might gain the entrée of distinguished drawing-rooms. Moore had to find a profession, and when for want of anything better he accepted a position as Admiralty Registrar in Bermuda, it might well have been supposed that even the fame of a translator of Anacreon would not survive transportation across the Atlantic, and that London society would forget him and all his works as easily as it had taken him up. And no doubt this would have been the fate of any one else—but Moore bore a charmed life. To him exile meant simply *reculer pour mieux sauter*. He did not indeed like Bermuda, and he detested the United States—nevertheless he made friends there, as he did everywhere—and his western experiences provided him with a great deal of new 'copy', or rather, a new and interesting setting for his usual theme of Wein, Weib und Gesang. The *Odes and Epistles* are mainly the outcome of his residence and travel abroad. (In the present edition (Moore's own arrangement) *Poems relating to America* stand by themselves, the remaining pieces from *Odes and Epistles*

being included among *Juvenile Poems*) Most people will agree that this volume contains as good serious poetry as any that Moore ever wrote. It is for the most part the poetry of the senses rather than of the spirit—voluptuously tender and amatory, luscious and ornamental as *Lalla Rookh* and *The Loves of the Angels* were to be afterwards full of the ‘simile plus moral’ machinery which the poet was fond of all his life, diversified occasionally by a burst of really good rhetoric, as in the Letter to Lord Forbes

Altogether the *Odes and Epistles* contain a few things that have somehow stood the test of time, and a great many that are as pretty as verse can be that is not beautiful Probably even modern criticism will agree with that and as for the public of 1805, if it had been pleased by Anacreon and Thomas Little, it was enraptured by the *Odes and Epistles*

Their publication was important to Moore’s Life Jeffrey reviewed Moore in the *Edinburgh* with strong condemnation of his morals rather than of his poetry and Moore was so much irritated that he sent a challenge to Jeffrey The poet and critic actually met, and had it not been for the intervention of police officers there might possibly have been bloodshed—only possibly for scandal continued to assert (what Moore vigorously denied) that the pistols were not loaded with anything more than powder But the outcome of the matter was that Moore instead of killing one enemy gained two friends There was a reconciliation between him and Jeffrey, and reconciliation led to friendship Some time afterwards, Byron, as all the world knows, permitted himself to revive the joke about this duel and to talk of ‘Little’s leadless pistol’, whereupon Moore very nearly called him out too but in the end the *pourparlers* which passed between the parties paved the way for Moore and Byron’s long and close intimacy. Moore made friends even out of his quarrels

The reception of *Odes and Epistles* was but a foretaste of fame By the date of his first friendship with Byron the days of real success had begun to come It is noteworthy that the poems by which Moore is best known—*Lalla Rookh* and the *Irish*

*Melodres*—were both written to a publisher's order. An arrangement was made in 1807 between Moore and the brothers Power, according to which Moore was to write the words for a collection of *Irish Melodres*, the music to be adapted by Stevenson from national airs—the songs were to be issued in successive volumes. The result shows that Messrs Power knew what they were about, for whatever else of Moore's has been proved to be perishable stuff, the *Melodres* at least live to-day and will probably live for many years yet. Charming as these songs are, it would be rash to say that literary merit has had a great deal to do with their permanence, or that they go very far to prove Moore a poet. Music has been here as elsewhere a strong antiseptic. It is difficult to assess the worth of the *Irish Melodres*—difficult to think of them at all—apart from their often delightful music, but at least they show that Moore, if he was very far from possessing the true lyric gift, as Burns or as Shelley possessed it, could at least write an admirably good song, which is an altogether different accomplishment. That was in fact his true and genuine vocation. Nor can it be claimed that Moore's Muse is really and truly racy of the soil, expressive (as some later and not better poetry has been) of something distinctly un-English. At the risk of being severely censured for making any definite statement about that most indefinite and elusive of all realities, the 'Celtic spirit', one may venture to assert that while it has been caught for a moment by an Irish singer here and there—a Mangan or a Yeats or a 'Moirra O'Neill'—there is very little of it in the *Irish Melodres*. There is nothing in Moore that is vague, mystic, intangible—everything is clear, definite, demonstrative rather than suggestive. Every Irishman with an imagination and an ear for music will find the very spirit of his country in the music of many of the Melodies—in 'Savourneen Dheelish', or 'The Coolin', or (above all) 'Shule Aroon'. But he will not find it in Moore's words. He will find wit in abundance and tenderness and graceful and charming fancies—adornments of literature which are not forbidden, it must be allowed, even to the Saxon, but hardly anything that is uniquely and characteristically Irish. Nevertheless Moore deserved well of his

country At least he provided the 'national spirit' with a means of expression which, if not the expression of what we have since been taught to regard as real popular sentiment, yet could by virtue of its very conventionalism appeal to and be understood by the world, and a literature which later Irish 'patriots' exploited to the full, and which even a long succession of Nationalist orators has not succeeded in rendering entirely ridiculous. Picturesque conventionalities live longest it was the manner of the masters of the Romantic school to create a legendary heroic figure out of the Celt—Scotch Highlanders or 'O'Rourkes, O'Tooles, the ragged royal blood of Tara'—with whom indeed they were in very imperfect sympathy Their ability popularized the convention, and even now it sometimes passes for reality.

Moore and his method certainly won popularity enough All the English-speaking race admired his *Irish Melodies*. In Byron's judgement, 'As a beam o'er the face of the waters,' 'When he who adores thee,' 'Oh blame not the bard,' 'Oh breathe not his name,' were 'worth all the epics that ever were composed'. Even the 'Saxon oppressor', still loving liberty in the abstract while he took care to dole it out very sparingly to Catholics, forgave the poet for patriotic aspirations so delightfully expressed. Indeed, Moore's 'Nationalism' in the *Melodies* was purely an affair of sentiment Born in 1779, he saw or professed to see in Grattan's Parliament, Protestant though it was, the dawn of a new and brighter era for Ireland 'Ninety-eight' for him was the age of the 'Ultimi Romanorum' He had been the friend of the unfortunate Robert Emmet, and had himself been almost drawn into the vortex of conspiracy while he was an undergraduate at Trinity But Moore was not born to be a rebel Like Mr Brooke in *Middlemarch*, he 'saw what it might lead to', and made up his mind to a prudent abstention That was characteristic of Moore always He was a friend of the Whigs, if a candid one ('But bees on flowers alighting cease to hum,—So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb') as a champion of Catholic emancipation and a foe to Protestant supremacy he was a nominal ally of the Whig party but he was no popular reformer, and rather feared the legislation of 1832. Moore had

not the Radical temper no Irishman has it is the failure to realize this elementary fact which causes disappointment to English politicians There remained with him an imaginative enthusiasm for 'Ireland a nation', happy and 'free' as she might have been in some legendary golden age; and lines like

On our side is virtue and Erin,  
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt—

or

We tread the land that bore us,  
Her green flag glitters o'er us,  
The friends we've tried are at our side,  
And the foe we hate before us—

only mean that Moore had a poet's eye for the mythical glories of his country. He pleaded eloquently and justly for Catholic emancipation, but he was never an anti-English Nationalist, and could even talk—quite in a Saxon vein—of 'those unfortunate Irish, who are always in some scrape or other, either rebelling, or blarneying, or starving' England meant so much to him that he could not really sympathize with O'Connell and Repeal For all that, Catholic Ireland, proud of the first Irish singer—and a singer who was also a true patriot—welcomed him as a heaven-born genius 'Tom Moore' was for many years the idol of the majority of his countrymen, and even Protestant Irishmen—never very ready to admit merit of any kind in a political opponent—allowed that if he was a bad politician he was a good poet It was about this period that Byron's enthusiasm for Moore rose to its height 'There is nothing,' he writes in 1813, 'that Moore may not do, if he will but seriously set about it In society' (Byron would allow a man to be a poet if he liked, but it was essential to cut a good figure in the world) 'he is gentlemanly, gentle, and altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted' The Byronic class-list of poets is worth recording—first, Scott, second, Rogers, third, Moore and Campbell, fourth, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and then 'The Many' Poets' judgements on each other are rarely final

The publication of the *Melodies* went on intermittently till

1835 But some years after it began Moore had more serious work (or what he considered such) on hand

It is probable that in our more critical and perhaps more prosaic age very few publishers would be prepared to offer £3,000—even to a popular favourite—for an Oriental tale. Such, however, were the terms of the commission proposed by Longmans to Moore in 1812, and it is not likely that the investment turned out ill for the publisher. Moore entered *con amore* into the task of assimilating the legends of the gorgeous East, which became more gorgeous as seen through the conventional poetic *aura* which could turn a suburban dinner-party for him into an Olympian banquet—when he was writing serious poetry. *Lalla Rookh* had an immediate and complete success. Longmans had gauged the public taste quite correctly. The poem was translated into many languages. Moore's friend Luttrell congratulated him on its being sung 'in the streets of Ispahan'. Few can dogmatize about the literary standards of Ispahan: what is at first sight rather remarkable is that *Lalla Rookh* should have been sung in the streets of London. At any rate, we have lost the taste for this kind of oriental apologue, and if some of Moore's sentimental beauties remain familiar to us—'Oh ever thus—from childhood's hour' for instance—it is parody as much as admiration that keeps their memory green. Much of *Lalla Rookh*, for all its prettiness, does not rise far above the level of respectable operatic libretto. It is for the stage—the operatic stage, and perhaps the truest appreciation was that of the German Court where these apologies were acted with great success by a distinguished company—Serenities and Transparencies taking the parts of Peris and Fire-worshippers and Veiled Prophets. After all, it is not so very surprising that quite serious critics should have admired this kind of literature, much less that 'Dear Lalla Rookh' should have delighted generations of schoolgirls. Anything akin to Byronism and the Byronic hero—and Moore's heroes have something of the picturesqueness of Laras and Manfreds, though neither their passion nor their pessimism—was sure to be dear to the romantic hearts of the public of 1820. Moreover, if many respectable persons might be shocked by the rebel temper

of Byron, and still more by that of Shelley, Moore might lie on any drawing-room table. There was nothing in *Lalla Rookh* which could be undesirable for the Young Person, if its details were sensuous, its respectability was unimpeachable—never was so voluptuous an imagination employed in the cause of morality. *Lalla Rookh* was published in 1817, and the next serious poem was the *Loves of the Angels* (1823), a poem distinguished by the same qualities as its more famous predecessor. The theme, one imagines, might inspire great poetry. But Moore's combination of luscious ornament and conventional morality produces nothing more than a sort of glorified operatic libretto. His erotics transferred from earth to heaven tremble on the verge of the ridiculous—the reader feels the proximity of bathos. However, it is fair to say that the *Loves of the Angels* was taken quite seriously. Many genuinely admired the poem, some (alarmed by the introduction of 'sacred subjects', in spite of the fact that 'Virtue points the moral lay') paid it the compliment of being as genuinely shocked. The *mise-en-scène* of the *Loves* and *Lalla Rookh* is distinctly stagey, and Moore's next work, a collection called *Evenings in Greece*, was actually intended for dramatic production. Written in 1825 for Moore's musical publishers Messrs Power, the *Evenings* are a series of slight and graceful drawing-room songs strung together on a still slighter thread of narrative. But Moore's songs of Hellas are faint echoes of the Muse of Byron—to whom indeed he would have been well advised to leave the theme of Greek aspirations.

These (with the pieces which he was all his literary life writing for the Powers and others, now generally included under the heading of *Songs and Ballads* and *Miscellaneous Poems*) make up Moore's contribution to 'serious' poetry. It would be quite wrong to say that his sentimentalities (however artificial and conventional they may appear) are not genuine. Moore's sensuous imagination was just as real as any other part of his character. Nevertheless it will be admitted by most that the real man is a wit rather than a poet. He is truest to himself in his lighter vein, which best reflects what was most characteristic in Moore, his interest in visible life, the pleasure which he took

in society, his desire to amuse and to be amused. A recent poet described himself as a 'born sobber', Moore was a born laugher—and born too with a genius for criticism which he employed freely on others and occasionally on himself. He could hardly fail to become a contributor of 'occasional verse' on topics of the day. But he was thirty-four before his 'Muse ventured', as he says, 'out of the go-cart of a newspaper' in a volume of *jeux d'esprit*, mostly republished, called the *Twopenny Post Bag*. It is hard to form any just estimate of humorous verse which deals with byways of ancient politics and persons whose foibles have long been forgotten. But it appears that the *Post Bag*, whether by its native wit or by the spiciness of its reflections on the Prince Regent and his *entourage*, achieved a distinguished success at the time, before its jests came to need a commentary. Byron was loud in its praise. If it does not shine in comparison with later work by the same hand, at least it showed the public that the topics of the day could be handled with wit and high spirits and without coarseness. Later on, owing to the mismanagement or dishonesty of the deputy whom he had left in occupation of his Bermuda Registrarship, Moore apparently either was or imagined himself to be in actual danger of being arrested for debt, and went to reside in Paris till his financial affairs should be arranged. It was a cheerful period of exile. Moore in Paris was quite as much in his element as Moore in England. He found a congenial atmosphere everywhere, a public to dine with and to sing to and to make jokes about. It was now that he wrote *The Fudges in Paris*—the rhymed correspondence of an English or Anglo-Irish family living under the restored Bourbon monarchy, the father, a political creature and secret agent of Moore's bugbear and butt Castlereagh, the son, a vulgar and would-be fashionable gourmand, the daughter, a silly romantic girl captivated by a supposed 'prince in disguise' who of course turns out to be a shopwalker. There is much admirable humour in the Fudge correspondence, probably Moore is nearer to absolute excellence here than in anything that he ever wrote. The *Twopenny Post Bag* suffers from obscurity sometimes, but the Fudge papers are as amusing as on the day when they were



written In 1821 Moore returned to England, though even now with some trepidation ('bought a pair of mustachios, by advice of the women, as a mode of disguising myself'), and another series—*The Fudges in England*—appeared eventually in 1835 Here Miss Fudge, the original prima donna, is now a lady of wealth and a certain age, courted by pietistic fortune-hunters The whole thing is a skit on the Low Church revival of the 'twenties'. Clearly the press wanted pens like this, and it is not surprising that Moore became a regular contributor of satirical verse to the *Times* That journal was not yet at the zenith of its greatness It was not the arbiter of politics, and Barnes, the editor, was not a Delane to be connected with the *Times* was no great matter for pride But a Whig organ, with sufficient vogue in political circles, could give Moore what he wanted—a medium for making fun of various things and people, and fun, too, which was pretty lucrative To throw off these metrical jests came naturally to him it was 'no more difficile Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle'. In fact he could not help doing it, though he realized (as he says in the Journal) that he ought to be flying at higher game

The little volume called *Cash, Corn, and Catholics*, consists of squibs contributed to the *Times* from 1826 to 1828 There had been another before this, *Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress* (1819) But through half his lifetime Moore was always publishing the expression of the passing mood—epigram, pasquinade, versicles sometimes grave, more often gay—in various newspapers and magazines it is these that make up his *Miscellaneous Poems* and *Satirical and Humorous Poems* Most of them have gone the way of ephemeral verse Here and there one finds something that has contrived to live, not so much by that different kind of humour which has since gone to the making of the best 'light verse', as by sheer smartness of expression such as the memorable question, 'Why is a Pump like Viscount Castlereagh?' or the lines on Lord Lauderdale—

Bright Peer' to whom Nature and Berwickshire gave

A humour endowed with effects so provoking

That whenever the House is unusually grave

You ay always be sure that Lord Lauderdale's joking'

No one has been so copious as Moore in this kind, and hardly any one perhaps so good none certainly so sparkling Praed, who wrote much political verse at the same period or a little latter, cannot stand beside him But then Moore could not have written *The Vicar*

Moore was an excellent squib-writer, but he had not the makings of a good satirist Too much of a sentimentalist to be like Horace, he had too little *saeva indignatio* to be a Juvenal It was not his nature to be angry with society He disliked and laughed at a number of things and people, undoubtedly He had a sneer for the Holy Alliance, and Viscount Castlereagh, and dullards, and Protestant supremacy But a wilderness of Orangemen would not put him out of concert with his world —

They may rail at this life—since the hour I began it  
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss .

nothing would have made him a Byron or a Shelley in regard to the established order of society, and his satire, such as it was, was so essentially good-humoured that it made him hardly any enemies

Indeed, until the last sad years few men can have had a pleasanter existence, even then, deeply as he felt the loss of his children, and conscious as he was of his own failing intellect, the buoyant-tempered man could hardly suffer as keenly as he had enjoyed Till then, at least, he warmed both hands before the fire of life. He valued domestic happiness above all, and for many years had that in full measure no man was ever more fortunately married and thoroughly enjoying social intercourse, he had plenty of that as well Formed to please and to be pleased, he mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, preferably 'The Great' and such society as he met in the Holland House circle There, while no doubt 'Tommy loved a lord', it is equally certain that lords loved him 'Tom Moore' was welcome wherever he went, feted and admired, flattered in private and rapturously received in public It is true that he was always ill off for money, and had to work hard for the support of his family But if *paupertas impulit audax ut versus faceret*—and prose too—

it was no more than an additional incentive to the doing of what came naturally to him, and it did not interfere with his independence, or prevent his refusing pecuniary help or lucrative work when the one would have offended his scrupulous delicacy or the other might have been uncongenial. Moore was never a literary hack. But work was constantly pressed upon so deft and popular a craftsman, and he wrote on a large variety of subjects. His contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* include an essay on 'The Fathers', and another on 'German Rationalism' among other and distinctly lighter exercises. He was the most industrious of littérateurs—like many of his trade turning more as the years went on to the writing of prose by which, indeed, it appears that he wished to be judged, rather than by verse.

Moore's prose ranges over much the same field as his verse, with which indeed it has often a good deal in common. *Captain Rock* and the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*,—both polemical satires, directed respectively against English misgovernment of Ireland and the claim of Protestantism to be the only true form of Christianity—are animated by the same spirit that produced many of the Satirical and Humorous Poems: the same tender and luscious treatment of a romantic motive pervades the *Songs and Ballads* or the *Odes and Epistles* and *The Epicurean*. This last, indeed, was originally designed as a poem, and eventually developed into a prose romance, but those who prefer a poetical form can read the same story in *Alciphron*. The prose version runs with that rather stilted conventional fluency which seems to have been the special possession of the early nineteenth century, and its manner suggests a link between *Lalla Rookh* and the *Last Days of Pompeii*: one sees the genesis of Lytton, and like all Moore's serious and sentimental work, it abounds in imagery. Careful critics have counted I know not how many hundreds of similes in the *Life of Sheridan*, a sympathetic biography which is probably still read by students of politics. All the world knows the *Life of Byron*, and the story which hangs thereby—how Moore, acting on his own and others' judgement, sanctioned the destruction of certain autobiographical notes left in his charge by the

poet Our inquisitive age sometimes blames the *Life* for a similar suppression of personal detail which would surely be interesting because it was scandalous enough for Moore to keep it back but when all is said and done, the *Byron* is sufficiently revealing. It was popular on the day of its publication, and is still Moore's most admired prose work. None of the rest, indeed, are now much in demand least of all perhaps his latest and largest book, the four-volume *History of Ireland* which was contributed to *Lardner's Cyclopaedia*, between 1835 and 1846

Moore is not likely to live by his prose—except in so far as it is concerned with the always interesting personality of Byron. Yet he valued himself on his prose work rather than on his poetry. That, he knew, had not the stuff that makes immortality and indeed *Lalla Rookh*, his most admired creation, enjoyed a very short-lived popularity the Tennysonian age was not much moved by Moore's sentimentalities Moore, in fact, was a very much better critic of his own poetry than most of the admirers—Byron included—who told him that he was a great poet One can only record the literary likes and dislikes of our forefathers Diversities of aesthetic taste do not admit of explanation we have other ideas, and there is no more to be said, perhaps the standards of a public which preferred Rogers to Wordsworth are better relegated to their proper place in a museum of curiosities But the special character of Moore's public and its relation to himself may at least be noted. After all, 'rank and fashion' counted for more among the reading public than it does at present In the circles in which Moore mostly moved and for which he wrote, there were many then as there are many now who would call a good song-writer a poet and Moore was certainly a good song-writer Moreover, he and Byron gave their 'fashionable' audiences exactly what the hearers wanted—Byron rhetoric and real passion, Moore rhetoric and sentiment, which did very nearly as well as real passion, and does duty for it not infrequently Moore profited enormously by the vogue of Byronism—being himself in his serious moods superficially a sort of optimistic Byron, minus the Byronic gloom He was artificial, no doubt but it was a pleasing, and

on the whole a novel, kind of artificiality Above all Moore was very easy to understand, and the kind of public for which he wrote will never trouble itself about anything else Poetry is its *délassement*, and nowadays it prefers fiction

Moore was eminently a man of his own age, and in sympathy with the common mind of his contemporaries and the common taste of every age admires those who are most like itself It may be said that the measure of Moore's popularity is the unpopularity of the major poets who had to wait long for proper appreciation, but who have now far outshone such *minora sidera* of the nineteenth century as Bowles, Campbell, and Rogers Of course the men of the early decades ought to have known better—but the fact remains that Byron called the *Excursion* a 'drowsy, frowsy poem', that Praed talked of 'old Bentham's prose, old Wordsworth's verses', as the epitome of dullness, and that the *Quarterly* said that Keats would never do The real literary movement of the time went on quite apart from the public for which Moore wrote and which understood and admired him—a public which, being intensely prosaic at heart and sentimental without being reflective, had no real use for Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and did not care much for De Quincey, Hazlitt, and Lamb Nor did Moore himself move much in the circles of these immortals Circumstances brought him pretty often into contact with Wordsworth, whom he regarded with the distant respect due to a great poet—one, that is, who was considered by good judges to be a great poet, but by whose attitude towards life and society a singer who was by no means a recluse himself might be excusably surprised Moore's judgement of Keats is not on record it is permissible to suppose that he would not have fully appreciated the 'Hellenic' spirit Shelley, the 'poets' poet', might have appealed to him more strongly, and it is on record that Shelley admired much in Moore, but (apart from differences of opinion as to what was right and decent in private life) no respecter of the *convenances* could really admire a visionary enthusiast and a dangerous Radical, who was considered to exercise a bad influence over the already discontented mind of Byron. Moore had no sympathy at all with Shelley's revolu-

tionary ideas, and was 'perplexed by that sublimity, losing itself in its own vagueness, which so much characterized the writings of Lord Byron's extraordinary friend' He himself suffered from no divine discontent, nor was he in advance of his age and (therefore perhaps) he left no enduring mark on the thought and literature of his age But he wrote much that pleased his own generation, and might still please us and if few will claim that he is a great poet, yet shining literary and social talent combined with absolute simplicity and uprightness of life make him one of the most attractive figures of the nineteenth century

The present edition exactly reproduces the text and arrangement of Moore's poems as they were printed under his own supervision in 1841 The editor has omitted the historical Preface which accompanied each of the ten original volumes, such notes as are not strictly explanatory, the Appendix following the *Irish Melodies*, no part of which has much interest for modern readers, while some of it is not even by Moore's hand, and the prose tale called *The Epicurean*—a prose version of *Alciphron* But he has never presumed to tamper with the form or order of the poems themselves which was approved by Moore's own mature judgement To follow the example of some comparatively recent editors, and to print poems as they originally appeared rather than as their author subsequently wished them to be read, is surely illogical and unjust On the same principle, we should print the erased but still legible words of a manuscript instead of those substituted by the author, or set aside the last will of a testator in favour of an earlier one Further, editors who adopt this method are not consistent If they omit the 'Thomas Little' poems which Moore's later judgement suppressed for being too erotic, why do they retain *The Grecian Girl's Dream* in its first form, which was subsequently altered by Moore on precisely the same grounds? There is only one safe rule in these matters—to retain what the author wished to survive, and to exclude what he wished to perish On this principle it has seemed best to follow the arrangement of the ten-volume edition Editors who depart from this sequence

appear to do so on chronological grounds—at least it is hard to see what other justification they have, and yet they cannot and do not apply that principle rigorously to the *Miscellaneous Poems*, or the *Songs and Ballads*, which, if arranged according to the dates of their first appearance (and the date of many must be quite conjectural) would be scattered here and there all over the volume

How far the order of poems in the present edition is chronological—it is so, but very roughly—can best be shown by the appended list of Moore's volumes as originally published, with the dates of their appearance

### Poems

Odes of Anacreon	1800	Replies to Fudges in Paris	1819
Poems of Thomas Little	1801	Rhymes on the Road	1819
Odes and Epistles	1806	Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress	1819
Irish Melodies	1807 [to 1835]	Fables for the Holy Alliance	1823
Corruption and Intolerance	1809	Loves of the Angels	1823
The Sceptic	1809	Evenings in Greece	1825
M P or the Blue Stocking	1811	Cash, Corn, and Catholics	1828
Twopenny Post Bag	1813	Legendary Ballads	1830
National Airs	1815	Summer Fête	1831
Sacred Songs	1816	Fudge Family in England	1835
Lalla Rookh	1817	Alciphron	1839
Fudge Family in Paris	1818		

### Prose Works

Captain Rock	1824	Life of Byron	1830
Epicurean	1827	Travels of an Irish Gentleman	1833
Life of Sheridan	1828	History of Ireland	1835 [to 1846]

Most of the volumes of verse were republished *in toto* in 1841, with alterations here and there of individual pieces. Others were dismembered, and the fragments either suppressed or incorporated in newly formed groups: for instance, most of the 'T Little' poems and some of the *Odes and Epistles* go to make up what now stand as *Juvenile Poems*, the *Poems relating to America* being taken out of the *Odes and Epistles* and forming a separate unit. Similarly, the *Miscellaneous* and *Satirical and Humorous Poems* are a blend of *Cash, Corn, and Catholics*, a few verses from *Tom Crib's Memorial*, and a great many pieces which had never before 1841 appeared elsewhere than in newspapers and magazines.

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POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE



# ODES OF ANACREON

## TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

### WITH NOTES

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE PRINCE OF WALES

SIR,

IN allowing me to dedicate this Work to Your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly and I have only to regret, that the pages which you have thus distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage

Believe me, SIR,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE

### ADVERTISEMENT

IT may be necessary to mention, that, in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index, which marks the number of each Ode in Barnes and the other editions.

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## AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR

ΕΠΙ ῥοδίνοις ταπήσι,  
 Τῆιός ποτ' ὁ μελίστης  
 Ἰλαρὸς γελῶν ἐκεῖτο,  
 Μεθύνων τε καὶ λυρίζων  
 Ἀμφὶ αὐτὸν οἱ δ' ἔρωτες  
 Ἀπαλοὶ συνεχόρευσαν  
 Ὁ βέλῃ τα τῆς Κυθῆρης  
 Ἐποίει, ψυχῆς οἰστούς  
 Ὁ δὲ λευκὰ πορφυροῖσι  
 Κρίνα συν ῥοδοῖσι πλέξας,  
 Ἐφίλει στεφάνων γερόντα  
 Ἦ δὲ θεῶν ἀνασσα,  
 ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' ἐξ Ὀλύμπου  
 Ἐσώρωσ' Ἀνακρέοντα,  
 Ἐσώρωσα τοὺς ἔρωτας,  
 Ἐπομειδίσσας εἶπε  
 Σοφέ, δ' ὥς Ἀνακρέοντα  
 Τὸν σοφώτατον ἅπαντων,  
 Καλεοῦσιν οἱ σοφισταί,  
 Τί, γερῶν, τεὸν βίον μὲν  
 Τοῖς ἔρωσι, τῷ Λυαίῳ,

Κ' οὐκ ἐμοὶ κρατεῖν ἔδωκας,  
 Τί φίλημα τῆς Κυθῆρης,  
 Τί κυπέλλα τοῦ Λυαίου,  
 Αἰεὶ γ' ἐτρύφηςας ἀδῶν,  
 Οὐκ ἐμούς νόμους διδάσκων,  
 Οὐκ ἐμὸν λαχὼν αὐτὸν,  
 Ὁ δὲ Τῆιός μελίστης  
 Μῆτε δυσχεραίνει, φησί,  
 Ὅτι, θεᾷ, σου γ' ἀνέν μὲν,  
 Ὁ σοφώτατος ἅπαντων  
 Πὰρ τῶν σοφῶν καλοῦμαι  
 Φιλεῶ, πῶν, λυρίζω,  
 Μετὰ τῶν καλῶν γυναικῶν  
 Ἀφελὼς δὲ τερπνὰ παίζω,  
 Ὡς λυρῇ γὰρ, ἐμὸν ἦτορ  
 Ἀναπνεῖ μόνους ἔρωτας  
 Ὡδὲ βιοτοῦ γαλήνην  
 Φιλεῶν μάλιστα πάντων,  
 Οὐ σοφὸς μελῶδός εἰμι,  
 Τίς σοφώτερος μὲν ἐστὶ,

## CORRECTIONS OF THE PRECEDING ODE.

SUGGESTED BY AN EMINENT GREEK SCHOLAR

ἘΠΙ πορφυρέοις τάπησι      Ἐπὶ ῥοδίνοις ταπήσι  
 Τῆιός ποτ' αἰδοποῖδς      Τῆιός ποτ' ὁ μελίστης  
 Ἰλαρὸς γελῶν ἐκεῖτο,  
 μεθύνων τε καὶ λυρίζων      4 Ἀμφὶ αὐτὸν οἱ δ' ἔρωτες  
 περὶ δ' αὐτὸν ἄμφ' ἔρωτες

1 πορφυρεὺς vox trisyllabica Anacr. Fragm. xxix 3 ed Fischer πορφυρεὴ τ' Ἀφροδίτῃ  
 Anacr. Fragm. xxxvi 1 σφαιρῇ δεῦτε με  
 πορφυρεῇ, ut legendum plane ex Athenaeo  
 Ἀλιπορφυροῖς ταπήσι dixit Pseud-Anacreon,

Od viii 2 Theocr. Id xv 125 πορφυρεὶ δὲ  
 ταπήτες ἄνω, μαλακώτεροι ὑπὸν  
 5 Tmesis pro ἀμφεχόρευον Theocr. Id vii  
 142 πωτῶντο ξοῦθαι περὶ πίδακας ἀμφὶ μελίσσαι,  
 h, e ἀμφεπωτῶντο

τρομεροῖς ποσὶν χόρευον τὰ βέλεμν' ὃ μὲν Κυθήρης ἔποιεῖ καλῆς, ὁιστοῦς πυρόντας, ἐκ κερανοῦ	9	Ἄπαλοι συνέχορευσαν Ἐποιεῖ, ψυχῆς οἰστοῦς
ὃ δὲ λευκὰ καλλιφύλλοις κρίνα σὺν ῥύδοισι πλέξας, ἔφιλε στέφανον γέροντα κατὰ δ' εὐθὺς ἐξ Ὀλύμπου	15	} Ἢ δὲ θέσων ἀνασσα
Σοφίῃ θέαῖνα βᾶσα, ἔσορῶσ' Ἀνακρέοντα, ἔσορῶσα τοὺς Ἑρωτας,		
ὑπομειδῶσά φησι Σόφ',—ἐπεὶ βροτῶν σὲ τοῦτο καλέουσι φύλα πάντα,	19	Ἵπομειδισσᾶς εἶπε Τὸν σοφωτατὸν ἅπαντων
καλέουσιν οἱ σοφισταί,— τί, γέρων, μάτην ὀδεύεις βίотου τρίβον τεοῦ μὲν μετὰ τῶν καλῶν Ἑρώτων,	25	Τοῖς Ἑρωσι, τῶ Ἀναιῶ Κ' οὐκ ἐμοὶ κρατεῖν ἐδάσκα
μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Ἀναίου, ἐμὲ δ' ὥδε λαῖ ἀπίεις, τί φίλημα τῆς Κυθήρης, τί κύπελλα τοῦ Ἀναίου,		
ἔσαιε τρυφῶν ἀείδεις, ἐμὰ θέσμι' οὐ διδάσκων, ἐμὸν οὐ λαχὼν ἅπτον, ὃ δὲ Τήιος μελωδός,	30	Αἰεῖ γ' ἐτρυφήσας ἀδῶν Οὐκ ἐμους νομοὺς διδάσκων Οὐκ ἐμον λαχὼν ἅπτον
Σὺ παρεκ νόον γε μὴ μοι χαλέπαινε, φῆσ', ἀνευθε ὅτι σεῦ σοφὸς καλοῦμαι παρὰ τῶν σοφῶν ἅπαντων	36	} Μῆτε δυσχεραίνε, φησι 'Ὅτι, θεῶ, σου γ' ἀνευ μεν 'Ὅ σοφωτατὸς ἅπαντων
φιλέω, πῶ, λυρίζω, μετὰ τῶν καλῶν γυναικῶν, ἀφελῶς δὲ τερπνὰ παίζω κιθάρῃ γάρ, ὥς κέαρ μεῦ, ἀναπνέει μόνους Ἑρωτας		
βίотου δὲ τὴν γαλήνην φιλέων μάλιστα πάντων, σοφὸς οὐ μελωδὸς εἰμι, τί σοφώτερον γένοιτ' ἂν, ἐμέθεν σοφώτερος τίς,	41	Ἦς λυρῇ γάρ, ἐμον ἥτορ 'Ἦδε βίотου γαλήνην
	45	Οὐ σοφὸς μελωδὸς εἰμι Τίς σοφώτερος μεν ἐστί

6 Pseud-Anacr Od lxx 12 τρομεροῖς ποσὶν χορεύει

7, 10 ο μὲν, ἡς—ο δε, ἡλε Bion Id i 82  
χω μὲν οἰστῶς, | ος δ' ἐπὶ τοῖον (βαιν, κ τ λ i ti-  
dem de Amoribus

8, 9 ἐποιεῖ—ἐκ κερανοῦ Pseud-Anacr Od  
xxviii 18 το δε βλεμμα νῦν αληθῶς | ἀπο τοῦ  
πυρὸς ποιήσον.

10, 11 καλλιφύλλοις—ροδοῖσι Pseud-Anacr  
Od v 8 το ροδὸν τὸ καλλιφύλλον

14 Tmesis pro καταβάσα Pseud-Anacr Od  
π 15 ἀνα ο' εὐθυ λυχνον αἶψας ἡ ε ἀναψας

18 Supple ονομα, quo τοῦτο referatur Eurip

Phoen 12 τοῦτο γὰρ πατήρ | ἔθετο ἡ ε τοῦτο  
οἶμα βροτῶν φύλα πάντα adumbiatum ex  
Pseud-Anacr Od π 4 μεροπων δε φύλα  
παντα

21 Pseud Anacr Od xxiv 2 βιотου τριβον  
οδευειν

25 Aesch Eumen 588 μηδε νι, | κερδος ιδων,  
αβωο ποδι λαῖ ατι-|σῃς

32 παρεκ νοον γε μὴ μοι χαλεπαινε, ne praeter  
rationem in me saepe Il γ 133 Ἡρη, μη χαλε-  
παινε παρεκ νοον Similem positionem particu-  
larum μη μοι exhibit Pseud-Anacr Od xxviii,  
18



## REMARKS ON ANACREON

THERE is but little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon Chamaeleon Heraclæotes,<sup>1</sup> who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men, but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of history and romance,<sup>2</sup> and is too often supported by unfaithful citation<sup>3</sup>

Our poet was born in the city of Téos, in the delicious region of Ionia, and the time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ<sup>4</sup> He flourished at that remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were become the rival asylums of genius There is nothing certain known about his family, and those who pretend to discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, show much more of zeal than of either accuracy or judgment<sup>5</sup>

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court, and, while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that, by the influence of his amatory songs, he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects

The amours of the poet, and the rivalry of the tyrant, I shall pass over in silence, and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favourable to humanity, as impossible, and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained, where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we officiously reminded that there have been really such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those princes who may be said to have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa From his court, which was a sort of galaxy of genius, Anacreon could not long be absent Hipparchus sent a barge for him, the poet readily embraced the invitation, and the Muses and the Loves were wafted with him to Athens

<sup>1</sup> He is quoted by Athenæus *εν τω περι του Ανακρεοντος*

<sup>2</sup> The *History of Anacreon*, by Gacon (le Poète sans fard, as he styles himself), is professedly a romance, nor does Mademoiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho These, then, are allowable But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him at last, in his old age, at a country villa near Téos?

<sup>3</sup> The learned Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in Le Fevre (*Dictionnaire Historique*, &c.) Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father they have

almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos

<sup>4</sup> I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, 'Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade, car pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites'

<sup>5</sup> This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's *Dialogue on Temperance*, it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error, but Bayle had observed it before him

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone,<sup>1</sup> and, however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who see in this easy and characteristic death a peculiar indulgence of Heaven, we cannot help admiring that his fate should have been so emblematic of his disposition. Caelius Calpurnius alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet —

Those lips, then, hallow'd sage, which pour'd along  
A music sweet as any cygnet's song,  
The grape hath clos'd for ever !  
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,  
Here let the rose he lov'd with laurels bloom,  
In bands that no'er shall sever

But far be thou, oh ! far, unholy vine,  
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine  
Lost his sweet vital breath,  
Thy God himself now blushes to confess,  
Once hallow'd vine ! he feels he loves thee less,  
Since poor Anacreon's death

It has been supposed by some writers that Anacreon and Sappho were contemporaries, and the very thought of an intercourse between persons so congenial, both in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius, gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it. But the vision dissolves before historical truth, and Chamaeleon and Hermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism.<sup>2</sup>

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy, but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may safely consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart. We find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to have thought that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness in mere wealth. The cheerfulness, indeed, with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity, which he attributes to himself so feelingly, and which breathes characteristically throughout all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those few vices in our estimate which religion, at that time, not only connived at, but consecrated, we shall be inclined to say that the disposition of our poet was amiable, that his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned, and that Virtue, with her zone loosened, may be an apt emblem of the character of Anacreon.

<sup>1</sup> Fabricius appeals not to trust very implicitly in this story. 'Uvae passae acino tandem suffocatus, si credimus Suidæ in *anacronis*, vñ enim hoc moris genere perisse tradunt Sophoclem.' — *Fabricii Bibliotheca Græca* lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's introduction to his Anacreon.

<sup>2</sup> Barnes is convinced (but very gratuitously) of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho. In citing his authorities, he has strangely neglected the line quoted by Fulvius Ursinus as from Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho —

Γίμει λαβὼν κύστας Σαπφῶ παρθενὸν ἀνδρῶνων

Fabricius thinks that they might have been contemporary, but considers their union as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely, as do also Olaus Borrichius and others.

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that it were better, perhaps, to leave the pencil to fancy, and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining to themselves the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing cheerfully to his lyre. But the head of Anacreon, prefixed to this work,<sup>1</sup> has been considered so authentic, that we scarcely could be justified in the omission of it, and some have even thought that it is by no means deficient in that benevolent suavity of expression which should characterise the countenance of such a poet.

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed both by ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon<sup>2</sup>, we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity<sup>3</sup>. They are, indeed, all beauty, all enchantment<sup>4</sup>. He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathise even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion, and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than by sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection, their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this purer gallantry, and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him also from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm, but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is always most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, though all have confessed them to be imitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, as much as they fascinate by their beauty. They may be said, indeed, to be the very infants of the Muses, and to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original, but, to others, I am conscious, this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of such beauties can but ill justify his admiration of them.

<sup>1</sup> It is taken from the Bibliotheca of Fulvius Ursinus. Bellori has copied the same head into his Imagines. Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions another head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters ΤΕΙΟΞ round it, on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin, with the word ΤΙΑΝΩΝ inscribed, in the left, 'volendoci denotare (says Canini) che quei cittadini la coniarono in honore del suo compatriota poeta.' There is also among the coins of De Wilde one which, though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word ΘΙΩΝ, encircled with an ivy crown. 'At quidni respicit hæc corona Anacronitem, nobilem lyricum?'—*De Wilde*.

<sup>2</sup> Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, &c. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace, in addition to the mention of him (lib. iv. od. 9), alludes also to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Cato and

Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. 1. od. 17, and the scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon Sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

<sup>3</sup> See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, &c. His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed.—*Poet. lib. 1. cap. 44*. 'From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, &c.'—*Dissertationes Academicæ*, de Pœtis, diss. 2. Scaliger again praises him thus in a pun, speaking of the μέλος, or ode, 'Anacreon utem non solum dedit hæc μέλη sed etiam in ipsis nulla'.

<sup>4</sup> 'We may perceive,' says Vossius, 'that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style.' Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace, but the modern writers of Juvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.<sup>1</sup> The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birthday entertainment.<sup>2</sup>

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and the apparent facility, perhaps, of his metre have attracted, as I have already remarked, a crowd of imitators. Some of these have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been half so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, being conscious of their own inferiority to their great prototypes, determined on removing all possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, deprived the world of some of the most exquisite treasures of ancient times. The works of Sappho and Alcaeus were among those flowers of Grecian literature which thus fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was hallowed by the interests of religion, but I have already assigned the most probable motive,<sup>3</sup> and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written *Anacreontics*, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmutated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon  
Delevit aetas

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated, gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedaemon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the *Anacreon Recantatus*, by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such, too, was the Christian Anacreon of Patriganus, another Jesuit, who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that the Grecian poet had dedicated to festivity and love.

His metre has frequently been adopted by the modern Latin poets, and Scaliger, Taubman, Barthius, and others, have shown that it is by no means ungenial with that language.<sup>4</sup> The *Anacreontics* of Scaliger, however,

<sup>1</sup> In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by Le Sueur, Gossec, Mehul, and Chetubini. 'On chante du Lai n, et de l'italien,' says Gail, 'quelquesfois même sans les entendre, qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?' The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients, and they have all, as it appears to me, mistaken the accentuation of the words.

<sup>2</sup> The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 9). The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

<sup>3</sup> We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

Αγε μοι, λιγεια φορμυγή,  
Μετα Τηλαν αοιδαν,  
Μετα Δασβιαν τε μολπαν

Margarius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious *Anacreontics*.

<sup>4</sup> Thus too Albeius, a Danish poet —

Fidui tui munera  
Gaudebo semper esso,  
Gaudebo semper illi  
Lutae tunc mulso,  
Gaudebo semper illum  
I audare pumillius  
Anacreonticulis

See the *Danish Poets* collected by Rostgaard. These pretty little pieces defy translation. A beautiful *Anacreontic* by Hugo Griotius may be found lib. i, *Palaeginis*.

scarcely deserve the name, as they glitter all over with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus<sup>1</sup> preserve more happily than any others the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, passing so frequently through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have indulged their fancies upon the subjects, and in the manner of Anacreon. Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabrier and others.<sup>2</sup>

To judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations, and Hagedorn<sup>3</sup> is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France, have also professed to cultivate the muse of Téos, but they have attained all her negligence with little of the simple grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras<sup>4</sup> we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which, so singularly, they had for many ages reposed. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his *Various Readings*. Stephen was then very young, and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition.<sup>5</sup> In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world,<sup>6</sup> accompanied with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled, and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation. Accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes, and the subsequent editors, relying upon his authority, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world, however, has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbe Spaletti, who published at Rome, in 1781, a facsimile of those pages of the Vatican manuscript which contained the odes of Anacreon.<sup>7</sup>

A catalogue has been given by Gail of all the different editions and translations of Anacreon. Finding their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting, I shall here content myself with enumerating only those editions and versions which it has been in my power to collect, and which, though very few, are, I believe, the most important.

<sup>1</sup> To Angerianus Prior is indebted for some of his happiest mythological subjects.

<sup>2</sup> See Crescimbeni, *Historia della Volg. Poes.*

<sup>3</sup> L'aimable Hagedorn vaut quelques Odes d'Anacréon.—Dorat, *Œuvres de la Poésie Allemande*.

<sup>4</sup> See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by de Guinard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his life, prefixed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abb. de Guasco.

<sup>5</sup> Robertellus, in his work *De Poetione corrigenda*, pronounces these verses to be the triflings of some insipid Grecist.

<sup>6</sup> Ronsard commemorates this event.—

Je voy boue à Henrie Etienne

Qui des enfers nous a rendu,

Du vieil Anacréon perdu,

La douce lyre Teienne. Ode xv, book 5.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,  
Who rescued from the gloom of night  
The Teian bud of festive tone,  
And brought his living lyric to light.

<sup>7</sup> This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library, it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams, and in the 676th page of it are found the *Πίναξ* Συναρμολογία of Anacreon.

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris—the Latin version is attributed by Colomesius to John Dorat <sup>1</sup>

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears from a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of Ronsard, that Henry Stephen communicated to this poet his manuscript of Anacreon, before he promulgated it to the world <sup>2</sup>

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation <sup>3</sup>

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter, London, 1695

A French translation by la Fosse, 1704

*L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacréon*, by Gaçon, Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted

The edition by Barnes, London, 1721

The edition by Dr Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier, Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors <sup>4</sup>

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760 <sup>5</sup>

Another, anonymous, 1768

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781, with the facsimile of the Vatican MS

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787

The edition by Gail, at Paris, 1799, with a prose translation.

ODES OF ANACREON <sup>6</sup>

## ODE I

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,  
The minstrel of the Teian measure,  
'T was in a vision of the night,  
He beam'd upon my wondering sight  
I heard his voice, and warmly prest  
The dear enthusiast to my breast  
His tresses wore a silvery dye,  
But beauty sparkled in his eye,

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,  
Through the mist of soft desire 10  
His lip exhal'd, whene'er he sigh'd,  
The fragrance of the racy tide,  
And, as with weak and reeling feet  
He came my cordial kiss to meet,  
An infant, of the Cyprian band,  
Guided him on with tender hand  
Quick from his glowing brows he drew  
His braid, of many a wanton hue,

<sup>1</sup> 'Le même (M Vossius) m'a dit qu'il avoit possédé un Anacréon, ou Scaliger avoit marqué de sa main, qu'Henri Etienne n'étoit pas l'auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Dorat'—Paulus Colomesius, *Particularitis*

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius, almost all these Particularités begin with 'M Vossius m'a dit'

<sup>2</sup> La fiction de ce sonnet, comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacréon, encore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis traduite, *Συ μεν φίλην χελιδὼν*

<sup>3</sup> The author of *Nouvelles de la Repub des Lett* bestows on this translation much more praise than its merits appear to me to justify

<sup>4</sup> I find in Haym's *Notizia de' Libri rari*, Venice, 1670, an Italian translation by Cappone mentioned

<sup>5</sup> This is the most complete of the English translations

<sup>6</sup> This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imputes it to Basilus, have been misled by the words *Τὸν αὐτὸν Βασίλειον* in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

I took the wreath, whose inmost twine  
Breath'd of him and blush'd with wine<sup>1</sup>  
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow 21  
And ah! I feel its magic now<sup>2</sup>  
I feel that even his garland's touch  
Can make the bosom love too much

## ODE II

GIVE me the harp of epic song,  
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along,  
But tear away the sanguine string,  
For war is not the theme I sing  
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,<sup>3</sup>  
I'm monarch of the board to-night,  
And all around shall brim as high,  
And quaff the tide as deep as I  
And when the cluster's mellowing dew  
Their warm enchanting balm infuse, 10  
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,  
And reel us through the dance's round  
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,  
In wild but sweet ebriety,  
Flashing around such sparks of thought,  
As Bacchus could alone have taught

Then, give the harp of epic song,  
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along,  
But tear away the sanguine string,  
For war is not the theme I sing 20

## ODE III

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,  
Master of the pencil's fire!

*I took the wreath, whose inmost twine  
Breath'd of him, &c*

Philostatus has the same thought in one of his *Ερωτικά*, where he speaks of the garland which he had sent to his mistress *ὡς δὲ βούλει τι φίλον χαρίζεσθαι, τα λειψάνα ἀντιπεμψών, μήκει πινοῦντα ῥόδων μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ σου* 'If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses only, but of thee!' Which pretty conceit is borrowed (as the author of the *Observer* remarks) in a well-known little song of Ben Jonson's —

'But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent it back to me,  
Since when it looks and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee!'

<sup>2</sup> And ah! I feel its magic now ] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, occurs in an epigram of the seventh book of the *Anthologia*

*Λίσσε μοι πινοῦντι συνεσταύουσα Χαρίκλω  
Δάδρη τοὺς ἰδίου ἀμφεβαλε στεφανῶν,  
Πῦρ ὁλοὺν δάπτει με*

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,  
'Twas then thy fingers shily stole

Sketch'd in painting's bold display,  
Many a city first portray,  
Many a city, revelling free,  
Full of loose festivity  
Picture then a rosy train,  
Bacchantes straying o'er the plain;  
Piping, as they roam along,  
Roundelay or shepherd-song 10  
Paint me next, if painting may  
Such a theme as this portray,  
All the earthly heaven of love  
These delighted mortals prove

ODE IV<sup>4</sup>

VULCAN! hear your glorious task,  
I do not from your labours ask  
In gorgeous panoply to shine,  
For war was ne'er a sport of mine  
No—let me have a silver bowl,  
Where I may cradle all my soul,  
But mind that, o'er its simple frame  
No mimic constellations flame,  
Nor gave upon the swelling side,  
Orion, scowling o'er the tide 10  
I care not for the glittering wain,  
Nor yet the weeping sister train  
But let the vine luxuriant roll  
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,  
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid<sup>5</sup>  
Is culling clusters in their shade  
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,  
Wildly press the gushing grapes,

Upon my bow that wreath of thine,  
Which since has madden'd all my soul

<sup>2</sup> *Proclaim the laws of festal rite* ] The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. Anacreon here acts the symposiarch, or master of the festival. I have translated according to those who consider *κυπελλὰ θεσμών* as an invasion of *θεσμών κυπελλῶν*

<sup>4</sup> This ode, Aulus Gellius tells us, was performed at an entertainment where he was present

<sup>5</sup> *While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid, &c* ] I have availed myself here of the additional lines given in the Vatican manuscript, which have not been accurately inscribed in any of the ordinary editions —

*Ποίησον σμυτeloυς μοι  
Καὶ βοτρυας κατ' αὐτον  
Καὶ μαινάδας τρυγούσας  
Ποιεὶ δὲ ληνον οἶνου,  
Ἀγροβάτας πατούντας,  
Τοὺς σατύρους γελώντας,  
Καὶ χρυσοὺς τοὺς ἐρωτας,  
Καὶ λυβερην γελώσαν,  
Οἶνον καλὸν Διαιῶ  
Φρύγα κ' Ἀφροδιτήν.*

And flights of Loves, in wanton play,  
Wing through the air their winding way,  
While Venus from her harbour green,  
Looks laughing at the joyous scene, 22  
And young Lyæus by her side  
Sits, worthy of so bright a bride

ODE V<sup>1</sup>

SCULPTOR, wouldst thou glad my soul,  
Grave for me an ample bowl,  
Worthy to shine in hall or bower,  
When spring-time brings the reveller's  
hour

Grave it with themes of chaste design,  
Fit for a simple board like mine  
Display not there the barbarous rites  
In which religious zeal delights,  
Nor any tale of tragic fate 10  
Which History shudders to relate  
No—cull thy fancies from above,  
Themes of heav'n and themes of love  
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,  
Distil the grape in drops of joy,  
And while he smiles at every tear,  
Let warm-ey'd Venus, dancing near,  
With spirits of the genial bed,  
The dewy herbage deftly tread  
Let Love be there, without his arms,  
In timid nakedness of charms, 20  
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,  
Stray, laughing, through the shadowy  
grove,  
While rosy boys disporting round,  
In circlets trip the velvet ground  
But ah! if there Apollo toys,  
I tremble for the rosy boys<sup>2</sup>

ODE V<sup>3</sup>

As late I sought the spangled bowers,  
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,

<sup>1</sup> Degen thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the preceding  
<sup>2</sup> But ah! if there Apollo toys,  
I tremble for the rosy boys

An allusion to the fable, that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits 'This (says M la Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other'

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon himself explain this fable Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them —

Ma con lor non luochi Apollo,  
Che in loro niso

Where many an early rose was weeping,  
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping  
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide  
Was richly mantling by my side,  
I caught him by his downy wing,  
And whelm'd him in the racy spring  
Then drank I down the poison'd bowl,  
And Love now nestles in my soul 10  
Oh yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,  
I feel him fluttering in my breast

## ODE VII

THE women tell me every day  
That all my bloom has past away  
'Behold,' the pretty wantons cry,  
'Behold this mirror with a sigh,  
The looks upon thy brow are few,  
And, like the rest, they're withering  
too!'

Whether decline has thinnd my hair,  
I'm sure I neither know nor care,  
But thus I know, and thus I feel,  
As onward to the tomb I steal, 10  
That still as death approaches nearer,  
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer,  
And had I but an hour to live,  
That little hour to bliss I'd give

## ODE VIII

I CARE not for the idle state  
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great:  
I envy not the monarch's throne,  
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own  
But oh! be mine the rosy wreath,  
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe,  
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,  
To cool and scent my locks of snow<sup>4</sup>

Col duo o disco  
A Giacinto fiacco il collo

<sup>3</sup> This beautiful fiction, which the commentators have attributed to Julian, a royal poet, the Vatican MS pronounces to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon It has, indeed, all the features of the parent —

et facile incensu  
Noscitur ab omnibus

<sup>4</sup> Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,  
To cool and scent my locks of snow  
In the original, *μυρωισι καταβρεχων ὑπὸ νηπιον*,  
On account of this idea of perfuming the head, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the



To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,  
 As if to-morrow ne'er would shine, 10  
 But if to-morrow comes, why then—  
 I'll haste to quaff my wine again  
 And thus while all our days are bright,  
 Nor time has dimm'd then bloomy light,  
 Let us the festal hours beguile  
 With mantling cup and cordial smile,  
 And shed from each new bowl of wine  
 The richest drop on Bacchus' shine  
 For Death may come, with brow un-  
 pleasant,  
 May come, when least we wish him  
 present, 20  
 And beckon to the sable shore,  
 And grimly bid us—drink no more !

## ODE IX

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,  
 Give me the mighty bowl I love,  
 And let me sing, in wild delight,  
 'I will—I will be mad to-night !'  
 Alcmaeon once, as legends tell,  
 Was frenzied by the fiends of hell,  
 Orestes too, with naked tread,  
 Frantic pac'd the mountain head,  
 And why ? a murder'd mother's shade  
 Haunted them still where'er they  
 strayed 10  
 But ne'er could I a murderer be,  
 The grape alone shall bleed by me,  
 Yet can I shout, with wild delight,  
 'I will—I will be mad to-night !'

Alcides' self, in days of yore,  
 Imbru'd his hands in youthful gore,  
 And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,  
 The quiver of th' expiring boy  
 And Ajax, with tremendous shield,  
 Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field 20  
 But I, whose hands no weapon ask,  
 No armour but this joyous flask,  
 The trophy of whose frantic hours  
 Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers,  
 Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,  
 'I will—I will be mad to-night !'

whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his beard with unguents. But he should have known that this was an ancient Eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists. 'Vous voyez, Monsieur (says this traveller), que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe, célèbre par le prophète

## ODE X

How am I to punish thee,  
 For the wrong thou'st done to me,  
 Silly swallow, prating thing !  
 Shall I clip that wheeling wing ?  
 Or, as Teieus did, of old,  
 (So the fabled tale is told,)  
 Shall I tear that tongue away,  
 Tongue that utter'd such a lay ?  
 Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been !  
 Long before the dawn was seen, 10  
 When a dream came o'er my mind,  
 Picturing her I worship, kind,  
 Just when I was nearly blest,  
 Loud thy matins broke my rest !

## ODE XI

'TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee,  
 What in purchase shall I pay thee  
 For this little waxen toy,  
 Image of the Paphian boy  
 Thus I said, the other day,  
 To a youth who pass'd my way  
 'Sir,' (he answer'd, and the while  
 Answer'd all in Doric style)  
 'Take it, for a trifle take it,  
 'Twas not I who dared to make it, 10  
 No, believe me, 'twas not I,  
 Oh, it has cost me many a sigh,  
 And I can no longer keep  
 Little gods, who murder sleep !'  
 'Here, then, here,' (I said with joy,)  
 'Here is silver for the boy  
 He shall be my bosom guest,  
 Idol of my pious breast !'

Now, young Love, I have thee mine,  
 Warm me with that torch of thine 20  
 Make me feel as I have felt,  
 Or thy waxen frame shall melt  
 I must burn with warm desire,  
 Or thou, my boy—in yonder fire

Roi, subsiste encoire de nos jours ! Lettre 12  
 Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon  
 1 Silly swallow, prating thing, &c.] The lo-  
 quacity of the swallow was proverbialized,  
 thus Nicostratus —

Εἰ το συνεχὲς καὶ πολλὰ καὶ ταχέως λαλεῖν  
 Ἦν του φρονεῖν παρασημῖον, αἱ χελιδόνες  
 ἔλεγον· ἂν ἡμῶν σωφρονεστέρα πολὺ

## ODE XII

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,  
 Roams the mount and haunted grove,  
 Cybele's name he howls around,<sup>1</sup>  
 The gloomy blast returns the sound '   
 Oft too, by Claros' hallow'd spring,  
 The votaries of the laurell'd king  
 Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,  
 And rave in wild, prophetic dream  
 But frenzied dreams are not for me,  
 Great Bacchus is my deity ' 10  
 Full of mirth, and full of him,  
 While floating odours round me swim,  
 While manthng bowls are full supplied,  
 And you sit blushing by my side,  
 I will be mad and raving too—  
 Mad, my girl, with love for you '

## ODE XIII

I WILL, I will, the conflict's past,  
 And I'll consent to love at last  
 Cupid has long, with smiling art,  
 Invited me to yield my heart,  
 And I have thought that peace of mind  
 Should not be for a smile resign'd  
 And so repell'd the tender lure,  
 And hop'd my heart would sleep secure

But, slighted in his boasted charms,  
 The angry infant flew to arms, 10  
 He slung his quiver's golden frame,  
 He took his bow, his shafts of flame,  
 And proudly summon'd me to yield,  
 Or meet him on the martial field  
 And what did I unthinking do ?  
 I took to arms, undaunted, too,  
 Assum'd the corslet, shield, and spear,  
 And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear  
 Then (hear it, all ye powers above ')  
 I fought with Love ' I fought with 20  
 Love ' 20

<sup>1</sup> *Cybele's name he howls around, &c* ] I have here adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele —

In montibus Cybelen  
 Magnò sonans boatu

<sup>2</sup> *And, having now no other dart,  
 He shot himself into my heart '*  
 Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines —

I'm all o'er Love,  
 Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,  
 He shot himself into my breast at last

And now his arrows all were shed,  
 And I had just in terror fled—  
 When, heaving an indignant sigh,  
 To see me thus unwounded fly,  
 And, having now no other dart,  
 He shot himself into my heart ' <sup>2</sup>  
 My heart—alas the luckless day '   
 Receiv'd the god, and died away.  
 Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield '   
 Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield 30  
 Vain, vain, is every outward care,  
 The foe's within, and triumphs there

## ODE XIV

COUNT me, on the summer trees,  
 Every leaf that courts the breeze,  
 Count me, on the foamy deep,  
 Every wave that sinks to sleep,  
 Then, when you have number'd these  
 Billowy tides and leafy trees,  
 Count me all the flames I prove,  
 All the gentle nymphs I love  
 First, of pure Athenian maids  
 Sporting in their olive shades, 10  
 You may reckon just a score,  
 Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more  
 In the fam'd Corinthian grove,  
 Where such countless wantons rove,<sup>3</sup>  
 Chains of beauties may be found,  
 Chains, by which my heart is bound,  
 There, indeed, are nymphs divine,  
 Dangerous to a soul like mine  
 Many bloom in Lesbos' isle,  
 Many in Ionia smile; 20  
 Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast,  
 Caria too contains a host  
 Sum them all—of brown and fair  
 You may count two thousand there  
 What, you stare ? I pray you, peace '   
 More I'll find before I cease  
 Have I told you all my flames,  
 'Mong the amorous Syrian dames ?

<sup>3</sup> *In the fam'd Corinthian grove,  
 Where such countless wantons rove, &c.*

Corinth was very famous for the beauty and number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and their constant prayer was, that the gods should increase the number of her worshippers. We may perceive from the application of the verb κοπιῶντες, in Aristophanes, that the luxury of the Corinthians had become proverbial

Have I numbered every one,  
 Glowing under Egypt's sun,<sup>2</sup> 30  
 Or the nymphs, who blushing sweet  
 Deck the shrine of Love in Crete,  
 Where the God, with festal play,  
 Holds eternal holiday?  
 Still in clusters, still remain  
 Gades' warm, desiring train,<sup>1</sup>  
 Still there lies a myriad more  
 On the sable India's shore,  
 These, and many far remov'd,  
 All are loving—all are lov'd!<sup>1</sup> 40

## ODE XV

TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus your humid pinions move,  
 Shedding through the air in showers  
 Essence of the balmy flowers?  
 Tell me whither, whence you rove,  
 Tell me all, my sweetest dove

Curious stranger, I belong  
 To the bard of Teian song,  
 With his mandate now I fly  
 To the nymph of azure eye,— 10  
 She, whose eye has madden'd many,<sup>3</sup>  
 But the poet more than any  
 Venus, for a hymn of love,  
 Warbled in her votive grove,  
 ('Twas in sooth a gentle lay,  
 Gave me to the bard away  
 See me now his faithful minion,—  
 Thus with softly-gliding pinion,  
 To his lovely gulf I bear  
 Songs of passion through the air 20  
 Oft he blandly whispers me,  
 'Soon, my bird, I'll set you free'  
 But in vain he'll bid me fly,  
 I shall serve him till I die

<sup>1</sup> *Gades' warm, desiring train* ] The Gaditanian girls were like the Baldivieres of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: 'Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour, le plan, le dessein, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs.'—*Histoire du Commerce des Indes dans les deux Indes* Raynal

The music of the Gaditanian females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial—

Cantica qui Nil, qui Gaditana susurrat  
 Lib. iii. epig. 63

<sup>2</sup> The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined

Never could my plumes sustain  
 Ruffling winds and chilling rain,  
 O'er the plains, or in the dell,  
 On the mountain's savage swell.  
 Seeking in the desert wood  
 Gloomy shelter, rustic food 30  
 Now I lead a life of ease,  
 Far from rugged haunts like these  
 From Anacreon's hand I eat  
 Food delicious, viands sweet  
 Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,  
 Sip the foamy wine with him  
 Then, when I have wanton'd round  
 To his lyre's beguiling sound,  
 Or with gently moving wings  
 Fann'd the minstrel while he sings 40  
 On his harp I sink in slumbers,  
 Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!

This is all—away—away—  
 You have made me waste the day  
 How I've chatter'd! prating crew  
 Never yet did chatter so

## ODE XVI

THOU, whose soft and rosy hues  
 Mimic form and soul infuse,<sup>4</sup>  
 Best of painters, come, portray  
 The lovely maid that's far away  
 Far away, my soul! thou art,  
 But I've thy beauties all by heart.  
 Paint her jetty ringlets playing,  
 Silky locks, like tendrils straying  
 And, if painting hath the skill  
 To make the spicy balm distil, 10  
 Let every little lock exhale  
 A sigh of perfume on the gale  
 Where her tresses' curly flow  
 Darkles o'er the brow of snow,

<sup>3</sup> *She, whose eye has madden'd many, &c.* ] For *rupavvor*, in the original, Zeune and Schneider conjecture that we should read *rupavvor*, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Polygates. See Degen

*Thou, whose soft and rosy hues,  
 Mimic form and soul infuse,*

I have followed here the reading of the Vatican MS. *poëtes*. Painting is called 'the rosy art,' either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation—

Della rosea arte signorea

Let her forehead beam to light,  
Burnish'd as the ivory bright  
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise  
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,  
Each, a crescent gently gliding,  
Just commingling, just dividing

20

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,  
The lightning of her eyes to form?  
Let them effuse the azure rays  
That in Minerva's glances blaze,  
Mix'd with the liquid light that lies  
In Cytherea's languid eyes  
O'er her nose and cheek be shed  
Flushing white and soften'd red,  
Mingling tints, as when there glows  
In snowy milk the bashful rose<sup>1</sup>  
Then her lip, so rich in blisses,  
Sweet petitioner for kisses,  
Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,  
Mutely courting Love's invasion  
Next, beneath the velvet chin,  
Whose dimple hides a Love within,  
Mould her neck with grace descending,  
In a heaven of beauty ending,  
While countless charms, above, below,  
Sport and flutter round its snow<sup>40</sup>  
Now let a floating, lucid veil,  
Shadow her form, but not conceal,  
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,  
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream  
Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek,  
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

30

## ODE XVII

AND now with all thy pencil's truth,  
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!  
Let his hair, in masses bright,  
Fall like floating rays of light,<sup>2</sup>  
And there the raven's die confuse  
With the golden sunbeam's hues  
Let no wreath, with artful twine,  
The flowing of his locks confine,

*Mingling tints, as when there glows  
In snowy milk the bashful rose*

Thus Propertius, eleg 3 lib 11

Utque rosae puro lacte natant folia  
And Davenant, in a little poem called 'The  
Mistress,'

Catch as it falls the Scythian snow,  
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk

Thus too Taygetus —

Quae lac atque rosas vineis candore rubenti

But leave them loose to every breeze,  
To take what shape and course they  
please<sup>10</sup>

Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,  
But flush'd with manhood's early glow,  
And guileless as the dews of dawn,  
Let the majestic brows be drawn,  
Of ebon hue, enrich'd by gold,  
Such as dark, shining snakes unfold  
Mix in his eyes the power alike,  
With love to win, with awe to strike,  
Borrow from Mars his look of ire,  
From Venus her soft glance of fire,<sup>20</sup>  
Blend them in such expression here,  
That we by turns may hope and fear!

Now from the sunny apple seek  
The velvet down that spreads his cheek,  
And there, if art so far can go,  
Th' ingenuous blush of boyhood show  
While, for his mouth—but no,—in vain  
Would words its witching charm ex-  
plain

Make it the very seat, the throne,  
That Eloquence would claim her own,  
And let the lips, though silent, wear<sup>31</sup>  
A life-look, as if words were there

Next thou his ivory neck must trace,  
Moulded with soft but manly grace,  
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,  
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy  
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,  
With which he waves his snaky wand,  
Let Bacchus the broad chest supply,  
And Leda's sons the sinewy thigh,<sup>40</sup>  
While, through his whole transparent  
frame,

Thou show'st the stirrings of that flame,  
Which kindles, when the first love-sigh  
Steals from the heart, unconscious why

But sure thy pencil, though so bright,  
Is envious of the eye's delight,  
Or its enamour'd touch would show  
The shoulder, fair as sunless snow,

These last words may perhaps defend the  
'flushing white' of the translation

<sup>2</sup> *Let his hair, in masses bright,  
Fall like floating rays of light, &c*

He here describes the sunny hair, the 'flava  
coma,' which the ancients so much admired  
The Romans gave this colour artificially to  
their hair. See Stanisł Kobienyck, *de Luzu  
Romanorum*,

Which now in veiling shadow lies,  
Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes 50  
Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—  
I see the sun-god's portrait there,<sup>1</sup>  
Why paint Bathyllus' when, in truth,  
There, in that god, thou'st sketch'd the  
youth

Enough—let this bight form be mine,  
And send the boy to Samos' shine,  
Phoebus shall then Bathyllus be,  
Bathyllus then, the deity<sup>1</sup>

## ODE XVIII

Now the star of day is high,  
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,  
Bring me wine in brimming urns,<sup>2</sup>  
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns<sup>1</sup>  
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,  
Panting, languid I expire  
Give me all those humid flowers,  
Drop them o'er my brow in showers  
Scarce a breathing chaplet now  
Lives upon my feverish brow, 10  
Every dewy rose I wear

— End hold—for bear—  
I see the sun-god's portrait there

The abrupt turn here is spirited, but requires some explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos. He then instantly tells the painter to reverse his work, that this picture will serve for Bathyllus, and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

<sup>2</sup> Bring me wine in brimming urns, &c.] Οἶνον πνέον ἀμυστι. The amystis was a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, 'Thraci vincent amystide.' Mad Dacier, Longepierre, &c. &c.

Parrhasius, in his twenty-sixth epistle (*Thesaur. Critic* vol. 1), explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, 'uno haustu.' A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, 'Politiunus vestem esse putabat,' but adds no reference.

Every dewy rose I wear  
Sheds its tears, and withers there

There are some beautiful lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here—

Ante fores madidae sic sic pendote corollae,  
Manc ortu imponet Caelia vos capiti,  
Atquum per niveam cervicem inflixerit humor,  
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia haec lacrimae

By Celia's about all the night  
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow,  
And haply, at the morning light,  
My love shall twine thee round her brow,

Sheds its tears, and withers there<sup>3</sup>  
But to you, my burning heart,  
What can now relief impart?  
Can brimming bowl, or flowret's dew,  
Cool the flame that scorches you?

## ODE XIX

HERE recline you, gentle maid,<sup>4</sup>  
Sweet is this embowering shade,  
Sweet the young, the modest trees,  
Ruffled by the kissing breeze,  
Sweet the little founts that weep,  
Lulling soft the mind to sleep,  
Hark! they whisper as they roll,  
Calm persuasion to the soul,  
Tell me tell me, is not this  
All a stilly scene of bliss? 10  
Who, my girl, would pass it by?  
Surely neither you nor I

ODE XX<sup>5</sup>

ONE day the Muses twin'd the hands  
Of infant Love with flow'ry bands,

Then, if upon her bosom bright  
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,  
Tell her, they are not drops of night,  
But tears of sorrow shed by me!

<sup>4</sup> Here recline you, gentle maid, &c.] The Vatican MS reads βαθυλλων, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentators suggest the reading of βαθυλλον, which makes a pun upon the name, a grace that Pluto himself has condescended to in writing of his boy Αστηρ. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode.

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Laertius, which turns upon the same word.

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ζωοισιν εως  
Νυν δε θανων λαμπεις εσπερος εν φθιμενοισι

In life thou wert my morning star,  
But now that death has stol'n thy light,  
Alas! thou shinest dim and fad,  
Like the pale beam that weeps at night

<sup>5</sup> The poet appears, in this graceful allegory, to describe the softening influence which poetry holds over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty. In the following epigram, however, by the philosopher Plato (*Diog. Laert.* lib. 3), the Muses are represented as disavowing the influence of Love.

<sup>6</sup> Α Κυπρις Μουσασι, κορασια, των Αφροδιταν  
Τιματ', η τον Ερωτα νυμην εφοπισσασμαι  
Α. Μουσας ποτι Κυπριν, Αρει τα στωμυλα ταυτα  
<sup>7</sup> Πιην ου πεταται τουτο το παιδαριον

And to celestial Beauty gave  
The captive infant for her slave  
His mother comes, with many a toy,  
To ransom her beloved boy,  
His mother sues, but all in vain,—  
He ne'er will leave his chains again  
Even should they take his chains away,  
The little captive still would stay 10  
'If thus,' he cries, 'a bondage be,  
Oh, who could wish for liberty'

ODE XXI<sup>1</sup>

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry,  
She drinks the droppings of the sky,  
And then the dewy cordial gives  
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives  
The vapours, which at evening weep,  
Are beverage to the swelling deep,  
And when the rosy sun appears,  
He drinks the ocean's misty tears  
The moon too quaffs her paly stream  
Of lustre, from the solar beam 10  
Then, hence with all your sober think-  
ing!

Since Nature's holy law is drinking,  
I'll make the laws of nature mine,  
And pledge the universe in wine

## ODE XXII

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the  
storm,  
Was once a weeping matron's form,

<sup>1</sup> I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of Shakspeare, where the thoughts of the ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude

I'll example you with thievery  
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Robs the vast sea The moon's an arrant thief,  
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun  
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
The mounds into salt tears The earth's a thief,  
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stol'n  
From general excrements

*Timon of Athens*, act iv sc 3

<sup>2</sup> Or, better still, the zone, that lies,  
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!

This *rainis* was a ribbon, or band, called by the Romans *fascia* and *strophium*, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom Vide *Pollux Onomast* Thus *Martial* —

*Fascia crescentes domine compepsce papillas*  
The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose To these expedients

And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,  
Is now a swallow in the shade  
Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,  
That I might catch that smile divine,  
And like my own fond fancy be,  
Reflecting thee, and only thee,  
Or could I be the robe which holds  
That graceful form within its folds, 10  
Or, turn'd into a fountain, lave  
Thy beauties in my circling wave  
Would I were perfume for thy hair,  
To breathe my soul in fragrance there,  
Or, better still, the zone, that lies  
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!<sup>2</sup>  
Or ev'n those envious pearls that show  
So faintly round that neck of snow—  
Yes, I would be a happy gem,  
Like them to hang, to fade like them 20  
What more would thy Anacreon be?  
Oh, any thing that touches thee,  
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—  
Ev'n to be trod by them were sweet!

ODE XXIII<sup>3</sup>

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,  
This warbler of my soul's desire,  
Could raise the breath of song sublime,  
To men of fame, in former time  
But when the soaring theme I try,  
Along the chords my numbers die,  
And whisper, with dissolving tone,  
'Our sighs are given to love alone!'

they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom See *Dioscorides*, lib v.

<sup>3</sup> According to the order in which the odes are usually placed, this (*ὅθω λέγειν Ἀνκρείδας*) forms the first of the series, and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest. It however characterises the genius of the Teian but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it —

— cum multo Venetiæ mun confundere mero  
Πίεσσι Λυγίαι Τείῃ Μυσα σείεις Οἶνῳ

The twenty-sixth Ode, *Σὺ μὲν λέγεις πα Οἴβης*, might, with just as much propriety, be placed at the head of his songs

We find the sentiment of the ode before us expressed by Bion with much simplicity in his fourth idyl! The above translation is, perhaps, too paraphrastical, but the ode has been so frequently translated, that I could not otherwise avoid tauteness and repetition

Indignant at the feeble lay,  
 I tore the panting chords away, 10  
 Attun'd them to a nobler swell,  
 And struck again the breathing shell,  
 In all the glow of epic fire,  
 To Hercules I wake the lyre  
 But still its fainting sighs repeat,  
 'The tale of love alone is sweet!'<sup>1</sup>  
 Then fare thee well, seductive dream,  
 That mad'st me follow Glory's theme,  
 For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,  
 Shall never more in spirit part, 20  
 And all that one has felt so well  
 The other shall as sweetly tell!

## ODE XXIV

To all that breathe the air of heaven,  
 Some boon of strength has Nature given  
 In forming the majestic bull,  
 She fenced with wreathed horns his  
 skull,  
 A hoof of strength she lent the steed,  
 And wing'd the timorous hare with  
 speed  
 She gave the lion fangs of terror,  
 And, o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,  
 Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng  
 To trace their liquid path along, 10  
 While for the umbrage of the grove,  
 She plum'd the warbling world of love

To man she gave, in that proud hour,  
 The boon of intellectual power  
 Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,  
 Was left in Nature's treasury?  
 She gave thee beauty—mightier far  
 Than all the pomp and power of war  
 Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power  
 Like woman in her conquering hour 20  
 Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,  
 Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

## ODE XXV

ONCE in each revolving year,  
 Gentle bird! we find thee here  
 When Nature wears her summer-vest,  
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest,

<sup>1</sup> But still its fainting sighs repeat,  
 'The tale of love alone is sweet!'

The word *αὐτῶν* in the original, may imply that kind of musical dialogue practised by the ancients, in which the lyre was made to respond to the questions proposed by the singer. This was a method which Sappho used, as we are told

But when the chilling winter lowers,  
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers  
 Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,  
 Where sunny hours for ever smile  
 And thus thy pinion rests and roves,—  
 Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves, 10  
 That brood within this hapless breast,  
 And never, never change their nest!  
 Still every year, and all the year,  
 They fix their fated dwelling here,  
 And some their infant plumage try,  
 And on a tender winglet fly,  
 While in the shell, impregn'd with fire,  
 Still lurk a thousand more desires,  
 Some from their tiny prisons peeping,  
 And some in formless embryo sleeping  
 Thus peopled, like the vernal groves, 21  
 My breast resounds with warbling  
 Loves,

One within imps the other's feather,  
 Then twin-desires they wing together,  
 And fast as they thus take their flight,  
 Still other within spring to light.  
 But is there then no kindly art,  
 To chase these Cupids from my heart,  
 Ah, no! I fear, in sadness fear,  
 They will for ever nestle here! 30

## ODE XXVI

THY harp may sing of Troy's alarms,  
 Or tell the tale of Theban arms;  
 With other wars my song shall bun,  
 For other wounds my harp shall mourn  
 'Twas not the crestèd warrior's dart,  
 That drank the current of my heart,  
 Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,  
 Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed,  
 No—'twas from eyes of liquid blue,  
 A host of quiver'd Cupids flew, 10  
 And now my heart all bleeding lies  
 Beneath that army of the eyes!

ODE XXVII<sup>2</sup>

WE read the flying courser's name  
 Upon his side, in marks of flame,  
 And, by their turban'd brows alone,  
 The warriors of the East are known

by Heimogenes, "ὅταν την λυραν ερωτα Σαπφω, και ὅταν αὐτὴ ἀποκρινηται"—Περὶ Ἰδῶν, τομ. δ'ευ.

<sup>2</sup> This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS, but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

But in the lover's glowing eyes,  
The inlet to his bosom lies,  
Through them we see the small faint  
mark,  
Where Love has dropp'd his burning  
spark<sup>1</sup>

## ODE XXVIII

As, by his Lemnian forge's flame,  
The husband of the Paphian dame  
Moulded the glowing steel, to form  
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm,  
And Venus, as he plied his art,  
Shed honey round each new-made dart,  
While Love, at hand, to finish all,  
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall,  
It chanc'd the Lord of Battles came  
To visit that deep cave of flame<sup>10</sup>  
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd  
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd,  
He saw the fiery darts, and smil'd  
Contemptuous at the archer child  
'What!' said the urchin, 'dost thou  
smile?'

Here, hold this little dart awhile,  
And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,  
My bolts are not so feathery light<sup>1</sup>

Mar took the shaft—and, oh, thy look,  
Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took<sup>1</sup>—  
Sighing, he felt the urchin's ait,  
And cried, in agony of heart,  
'It is not light—I sink with pain'  
Take—take thy arrow back again<sup>21</sup>  
'No,' said the child, 'it must not be,  
That little dart was made for thee!'

## ODE XXIX

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,  
And not to love more painful still,  
But oh, it is the worst of pain,  
To love and not be lov'd again<sup>1</sup>  
Affection now has fled from earth,  
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,  
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile  
From beauty's cheek one favouring  
smile

<sup>1</sup> Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our poet married very late in life. But I see nothing in the ode which alludes to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of

Gold is the woman's only theme,  
Gold is the woman's only dream<sup>10</sup>  
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—  
Forgive him not, indignant heaven!  
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,  
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore  
Since that devoted thirst began,  
Man has forgot to feel for man;  
The pulse of social life is dead,  
And all its fonder feelings fled!  
War too has sullied Nature's charms,  
For gold provokes the world to arms<sup>20</sup>  
And oh! the worst of all its arts,  
It rends asunder loving hearts

ODE XXX<sup>1</sup>

'Twas in a mocking dream of night—  
I fancied I had wings as light  
As a young bird's, and flew as fleet;  
While Love, around whose beauteous  
feet,  
I knew not why, hung chains of lead,  
Pursued me, as I trembling fled,  
And, strange to say, as swift as thought,  
Spite of my pinions, I was caught!  
What does the wanton Fancy mean  
By such a strange, illusive scene?<sup>10</sup>  
I fear she whispers to my breast,  
That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its  
rest,  
That though my fancy, for a while,  
Hath hung on many a woman's smile,  
I soon dissolv'd each passing vow,  
And ne'er was caught by love till now!<sup>1</sup>

## ODE XXXI

Arm'd with hyacinthine rod,  
(Arms enough for such a god.)  
Cupid bade me wing my pace,  
And try with him the rapid race.  
O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,  
By tangled brake and pendent steep,  
With weary foot I panting flew,  
Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.  
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,  
To my lip was faintly flying,<sup>10</sup>  
And now I thought the spark had fled,  
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,

Cupid, and I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry



And fanning light his breezy pinion,  
 Rescued my soul from death's dominion,  
 Then said, in accents half-reproving,  
 'Why hast thou been a foe to loving?'

## ODE XXXII

STREW me a fragrant bed of leaves,  
 Where lotus with the myrtle weaves,  
 And while in luxury's dream I sink,  
 Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!  
 In this sweet hour of revelry  
 Young Love shall my attendant be—  
 Drest for the task, with tunic round  
 His snowy neck and shoulders bound,  
 Himself shall hover by my side,  
 And minister the racy tide! 10

Oh, swift as wheels that kindling roll,  
 Our life is hurrying to the goal  
 A scanty dust, to feed the wind,  
 Is all the trace 'twill leave behind  
 Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom  
 Upon the cold, insensate tomb?  
 Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,  
 Affect the still, cold sense of death?  
 Oh no, I ask no balm to steep  
 With fragrant tears my bed of sleep 20  
 But now, while every pulse is glowing,  
 Now let me breathe the balsam flowing,  
 Now let the rose, with blush of fire,  
 Upon my brow in sweets expire,  
 And bring the nymph whose eye hath  
 power  
 To brighten even death's cold hour  
 Yes, Cupid! ere my shade retire,  
 To join the blest elysian choir,  
 With wine, and love, and social cheer,  
 I'll make my own elysium here! 30

## ODE XXXIII

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole  
 The sullen Bear is seen to roll,  
 And mortals, wearied with the day,  
 Are slumbering all their cares away  
 An infant, at that dreary hour,  
 Came weeping to my silent bower,  
 And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,  
 To shield him from the midnight air  
 'And who art thou,' I waking cry,  
 'That bid'st my blissful visions fly?' 10  
 'Ah, gentle sire!' the infant said,  
 'In pity take me to thy shed,

Nor fear deceit a lonely child  
 I wander o'er the gloomy wild  
 Chill drops the rain, and not a ray  
 Illumes the drear and misty way!'

I heard the baby's tale of woe,  
 I heard the bitter night winds blow,  
 And sighing for his piteous fate, 19  
 I trimm'd my lamp and op'd the gate  
 'Twas Love! the little wand'ring sprite,  
 His pinion sparkled through the night  
 I knew him by his bow and dart,  
 I knew him by my fluttering heart  
 Fondly I take him in, and raise  
 The dying embers' cheering blaze,  
 Press from his dank and clinging hair  
 The crystals of the freezing air,  
 And in my hand and bosom hold  
 is little fingers thrilling cold 30

And now the embers' genial ray  
 Had warm'd his anxious fears away,  
 'I pray thee,' said the wanton child,  
 (My bosom trembled as he smil'd.)  
 'I pray thee let me try my bow,  
 For through the rain I've wand'ring so,  
 That much I fear, the midnight shower  
 Has injur'd its elastic power'  
 The fatal bow the urchin drew,  
 Swift from the string the arrow flew, 40  
 As swiftly flew as glancing flame,  
 And to my inmost spirit came!  
 'Fare thee well,' I heard him say,  
 As laughing wild he wing'd away,  
 'Fare thee well, for now I know  
 The rain has not relax'd my bow,  
 It still can end a thrilling dart,  
 As thou shalt own with all thy heart!'

## ODE XXXIV

OH thou, of all creation blest,  
 Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest  
 Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,  
 To drink the dew that morning drops,  
 And chirp thy song with such a glee,  
 That happiest kings may envy thee  
 Whatever decks the velvet field,  
 Whate'er the circling seasons yield,  
 Whatever buds, whatever blows, 10  
 For thee it buds, for thee it grows  
 Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,  
 To him thy friendly notes are dear,

For thou art mild as matin dew,  
And still, when summer's flowery hue  
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,  
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain,  
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,  
And bless the notes and thee reverse!  
The Muses love thy shrilly tone,<sup>1</sup>  
Apollo calls thee all his own,  
<sup>20</sup> 'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,  
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy

Unworn by age's dim decline,  
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine  
Melodious insect, child of earth,  
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth,  
Exempt from every weak decay,  
That withers vulgar frames away,  
With not a drop of blood to stain  
The current of thy purer vein,  
<sup>30</sup> So blest an age is pass'd by thee,  
Thou seem'st—a little deity<sup>1</sup>

ODE XXXV<sup>2</sup>

CUPID once upon a bed  
Of roses laid his weary head,  
Luckless urchin, not to see  
Within the leaves a slumbering bee,  
The bee awak'd—with anger wild  
The bee awak'd, and stung the child  
Loud and piteous are his cries,  
To Venus quick he runs, he flies,  
'Oh mother!—I am wounded through—  
I die with pain—in sooth I do'  
<sup>10</sup> Stung by some little angry thing,  
Some serpent on a tiny wing—  
A bee it was—for once, I know,  
I heard a rustic call it so'  
Thus he spoke, and she the while  
Heard him with a soothing smile,  
Then said, 'My infant, if so much  
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,  
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,  
<sup>19</sup> The hapless heart that's stung by thee'

<sup>1</sup> *The Muses love thy shrilly tone*, &c.] Phile, de Animal Proprietat calls this insect Μουσας φίλος, the darling of the Muses, and Μουσων ορνι, the bird of the Muses, and we find Plato compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laërtius —

Των πάντων δ' ἡγεῖτο πλατυστάτος, ἀλλ' ἀγορητὴς  
Ἰδούσης τεττιζὺν ἰσογραφός, οἱ θ' Ἑκαδήμιου  
Ἀνδρὲς ἐφεζόμενοι ὅσα λειρὸςσαν ἰεῖσι

This last line is borrowed from Homer's *Iliad*, γ, where there occurs the very same simile

## ODE XXXVI

If hoarded gold possess'd the power  
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,  
And purchase from the hand of death  
A little span, a moment's breath,  
How I would love the precious ore!  
And every hour should well my store,  
That when Death came, with shadowy  
pinion,  
To waft me to his bleak dominion,  
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,  
And bid him call some distant day  
<sup>10</sup> But since not all earth's golden store  
Can buy for us one bright hour more,  
Why should we vainly mourn our fate  
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?  
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illumine  
The silent midnight of the tomb  
No—give to others hoarded treasures—  
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures,  
The goblet rich, the board of friends,  
Whose social souls the goblet blends,  
<sup>20</sup> And mine, while yet I've life to live,  
Those joys that love alone can give

## ODE XXXVII

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl  
Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul,  
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,  
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd  
With maidens, blooming as the dawn,  
I seem'd to skim the opening lawn,  
Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,  
We flew, and sported as we flew!

Some ruddy striplings who look'd on—  
With cheeks, that like the wine-god's  
shone,  
<sup>10</sup> Saw me chasing, free and wild,  
These blooming maids, and slyly smil'd,

<sup>2</sup> Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyl, but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and *naïveté* of expression. Spenser, in one of his smaller compositions has spotted more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude begins thus —

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering  
All in his mother's lap,  
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet mur-  
muring,  
About him flew by hap, &c. &c.

Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,  
Though none could doubt they envied  
• me

And still I flew—and now had caught  
The pouting nymphs, and fondly  
thought

To gather from each rosy lip  
A kiss that Jove himself might sip—  
When sudden all my dream of joys,  
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys, 20  
All were gone!—'Alas!' I said,  
Sighing for th' illusion fled,  
'Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,  
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!'

## ODE XXXVIII

LET us drain the nectar'd bowl,  
Let us raise the song of soul  
To him, the god who loves so well  
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell,  
The god who taught the sons of earth  
To thrice the tangled dance of mirth,  
Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,  
And cradled in the Paphian grove,  
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms  
So oft has fondled in her arms 10  
Oh 'tis from him the transport flows,  
Which sweet intoxication knows,  
With him, the brow forgets its gloom,  
And brilliant graces learn to bloom

Behold!—my boys a goblet bear,  
Whose sparkling foam lights up the air  
Where are now the tear, the sigh?  
To the winds they fly, they fly!  
Grasp the bowl, in nectar sinking!  
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking! 20  
Say, can the tears we lend to thought  
In life's account avail us aught?

<sup>1</sup> 'Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,  
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!'

Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, animadverting upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us—'I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, "I cried to sleep again," the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion.'

<sup>2</sup> *Snows may o'er his head be flung,  
But his heart—his heart is young*

Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl

Can we discern with all our lore,  
The path we've yet to journey o'er?  
Alas, alas, in ways so dark,  
'Tis only wine can strike a spark!  
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,  
And through the dance meandering glide,  
Let me imbibe the spicy breath  
Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death, 30  
Or from the lips of love inhale  
A more ambrosial, richer gale!  
To hearts that court the phantom Care,  
Let him retire and shroud him there,  
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,  
And swell the choral song of soul  
To him, the god who loves so well  
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

## ODE XXXIX

How I love the festive boy,  
Tripping through the dance of joy!  
How I love the mellow sage,  
Smiling through the veil of age!  
And when'er this man of years  
In the dance of joy appears,  
Snows may o'er his head be flung,  
But his heart—his heart is young!<sup>2</sup>

## ODE XL

I KNOW that Heaven hath sent me here  
To run this mortal life's career,  
The scenes which I have journey'd o'er,  
Return no more—alas! no more,  
And all the path I've yet to go,  
I neither know nor ask to know  
Away, then, wizard Care, nor think  
Thy fetters round this soul to link,  
Never can heart that feels with me  
Descend to be a slave to thee! 10

Je sais bien que les destinées  
Ont mal compassé nos années,  
Ne regardez que mon amour,  
Pout-êtie en sèez vous enue  
Il est jeune et n'est que du jour,  
Belle lis, que je vous ai vu

Fair and young thou bloomest now,  
And I full many a year have told,  
But I had the heart and not the brow,  
Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love's a child, and thou canst say  
How much his little age may be,  
For he was born the very day  
When first I set my eyes on thee!

And oh ! before the vital thrill,  
Which trembles at my heart, is still,  
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,  
And gild with bliss my fading hours,  
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,  
And Venus dance me to the tomb !

## ODE XLI

WHEN Spring adorns the dewy scene,  
How sweet to walk the velvet green,  
And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,  
As o'er the scented mead it flies !  
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,  
Ready to burst in tears of wine,  
And with some maid, who breathes but  
love,

To walk, at noontide, through the grove,  
Or sit in some cool, green recess—  
Oh, is not this true happiness ?

ODE XLII<sup>1</sup>

YES, be the glorious revel mine,  
Where humour sparkles from the wine  
Around me, let the youthful chon  
Respond to my enlivening lyre,  
And while the red cup foams along,  
Mingle in soul as well as song  
Then, while I sit, with flowrets crown'd,  
To regulate the goblet's round,  
Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,  
Be seated smiling by my side, 10  
And earth has not a gift or power  
That I would envy, in that hour  
Envy !—oh never let its blight  
Touch the gay hearts met here to night  
Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,  
Nor harsh dispute, nor discord's sounds  
Disturb a scene, where all should be  
Attuned to peace and harmony

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note  
Upon the breeze inspiring float, 20  
While round us, kindling into love.  
Young maidens through the light dance  
move  
Thus blest with mirth, and love, and  
peace,  
Sure such a life should never cease !

<sup>1</sup> The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonised pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following : it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes

## ODE XLIII

WHILE our rosy fillets shed  
Freshness o'er each fervid head,  
With many a cup and many a smile  
The festal moments we beguile  
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings  
Tuneful raptures from its strings,  
Some airy nymph, with graceful bound,  
Keeps measure to the music's sound,  
Waving, in her snowy hand,  
The leafy Bacchanalian wand, 10  
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,  
Trembles all over to her sighs  
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair  
Floating on the listless air,  
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,  
A tale of woes, alas, his own,  
And oh, the sadness in his sigh,  
As o'er his lip the accents die !  
Never sure on earth has been  
Half so bright, so blest a scene 20  
It seems as Love himself had come  
To make this spot his chosen home,—  
And Venus, too, with all her wiles,  
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,  
All, all are here, to hail with me  
The Genius of Festivity !

## ODE XLIV

BUDS of roses, virgin flowers,  
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,  
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,  
Till with crimson drops they weep  
Twine the rose, the garland twine,  
Every leaf distilling wine,  
Drink and smile, and learn to think  
That we were born to smile and drink  
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower  
That ever drank the amber shower, 10  
Rose, thou art the fondest child  
Of dimpled Spring, the wood nymph  
wild  
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,  
Are amorous of thy scented sigh  
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,  
His hair with rosy fillet braids,

the same sentiments with this ode —

Ου φίλος, ος κρητήρ παρα πλεω οινοποταζών  
Νεικεα και πολέμον δακρυροεστα λεγει,  
Αλλ' οστις Μουσῶν τε, και ἀγλαὰ ὄρωρ Ἀφροδίτης  
Συμμιγνῶν, ἐρατὴς μνήσκειται εὐφροσύνης

When with the blushing, sister Graces,  
The wanton winding dance he traces  
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,  
And shed them o'er me while I sing, 20  
Or while, great Bacchus, round thy  
shine,  
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,  
I lead some bright nymph through the  
dance,<sup>1</sup>  
Commingling soul with every glance

## ODE XLV

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,  
I cradle all my woes to sleep  
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,  
Or pour the unavailing tear ?  
For death will never heed the sigh,  
Nor soften at the tearful eye,  
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,  
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep  
Then let us never vainly stray,  
In search of thorns, from pleasure's  
way, 10  
But wisely quaff the rosy wave,  
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus  
gave,  
And in the goblet, rich and deep,  
Cradle our crying woes to sleep

ODE XLVI<sup>2</sup>

BEHOLD, the young, the rosy Spring,  
Gives to the breeze her scented wing,  
While virgin Graces, warm with May,  
Fling roses o'er her dewy way  
The murmuring billows of the deep  
Have languish'd into silent sleep,

<sup>1</sup> I lead some bright nymph through the dance, &c.] The epithet, *παύκαλος*, which he gives to the nymph, is literally 'full-bosomed'

<sup>2</sup> The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versificator, and Brunch condemns the whole ode. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be elegantly graphical, full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of *ἵε τ' ὅς τις ἐπος φανερόν* is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace —

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte —

The imperative *ἵε* is infinitely more impressive — as in Shakspeare,

And mark ' the fitting sea-birds lave  
Their plumes in the reflecting wave,  
While cranes from hoary winter fly  
To flutter in a kinder sky 10  
Now the genial star of day  
Dissolves the murky clouds away,  
And cultur'd field, and winding stream,  
Are freshly glittering in his beam

Now the earth prolific swells  
With leafy buds and flowery bells,  
Gemming shoots the olive twine,  
Clusters ripe festoon the vine, —  
All along the branches creeping,  
Through the velvet foliage peeping, 20  
Little infant fruits we see,  
Nursing into luxury

## ODE XLVII

'Tis true, my fading years decline,  
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,  
As deep as any stripling fair,  
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;  
And if, amidst the wanton crew,  
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,  
Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand,  
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,  
But brandishing a rosy flask,  
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask ! 10

Let those, who pant for Glory's  
charms,  
Embrace her in the field of arms,  
While my inglorious, placid soul  
Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl  
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,  
And bathe me in its brimming wave

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring, in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 44

Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos, where, in a little villa at some distance from the city, commanding a view of the Aegean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. Vide Barnes, in *Anac. Vita*, § xxxv. This supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasing association, which renders the poem more interesting

For though my fading years decay,  
Though manhood's prime hath pass'd  
away,  
Like old Silenus, sire divine,  
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,  
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train, 21  
And live my follies o'er again !

## ODE XLVIII

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep,  
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep  
Talk of monarchs ! I am then  
Richest, happiest, first of men,  
Careless o'er my cup I sing,  
Fancy makes me more than king,  
Gives me wealthy Croesus' store,  
Can I, can I wish for more ?  
On my velvet couch reclining,  
Ivy leaves my brow entwining, 10  
While my soul expands with glee,  
What are kings and crowns to me ?  
If before my feet they lay,  
I would spurn them all away !  
Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,  
Hasten to the sanguine fight,  
But let me, my budding vine !  
Spill no other blood than thine  
Yonder brimming goblet see,  
That alone shall vanquish me— 20  
Who think it better, wiser far  
To fall in banquet than in war

## ODE XLIX

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,  
The rosy harbinger of joy,  
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,  
Thaws the winter of our soul—<sup>1</sup>  
When to my inmost core he glides,  
And bathes it with his ruby tides,  
A flow of joy, a lively heat,  
Fires my brain, and wings my feet,  
Calling up round me visions known 10  
To lovers of the bowl alone

<sup>1</sup> Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,  
Thaws the winter of our soul—&c

ANACREON is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for Δευ (one of the bacchanal cries), and accordingly supposed that they worshipped Bacchus.

<sup>2</sup> Faber thinks this ode spurious, but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has

Sing, sing of love, let music's sound  
In melting cadence float around,  
While, my young Venus, thou and I  
Responsive to its murmurs sigh  
Then, waking from our blissful-trance,  
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance

ODE L<sup>2</sup>

WHEN wine I quaff, before my eyes  
Dreams of poetic glory rise,  
And freshen'd by the goblet's dews,  
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse  
When wine I drink, all sorrow's o'er,  
I think of doubts and fears no more,  
But scatter to the railing wind  
Each gloomy phantom of the mind  
When I drink wine, th' ethereal boy, 10  
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy, 10  
And while we dance through vernal  
bowers,  
Whose ev'ry breath comes fresh from  
flowers,  
In wine he makes my senses swim,  
Till the gale breathes of nought but him !

Again I drink,—and, lo, there seems  
A calmer light to fill my dreams,  
The lately ruffled wreath I spread  
With steadier hand around my head,  
Then take the lyre, and sing 'how blest  
The life of him who lives at rest !' 20  
But then comes witching wine again,  
With glorious woman in its train,  
And, while rich perfumes round me rise,  
That seem the breath of woman's sighs,  
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,  
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,  
Till the whole world of beauty seems  
To crowd into my dazzled dreams !  
When thus I drink, my heart refines,  
And rises as the cup declines, 30  
Rises in the genial flow,  
That none but social spirits know,

all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, 'it smells of Anacreon.'

The form of the original is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quaternary stanzas, each beginning with the line

'Οτ' εγω πινω τον οινον

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines

When, with young revellers, round the  
 bowl,  
 The old themselves grow young in soul !  
 Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,  
 There's bliss in every drop of wine  
 All other blessings I have known,  
 I scarcely dar'd to call my own ,  
 But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,  
 Till death o'ershadows all my joy 40

## ODE LI

FLY not thus my brow of snow,  
 Lovely wanton ! fly not so  
 Though the wane of age is mine,  
 Though youth's brilliant flush be thine,  
 Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,  
 Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me !  
 See, in yonder flowery braid,  
 Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,  
 How the rose, of orient glow,  
 Mingles with the lily's snow , 10  
 Mark, how sweet their tints agree,  
 Just, my girl, like thee and me !

ODE LII<sup>1</sup>

AWAY, away, ye men of rules,  
 What have I to do with schools ?  
 They'd make me learn, they'd make me  
 think,  
 But would they make me love and  
 drink ?  
 Teach me this, and let me swim  
 My soul upon the goblet's brim ,  
 Teach me this and let me twine  
 Some fond, responsive heart to mine,  
 For, age begins to blanch my brow,  
 I've time for nought but pleasure now

Fly, and cool my goblet's glow 11  
 At yonder fountain's gelid flow ,

<sup>1</sup> 'This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon, for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known'—*Degen*

Though this ode is found in the Vatican manuscript, I am much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity, for though the dawnings of the art of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon

<sup>2</sup> 'This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa'—*Madame Ducier*

I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink  
 This soul to slumber as I drink  
 Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,  
 You'll deck your master's grassy grave,  
 And there's an end—for ah, you know  
 They drink but little wine below !

## ODE LIII

WHEN I behold the festive train  
 Of dancing youth, I'm young again !  
 Memory wakes her magic trance,  
 And wings me lightly through the dance  
 Come, Cybeba, smiling maid !  
 Cull the flower and twine the braid ,  
 Bid the blush of summer's rose  
 Buan upon my forehead's snows ,  
 And let me, while the wild and young  
 Trip the mazy dance along, 10  
 Fling my heap of years away,  
 And be as wild, as young, as they.  
 Hither haste, some cordial soul !  
 Help to my lips the brimming bowl ;  
 And you shall see this hoary sage  
 Forget at once his looks and age  
 He still can chant the festive hymn,  
 He still can kiss the goblet's brim ,  
 As deeply quaff, as largely fill,  
 And play the fool right nobly still 20

ODE LIV<sup>2</sup>

METHINKS, the pictur'd bull we see  
 Is amorous Jove—it must be he !  
 How fondly blest he seems to bear  
 That fairest of Phœnician fair !  
 How proud he breasts the foamy tide,  
 And spurns the billowy surge aside !  
 Could any beast of vulgar vein  
 Undaunted thus defy the main ?  
 No he descends from climes above, 9  
 He looks the God, he breathes of Jove !

It may probably have been a description of one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib viii cap 23 'Sidonii numismata cum foemina tauri dorso insidente ac mare transatlantico euectant in ejus honorem' In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Asiatu, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa

The poet Moschus has left a very beautiful idyl on the story of Europa

## ODE LV

WHILE we invoke the wreathed spring,  
Resplendent rose<sup>1</sup> to thee we'll sing<sup>1</sup>  
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian  
bowers,

Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,  
Enchants so much our mortal eye  
When pleasure's spring-tide season  
glows,

The Graces love to wreath the rose,  
And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves,  
An emblem of herself perceives  
Oft hath the poet's magic tongue 10  
The rose's fair luxuriance sung,  
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,  
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades  
When, at the early glance of morn,  
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,  
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,  
To cull the timid flow'ret thence,  
And wipe with tender hand away  
The tear that on its blushes lay!  
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems, 20  
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,  
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs  
That from the weeping buds arise

When revel reigns, when mirth is  
high,  
And Bacchus beams in every eye,  
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,  
And fill with balm the fainting gale  
There's nought in nature bright or gay,  
Where roses do not shed their ray  
When morning paints the orient skies,  
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes, 31  
Young nymphs betray the rose's hue,  
O'er whitest arms it kindles through  
In Cytherea's form it glows,  
And mingles with the living snows

The rose distils a healing balm,  
The beating pulse of pain to calm,

<sup>1</sup> *Resplendent rose* to thee we'll sing. I have passed over the line *συν εταιρει αυξει μελην* which is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be in interpolation, if it were not for a line which occurs afterwards *φερε δὲ φόντον λεγόμενον*

<sup>2</sup> Compare with this elegant ode the verses of U<sup>2</sup>, lib. 1. "dic Weinlese"—*Degen*

This appears to be one of the hymns which

Preserves the cold inurned clay,  
And mocks the vestige of decay  
And when at length, in pale decline, 40  
Its florid beauties fade and pine,  
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath  
Diffuses odour even in death!  
Oh! whence could such a plant have  
sprung?

Listen,—for thus the tale is sung  
When, humid, from the silvery stream,  
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,  
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,  
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews,  
When, in the starry courts above, 50  
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove  
Discolours'd the nymph of azure glance,  
The nymph who shakes the martial  
lance,—

Then, then, in strange eventful hour,  
The earth produc'd an infant flower,  
Which sprung, in blushing glories drest,  
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast  
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,  
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!  
With nectar drops, a ruby tide, 60  
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,  
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine  
Of him who gave the glorious vine,  
And bade them on the spangled thorn  
Expand their bosoms to the morn

## ODE LVI\*

HE, who instructs the youthful crew  
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,  
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,  
All the bliss that wine possesses,  
He, who inspires the youth to bound  
Elastic through the dance's round,—  
Bacchus, the god again is here,  
And leads along the blushing year,  
The blushing year with vintage teems,  
Ready to shed those cordial streams, 10  
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,  
Illuminate the sons of earth!

were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage, one of the *επιληνιοι υμνοι*, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a sort of reverence for these classic relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.



Then, when the ripe and vermil wine,—  
 Blest infant of the pregnant vine,  
 Which now in mellow clusters swells,—  
 Oh ' when it bursts its roseate cells,  
 Brightly the joyous stream shall flow,  
 To balsam every mortal woe '  
 None shall be then cast down or weak,  
 For health and joy shall light each  
 cheek ,

No heart will then desponding sigh,  
 For wine shall bid despondence fly  
 Thus—till another autumn's glow  
 Shall bid another vintage flow

ODE LVII <sup>1</sup>

WHOSE was the artist hand that spread  
 Upon this disk the ocean's bed ?  
 And, in a flight of fancy, high  
 As aught on earthly wing can fly,  
 Depicted thus, in semblance warm,  
 The Queen of Love's voluptuous form  
 Floating along the silv'ry sea  
 In beauty's naked majesty '  
 Oh ' he hath given th' enamour'd sight  
 A witching banquet of delight, 10  
 Where, gleaming through the waters  
 clear,  
 Glimpes of undreamt charms appear,  
 And all that mystery loves to screen,  
 Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen

Light as the leaf, that on the breeze  
 Of summer skims the glassy seas,  
 She floats along the ocean's breast,  
 Which undulates in sleepy rest,  
 While stealing on, she gently pillows  
 Her bosom on the heaving billows 20  
 Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose,  
 Her neck, like April's sparkling snows,  
 Illumes the liquid path she traces,  
 And burn within the stream's embraces  
 Thus on she moves, in languid pride,  
 Encircled by the azure tide,

<sup>1</sup> This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomené, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander, though, according to Natalis Comes, lib vii cap 16, it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face

As some fair lily o'er a bed  
 Of violets bends its graceful head.

Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,  
 The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,  
 Bearing in triumph young Desire, 31  
 And infant Love with smiles of fire '  
 While, glittering through the silver  
 waves,

The tenants of the briny caves  
 Around the pomp their gambols play,  
 And gleam along the watery way

ODE LVIII <sup>2</sup>

WHEN Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,  
 Escapes like any faithless minion,  
 And flies me (as he flies me ever),  
 Do I pursue him ? never, never '  
 No, let the false deserter go,  
 For who could court his drest foe ?  
 But when I feel my lightened mind  
 No more by grovelling gold confin'd,  
 Then loose I all such clinging cares,  
 And cast them to the vagrant airs 10  
 Then feel I, too, the Muse's spell,  
 And wake to life the dulcet shell,  
 Which, rous'd once more, to beauty  
 sings,

While love dissolves along the strings '

But scarcely has my heart been taught  
 How little Gold deserves a thought,  
 When, lo ' the slave returns once more,  
 And with him wafts delicious store  
 Of racy wine, whose genial art  
 In slumber seals the anxious heart 20  
 Again he tries my soul to sever  
 From love and song, perhaps for ever '

Away, deceiver ' why pursuing  
 Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing  
 Sweet is the song of amorous fire,  
 Sweet the sighs that thrill the lyre ,

and breast of this Venus

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, &c to denounce the whole poem as spurious. But, 'non ego paucis offendar maculis' I think it is quite beautiful enough to be authentic.

<sup>2</sup> I have followed Baines's arrangement of this ode, which, though deviating somewhat from the Vatican MS., appears to me the more natural order.

Oh ! sweeter far than all the gold  
 Thy wings can waft, thy mines can hold  
 Well do I know thy arts, thy wiles—  
 They wither'd Love's young wreathed  
 smiles, 30  
 And o'er his lyre such darkness shed,  
 I thought its soul of song was fled !  
 They dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,  
 Was fill'd with kisses to the brim<sup>1</sup>  
 Go—fly to haunts of sordid men,  
 But come not near the bard again  
 Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,  
 Scares from her bower the tuneful  
 maid,  
 And not for worlds would I forego  
 That moment of poetic glow, 40  
 When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,  
 Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme  
 Away, away ! to worldlings hence,  
 Who feel not this diviner sense ;  
 Give gold to those who love that pest,—  
 But leave the poet poor and blest

ODE LIX<sup>2</sup>

RIPEN'D by the solar beam,  
 Now the ruddy clusters teem,  
 In osier baskets borne along  
 By all the festal vintage throng  
 Of rosy youths and virgins fair,  
 Ripe as the melting fruits they bear  
 Now, now they press the pregnant  
 grapes,  
 And now the captive stream escapes,

<sup>1</sup> They dash'd the wine cup, that, by him,  
 Was fill'd with kisses to the brim ] Original —

Φιλημάτων δε κεδνών,  
 Πόθων κυπελλὰ κίρηνς

Horace has 'Desiderique temperie pocu-  
 lum', not figuratively, however, like Anacreon,  
 but importing the love-philures of the witches  
 By 'cups of kisses' our poet may allude to a  
 favourite gallantry among the ancients, of  
 drinking when the lips of their mistresses had  
 touched the brim —

'Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
 And I'll not ask for wine'

As in Ben Jonson's translation from Philo-  
 stratus, and Lucian has a conceit upon the  
 same idea, "ἵνα καὶ πίνῃς αἶμα καὶ φίλης," 'that  
 you may at once both drink and kiss'

<sup>2</sup> The title *Ἐπιγλυφὸς ὕμνος*, which Barnes  
 has given to this ode, is by no means appro-  
 priate. We have already had one of those  
 hymns (ode 56), but this is a description of the

In fervid tide of nectar gushing, 9  
 And for its bondage proudly blushing<sup>1</sup>  
 While, round the vat's impurpled brim,  
 The choral song, the vintage hymn  
 Of rosy youths and virgins fair,  
 Steals on the charm'd and echoing air  
 Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,  
 The orient tide that sparkling flies,  
 The infant Bacchus, born in mirth,  
 While Love stands by, to hail the birth

When he, whose verging years decline  
 As deep into the vale as mine, 20  
 When he inhales the vintage-cup,  
 His feet, new-wing'd from earth spring  
 up,  
 And as he dances, the fresh air  
 Plays whispering through his silvery hair  
 Meanwhile young groups whom love  
 invites,  
 To joys ev'n rivalling wine's delights,  
 Seek, arm in arm, the shadowy grove,  
 And there, in words and looks of love,  
 Such as fond lovers look and say, 29  
 Pass the sweet moonlight hours away.

ODE LX<sup>3</sup>

AWAKE to life, my sleeping shell,  
 To Phoebus let thy numbers swell,  
 And though no glorious prize be thine,  
 No Pythian wreath around thee twine,  
 Yet every hour is glory's hour  
 To him who gathers wisdom's flower

vintage, and the title *εἰς οἶνον*, which it bears  
 in the Vatican MS., is more correct than any  
 that have been suggested

Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepti-  
 cism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without  
 assigning any reason for such a suspicion. —  
 'non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare'  
 But this is far from being satisfactory criticism

<sup>3</sup> This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to  
 have been written by Anacreon, and it is un-  
 doubtedly rather a sublimer flight than the  
 Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But, in a  
 poet of whose works so small a proportion has  
 reached us, diversity of style is by no means a  
 safe criterion. If we knew Horace but as a  
 satirist, should we easily believe there could  
 dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says  
 that our poet wrote hymns, and thus perhaps  
 is one of them. We can perceive in what  
 an altered and imperfect state his works are  
 at present, when we find a scholiast upon  
 Horace citing an ode from the third book of  
 Anacreon

Then wake thee from thy voiceless  
slumbers,  
And to the soft and Phrygian numbers,  
Which, tremblingly, my lips repeat,  
Send ecstasies from thy chord as sweet 10  
'Tis thus the swan, with fading notes,  
Down the Cayster's current floats,  
While amorous breezes linger round,  
And sigh responsive sound for sound

Muse of the Lyre ! illumine my dream,  
Thy Phoebus is my fancy's theme,  
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,  
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,  
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,  
Who modulates the choral maze 20  
I sing the love which Daphne twin'd  
Around the godhead's yielding mind,  
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight  
From this ethereal son of Light,  
And how the tender, timid maid  
Flew trembling to the kindly shade,  
Resign'd a form, alas, too fair,  
And grew a verdant laurel there,  
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,  
In terror seem'd to tremble still ! 30  
The god pursu'd, with wing'd desire,  
And when his hopes were all on fire,  
And when to clasp the nymph he  
thought,  
A lifeless tree was all he caught,  
And, stead of sighs that pleasure heaves,  
Heard but the west-wind in the leaves !

But, pause, my soul, no more, no  
more—  
Enthusiast, whither do I soar ?  
This sweetly-mad'ning dream of soul  
Hath hurried me beyond the goal 40

<sup>1</sup> Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS., whose authority helps to confirm the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number, which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken. I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy—the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words *Ἰεροῖσι συνεκλινῶ*, he says, 'Vatican MS *συσκιάων*, etiam Prisciano invito' but the MS reads *συνεκλινῶ*, with *συσκιάων* interlined. Degen too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line

Why should I sing the mighty darts  
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,  
When ah, the song, with sweeter tone,  
Can tell the darts that wound my own ?  
Still be Anacreon, still inspire  
The descant of the Teian lyre  
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,  
Distilling love in every note !  
And when some youth, whose glowing  
soul  
Has felt the Paphian star's control, 50  
When he the liquid lays shall hear,  
His heart will flutter to his ear,  
And drinking there of song divine,  
Banquet on intellectual wine !<sup>1</sup>

## ODE LXI

YOUTH's endearing charms are fled,  
Hoary locks deform my head,  
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,  
All the flowers of life decay  
Withering age begins to trace  
Sad memorials o'er my face,  
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,  
All the future must be gloom  
This it is that sets me sighing,  
Dreary is the thought of dying ! 10  
Lone and dismal is the road,  
Down to Pluto's dark abode,  
And, when once the journey's o'er,  
Ah ! we can return no more !

ODE LXII<sup>2</sup>

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught,  
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd,  
But let the water amply flow,  
To cool the grape's intemperate glow,

thirteenth, the MS has *τενὴν* with *αι* interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of *τενὴν*. In the fifty seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS *ἀλαλημενὸν δ' ἐπ' αὐτῇ*, while the latter has *ἀλαλημενὸν δ' ἐπ' αὐτῇ*. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

<sup>2</sup> This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenæus, book x. and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet.

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz, lib iv, 'der Trinker'

Let not the fiery god be single,  
But with the nymphs in union mingle '  
For though the bowl's the grave of sad-  
ness,

Ne'er let it be the birth of madness  
No, banish from our board to-night  
The revelries of rude delight, 10  
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,  
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!  
And while the temperate bowl we  
wreathe,

In concert let our voices breathe,  
Beguiling every hour along  
With harmony of soul and song

ODE LXIII <sup>1</sup>

To Love, the soft and blooming child,  
I touch the harp in descendant wild,  
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,  
The boy, who breathes and blushes  
flowers,  
To Love, for heaven and earth adore  
him,  
And gods and mortals bow before him '1

ODE LXIV <sup>2</sup>

HASTE thee, nymph, whose well-aim'd  
spear  
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer '  
Dian, Jove's immortal child,  
Huntress of the savage wild '  
Goddess with the sun-bright hair '  
Listen to a people's prayer  
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,  
There thy vanquish'd people mourn '  
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,  
Tell them they shall mourn no more 10  
Thine their hearts, their altars thine,  
Must they, Dian—must they pine ?

ODE LXV <sup>3</sup>

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,  
Maid of Thrace, thou fly'st my courting  
Wanton filly ' tell me why  
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,  
And seem'st to think my doating heart  
Is novice in the bridling art ?  
Believe me, girl, it is not so,  
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw  
The reins around that tender form,  
However wild, however warm 10  
Yes—trust me I can tame thy force,  
And turn and wind thee in the course  
Though, wasting now thy careless hours,  
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,  
Soon shalt thou feel the rein's control,  
And tremble at the wish'd-for goal '1

ODE LXVI <sup>4</sup>

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,  
Fairest of all that fairest shine,  
To thee, who rul'st with darts of fire  
This world of mortals, young Desire !  
And oh ' thou nuptial Power, to thee  
Who bear'st of life the guardian key,  
Breathing my soul in fervent praise,  
And weaving wild my votive lays,  
For thee, O Queen ' I wake the lyre,  
For thee, thou blushing young Desire, 10  
And oh ' for thee, thou nuptial Power,  
Come, and illumine this genial hour

Look on thy bride, too happy boy,  
And while thy lambent glance of joy  
Plays over all her blushing charms,  
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,  
Before the lovely, trembling prey,  
Like a young birdling, wing away '  
Turn, Stratocles, too happy youth,  
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth, 20

<sup>1</sup> 'This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, *Strom.* lib vi and in Aisenius, *Collect. Graec.*—Barnes

It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love

<sup>2</sup> This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephaestion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led some to doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (*Illymonian* od. ii v 1, as cited by Barnes) that Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered, 'Because

women are my deities '

<sup>3</sup> This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in Heraclides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously through the poem, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates

<sup>4</sup> This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scolium at the nuptial banquet

And dear to her, whose yielding zone  
Will soon resign her all thine own  
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,  
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh  
To those bewitching beauties turn,  
For thee they blush, for thee they burn

Not more the rose, the queen of  
flowers,  
Outblushes all the bloom of bowers,  
Than she univall'd grace discloses,  
The sweetest rose, whose all are roses 30  
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed  
His blandest influence o'er thy bed,  
And foster there an infant tree,  
To bloom like her, and tower like thee!

## ODE LXVII

RICH in bliss, I proudly scorn  
The wealth of Amalthea's horn,  
Nor should I ask to call the throne  
Of the Tartessian prince my own,<sup>1</sup>  
To totter through his train of years,  
The victim of declining fears  
One little hour of joy to me  
Is worth a dull eternity!

ODE LXVIII<sup>2</sup>

Now Neptune's month our sky deforms,  
The angry night-cloud teems with  
storms,  
And savage winds, infuriate driven,  
Fly howling in the face of heaven!  
Now, now, my friends, the gathering  
gloom  
With roseate rays of wine illumine  
And while our wreaths of parsley spread  
Their fadeless foliage round our head,  
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,  
And shed libations on his shrine!

<sup>1</sup> Of the Tartessian prince my own.] He here alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, an hundred and fifty years, and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See Barnes

<sup>2</sup> This is composed of two fragments, the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius

<sup>3</sup> Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenaeus. They are

ODE LXIX<sup>3</sup>

THEY wove the lotus band to deck,  
And fan with pensile wreath each neck;  
And every guest, to siffade his head,  
Three little fragrant chaplets spread,  
And one was of th' Egyptian leaf,  
The rest were roses, fair and brief.  
While from a golden vase profound,  
To all on flowery beds around,  
A Hebe, of celestial shape,  
Pour'd the rich droppings of the grape!

ODE LXX<sup>4</sup>

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,  
Is all my spare and simple treat  
And while a generous bowl I crown  
To float my little banquet down,  
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,  
And sing of love's delicious fire  
In mirthful measures warm and free,  
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXI<sup>5</sup>

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung,  
And while I wake them all for thee,  
Thou, O maiden, wild and young,  
Disport'st in airy levity

The nursing fawn, that in some shade  
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,  
Is not more wantonly afraid,  
More timid of the rustling wind!

ODE LXXII<sup>6</sup>

FARE thee well, perfidious maid,  
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,  
Delay'd, perfidious girl, by thee,  
Is on the wing for liberty  
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,  
Since thou hast ceas'd to love me here!

the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third in Barnes

<sup>4</sup> Compiled by Barnes from Athenaeus, Hephaestion, and Aisenius. See Barnes, 80th

<sup>5</sup> This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenaeus

<sup>6</sup> This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

ODE LXXIII<sup>1</sup>

AWHILE I bloom'd, a happy flower,  
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,  
And made my tender branches feel  
The wounds of his avenging steel  
Then lost I fell, like some poor willow  
That falls across the wintry billow<sup>1</sup>

ODE LXXIV<sup>2</sup>

MONARCH Love, resistless boy,  
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,  
And nymphs, whose eyes have Heaven's  
hue,  
Disporting tread the mountain-dew,  
Propitious, oh<sup>1</sup> receive my sighs,  
Which, glowing with entreaty, rise,  
That thou wilt whisper to the breast  
Of her I love thy soft behest,  
And counsel her to learn from thee  
That lesson thou hast taught to me 10  
Ah<sup>1</sup> if my heart no flattery tell,  
Thou't own I've learn'd that lesson well<sup>1</sup>

## ODE LXXV

SPIRIT of Love, whose locks unroll'd,  
Stream on the breeze like floating gold,  
Come, within a fragrant cloud  
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud,  
And, on those wings that sparkling play,  
Wait, oh, wait me hence away<sup>1</sup>  
Love<sup>1</sup> my soul is full of thee,  
Alive to all thy luxury  
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,  
The lovely Lesbian mocks my woe, 10  
Smiles at the chill and hoary hues  
That time upon my forehead strews  
Alas<sup>1</sup> I fear she keeps her charms  
In store for younger, happier arms<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is to be found in Hephæstion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition

I have omitted, from among these scraps, a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, *ἔαυθι δ' Εὐρυπύλη μελεῖ*, &c. which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, 'nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi'. It is in a style of gross satire, and abounds with expressions that never could be gracefully translated

<sup>2</sup> A fragment preserved by Dion Chrysostom, *Orat. 11 de Regno*. See Barnes, 93

<sup>3</sup> Formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's *Poetics*

ODE LXXVI<sup>3</sup>

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,  
Come and teach thy votary old  
Many a golden hymn divine,  
For the nymph with vest of gold

Pretty nymph, of tender age,  
Fair thy silky locks unfold,  
Listen to a hoary sage,  
Sweetest maid with vest of gold<sup>1</sup>

ODE LXXVII<sup>4</sup>

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre,  
Of burnish'd ivory fair,  
Which, in the Dionysian choir,  
Some blooming boy should bear<sup>1</sup>

Would that I were a golden vase,  
That some bright nymph might hold  
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,  
Herself as pure as gold<sup>1</sup>

ODE LXXVIII<sup>5</sup>

WHEN Cupid sees how thickly now,  
The snows of Time fall o'er my brow,  
Upon his wing of golden light,  
He passes with an eagle's flight,  
And fitting onward seems to say,  
'Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day<sup>1</sup>

CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray,  
That lights our life's meandering way,  
That God, within this bosom stealing,  
Hath waken'd a strange, mingled feeling  
Which pleases, though so sadly teasing,  
And teases, though so sweetly pleasing<sup>10</sup>

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his *Poetics*, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication

<sup>4</sup> This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcaeus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes

<sup>5</sup> See Barnes, 179d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his short essay on the Gallic Hercules

<sup>6</sup> Barnes, 125th. This is in Scaliger's *Poetics*. Gaul has omitted it in his collection of fragments

LET me resign this wretched breath,  
 Since now remains to me  
 No other balm than kindly death,  
 To soothe my misery <sup>1</sup>

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,  
 And art a kindly, cordial host,  
 But let me fill and drink at pleasure—  
 Thus I enjoy the goblet most <sup>2</sup>

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,  
 Yet feel not love's impression'd care,  
 I think there's madness in my breast,  
 Yet cannot find that madness there <sup>3</sup>

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,  
 I'll plunge into the whitening deep  
 And there he cold, to death resign'd,  
 Since Love intoxicates my mind <sup>4</sup>

Mix me, child, a cup divine,  
 Crystal water, ruby wine  
 Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,  
 O'er my wintry temples blushing  
 Mix the brimmer—Love and I  
 Shall no more the contest try  
 Here—upon this holy bowl,  
 I surrender all my soul <sup>5</sup>

AMONG the Epigrams of the Anthologia, are found some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a sort of Coronis to this work. But I found upon consideration, that they wanted variety, and that a frequent recurrence, in them, of the same thought, would render a collection of such poems uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, selected from the number, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those ancient tributes to the fame of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but designing originally a translation of all that are extant on the subject, I endeavoured to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ, ΕΙΣ  
 ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΑ

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε  
 κισσος

ἀβρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα  
 πηγαι δ' αργινοεντος αναθλιβοντο γαλακτος,  
 ευωδες δ' απο γης ηδυν χειοιτο μεθυ,  
 οφρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και οσ τερα τερψιν  
 αρηται,  
 ει δε τις φθιμενοισ χρημπτεται ευφροσυνη,  
 ω το φιλον στερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν  
 αιδα  
 παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον

<sup>1</sup> This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephaestion. See Baines (69th), who has arranged the metre of it very skilfully.

<sup>2</sup> Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is found in Athenaeus, contains an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

<sup>3</sup> Found in Hephaestion (see Barnes, 95th).

<sup>4</sup> This is also in Hephaestion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem, in which Anacreon

AROUND the tomb, oh, bard divine!

Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,  
 Long may the deathless ivy twine,  
 And summer spread her waste of roses!

And there shall many a fount distil,  
 And many a rill refresh the flowers,  
 But wine shall be each purple rill,  
 And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught  
 To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,  
 Who gave to love his tenderest thought,  
 Who gave to love his fondest measure,—

had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123d of Barnes.

<sup>5</sup> Collected by Barnes, from Demetrius Phalareus and Eustathius, and subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers, which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant.—happy if it could be said of the garland which they form, To δ' ὡς Ἀνακρεοντος.

Thus, after death, if shades can feel,  
Thou may'st, from odours round thee  
streaming,  
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,  
And live again in blissful dreaming !<sup>1</sup>

## ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ἀνακρείοντος. Τῆρος ἐνθαδε κυκνος  
Εὐδῇ, χῆ παιδῶν ζῳροτατῇ μανίῃ  
Ἀκμῇ λαιροεντὶ μελίζεται ἀμφὶ Βαθύλλῳ  
Ἰμέρα καὶ κισσοῦ λευκοῦ οὐαδε λίθος  
Οὐδ' Αἰδῆς σοὶ ἐρωτὰς ἀπέσβεσεν, ἐν δ'  
Ἀχέροντος  
Ὡν, ὅλος ὠδίνεις Κυπρίδι θερμότερῃ

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied  
shade;  
Here mute in death the Teian swan is  
laid

Cold, cold that heart, which while on  
earth it dwelt

All the sweet frenzy of love's passion felt  
And yet, oh Bard ! thou art not mute  
in death,

Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious  
breath,<sup>2</sup>

And still thy songs of soft Bathylla  
bloom,

Green as the ivy round thy mould'ring  
tomb

<sup>1</sup> Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, *de Poetis Graecis*, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvisatore. See *Institut Orat* lib x cap 7. There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others, — and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the Anthologia, among which are found these inscriptions upon Anacreon. These remains have been sometimes imputed to another poet of the same name, of whom Vossius gives us the following account — 'Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Caesaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate *Ἀνθολογίας*, lib iv tit *εἰς Ὀρχοστρίδας*. At eum ac Bathyllum primos fuisse pantomimos ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione, &c &c'

The reader, who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, *Lexic Univers*. By the omission of a sentence he

Noryethas death obscur'd thy fire of love,  
For still it lights thee through the  
Elysian grove,  
Where dreams are thine, that bless th'  
elect alone,  
And Venus calls thee even in death her  
own !

## ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφὸν παρὰ λίτον Ἀνακρείοντος  
ἀμβιβόν,

Εἰ τι τοι εἰς βιβλῶν ἦλθεν ἔμῳν οφελος,  
Σπείσον ἐμῇ σποδῇ, σπείσον γανος, οφρά  
κέν οἶνω

Ὅστέα γῆθησῃ ταμα νοτιζόμενα,  
'Ὡς ὁ Διονύσου μεμελημένος οὐασὶ καμος,  
'Ὡς ὁ φιλακρητὸν συντροφὸς ἄρμονις,  
Μῆδε καταφθίμενος Βακχοῦ δίχα τούτου  
ὑποίσω

Τὸν γένην μεροπῶν χωρὸν οφειλομένον

On stranger ! if Anacreon's shell  
Has ever taught thy heart to swell  
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,  
In pity turn, as wand'ring nigh,  
And drop thy goblet's richest tear  
In tenderest libation here !  
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill  
With visions of enjoyment still  
Not even in death can I resign  
The festal joys that once were mine, so

has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome

<sup>2</sup> Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious sound in death,  
Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet —

Μολῆτις δ' οὐ λήθῃ μελιτεπείθεος ἀλλ' ἐτι κείνω  
Βαρβίτον οὐδε θάνατον ἐνύσανεν εἰν αἰδῇ  
Σιμωνίδου, Ἀνθολογ.

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled 'divine,' though Le Fevre, in his *Poëtes Grecs*, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by Stobaeus, *φύλαξι γυναικῶν*

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsolete, the commentator here, appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, 'nec sane id nequequam fecerunt,' attributing to this outrage an effect which it could not possibly have produced.



When Harmony pursu'd my ways,  
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays<sup>1</sup>  
Oh! if delight could charm no more,  
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,  
When fate had once our doom decreed,  
Then dying would be death indeed,  
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,  
Divinity itself divine!

ΤΟΥ ΑΤΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΤΤΟΝ

ΕΤΔΕΙΣ ἐν φθιμενοισιν, Ανακρεον, εσθλα  
πονησας  
εὔδει δ' ἡ γλυκερὴ νυκτιλαλὸς κιθαρα,  
εὔδει καὶ Σμερδὶς, τὸ Ποθὼν εαρ, ὦ συ  
μελίσδων,  
βαρβιτ', ἀνεκροῦν νεκταρ ἐναρμονίον  
ἦθεων γὰρ Ἐρωτος ἐφυσ σκοπὸς ἐς δὲ σε  
μουνον  
τοῖα τε καὶ σχολίας εἶχεν ἐκηβολίας.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd  
their flight,  
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth,  
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each  
lingering night,  
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

She too, for whom that harp profusely  
shed  
The purest nectar of its numbers,  
She, the young spring of thy desires,  
hath fled,  
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!

Farewell! thou had'st a pulse for every  
dart  
That mighty Love could scatter from  
his quiver;  
And each new beauty found in thee a  
heart,  
Which thou, with all thy heart and  
soul, didst give her!

## JUVENILE POEM

### PREFACE, BY THE EDITOR<sup>2</sup>

THE Poems which I take the liberty of publishing, were never intended by the author to pass beyond the circle of his friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written, the character of the author and of his associates, all these peculiarities must be known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such compositions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented the author himself from submitting these trifles to the eye of dispassionate criticism and if their posthumous introduction to the world be injustice to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

MR LITTLE died in his one and twentieth year, and most of these Poems were written at so early a period that their errors may lay claim to some indulgence from the critic. Their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition, but, in general, wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too

<sup>1</sup> And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, &c.] The original here is corrupted, the line ως ο Διονυσου &c is unintelligible.

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus —

ως ο Διονυσιοι λελασμενος ουποτε κωμων.

See Brunck *Analecta Veter Poet Graec* vol. II.

<sup>2</sup> A portion of these Poems were published originally as the works of 'the late Thomas Little,' with the Preface here given prefixed to them.

warm to the imagination, and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them. The 'aurea legge, s'ei piace ei lice', he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself, and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. LITTLE gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment, and variety of fancy, which are so necessary to refine and animate the poetry of love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who can be regarded as a model in that style, Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological allusions of the latter are called erudition by his commentators, but such ostentatious display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was even in his own times pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics should have preferred him to the gentle and touching Tibullus, but those defects, I believe, which a common reader condemns, have been regarded rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators, who find a field for their ingenuity and research, in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, 'Tunc veniam subito,' &c is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of 'nec te posse carere velim', however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But the poet of Verona, in my opinion, possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate, his associates were wild and abandoned, and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses. But still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible, and when he touches the chord of pathos, he reaches immediately the heart. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent will confess the beauty of those simple unaffected lines.—

O quid solutus est beatus curis!  
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum  
Desideratque acquiescimus lecto *Carm. xxix.*

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poetry, and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathise with him. I wish I were a poet, I should then endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I have always so warmly admired.

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us, for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorise the epithet 'doctus', so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered his other writings to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory, but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description, than his loves of Acme and Septimius? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, it

ust be confessed, in the midst of all these beauties,

— Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry, and we are sometimes told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle thus with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were any thing more constant than the moderns: they felt all the same dissipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Wotton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such refinements. But he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid *fadours* of the French romances, which have nothing congenial to the graceful levity, the 'grata protervitas', of a Rochester or a Sedley.

As far as I can judge, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr LITTLE selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity ('*aevo rariissima nostro simplicitas*') was his fondest ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment, and his life was of too short a date to allow him to perfect such a taste, but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr LITTLE was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him, for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings, but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

T. M.

## JUVENILE POEMS

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE  
EXERCISES

*Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus* —JUV

MARK those proud boasters of a splendid  
line,  
Like gilded ruins, mould'ring while they  
shine,

How heavy sits that weight of alien show,  
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow,  
Those borrow'd splendours, whose con-  
trasting light

Throws back the native shades in deeper  
night

Ask the proud train who glory's shade  
pursue,  
Where are the arts by which that glory  
grew?

The genuine virtues that with eagle-gaze  
Sought young Renown in all her orient  
blaze!

Where is the heart by chymic truth  
refin'd,  
Th' exploring soul, whose eye had read  
mankind?

Where are the links that twin'd, with  
heav'nly art,  
His country's interest round the  
patriot's heart?

*Iustum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia  
arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur  
spes* —LIVY

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,  
Approv'd by Heav'n, ordain'd by  
nature's laws,  
Where justice flies the herald of our way,  
And truth's pure beams upon the  
banners play?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's  
breath  
To slumb'ring babes, or innocence in  
death,  
And urgent as the tongue of Heav'n  
within,  
When the mind's balance trembles upon  
sin  
Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim  
should meet  
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat,  
Along the heart's responding chords  
should run,  
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the  
one!

VARIETY

Ask what prevailing, pleasing power  
Allures the sportive, wandering bee  
To roam, untired, from flower to flower,  
He'll tell you, 'tis variety  
Look Nature round, her features trace,  
Her seasons, all her changes see,  
And own, upon Creation's face,  
The greatest charm's variety  
For me, ye gracious powers above!  
Still let me roam, unfix'd and free,  
In all things,—but the nymph I love,  
I'll change, and taste variety  
But, Patty, not a world of charms  
Could e'er estrange my heart from  
thee,—  
No, let me ever seek those arms,  
There still I'll find variety

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,  
To rove through Erudition's bowers,  
And cull the golden fruits of truth,  
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?  
And is it not more sweet than this,  
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,  
And pay them back in sums of bliss  
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth,  
With this idea toil is lighter,  
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,  
And makes the flower of fancy  
brighter

The little gift we send thee, boy,  
May sometimes teach thy soul to  
ponder,  
If indolence or siren joy  
Should ever tempt that soul to wander  
'Twill tell thee that the winged day  
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's en-  
deavour,  
That life and time shall fade away,  
While heav'n and virtue bloom for  
ever!

SONG

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow,  
Its look is so shifting and new,  
That the oath I might take on it now  
The very next glance would undo  
Those babies that nestle so sly  
Such thousands of arrows have got,  
That an oath, on the glance of an eye  
Such as yours, may be off in a shot  
Should I swear by the dew on your lip,  
Though each moment the treasure re-  
news,  
If my constancy wishes to trip,  
I may kiss off the oath when I choose  
Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r  
Both the dew and the oath that are  
there,  
And I'd make a new vow every hour,  
To lose them so sweetly in air  
But clear up the heav'n of your brow,  
Nor fancy my faith is a feather,  
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,  
And they both must be broken to-  
gether!

TO

REMEMBER him thou leav'st behind,  
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,  
Close as the tend'rest links can bind  
A heart as warm as heart can be

Oh ' I had long in freedom rovd',  
 Though many seem'd my soul to share,  
 'Twas passion when I thought I lov'd,  
 'Twas fancy when I thought them fair

Ev'n she, my muse's early theme, 9  
 Beguil'd me only while she warm'd,  
 'Twas young desire that fed the dream,  
 And reason broke what passion form'd

But thou—ah ' better had it been  
 If I had still in freedom rovd',  
 If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,  
 For then I never should have lov'd

Then all the pain which lovers feel  
 Had never to this heart been known,  
 But then, the joys that lovers steal, 19  
 Should *they* have ever been my own?

Oh ' trust me, when I swear thee this,  
 Dearest ' the pain of loving thee,  
 The very pain is sweeter bliss  
 Than passion's wildest ecstasy

That little cage I would not part,  
 In which my soul is prison'd now,  
 For the most light and winged heart  
 That wantons on the passing vow

Still, my lov'd ' still keep in mind,  
 'However far remov'd from me, 30  
 That there is one thou leav'st behind,  
 Whose heart respires for only thee '

And though ungenial ties have bound  
 Thy fate unto another's care,  
 That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,  
 Cannot confine the heart that's there

No, no ' that heart is only mine  
 By ties all other ties above,  
 For I have wed it at a shrine  
 Where we have had no priest but Love

## SONG

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,  
 Shall steal our pleasures too,  
 The mem'ry of the past will stay,  
 And half our joys renew  
 Then, Julia, when thy beauty's flow'r  
 Shall feel the wintry air,  
 Remembrance will recall the hour  
 When thou alone wert fair

Then talk no more of future gloom,  
 Our joys shall always last,  
 For Hope shall brighten days to come,  
 And Mem'ry gild the past

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,  
 I drink to Love and thee  
 Thou never canst decay in soul,  
 Thou'lt still be young for me  
 And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,  
 Which on my cheek they find,  
 So hope shall steal away the trace  
 That sorrow leaves behind  
 Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!  
 Our joys shall always last,  
 For Hope shall brighten days to come,  
 And Mem'ry gild the past

But mark, at thought of future years  
 When love shall lose its soul,  
 My Chloe drops her timid tears,  
 They mingle with my bowl  
 How like this bowl of wine, my fair,  
 Our loving life shall fleet,  
 Though tears may sometimes mingle  
 there,  
 The draught will still be sweet  
 Then fill the cup—away with gloom!  
 Our joys shall always last,  
 For Hope will brighten days to come,  
 And Mem'ry gild the past

## SONG

HAVE you not seen the timid tear,  
 Steal trembling from mine eye?  
 Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,  
 Or caught the murmur'd sigh?  
 And can you think my love is chill,  
 Nor fix'd on you alone?  
 And can you rend, by doubting still,  
 A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move,  
 Devoutly, warmly true,  
 My life has been a task of love,  
 One long, long thought of you.  
 If all your tender faith be o'er,  
 If still my truth you'll try,  
 Alas, I know but *one* proof more—  
 I'll bless your name, and die!

REUBEN AND ROSE

A TALE OF ROMANCE

'THE darkness that hung upon Willumberg's walls  
Had long been remember'd with awe and dismay,  
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,  
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,  
Yet none could the woods of that castle illumine,  
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring strea  
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom'

Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?'  
Said Willumberg's lord to the Seer of the Cave,—  
'It can never dispel,' said the wizard of verse,  
'Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the wave!'

10

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?  
Who *could* be but Reuben, the flow'r of the age?  
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,  
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his young heart had beat,—  
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,  
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,  
It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn.

20

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?  
Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of the Cave,  
That darkness should cover that castle for ever,  
Or Reub be sunk in the merciless wave'

To the wizard she flew, saying, 'Tell me, oh, tell!  
Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my eyes?'  
'Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell  
Of the mould'ring abbey, your Reuben shall rise!'

Twice, thrice he repeated 'Your Reuben shall rise!'  
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;  
And wip'd, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,  
And hop'd she might yet see her hero again

30

That hero could smile at the terrors of death,  
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;  
To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,  
In the depth of the billows soon found his repose—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—  
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,  
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,  
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

40

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,  
 There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank  
 Two days did she wander, and all the long night,  
 In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,  
 And heard but the breathings of night in the air;  
 Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,  
 And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,  
 As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream, 50  
 She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,  
 As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam

And now the third night was begemming the sky,  
 Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,  
 There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,  
 When—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,  
 A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;  
 She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd, 60  
 And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide

Was this what the Seer of the Cave had foretold?—  
 Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam,  
 'Twas Reuben, but, ah! he was deathly and cold,  
 And fled away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought  
 From the bank to embrace him, but vain her endeavour!  
 Then, plunging beneath, at a billow she caught,  
 And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

### DID NOT

'Twas a new feeling—something more  
 Than we had dared to own before,  
 Which then we hid not,  
 We saw it in each other's eye,  
 And wish'd, in every half-breath'd sigh,  
 To speak, but did not

She felt my lips' impassioned touch—  
 'Twas the first time I dared so much,  
 And yet she chid not,  
 But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,  
 'Oh! do you doubt I love you now?'  
 Sweet soul! I did not

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,  
 I press'd it closer, closer still,  
 Though gently bid not,  
 Till—oh! the world hath seldom heard  
 Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,  
 And yet, who did not

### TO . .

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it  
 At once put my heart out of pain,  
 Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,  
 Disturb'd my ideas again

Thou art just in the twilight at present,  
When woman's declension begins,  
When, fading from all that is pleasant,  
She bids a good night to her sins  
Yet thou still art so lovely to me,  
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!  
Repose in the sunset of thee,  
Than bask in the noon of another

TO MRS

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER  
CHARACTER

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?  
Is not that heart a heart refin'd?  
Hast thou not every gentle grace,  
We love in woman's mind and face?  
And, oh! art thou a shrine for Sin  
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—  
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd  
near,

May now repay its love with blame,  
Though man, who ought to shield thy  
face,

Ungenerous man, be first to shun thee,  
Though all the world look cold upon thee,  
Yet shall thy pureness keep thee still  
Unharm'd by that surrounding chill,  
Like the famed drop, in crystal found,<sup>1</sup>  
Floating, while all was froz'n around,—  
Unchill'd, unchanging shalt thou be,  
Safe in thy own sweet purity

ANACREONTIC

— in *lachrymas verterat omne merum*  
Tis lib 1 eleg 5

Press the grape, and let it pour  
Around the board its purple show'r,  
And, while the drops my goblet steep,  
I'll think in woe the clusters weep

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!  
Heav'n grant no tears, but tears of wine  
Weep on, and, as thy sorrows flow,  
I'll taste the luxury of woe

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some very elaborate epigrams. It was a drop of pure water enclosed within a piece of crystal. See Claudian, Epigram 'de Crystallo cui aqua inerat'. Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at

TO

WHEN I lov'd you, I can't but allow  
I had many an exquisite minute,  
But the scorn that I feel for you now  
Hath even more luxury in it

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,  
Some witchery seems to await you,  
To love you was pleasant enough,  
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

TO JULIA

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL  
CRITICISMS

WHY, let the stingless critic chide  
With all that fume of vacant pride  
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,  
Like vapour on a stagnant pool  
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,  
Can please th' elect, the sacred few,  
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,  
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—  
If some fond feeling maid like thee,  
The warm-ey'd child of Sympathy,  
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme  
She languishes in Passion's dream,  
'He was, indeed, a tender soul—  
No critic law, no chill control,  
Should ever freeze, by timid art,  
The flowings of so fond a heart!'  
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!  
That, hovering like a snow-wing'd dove,  
Breath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,  
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child,—  
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,  
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;  
Oh! let my song, my mem'ry, find  
A shrine within the tender mind,  
And I will smile when critics chide,  
And I will scorn the fume of pride  
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,  
Like vapour round some stagnant pool!

Milan, and adds, 'It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendôme in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it into a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalen'. Addison's *Remarks on several Parts of Italy*



## TO JULIA

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling  
dream,  
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet  
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold  
esteem,  
Far dearer were than passion's bland  
deceit !

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare,  
Your heart was only mine, I once  
believ'd

Ah ! shall I say that all your vows were  
air ?

And *must* I say, my hopes were all  
deceiv'd ?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are  
twin'd,

That all our joys are felt with mutual  
zeal,

Julia !—'tis pity, pity makes you kind,  
You know I love, and you would *seem*  
to feel

But shall I still go seek within those arms  
A joy in which affection takes no part ?

No, no, farewell ! you give me but your  
chains,

When I had fondly thought you gave  
your heart

## THE SHRINE

TO . .

My fates had destin'd me to rove  
A long, long pilgrimage of love,  
And many an altar on my way  
Has lur'd my pious steps to stay,  
For, if the saint was young and fair,  
I turn'd and sung my vespers there  
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,  
Is what your pretty saints require  
To pass, nor tell a single bead,  
With them would be profane indeed !  
But, trust me, all this young devotion  
Was but to keep my zeal in motion,  
And, ev'ry humbler altar past,  
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last !

## TO A LADY,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS,  
ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY

WHEN, casting many a look behind,  
I leave the friends I cherish here—  
Perchance some other friends to find,  
But surely finding none so dear—

Haply the little simple page,  
Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee,  
May now and then a look engage,  
And steal one moment's thought for  
me

But, oh ! in pity let not those  
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,  
Let not the eye that seldom flows  
With feeling's tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt  
With pity, never melt with love,  
And such will frown at all I've felt,  
And all my loving lays reprove

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,  
Which rather loves to praise than  
blame,

Should in my page an interest find,  
And linger kindly on my name,

Tell him—or, oh ! if, gentler still,  
By female lips my name be blest.  
For, where do all affections thrill  
So sweetly as in woman's breast ?—

Tell her, that he whose loving themes  
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,  
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,  
And bolder flights of fancy soar,

That Glory oft would claim the lay,  
And Friendship oft his numbers move,  
But whisper then, that, 'sooth to say,  
His sweetest song was giv'n to Love !'

## TO JULIA

THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,  
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever ;  
The heart will seek its kindred heart,  
And cling to it as close as ever

But must we, must we part indeed ?  
Is all our dream of rapture over ?  
And does not Julia's bosom bleed  
To leave so dear, so fond a lover ?

Does *she* too mourn ?—Perhaps she may,  
Perhaps she mourns our bliss so fleet-  
ing

But why is Julia's eye so gay,  
If Julia's heart like mine is beating ?

I oft have lov'd that sunny glow  
Of gladness in her blue eye gleaming—  
But can't the bosom bleed with woe,  
While joy is in the glances beaming ?

No, no !—Yet, love, I will not chide,  
Although your heart *were* fond of  
roving,

Nor that, nor all the world beside  
Could keep your faithful boy from  
loving

You'll soon be distant from his eye,  
And, with you, all that's worth pos-  
sessing.

Oh ! then it will be sweet to die,  
When life has lost its only blessing !

TO

SWEET lady, look not thus again  
Those bright deluding smiles recall  
A maid remember'd now with pain,  
Who was my love, my life, my all !

Oh ! while this heart bewilder'd took  
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,  
Thus would she smile, and hiss, and look,  
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh !

Yes, I did love her—wildly love—  
She was her sex's best deceiver !  
And oft she swore she'd never love—  
And I was destin'd to believe her !

Then, lady, do not wear the smile  
Of one whose smile could thus betray,  
Alas ! I think the lovely wile  
Again could steal my heart away

For, when those spells that charm'd my  
mind,

On lips so pure as thine I see,  
I fear the heart which she resign'd  
Will err again, and fly to thee !

NATURE'S LABELS

A FRAGMENT

IN vain we fondly strive to trace  
The soul's reflection in the face,  
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,  
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis,  
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright  
As Plato or the Stagirite .  
And many a sage and learned skull  
Has peep'd through windows dark and  
dull

Since then, though art do all it can,  
We ne'er can reach the inward man,  
Nor (howsoe'er 'learn'd Thebans' doubt)  
The inward woman, from without,  
Methinks 'twere well if Nature could  
(And Nature could, if Nature would)  
Some pithy, short descriptions write,  
On tablets large, in black and white,  
Which she might hang about our throattles,  
Like labels upon physic-bottles,  
And where all men might read—but  
stay—

As dialectic sages say,  
The argument most apt and ample  
For common use is the example  
For instance, then, if Nature's care  
Had not portray'd, in lines so fair,  
The inward soul of Lucy L-and-n,  
*This* is the label she'd have pinn'd on

LABEL FIRST

Within this form there lies enshrin'd  
The purest, brightest gem of mind  
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes  
throw

Upon its charms the shade of woe,  
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,  
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,  
That Nature wrote a second label,  
They're her own words,—at least suppose  
so—

And boldly pin it on Pomposo

LABEL SECOND

When I compos'd the fustian brain  
Of this redoubt'd Captain Vain,  
I had at hand but few ingredients,  
And so was forc'd to use expedients.

I put therein some small discerning,  
A grain of sense, a grain of learning,  
And when I saw the void behind,  
I fill'd it up with—froth and wind !

### TO JULIA

#### ON HER BIRTHDAY

WHEN Time was entwining the garland  
of years,  
Which to crown my beloved was given,  
Though some of the leaves might be  
sullied with tears,  
Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in  
heaven  
And long may this garland be sweet to  
the eye,  
May its verdure for ever be new ;  
Young Love shall enrich it with many  
a sigh,  
And Sympathy nurse it with dew

### A REFLECTION AT SEA

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile,—  
Then murmuring subsides to rest  
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea,  
And, having swell'd a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity !

### CLORIS AND FANNY

CLORIS ' if I were Persia's king,  
I'd make my graceful queen of thee,  
While FANNY, wild and artless thing,  
Should but thy humble handmaid be

There is but *one* objection in it—  
That, verily, I'm much afraid  
I should, in some unlucky minute,  
Forsake the mistress for the maid

### THE SHIELD

SAY, did you not hear a voice of death ?  
And did you not mark the paly form  
Which rode on the silvery mist of the  
heath,  
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm ?

Was it the wailing bird of the gloom,  
That shrieks on the house of woe all  
night ?  
Or a shiv'ring fiend that flew to a tomb,  
To howl and to feed till the glance  
of light ?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the  
wood,  
For shiv'ring fiend that hung, on the  
blast,  
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of  
blood—  
It screams for the guilt of days that  
are past

See, how the red, red lightning strays,  
And scares the gliding ghosts of the  
heath !  
Now on the leafless yew it plays,  
Where hangs the shield of this son of  
death

That shield is blushing with murd'rous  
stains ;  
Long has it hung from the cold yew's  
spray,  
It is blown by storms and wash'd by  
rains,  
But neither can take the blood away !

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,  
Demons dance to the red moon's light ;  
While the damp boughs creak, and the  
swinging shield  
Sings to the raving spirit of night !

### TO JULIA

#### WEEPING

OH ! if your tears are giv'n to care,  
If real woe disturbs your peace,  
Come to my bosom, weeping fair !  
And I will bid your weeping cease

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,  
With dreams of woe your bosom  
thrill,  
You look so lovely in your tears,  
That I must bid you drop them still.

DREAMS

TO

In slumber, I prithee how is it  
That souls are oft taking the air,  
And paying each other a visit,  
While bodies are heaven knows where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,  
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,  
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,  
Come ask, whether *mine* was at home

And mine let her in with delight,  
And they talk'd and they laugh'd the  
time through, <sup>10</sup>  
For, when souls come together at night,  
There is no saying what they mayn't  
do!

And *your* little Soul, heaven bless her!  
Had much to complain and to say,  
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her  
By keeping her prison'd all day

'If I happen,' said she, 'but to steal  
For a peep now and then to her eye,  
Or, to quiet the fever I feel,  
Just venture abroad on a sigh, <sup>20</sup>

'In an instant she frightens me in  
With some phantom of prudence or  
terror,  
For fear I should stray into sin,  
Or, what is still worse, into error!

'So, instead of displaying my graces,  
By daylight, in language and mien,  
I am shut up in corners and places  
Where truly I blush to be seen!'

Upon hearing this piteous confession,  
*My* Soul, looking tenderly at her, <sup>30</sup>  
Declar'd, as for grace and discretion,  
He did not know much of the matter,

'But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit!' he said,  
'Be at home after midnight, and then  
I will come when your lady's in bed,  
And we'll talk o'er the subject again.'

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,  
I suppose to her door to direct him,  
And, just after midnight, my dear,  
Your polite little Soul may expect  
him <sup>40</sup>

TO ROSA

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,  
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew,  
And when the shinning casket's worn,  
The gem within will tarnish too

But love's an essence of the soul,  
Which sinks not with this chain of  
clay,  
Which throbs beyond the chill control  
Of with'ring pain or pale decay

And surely, when the touch of Death  
Dissolves the spirit's earthly ties,  
Love still attends th' immortal breath,  
And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,  
My soul shall leave this orb of men,  
That love which form'd its treasure here,  
Shall be its *best* of treasures then!

And as, in fabled dreams of old,  
Some air-born genius, child of time,  
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,  
And track'd it through its path sub-  
lime,

So thou, fair planet, not unled,  
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;  
Thy lover's shade, to thee still wed,  
Shall linger round thy earthly way

Let other spirits range the sky,  
And play around each starry gem,  
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,  
Nor envy worlds of suns to them

And when that heart shall cease to beat,  
And when that breath at length is free  
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,  
And mingle to eternity!

SONG

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you  
wove  
Is fair—but oh, how fair,  
If Pity's hand had stol'n from Love  
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,  
Did gems for dewdrops fall,  
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd  
Were sweetly worth them all

The wreath you wove, the wreath you  
wove

Our emblem well may be,  
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love  
Must keep its tears for me

### THE SALE OF LOVES

I DREAMT that, in the Paphian groves,  
My nets by moonlight laying,  
I caught a flight of wanton Loves,  
Among the rose-beds playing  
Some just had left their silv'ry shell,  
While some were full in feather,  
So pretty a lot of Loves to sell,  
Were never yet strung together  
Come buy my Loves,  
Come buy my Loves, 10  
Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses '—  
They're new and bright,  
The cost is light,  
For the coin of this isle is kisses

First Cloris came, with looks sedate,  
Their coin on her lips was ready,  
'I buy,' quoth she, 'my Love by weight,  
Full grown, if you please, and steady'  
'Let mine be light,' said Fanny, 'pray—  
Such lasting toys undo one, 20  
A light little Love that will last to-day,—  
'To-morrow I'll sport a new one'  
Come buy my Loves,  
Come buy my Loves,  
Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses '—  
There's some will keep,  
Some light and cheap,  
At from ten to twenty kisses

The learned Prue took a pert young thing,  
To divert her virgin Muse with, 30  
And pluck sometimes a quill from his  
wing,  
To indite her billet-doux with  
Poor Cloe would give for a well-fledg'd  
pair

Her only eye, if you'd ask it,  
And Tabitha begg'd, old toothless fair,  
For the youngest Love in the basket  
Come buy my Loves, &c &c

But one was left, when Susan came,  
One worth them all together, 40  
At sight of her dear looks of shame,  
He smil'd, and prun'd his feather

She wish'd the boy—'twas more than  
whim—

Her looks, her sighs betray'd it,  
But kisses were not enough for him,  
I ask'd a heart, and she paid it '—  
Good-by, my Loves,  
Good-by, my Loves,  
'Twould make you smile to've seen us  
First trade for this  
Sweet child of bliss, 50  
And then nurse the boy between us

### TO

THE world had just begun to steal  
Each hope that led me lightly on,  
I felt not, as I us'd to feel,  
And life grew dark and love was gone

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,  
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,  
No circling arms to draw me near—  
'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death

But when I saw that gentle eye,  
Oh! something seem'd to tell me then,  
That I was yet too young to die,  
And hope and bliss might bloom again

With every gentle smile that crost  
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home  
Some feeling, which my heart had lost,  
And peace, which far had learn'd to  
roam

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,  
Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,  
That, though I mourn, I yet forgive  
The run they have left behind

I could have lov'd you—oh, so well '—  
The dream, that wishing boyhood  
knows,

Is but a bright, beguiling spell,  
That only lives while passion glows

But, when this early flush declines,  
When the heart's sunny morning fleets,  
You know not then how close it twines  
Round the first kindred soul it meets

Yes, yes, I could have lov'd, as one  
Who, while his youth's enchantments  
fall,  
Finds something dear to rest upon,  
Which pays him for the loss of all

TO

NEVER mind how the pedagogue prosés,  
You want not antiquity's stamp,  
A lip, that such fragrance discloses,  
Oh! never should smell of the lamp

Old Cloe, whose withering kiss  
Hath long set the Loves at defiance,  
Now, done with the science of bliss,  
May take to the blisses of science

But for *you* to be buried in books—  
Ah, Fanny, they're pitiful sages,  
Who could not in *one* of your looks  
Read more than in millions of pages

Astronomy finds in those eyes  
Better light than she studies above,  
And Music would borrow your sighs  
As the melody fittest for Love

Your Arithmetic only can trip  
If to count your own charms you  
endeavour,  
And Eloquence glows on your lip  
When you swear, that you'll love me  
for ever

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance  
Of arts is assembled in you,—  
A course of more exquisite science  
Man never need wish to pursue

And, oh!—if a Fellow like me  
May confer a diploma of hearts,  
With my lip thus I seal your degree,  
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY

SWEET spirit! if thy airy sleep  
Nor sees my tears nor hears my sighs,  
Then will I weep, in anguish weep,  
Till the last heart's drop fills mine eyes

But if thy sainted soul can feel,  
And mingles in our misery,  
Then, then my breaking heart I'll seal—  
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me

The beam of morn was on the stream,  
But sullen clouds the day deform  
Like thee was that young, orient beam,  
Like death, alas, that sullen storm!

Thou wert not form'd for living here,  
So link'd thy soul was with the sky,  
Yet, ah, we held thee all so dear,  
We thought thou wert not form'd to die

INCONSTANCY

AND do I then wonder that Julia  
deceives me,  
When surely there's nothing in nature  
more common?  
She vows to be true, and while vowing  
she leaves me—  
And could I expect any more from a  
woman?

Oh, woman! your heart is a pitiful  
treasure,  
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too  
severe,  
When he held that you were but materials  
of pleasure,  
And reason and thinking were out of  
your sphere

By your heart, when the fond sighing  
lover can win it,  
He thinks that an age of anxiety's  
paid;  
But, oh, while he's blest, let him die at  
the minute—  
If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely  
betray'd

THE NATAL GENIUS

A DREAM

To , THE MORNING OF HER  
BIRTHDAY

IN witching slumbers of the night,  
I dreamt I was the airy sprite  
That on thy natal moment smil'd,  
And thought I waffed on my wing  
Those flow'rs which in Elysium spring,  
To crown my lovely mortal child

With olive-branch I bound thy head,  
Heart's ease along thy path I shed,  
Which was to bloom through all thy  
years,  
Nor yet did I forget to bind  
Love's roses, with his myrtle twin'd,  
And dew'd by sympathetic tears

Such was the wild but precious boon  
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,  
Bade me to Nona's image pay,  
And were it thus my fate to be  
Thy little guardian deity,  
How blest around thy steps I'd play !

Thy life should glide in peace along,  
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song  
That's heard at distance in the grove,  
No cloud should ever dim thy sky,  
No thorns along thy pathway lie,  
But all be beauty, peace, and love  
Indulgent Time should never bring  
To thee one blight upon his wing,  
So gently o'er thy brow he'd fly,  
And death itself should but be felt  
Like that of daybeams, when they melt,  
Bright to the last, in evening's sky !

### ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA,  
ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER

THOUGH sorrow long has worn my heart;  
Though every day I've counted o'er  
Hath brought a new and quick'ning smart  
To wounds that rankled fresh before,

Though in my earliest life bereft  
Of tender links by nature tied;  
Though hope deceiv'd, and pleasure left,  
Though friends betray'd and foes  
belied,

I still had hopes—for hope will stay  
After the sunset of delight, 10  
So like the star which ushers day,  
We scarce can think it heralds night !—

I hop'd that, after all its strife,  
My weary heart at length should rest,  
And, fainting from the waves of life,  
Find harbour in a brother's breast

That brother's breast was warm with  
truth,

Was bright with honour's purest ray,  
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—  
Ah, why then was he torn away ? 20

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here  
To soothe his Julia's every woe,  
He should have chas'd each bitter tear,  
And not have caus'd those tears to flow

We saw within his soul expand  
The fruits of genius, nurs'd by taste;  
While Science, with a fost'ring hand,  
Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd

We saw, by bright degrees, his mind  
Grow rich in all that makes men  
dear, — 30

Enlighten'd, social, and refin'd,  
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we lov'd so well,  
And such the hopes that fate denied,—  
We lov'd, but ah ! could scarcely tell  
How deep, how dearly, till he died !

Close as the fondest links could strain,  
Twin'd with my very heart he grew,  
And by that fate which breaks the chain,  
The heart is almost broken too 40

### TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL MISS . . . ,

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP  
IN A LOTTERY SHARE

#### IMPROMPTU

— Ego pus — VIRG

IN wedlock a species of lottery has,  
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal,  
But how comes it that you, such a capital  
prize,  
Should so long have remain'd in the  
wheel ?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,  
To me such a ticket should roll,  
A sixteenth, Heav'n knows ! were suffi-  
cient for me,  
For what could I do with the whole ?

### A DREAM

I THOUGHT this heart enkindled lay  
On Cupid's burning shrine  
I thought he stole thy heart away,  
And plac'd it near to mine

I saw thy heart begin to melt,  
Like ice before the sun,  
Till both a glow congenial felt,  
And mingled into one !

TO

WITH all my soul, then, let us part,  
 Since both are anxious to be free,  
 And I will send you home your heart,  
 If you will send back mine to me

We've had some happy hours together,  
 But joy must often change its wing,  
 And spring would be but gloomy weather,  
 If we had nothing else but spring

'Tis not that I expect to find  
 A more devoted, fond, and true one,  
 With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—  
 Enough for me that she's a new one

Thus let us leave the bower of love,  
 Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;  
 And you may down *that* pathway rove,  
 While I shall take my way through *this*

ANACREONTIC

'SHE never look'd so kind before—  
 Yet why the wanton's smile recall?  
 I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,  
 'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!

Thus I said and, sighing, drain'd  
 The cup which she so late had tasted,  
 Upon whose rim still fresh remain'd  
 The breath, so oft in falsehood wasted

I took the harp, and would have sung  
 As if 'twere not of her I sang,  
 But still the notes on *Lamia* hung—  
 On whom but *Lamia* could they hang?

Those eyes of hers, that floating shine,  
 Like diamonds in some Eastern river,  
 That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,  
 A world for every kiss I'd give her

That frame so delicate, yet warm'd  
 With flushes of love's genial hue,—  
 A mould transparent, as if form'd  
 To let the spirit's light shine through

Of these I sung, and notes and words  
 Were sweet, as if the very air  
 From *Lamia's* lip hung o'er the chords,  
 And *Lamia's* voice still warbled there!

<sup>1</sup> The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia, but upon all important occasions, they sent to the Temple for their laurel. We find, in Pausanias, that this valley

But when, alas, I turn'd the theme,  
 And when of vows and oaths I spoke,  
 Of truth and hope's seducing dream—  
 The chord beneath my finger broke

False harp! false woman!—such, oh, such  
 Are lutes too frail and hearts too  
 willing;  
 Any hand, whate'er its touch,  
 Can set their chords or pulses thrilling

And when that thrill is most awake,  
 And when you think Heav'n's joys  
 await you,  
 The nymph will change, the chord will  
 break—  
 Oh Love, oh Music, how I hate you!

TO JULIA

I SAW the peasant's hand unkind  
 From yonder oak the ivy sever,  
 They seem'd in very being twin'd,  
 Yet now the oak is fresh as ever!

Not so the widow'd ivy shines—  
 Torn from its dear and only stay,  
 In drooping widowhood it pines,  
 And scatters all its bloom away

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,  
 Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties!  
 Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,  
 While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER

OH, lost, for ever lost—no more  
 Shall Vesper light our dewy way  
 Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,  
 To hymn the fading fires of day,  
 No more to Tempe's distant vale  
 In holy musings shall we roam,  
 Through summer's glow and winter's gale,  
 To bear the mystic chaplets home!<sup>1</sup>

'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,  
 By nature warm'd and led by thee, in  
 In every breeze was taught to feel  
 The breathings of a Deity

supplied the branches, of which the temple was originally constructed, and Plutarch says, in his *Dialogue on Music*, 'The youth who brings the Tempe laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute.' Ἄλλα μὴν καὶ τῷ κατακοιμίζοντι παῖδι τὴν Τεμπικτὴν δαφνὴν εἰς Δελφούς παρομαρτεῖ αὐλητῆς.



Guide of my heart ' still hovering round,  
 Thy looks, thy words are still my own—  
 I see thee raising from the ground  
 Some laurel, by the winds o'erthrown,  
 And hear thee say, ' This humble bough  
 Was planted for a doom divine,  
 And, though it droop in languor now,  
 Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine '   
 Thus, in the vale of earthly sense, 21  
 Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,  
 A viewless hand shall cull it thence,  
 To bloom immortal in the skies '

All that the young should feel and know,  
 By thee was taught so sweetly well,  
 Thy words fell soft as vernal snow,  
 And all was brightness where they fell!  
 Fond soother of my infant tear,  
 Fond sharer of my infant joy, 30  
 Is not thy shade still hng'ring here?  
 Am I not still thy soul's employ?  
 Oh yes—and, as in former days,  
 When, meeting on the sacred mount,  
 Our nymphs awak'd their choral lays,  
 And danc'd around Cassotis' fount,  
 As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,  
 That mines should be the simplest mien,  
 My lyre and voice the sweetest there,  
 My foot the lightest o'er the green 40  
 So still, each look and step to mould,  
 Thy guardian care is round me spread,  
 Arranging every snowy fold,  
 And guiding every mazy tread  
 And, when I lead the hymning choir,  
 Thy spirit still, unseen and free,  
 Hovers between my lip and lyre,  
 And weds them into harmony  
 Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave  
 Shall never drop its silv'ry tear 50  
 Upon so pure, so blest a grave,  
 To memory so entirely dear!

## SYMPATHY

TO JULIA

— sine me sit nulla Venus Sulpicia

Our hearts, my love, were form'd to be  
 The genuine twins of Sympathy,  
 They live with one sensation  
 In joy or grief, but most in love,  
 Like chords in unison they move,  
 And thrill with like vibration

How oft I've heard thee fondly say,  
 Thy vital pulse shall cease to play  
 When mine no more is moving,  
 Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*  
 Were worse to thee than feeling none  
 So twinn'd are we in loving!

## THE TEAR

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,  
 And chilly was the midnight gloom,  
 When by the damp grave Ellen wept—  
 Fond maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air  
 Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:  
 All night it lay an ice drop there,  
 At morn it glitter'd in the ray

An angel, wand'ring from her sphere,  
 Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,  
 To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,  
 And hung it on her diadem!

## THE SNAKE

My love and I, the other day,  
 Within a myrtle arbour lay,  
 When near us, from a rosy bed,  
 A little Snake put forth its head

' See,' said the maid with thoughtful  
 eyes—

' Yonder the fatal emblem lies!  
 Who could expect such hidden harm  
 Beneath the rose's smiling charm?'  
 Never did grave remark occur  
 Less *a-propos* than this from her

I rose to kill the snake, but she,  
 Half-smiling, play'd it might not be:

' No,' said the maiden—and, alas,  
 Her eyes spoke volumes, while she  
 said it—

' Long as the snake is in the grass,  
 One *may*, perhaps, have cause to  
 dread it

But, when its wicked eyes appear,  
 And when we know for what they  
 wink so,

One must be *very* simple, dear,  
 To let it wound one—don't you think  
 so?'

TO ROSA

Is the song of Rosa mute ?  
Once such lays inspir'd her lute !  
Never doth a sweeter song  
Steal the breezy lyre along,  
When the wind, in odours dying,  
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing

Is my Rosa's lute unstrung ?  
Once a tale of peace it sung  
To her lover's throbbing breast—  
Then was he divinely blest !  
Ah ! but Rosa loves no more,  
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er ,  
And her lute neglected lies ,  
And her boy forgotten sighs  
Silent lute—forgotten lover—  
Rosa's love and song are over !

ELEGIAC STANZAS

*Sic juvat poenæ*

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,  
How heavenly soft then slumbers lie !  
How sweet is death to those who weep,  
To those who weep and long to die !

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,  
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's  
breast ?

'Tis there I wish to lay my head,  
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest

Oh, let not tears embalm my tomb,—  
None but the dews at twilight given !  
Oh, let not sighs disturb the gloom,—  
None but the whisp'ring winds of  
heaven !

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

*Eque brevi verbo feræ poenæ malum  
SECUNDUS, eleg vii*

STILL the question I must parry,  
Still a wayward truant prove  
Where I love, I must not marry ,  
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,  
With the least presuming mind ,  
Learned without affectation ,  
Not deceitful, yet refin'd ;

Wise enough, but never rigid ,  
Gay, but not too lightly free ,  
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid ,  
Fond, yet satisfied with me

Were she all this ten times over,  
All that heav'n to earth allows,  
I should be too much her lover  
E'er to become her spouse

Love will never bear enslaving ,  
Summer garments suit him best ;  
Bliss itself is not worth having,  
If we're by compulsion blest

ANACREONTIC

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,  
I nothing did but drink and fill ,  
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,  
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still

At length I bid an artist paint  
Thy image in this ample cup,  
That I might see the dimpled saint,  
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up

Behold, how bright that purple lip .  
Now blushes through the wave at me ;  
Every roseate drop I sip  
Is just like kissing wine from thee

And still I drink the more for this ,  
For, ever when the draught I drain,  
Thy lip invites another kiss,  
And—in the nectar flows again

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear,  
And may that eyelid never shine  
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear  
Than bathes it in this bowl of mine !

THE SURPRISE

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,  
That from this hour I shall not love thee  
more —

'What ! love no more ? Oh ! why this  
alter'd vow ?'  
Because I cannot love thee more—than  
now !

## TO MISS

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE  
HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

I'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,  
And in thy breath his pinion dips,  
Who suns him in thy radiant eyes,  
And faints upon thy sighing lips

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep  
That us'd to shade thy looks of light,  
And why those eyes their vigil keep,  
When other suns are sunk in night ?

And I will say—her angel breast  
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting,  
Her bosom is the sweetest nest  
Where Slumber could repose his wing !

And I will say—her cheeks that flush,  
Like vernal roses in the sun,  
Have ne'er by shame been taught to  
blush,  
Except for what her eyes have done !

Then tell me, why, thou child of air !  
Does slumber from her eyelids rove ?  
What is her heart's impassion'd care ?—  
Perhaps, oh sylph ! perhaps, 'tis love

## THE WONDER

COME, tell me where the maid is found,  
Whose heart can love without deceit,  
And I will range the world around,  
To sigh one moment at her feet

Oh ! tell me where's her sainted home,  
What air receives her blessed sigh,  
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam  
To catch one sparkle of her eye !

And if her cheek be smooth and bright,  
While truth within her bosom lies,  
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,  
Till my heart leave me through my  
eyes

Show me on earth a thing so rare,  
I'll own all miracles are true,  
To make one maid sincere and fair,  
Oh, 'tis the utmost Heav'n can do !

## LYING

Che con le lor bugie pajon divini  
*Mauro d'Acario*

I DO confess, in many a sigh,  
My lips have breath'd you many a lie ;  
And who, with such delights in view,  
Would lose them, for a lie or two ?

Nay,—look not thus, with brow re-  
proving,  
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving  
If half we tell the girls were true,  
If half we swear to think and do,  
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,  
This world would be strange confusion  
If ladies' eyes were, every one,  
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,  
Astronomy must leave the skies,  
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes  
Oh, no—believe me, lovely girl,  
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,  
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,  
Your amber locks to golden wire,  
Then, only then can Heaven decree,  
That you should live for only me,  
Or I for you, as night and morn,  
We've swearing kist, and kissing sworn

And now, my gentle hints to clear,  
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear  
Whenever you may chance to meet  
Some loving youth, whose love is sweet,  
Long as you're false and he believes you,  
Long as you trust and he deceives you,  
So long the blissful bond endures,  
And while he lies, his heart is yours  
But, oh ! you've wholly lost the youth  
The instant that he tells you truth

## ANACREONTIC

FRIEND of my soul, this goblet sip,  
'Twill chase that pensive tear,  
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,  
But, oh ! 'tis more sincere  
Like her delusive beam,  
'Twill steal away thy mind :  
But, truer than love's dream,  
It leaves no sting behind

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,  
These flow'rs were cull'd at noon,—  
Like woman's love the rose will fade,  
But, ah! not half so soon  
For though\* the flower's decay'd,  
Its fragrance is not o'er,  
But once when love's betray'd,  
Its sweet life blooms no more

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS

TO A LAMP

W CH HAD BEEN GIVEN HIM BY LAIS

Dulcis conscia lectuli lucerna  
MARTIAL, lib xiv epig 39.

'Oh! love the Lamp' (my Mistress said),  
'The faithful Lamp that, many a night,  
Beside thy Lais' lonely bed  
Has kept its little watch of light

'Full often has it seen her weep,  
And fix her eye upon its flame,  
Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,  
Repeating her beloved's name

'Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead  
Thy step through learning's sacred  
way, 10  
And when those studious eyes shall read,  
At midnight, by its lonely ray,

'Of things sublime, of nature's birth,  
Of all that's b ght in heaven or  
earth,

Oh, think that she, by whom 'twas given,  
Adores thee more than earth or heaven!'

Yes—dearest Lamp, by every charm  
On which thy midnight beam has  
hung,

The head recln'd, the graceful arm  
Across the brow of ivory flung, 20

The heaving bosom, partly hid,  
The sever'd hp's unconscious sighs,  
The fringe that from the half-shut lid  
Adown the cheek of roses lies.

\* Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms  
of his father's flight to the wretched village of  
Ascrea Ἰργυ καὶ Ἡμερ. v. 251

<sup>2</sup> Ἐννοῦμαι στεῖχον, περικαλλέα οὖσαν ἱεῖσαι  
Theog v 10.

<sup>3</sup> καὶ μοι σκηπτρον ἔδον, δοφνης ἐριθιλέα οὖρον  
Id v 30

<sup>4</sup> 'Ἐν τα ὅλα ποταμοῦ δικην, as expressed

By these, by all that bloom untold,  
And long as all shall charm my heart,  
I'll love my little Lamp of gold—  
My Lamp and I shall never part

And often, as she smiling said,  
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays 30  
Shall guide my visionary tread

Through poesy's enchanting maze  
Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,  
Where still we catch the Chian's  
breath,

Where still the bard, though cold in  
death,

Has left his soul unquench'd behind.

Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,

Oh man of Ascrea's dreary glades! 1

To whom the nightly warbling Nine 2

A wand of inspiration gave, 3 40

Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that  
shades

The crystal of Castalia's wave

Then, turning to a purer lore,  
We'll cull the sages' deep-hid store,  
From Science steal her golden clue,  
And every mystic path pursue,  
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,  
Through labyrinths of wonder fires  
'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know  
How fleeting is this world below, 50  
Where all that meets the morning light,  
Is chang'd before the fall of night! 4

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,

'Swift, swift the tide of being runs,

And Time, who bids thy flame expire,

Will also quench yon heaven of suns'

Oh, then if earth's united power  
Can never chain one feathery hour,  
If every print we leave to-day  
To-morrow's wave will sweep away, 60  
Who pauses to inquire of heaven  
Why were the fleeting treasures given,  
The sunny days, the shady nights,  
And all their brief but dear delights,  
Which heaven has made for man to use,  
And man should think it crime to lose'

among the dogmas of Heraclitus the Ephesian,  
and with the same image by Seneca, in whom  
we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought  
'Nemo est manens, qui fuit pridie Corpora  
nostra rapiuntur fluminum more, quidquid  
videtur currit cum tempore Nihil ex his quae  
videmus manet Ego ipse, dum loquor mutari  
ipsa, mutatus sum,' &c

Who that has cull'd a fresh-blown rose  
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,  
Unmindful of the blushing ray,  
In which it shines its soul away, 70  
Unmindful of the scented sigh,  
With which it dies and loves to die

Pleasure, thou only good on earth !<sup>1</sup>  
One precious moment giv'n to thee—  
Oh ! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth  
The sage's immortality

Then far be all the wisdom hence,  
That would our joys one hour delay !  
Alas, the feast of soul and sense  
Love calls us to in youth's bright day,  
If not soon tasted, fleets away 81

Ne'er wert thou form'd, my Lamp, to  
shed

Thy splendour on a lifeless page,—  
Whate'er my blushing Lais said  
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,  
'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy  
Told me thy dearest, best employ.

And, soon as night shall close the eye  
Of heaven's young wanderer in the  
west,

When scers are gazing on the sky, 90  
To find their future orbs of rest,  
Then shall I take my trembling way,  
Unseen but to those worlds above,  
And, led by thy mysterious ray,  
Steal to the night-bower of my love

### TO MRS —

#### ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S KISS

Mon âme sur ma levre étoit lors toute entière,  
Pour savouer le miel qui sur la votre étoit,  
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,  
Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce la restoit  
VOITURE

How heav'nly was the poet's doom,  
To breathe his spirit through a kiss ;  
And lose within so sweet a tomb  
The trembling messenger of bliss !

<sup>1</sup> Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness, and

And, sure his soul return'd to feel  
That it *again* could ravish'd be,  
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,  
His life and soul have fled to thee.

### RONDEAU

'Good night 'good night'!—And is it so ?  
And must I from my Rosa go ?  
Oh Rosa, say 'Good night' ! once more,  
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,  
Till the first glance of dawning light  
Shall find us saying, still, 'Good night' !

And still 'Good night,' my Rosa, say—  
But whisper still, 'A minute stay ;'  
And I will stay, and every minute  
Shall have an age of transport in it,  
Till Time himself shall stay his flight,  
To listen to our sweet 'Good night' !

'Good night' ! you'll murmur with a sigh,  
And tell me it is time to fly :  
And I will vow, will swear to go,  
While still that sweet voice murmurs  
'No' !

Till slumber seal our weary sight—  
And then, my love, my soul, 'Good  
night' !

### SONG

WHY does azure deck the sky ?  
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue,  
Why is red the rose's dye ?  
Because it is thy blushes' hue.  
All that's fair, by Love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee !

Why is falling snow so white,  
But to be like thy bosom fair ?  
Why are solar beams so bright ?  
That they may seem thy golden hair !  
All that's bright, by Love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee !

Why are nature's beauties felt ?  
Oh ! 'tis thine in her we see !  
Why has music power to melt ?  
Oh ! because it speaks like thee  
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee !

avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses

TO ROSA

LIKE one who trusts to summer skies  
And puts his little bark to sea,  
Is he who, lur'd by smiling eyes,  
Consigns his simple heart to thee

For fickle is the summer wind,  
And sadly may the bark be tost,  
For thou art sure to change thy mind,  
And then the wretched heart is lost !

WRITTEN IN A COMMONPLACE  
BOOK,

CALLED 'THE BOOK OF FOLLIES,' IN  
WHICH EVERY ONE THAT OPENED IT  
WAS TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,  
Who hails thee, emblem of himself  
The book of life, which I have trac'd,  
Has been, like thee, a motley waste

Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,  
One folly bringing hundreds more  
Some have indeed been writ so neat,  
In characters so fair, so sweet,  
That those who judge not too severely,  
Have said they lov'd such follies dearly :  
Yet still, O book ! the allusion stands ;  
For these were penn'd by *female* hands :  
The rest—alas ! I own the truth—  
Have all been scribbled so uncouth  
That Prudence, with a with'ring look,  
Disdainful, flings away the book  
Like thine, its pages here and there  
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care ;  
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,  
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,  
White as the snowings of that heav'n  
By which those hours of peace were given  
But now no longer—such, oh, such  
The blast of Disappointment's touch !—  
No longer now those hours appear,  
Each leaf is sullied by a tear  
Blank, blank is ev'ry page with care,  
Not ev'n a folly brightens there  
Will they yet brighten ?—never, never !  
Then *shut the book*, O God, for ever !

TO ROSA

SAY, why should the girl of my soul be in tears  
At a meeting of rapture like this,  
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years  
Have been paid by one moment of bliss ?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,  
Which dwells on her memory yet ?  
Do they flow, like the dew of the love-breathing night,  
From the warmth of the sun that has set ?

Oh ! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,  
That smile, which is loveliest then,  
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,  
Thou shalt weep them again and again

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP

LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is over,  
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom,  
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,  
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.  
But, when the foe returns,  
Again the hero burns,

High flames the sword in his hand once more  
 The clang of mingling arms  
 Is then the sound that charms,  
 And brazen notes of war, that stirring trumpets pour,—  
 Then, again comes the Harp, when the combat is over—  
 When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom—  
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,  
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume  
 Light went the harp when the War-God, reching,  
 Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest,  
 When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,  
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.  
 But, when the battle came,  
 The hero's eye breath'd flame  
 Soon from his neck the white arm was flung  
 While, to his wak'ning ear,  
 No other sounds were dear  
 But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung  
 But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,  
 And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest,  
 When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,  
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest

#### FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER<sup>1</sup>

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,  
 And speak my Helodora's name  
 Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,  
 And let the sound my lips adore,  
 Live in the breeze, till every tone,  
 And word, and breath, speaks her alone  
 Give me the wreath that withers there,  
 It was but last delicious night,  
 It circled her luxuriant hair,  
 And caught her eyes' reflected light  
 Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow.  
 'Tis all of her that's left me now  
 And see—each rosebud drops a tear,  
 To find the nymph no longer here—  
 No longer, where such heavenly charms  
 As hers *should* be—within these arms

#### SONG

FLY from the world, O Bessy! to me,  
 Thou wilt never find any sincerer,  
 I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,  
 I can never meet any that's dearer

<sup>1</sup> Έγχει, και παλιν ειπε, παλιν, παλιν, 'Ηλιοδωρα,  
 Ειπε, συν ακρητω ο γλυκυ μουσ' ονομα  
 και μοι τον βρυχθεντα μυρους και χθιζον εοντα,  
 Μναμοσυνον κινωας, αμφιτιθει στεφανον

Then tell me no more, with a tear and  
 a sigh,  
 That our loves will be censur'd by  
 many,  
 All, all have their follies, and who will  
 deny  
 That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in com-  
 munion so sweet,  
 Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?—  
 Have we felt as if heav'n denied them  
 to meet?—  
 No, rather 'twas heav'n that did it  
 So innocent, love, is the joy we then sip,  
 So little of wrong is there in it,  
 That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on  
 your lip,  
 And I'd kiss them away in a minute

Then come to you lover, oh! fly to his  
 shed,  
 From a world which I know thou  
 despisest,  
 And slumber will hover as light o'er our  
 bed  
 As e'er on the couch of the wisest

And when o'er our pillow the tempest  
is driven,  
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,  
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of  
heav'n,  
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest

And, oh ! while we lie on our deathbed,  
my love,  
Looking back on the scene of our errors,  
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then  
above,  
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors  
And each to the other embracing will say,  
'Farewell ! let us hope we're forgiven '  
Thy last fading glance will illumine the  
way,  
And a kiss be our passport to heaven !

### THE RESEMBLANCE

——— vo coicand' io,  
Donna, quant' è possibile, in altiu  
La desata vostra forma vera  
PETRARCA, *Sonnetto*, 14

YES, if 'twere any common love,  
That led my plant heart astray,  
I grant, there's not a power above,  
Could wipe the faithless crime away

But, 'twas my doom to err with one  
In every look so like to thee  
That, underneath yon blessed sun,  
So fair there are but thou and she

Both born of beauty, at a birth,  
She held with thine a kindred sway,  
And wore the only shape on earth  
That could have lur'd my soul to stray

Then blame me not, if false I be,  
'Twas love that wak'd the fond excess,  
My heart had been more true to thee,  
Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less

### FANNY, DEAREST

YES ! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,  
Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh,  
And every smile on my cheek should turn  
To tears when thou art nigh  
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,  
So busy a life I live,  
That even the time it would take to weep  
Is more than my heart can give

Then bid me not to despair and pine,  
Fanny, dearest of all the dears !  
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,  
Would be sure to take cold in tears  
Reflected bright in this heart of mine,  
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies,  
But, ah, the mirror would cease to shine,  
If dimm'd too often with sighs  
They lose the half of beauty's light,  
Who view it through sorrow's tear,  
And 'tis but to see thee truly bright  
That I keep my eye-beam clear  
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow  
Fanny, dearest—the hope is vain,  
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,  
I shall never attempt it with rain

### THE RING

TO

No—Lady ! Lady ! keep the ring  
Oh ! think, how many a future year,  
Of placid smile and downy wing,  
May sleep within its holy sphere

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,  
Though love hath ne'er the myst'ry  
warm'd,

Yet heav'n will shed a soothing beam,  
To bless the bond itself hath form'd

But then, that eye, that burning eye,—  
Oh ! it doth ask, with witching power,  
If heaven can ever bless the tie  
Where love in wreaths no gemal flower ?

Away, away, bewildering look,  
Or all the boast of virtue's o'er,  
Go—hie thee to the sage's book,  
And learn from him to feel no more

I cannot warn thee every touch,  
That brings my pulses close to thine,  
Tells me I want thy aid as much—  
Ev'n more, alas, than thou dost mine

Yet, stay,—one hope, one effort yet—  
A moment turn those eyes away,  
And let me, if I can, forget  
The light that leads my soul astray

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,  
That our hearts bear one common  
seal,—

Think, Lady, think, how man's deceit  
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel



When, o'er thy face some gleam of  
thought,  
Like daybeams through the morning  
air, 30

Hath gradual stole, and I have caught  
The feeling ere it kindled there,

The sympathy I then betray'd,  
Perhaps was but the child of art,  
The guile of one, who long hath play'd  
With all these wily nets of heart

Oh ! thine is not my earliest vow,  
Though few the years I yet have told,  
Canst thou believe I've liv'd till now,  
With loveless heart or senses cold ? 40

No—other nymphs to joy and pain  
This wild and wandering heart hath  
mov'd,

With some it sported, wild and vain,  
While some it dearly, truly, lov'd

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,  
To theirs hath been as fondly laid,  
The words to thee I warmly say,  
To them have been as warmly said

Then, scorn at once a worthless heart,  
Worthless alike, or fix'd or free ; 50  
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,  
And—love not me, oh love not me

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again,  
What, still that look and still that sigh !  
Dost thou not feel my counsel then ?  
Oh ! no, beloved,—nor do I

### TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,  
That you're *not* a true daughter of ether and light,  
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms  
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms ;  
That, in short, you're a woman, your lip and your eye  
As mortal as ever drew gods from the sky  
But I *will* not believe them—no, Science, to you  
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu  
Still flying from Nature to study her laws,  
And dulling delight by exploring its cause, 10  
You forget how superior, for mortals below,  
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.  
Oh ! who, that has e'er enjoyed rapture complete,  
Would ask *how* we feel it, or *why* it is sweet,  
How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly  
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh,  
Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,  
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it ?

As for you, my sweet-voiced and invisible love,  
You must surely be one of those spirits, that rove 20  
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,  
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,  
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung  
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue  
Oh ! hint to him then, 'tis retirement alone  
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone,  
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,  
His song to the world let him utter unseen,  
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,  
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears 30

Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,  
In the wearsome ways I am fated to rove,  
To have you thus ever invisibly nigh,  
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!  
Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,  
I ight metimes converse with my nymph of the air,  
And turn with distaste from the clamorous crew,  
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you

Then, come and be near me, for ever be mine,  
We shall hold in the air a communion divine, 40  
As sweet as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell  
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell  
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,  
When the heart's busy thoughts have put slumber to flight,  
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,  
Such as angel to angel might whisper above  
Sweet spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone  
Of that voice, to my ear like some fairy-song known,  
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd 50  
With her being for ever my heart and my mind,  
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,  
An exile, and weary and hopeless the while,  
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,  
I will think, for that moment, that Cara is near,  
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,  
And kisses my eyelid and breathes on my cheek,  
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,  
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is nigh.

Fair spirit! if such be your magical power,  
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour, 60  
And, let fortune's realities frown as they will,  
Hope, fancy, and Cara may smile for me still

# THE RING

## A TALE

Annulus ille viri —OVID Amor lib ii. eleg 15

The happy day at length arriv'd  
When Rupert was to wed  
The fairest maid in Saxony,  
And take her to his bed

As soon as morn was in the sky,  
The feast and sports began,  
The men admir'd the happy maid,  
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth  
The day was pass'd along, 10  
And some the fealty dance amus'd,  
And some the dulcet song

The younger maids with Isabel  
Disport'd through the bowers,  
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her  
head

With motley bridal flowers  
The matrons all in rich attire,  
Within the castle walls,  
Sat listening to the choral strains  
That echo'd through the halls 20

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd  
Unto a spacious court,  
To strike the bounding tennis-ball  
In feat and manly sport

The bridegroom on his finger wore  
The wedding-ring so bright, 10  
Which was to grace the hily hand  
Of Isabel that night

And fearing he might break the gem,  
 Or lose it in the play,  
 He look'd around the court, to see  
 Where he the ring might lay

Now, in the court a statue stood,  
 Which there full long had been  
 It might a Heathen goddess be,  
 Or else, a Heathen queen

Upon its marble finger then  
 He tried the ring to fit,  
 And, thinking it was safest there,  
 Thereon he fasten'd it

And now the tennis sports went on,  
 Till they were wearied all,  
 And messengers announc'd to them  
 Their dinner in the hall

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring  
 Unto the statue went,  
 But, oh, how shock'd was he to find  
 The marble finger bent !

The hand was clos'd upon the ring  
 With firm and mighty clasp ;  
 In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,  
 He could not lose the grasp !

Then sore surpris'd was Rupert's mind—  
 As well his mind might be,  
 'I'll come,' quoth he, 'at night again,  
 When none are here to see'

He went unto the feast, and much  
 He thought upon his ring,  
 And marvel'd solely what could mean  
 So very strange a thing !

The feast was o'er, and to the court  
 He hied without delay,  
 Resolv'd to break the marble hand  
 And force the ring away

But, mark a stranger wonder still—  
 The ring was there no more,  
 And yet the marble hand ungrasp'd,  
 And open as before !

He search'd the base, and all the court,  
 But nothing could he find,  
 Then to the castle hied he back  
 With sore bewilder'd mind

Within he found them all in mirth,  
 The night in dancing flew,  
 The youth another ring procur'd,  
 And none the adventure knew

And now the priest has join'd their hands,  
 The hours of love advance  
 Rupert almost forgets to think  
 Upon the morn's mischance

Within the bed fair Isabel  
 In blushing sweetness lay,  
 Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,  
 And waiting for the day

And Rupert, by her lovely side,  
 In youthful beauty glows,  
 Like Phoebus, when he bends to cast  
 His beams upon a rose

And here my song would leave them both,  
 Nor let the rest be told,  
 If 'twere not for the horrid tale  
 It yet has to unfold

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,  
 A death cold carcass found,  
 He saw it not, but thought he felt  
 Its arms embrace him round

He started up, and then return'd,  
 But found the phantom still,  
 In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,  
 With damp and deadly chill !

And when he bent, the earthly lips  
 A kiss of horror gave,  
 'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,  
 Or from the mould'ring grave !

Ill fated Rupert !—wild and loud  
 Then cried he to his wife,  
 'Oh ! save me from this horrid fiend,  
 My Isabel ! my life !'

But Isabel had nothing seen,  
 She look'd around in vain,  
 And much she mourn'd the mad conceit  
 That rack'd her Rupert's brain

At length from this invisible  
 These words to Rupert came  
 (Oh God ! while he did hear the words  
 What terrors shook his frame !)

'Husband, husband, I've the ring  
 Thou gav'st to-day to me,  
 And thou'rt to me for ever wed,  
 As I am wed to thee !'

And all the night the demon lay  
 Cold-chilling by his side,  
 And strain'd him with such deadly grasp  
 He thought he should have died

But when the dawn of day was near,  
The horrid phantom fled,  
And left th' affrighted youth to weep  
By Isabel in bed

And all that day a gloomy cloud  
Was seen on Rupert's brows, 130  
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,  
But strove to cheer her spouse

And, as the day advanc'd, he thought  
Of coming night with fear  
Alas, that he should dread to view  
The bed that should be dear !

At length the second night arriv'd,  
Again their couch they press'd,  
Poor Rupert hop'd that all was o'er,  
And look'd for love and rest 140

But oh ! when midnight came, again  
The fiend was at his side,  
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,  
With howl exulting cried —

' Husband, husband, I've the ring,  
The ring thou gav'st to me,  
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,  
As I am wed to thee !'

In agony of wild despair,  
He started from the bed, 150  
And thus to his bewilder'd wife  
The trembling Rupert said

' Oh Isabel ! dost thou not see  
A shape of horrors here,  
That strains me to its deadly kiss,  
And keeps me from my dear ?'

' No, no, my love ! my Rupert, I  
No shape of horrors see,  
And much I mourn the phantasy  
That keeps my dear from me' 160

This night, just like the night before,  
In terrors pass'd away,  
Nor did the demon vanish thence  
Before the dawn of day

Said Rupert then, ' My Isabel,  
Dear partner of my woe,  
To Father Austin's holy cave  
This instant will I go'

Now Austin was a reverend man,  
Who acted wonders mant— 170  
Whom all the country round believ'd  
A devil or a saint !

To Father Austin's holy cave  
Then Rupert straightway went,  
And told him all, and ask'd him how  
These horrors to prevent

The Father heard the youth, and then  
Retir'd awhile to play,  
And, having pray'd for half an hour  
Thus to the youth did say 180

' There is a place where four roads meet,  
Which I will tell to thee,  
Be there this eve, at fall of night,  
And list what thou shalt see

' Thou'lt see a group of figures pass  
In strange disorder'd crowd,  
Travelling by torchlight through the  
roads,  
With noises strange and loud

' And one that's high above the rest,  
Terrific towering o'er, 190  
Will make thee know him at a glance,  
So I need say no more

' To him from me these tablets give,  
They'll quick be understood,  
Thou need'st not fear, but give them  
straight,  
I've scrawl'd them with my blood !'

The night-fall came, and Rupert all  
In pale amazement went  
To where the cross-roads met, as he  
Was by the Father sent 200

And lo ! a group of figures came  
In strange disorder'd crowd,  
Travelling by torchlight through the  
roads,  
With noises strange and loud

And, as the gloomy train advanc'd,  
Rupert beheld from far  
A female form of wanton men  
High seated on a car

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon  
The loosely vested dame, 210  
Thought of the marble statue's look,  
For hers was just the same

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,  
With eyeballs flashing death,  
Whene'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke  
Came burning in his breath

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,  
Terrific towering o'er,  
Yes, yes,' said Rupert, 'this is he,  
And I need ask no more' 220

Then slow he went, and to this fiend  
The tablets trembling gave,  
Who look'd and read them with a yell  
That would disturb the grave

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd  
name,  
His eyes with fury shine,  
'I thought,' cries he, 'his time was out,  
But he must soon be mine'

Then darting at the youth a look  
Which rent his soul with fear, 230  
He went unto the female fiend,  
And whisper'd in her ear

The female fiend no sooner heard  
Than, with reluctant look,  
The very ring that Rupert lost  
She from her finger took

And, giving it unto the youth,  
With eyes that breath'd of hell,  
She said, in that tremendous voice,  
Which he remember'd well 240

In Austin's name take back the ring,  
The ring thou gav'st to me,  
And thou'rt to me no longer wed,  
Nor longer I to thee'

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,  
He home return'd again,  
His wife was then the happiest fair,  
The happiest he of men

### TO . . .

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL  
AND A RICH GIRDLE

*Μαργαρίτα δὴ λουσι δακρυῶν ποσὶν*  
*Ap NICEPHOR in Oneirocritica*

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh!  
Let weeping angels view it,  
Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,  
And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear,  
The shining pearls around it  
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,  
The hour when Love unbound it.

### WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF

A LADY'S COMMONPLACE BOOK

HERE is one leaf reserv'd for me,  
From all thy sweet memorials free;  
And here my simple song might tell  
The feelings thou must guess so well.  
But could I thus, within thy mind,  
One little vacant corner find,  
Where no impression yet is seen,  
Where no memorial yet hath been,  
Oh! it should be my sweetest care  
To write my name for ever there'

### TO MRS BL—

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM

THEY say that Love had once a book  
(The urchin likes to copy you),  
Where, all who came, the pencil took,  
And wrote, like us, a line or two

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,  
Who kept this volume bright and fair,  
And saw that no unhallow'd line  
Or thought profane should enter  
there,

And daily did the pages fill  
With fond device and loving lore, 10  
And every leaf she turn'd was still  
More bright than that she turn'd  
before

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,  
How light the magic pencil ran!  
Till Fear would come, alas, as oft,  
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,  
And Jealousy would, now and then,  
Ruffle in haste some snow-white leaf,  
Which Love had still to smooth again.

But, ah! there came a blooming boy,  
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,  
And wrote therein such words of joy,  
That all who read them sigh'd for more.

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,  
And though so soft his voice and look,  
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,  
Would tremble for her spotless book.

For, oft a Bacchant cup he bore,  
 With earth's sweet nectar sparkling  
 bright, 30  
 And much she fear'd lest, manth'g o'er,  
 Some drops should on the pages light

And so it chanc'd, one luckless night,  
 The urchin let that goblet fall  
 O'er the fair book, so pure, so white,  
 And sullied lines and marge and all'

In vain now, touch'd with shame, he tried  
 To wash those fatal stains away,  
 Deep, deep had sunk the sully'g tide,  
 The leaves grew darker every day 40

And Fancy's sketches lost their hue,  
 And Hope's sweet lines were alleffac'd,  
 And Love himself now scarcely knew  
 What Love himself so lately trac'd

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,  
 (For how, alas ' could Pleasure stay?)  
 And Love, while many a tear he shed,  
 Reluctant flung the book away

The index now alone remains, 49  
 Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,  
 And though it bears some earthy stains,  
 Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,  
 And oft, by this memorial aided,  
 Brings back the pages now no more,  
 And thinks of lines that long have faded

I know not if this tale be true,  
 But thus the simple facts are stated,  
 And I refer their truth to you, 59  
 Since Love and you are near related

# TO CARA,

## AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE

CONCEAL'D within the shady wood  
 A mother left her sleeping child,  
 And flew, to cull her rustic food,  
 The fruitage of the forest wild

But storms upon her pathway rise,  
 The mother roams, astray and weep-  
 ing,

Far from the weak appealing cries  
 Of him she left so sweetly sleeping

She hopes, she fears, a light is seen,  
 And gentler blows the night wind's  
 breath, 10  
 Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,  
 The infant may be chill'd to death'

Perhaps, ev'n now, in darkness shrouded,  
 His little eyes lie cold and still,—  
 And yet, perhaps, they are not clouded,  
 Life and love may light them still

Thus, Cara, at our last farewell,  
 When, fearful ev'n thy hand to touch,  
 I mutely ask'd those eyes to tell 19  
 If parting pain'd thee half so much

I thought,—and, oh ' forgive the  
 thought,  
 For none was e'er by love inspir'd  
 Whom fancy had not also taught  
 To hope the bliss his soul desir'd

Yes, I *did* think, in Cara's mind,  
 Though yet to that sweet mind un-  
 known,

I left one infant wish behind,  
 One feeling, which I call'd my own

Oh blest ' though but in fancy blest,  
 How did I ask of Pty's care, 30  
 To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,  
 The nursling I had cradled there

And, many an hour, beguil'd by pleasure,  
 And many an hour of sorrow num-  
 b'ring,

I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure,  
 I left within my bosom slumb'ring

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,  
 Haply, it yet a throb may give—  
 Yet, no—perhaps, a doubt has kill'd it,  
 Say, dearest—*does* the feeling live? 40

# TO CARA,

## ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY

WHEN midnight came to close the year,  
 We sigh'd to think it thus should take  
 The hours it gave us—hours as dear  
 As sympathy and love could make  
 Their blessed moments,—every sun  
 Saw us, my love, more closely one

But, Cæa, when the dawn was nigh  
Which came a new year's light to shed,  
That smile we caught from eye to eye  
Told us, those moments were not fled  
Oh, no,—we felt, some future sun  
Should see us still more closely one

Thus may we ever, side by side,  
From happy years to happier glide,  
And still thus may the passing sigh  
We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,  
Be follow'd by the smiling eye,  
That Hope shall shed on scenes before  
us !

TO , 1801

To be the theme of every hour  
The heart devotes to Fancy's power,  
When her prompt magic fills the mind  
With friends and joys we've left behind,  
And joys return and friends are near,  
And all are welcom'd with a tear —  
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,  
To be remember'd oft and well  
By one whose heart, though vain and  
wild,  
By passion led, by youth beguil'd,

Can proudly still aspire to be  
All that may yet win smiles from thee —  
If thus to live in every part  
Of a lone, weary wanderer's heart,  
If thus to be its sole employ  
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,  
Believe it, Mary,—oh ! believe  
A tongue that never can deceive,  
Though, erring, it too oft betray  
Ev'n more than Love should dare to  
say,—  
In Pleasure's dream or Sorrow's hour,  
In crowded hall or lonely bowler,  
The business of my life shall be,  
For ever to remember thee  
And though that heart be dead to mine,  
Since Love is life and wakes not thine,  
I'll take thy image, as the form  
Of one whom Love had fail'd to warm,  
Which, though it yield no answering  
thrill,  
Is not less dear, is worshipp'd still—  
I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,  
The bright, cold burden of my way  
To keep this semblance fresh in bl'  
My heart shall be its lasting tomb ;<sup>1</sup>  
And Memory, with embalming car,  
Shall keep it fresh and fadeless ther.

### THE GENIUS OF HARMONY

AN IRREGULAR ODE

Ad harmoniam canere mundum Ciceronis de Nat. Deor. lib. iii.

THIRRE lies a shell beneath the waves,  
In many a hollow winding wreath'd,  
Such as of old  
Echoed the breath that warbling sea maids breath'd,  
This magic shell,  
From the white bosom of a syren fell,  
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves  
Sicilia's sands of gold  
It bears  
Upon its shining side the mystic notes  
Of those entrancing airs,<sup>1</sup>  
The genu of the deep were wont to swell,

10

<sup>1</sup> In the *Histoire Naturelle des Antilles*, there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curacao, on the back of which were lines, filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect, that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them. "On le nomme musical, parce-qu'il porte sur le dos des lignes noyâtées pleines de notes, qui ont une espèce de clé pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l'on dit qu'il ne manque que la lettre à cette

tablature naturelle. Ce curieux gentilhomme (M du Montel) rapporte qu'il en a vu qui avoient cinq lignes, une clé, et des notes, qui faisoient un accord parfait. Quelqu'un y avoit ajouté la lettre, que la nature avoit oubliée, et il faisoit chanter en forme de trio, dont l'air étoit fort agréable."—Chap. xix. art. 11. The author adds, a poet might imagine that these shells were used by the syrens at their concerts

When heaven's eternal orbs then midnight music roll'd<sup>1</sup>

Oh! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats,

And, if the power

Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,

Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,

And I will fold thee in such downy dreams

As lap the Spirit of the Seventh Sphere,

When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear!<sup>2</sup>

20

And thou shalt own,

That, through the circle of creation's zone,

Where matter slumbers or where spirit beams,

From the pellucid tides,<sup>3</sup> that whirl

The planets through their maze of song,

To the small rill, that weeps along

Murmuring o'er beds of pearl,

From the rich sigh

Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky<sup>4</sup>

To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields

30

On Afric's burning fields,<sup>5</sup>

Thou'lt wondering own this universe divine

Is mine!

That I respire in all and all in me,

One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!

Many a star has ceas'd to burn,<sup>6</sup>

Many a tear has Saturn's urn

O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> According to Cicero, and his commentators, Macrobius, the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord. 'Quam ob causam summus ille coeli stellifer cursus, cujus conversio est concitatio, acuto et excitato movetur sono, gravissimo autem hic lunaris atque infimus'—*Sonn Scip*. Because, says Macrobius, 'spiritu ut in extremitate languesciente jam volvitur, et propterea angustias quibus penultimus orbis arctatur impetu leniore convertitur'—In *Sonn Scip* lib. II cap. 4. In their musical arrangement of the heavenly bodies, the ancient writers are not very intelligible.—See *Ptolem* lib. III.

Leone Hebreo, in pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal love. 'Non pero manca fra loro il perfetto et reciproco amore la causa principale, che ne mostra il loro amore, è la loro amicitia armonica et la concordanza, che perpetuamente si trova in loro'—*Dialog* II di Amore, p. 58. This 'reciproco amore' of Leone is the φιλοτης of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his Love and Hate of the Elements, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion. See the fragment to which I allude in Laertius, Ἀλλοτε μὲν φιλοτητι, συνερχομεν, κ τ λ, lib. VIII cap. 2, n. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Leucippus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed

from Anaxagoras, and possibly suggested to Descartes.

<sup>3</sup> Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

<sup>4</sup> In the account of Africa which D'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches when shaken by the hand produce very sweet sounds. 'Le même auteur (Abenzégar) dit, qu'il y a un certain arbre, qui produit des gaules comme d'osier, et qu'en les prenant à la main et les branlant, elles font une espèce d'harmonie fort agréable,' &c &c.—*L'Afrique de Marconi*.

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance, of some of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns, attended each by its system. Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.

<sup>6</sup> Porphyry says, that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear. Την θαλατταν μὲν ἐκαλεῖ εἶναι δακρυον (De Vita), and some one else, if I mistake not, has added the planet Saturn as the source of it. Empedocles, with similar affectation, called the sea 'the sweat of the earth' ἰδρωτα της γης. See *Rittershusius upon Porphyry*, Num. 41.



Since thy aerial spell  
Hath in the waters slept.

40

Now blest I'll fly  
With the bright treasure to my choral sky,  
Where she, who wak'd its early swell,  
The Syren of the heavenly choir,  
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,  
Or guides around the burning pole  
The winged chariot of some blissful soul  
While thou—

Oh son of earth, what dreams shall rise for thee!

50

Beneath Hispania's sun,  
Thou'lt see a streamlet run,  
Which I've imbued with breathing melody,<sup>3</sup>  
And there, when night-winds down the current die,  
Thou'lt hear how like a harp its waters sigh  
A liquid chord is every wave that flows,  
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows:<sup>4</sup>

There, by that wondrous stream,  
Go, lay thy languid brow,  
And I will send thee such a godlike dream,  
As never bless'd the slumbers even of him,<sup>5</sup>  
Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,<sup>6</sup>  
Sate on the chill Pangaeian mount,<sup>7</sup>  
And, looking to the orient dim,  
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,  
From which his soul had drunk its fire  
Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,  
Stole o'er his musing breast,

60

What pious ecstasy<sup>8</sup>  
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,

70

<sup>1</sup> The system of the harmonized oibs was styled by the ancients the Great Lyre of Orpheus, for which Lucian thus accounts—*ἡ δὲ ἄνρη επταμυτος εἰσα τὴν τῶν κινουμένων ἀστρῶν ἀρμονίαν συνεβάλλετο, κ τ λ* in *Asiolog.*

<sup>2</sup> *Διέλεε ψυχὰς ἰσθριβμούς τοις ἀστροῖς, ἐνέμειθε ἑκάστην πρὸς ἑκάστην, καὶ ἐμβέβασας ὧς Εἰς ΟΧΗΜΑ*—'Distributing the souls severally among the stars, and mounting each soul upon a star as on its chariot'—Plato, *Timæus*.

<sup>3</sup> This musical river is mentioned in the romance of Achilles Tatius *Ἐρεῖ ποταμῶν ἦν δὲ ἀκουσαὶ θέλης τὸν ὕδατος ἀλαυνόντος* The Latin version, in supplying the hiatus which is in the original, has placed the river in Hispania *'In Hispaniâ quoque fluvius est, quem primo aspectu, &c &c*

<sup>4</sup> These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles Tatius *Ἐὰν γὰρ ὀλίγος ἀνεμὸς εἰς τὰς δινας ἐμπέσῃ, τὸ μὲν ὕδωρ ὡς χορδή κρούεται το δὲ πνεῦμα τὸν ὕδατος πληκτῶν γίνεται το ῥέμμα δὲ ὡς κίθαρα λαλεῖ*—Lib II.

<sup>5</sup> Orpheus

<sup>6</sup> They called his lyre *ἀρχαιοτροπον επταχορδον* Ὀρφέως. See a curious work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled 'Hebdomades, sive

septem de septenaio libri'—Lib IV cap 3 p 177

<sup>7</sup> Eriatosthenes, in mentioning the extreme veneration of Orpheus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pangaeian mountain at day-break, and there wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams *Ἐπεγειρομενος τε τῆς νυκτος, κατὰ τὴν ἐωθινὴν ἐπὶ τὸ ὄρος το καλουμένον Πάγγαιον, προσέρμενε τὰς ἀνατολάς, ἵνα ᾖ τὸν ἥλιον πρῶτον*—*Καταστέρσιμ.* 24

<sup>8</sup> There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity For instance, those which Justin Martyr has produced

Οὗτος μὲν χαλκεῖον ἐς οὐρανὸν ἐστηρικται  
Χρυσεὺς ἐνὶ θρόνῳ, κ τ λ

*Ad Graec Cohortat.*

It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the fabrications, which were frequent in the early times of Christianity Still, it appears doubtful to whom they are to be attributed, being too pious for the Pagans, and too poetical for the Fathers

Whose seal upon this new-born world imprest<sup>1</sup>  
The various forms of bright divinity'  
Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,  
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,<sup>2</sup>  
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?

When, free  
From earthly chain,  
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,  
His spirit flew through fields above,  
Drank at the source of nature's fountal number,<sup>3</sup>  
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move  
The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy'  
Such dreams, so heavenly bright,

I swear  
By the great diadem that twines my hair,  
And by the seven gems that sparkle there,<sup>4</sup>  
Mingling their beams  
In a soft iris of harmonious light,  
Oh, mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams

80

### I FOUND HER NOT

I FOUND her not—the chamber seem'd  
Like some divinely haunted place,  
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,  
And left behind their odorous trace'

It felt, as if her lips had shed  
A sigh around her, ere she fled,  
Which hung, as on a melting lute,  
When all the silver chords are mute,  
There lingers still a trembling breath  
After the note's luxurious death,  
A shade of song, a spirit air  
Of melodies which had been there

I saw the veil, which, all the day,  
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose,  
I saw the couch, where late she lay  
In languor of divine repose,

And I could trace the hallow'd print  
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm  
As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,  
And Love himself had stamp'd the form

Oh my sweet mistress, where wert thou?  
In pity fly not thus from me,  
Thou art my life, my essence now,  
And my soul dies of wanting thee

### TO MRS HENRY TIGHE, ON READING HER 'PSYCHE'

TELL me the witching tale again,  
For never has my heart or ear  
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,  
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear

<sup>1</sup> In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mysteries of his philosophy *Iamblich de Vit* This, as Holstenius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi

<sup>3</sup> The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called *πρῶτον ἀναβόν φῦσιν*, 'the fountain of perennial nature' Lucian

has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very cleverly in his *Sale of Philosophers*

<sup>4</sup> This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours We find in Plutarch a vague intimation of this kindred harmony in colours and sounds — *Ὅψις τε καὶ ἀκοή, μετὰ φωνῆς τε καὶ φωτός τὴν ἀρμονίαν ἐπιφαινόντι* — *De Musica*

Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music to Boetius, 'Ut diadema oculis, variis luce gemmarum, sic cythara diversitate soni, blanditum auditui' This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter — Lib II Varii

Say, Love, in all thy prime of fame,  
When the high heaven itself was thine,  
When piety confess'd the flame,  
And even thy errors were divine,

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,  
A glory round thy temples spread ? 10  
Did ever lip's ambrosial air  
Such fragrance o'er thy altars shed ?

One maid there was, who round her lyre  
The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd, —  
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,  
The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd

Oh ! you, that love's celestial dream,  
In all its purity, would know,  
Let not the senses' ardent beam  
Too strongly through the vision glow

Love safest lies, conceal'd in night, 21  
Thenight where heaven has bid him lie,  
Oh ! shed not there unhallow'd light,  
Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly <sup>1</sup>

Sweet Psyche, many a charmed hour,  
Through many a wild and magic waste,  
To the fair fount and blissful bower <sup>2</sup>  
Have I, in dreams, thy light foot  
trac'd <sup>1</sup>

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,  
Beneath whatever shades of rest, 30  
The Genius of the starry brow <sup>2</sup>  
Hath bound thee to thy Cupid's breast,

Whether above the horizon dim,  
Along whose verge our spirits stray, —  
Half sunk beneath the shadowy rim,  
Half brighten'd by the upper ray, <sup>4</sup> —

<sup>1</sup> See the Story in Apuleius

<sup>2</sup> Allusions to Mrs Tighe's Poem

<sup>3</sup> Constancy

<sup>4</sup> By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence

<sup>5</sup> This poem, as well as a few others that occur afterwards, formed part of a work which I had early projected, and even announced to the public, but which, luckily perhaps for myself, had been interrupted by my visit to America in the year 1803

Among those impostures in which the priests of the pagan temples are known to have indulged, one of the most favourite was that of announcing to some fair votary of the shrine, that the God himself had become enamoured of her beauty, and would descend in all his

Thou dwellest in a world, all light,  
Or, lingering here, dost love to be,  
To other souls, the guardian bright  
That Love was, through this gloom,  
to thee, 40

Still be the song to Psyche dear,  
The song, whose gentle voice was given  
To be, on earth, to mortal ear,  
An echo of her own, in heaven

### FROM THE HIGH-PRIEST OF APOLLO

TO A VIRGIN OF DELPHI <sup>5</sup>

Cum digno digna Sulpicia

'Who is the maid, with golden hair,  
With eye of fire, and foot of air,  
Whose harp around my altar swells,  
The sweetest of a thousand shells ?'  
'Twas thus the deity, who treads  
The arch of heaven, and proudly sheds  
Day from his eyelids—thus he spoke,  
As through my cell his glories broke

Apheia is the Delphic fair, <sup>6</sup>  
With eyes of fire and golden hair, 10  
Apheia's are the airy feet,  
And heis the harp divinely sweet,  
For foot so light has never tied  
The laurel'd caverns' of the god,  
Nor harp so soft hath ever given  
A sigh to earth or hymn to heaven

'Then tell the virgin to unfold,  
In looser pomp, her locks of gold,  
And bid those eyes more fondly shine  
To welcome down a Spouse Divine, 20

glory, to pay her a visit within the recesses of the fane. An adventure of this description formed an episode in the classic romance which I had sketched out, and the short fragment, given above, belongs to an epistle by which the story was to have been introduced

<sup>6</sup> In the 9th Pythia of Pindar, where Apollo, in the same manner, requires of Chion some information respecting the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying, very gravely apologises for telling the God what his omniscience must know so perfectly already

Ἐι δε γε λρη και ταρ σοφον αντιφειλαι,  
ἔρεω

<sup>7</sup> Ἄλλ' εἰς δαφνωδὴ γυναικα βησομαι ταδε  
EURIPID. Ion v. 76

Since He, who lights the path of years—  
Even from the fount of morning's tears  
To where his setting splendours burn  
Upon the western sea-maid's urn—  
Doth not, in all his course, behold  
Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold  
Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,  
His lip yet sparkling with the tide  
That mantles in Olympian bowls,—  
The nectar of eternal souls ' 30  
For her; for her he quits the skies,  
And to her kiss from nectar flies  
Oh, he would quit his star throne'd height,  
And leave the world to pine for light,  
Might he but pass the hours of shade,  
Beside his peerless Dêlphic maid,  
She, more than earthly woman blest,  
He, more than god on woman's breast ' 1

There is a cave beneath the steep,<sup>1</sup>  
Where living rills of crystal weep 40  
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue  
That ever sprung begemm'd with dew  
There oft the greensward's glossy tint  
Is brighten'd by the recent print  
Of many a faun and naiad's feet,—  
Scarce touching earth, their step so  
fleet,—  
That there, by moonlight's ray, had  
trod,  
In light dance, o'er the verdant sod  
'There, there,' the god, impassion'd,  
said,  
'Soon as the twilight tinge is fled, 50  
And the dim orb of lunar souls<sup>2</sup>  
Along its shadowy pathway rolls—  
There shall we meet,—and not ev'n He,  
The God who reigns immortally,  
Where Babel's turrets paint their pride  
Upon th' Euphrates' shining tide<sup>3</sup>,—  
Not ev'n when to his midnight loves  
In mystic majesty he moves,  
Lighted by many an odorous fire,  
And hymn'd by all Chaldaea's choir,—  
E'er yet, o'er mortal brow, let shine 61  
Such effluence of Love Divine,  
As shall to-night, blest maid, o'er thine '

<sup>1</sup> The Corycæan Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The inhabitants of Paros held it sacred to the Corycæan nymphs, who were children of the river Pliatus.

<sup>2</sup> See preceding note, p. 25, n. 2

<sup>3</sup> The temple of Jupiter Belus, at Babylon in one of whose towers there was a large chapel

Happy the maid, whom heaven allows  
To break for heaven her virgin vows ' 1  
Happy the maid '—her robe of shame  
Is whiten'd by a heavenly flame,  
Whose glory, with a ling'ring trace,  
Shines through and defies her race ' 1

### FRAGMENT

Pity me, love ' I'll pity thee,  
If thou indeed has felt like me  
All, all my bosom's peace is o'er ' 1  
At night, which *was* my hour of calm,  
When, from the page of classic lore,  
From the pure fount of ancient lay  
My soul has drawn the placid balm,  
Which charm'd its every grief away,  
Ah ' there I find that balm no more  
Those spells, which make us oft forget  
The fleeting troubles of the day,  
In deeper sorrows only whet  
The stings they cannot tear away  
When to my pillow rack'd I fly,  
With wearied sense and wakeful eye  
While my brain maddens, where, oh,  
where  
Is that serene consoling pray'r,  
Which once has harbinger'd my rest,  
When the still soothing voice of Heaven  
Hath seem'd to whisper in my breast;  
'Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven ' 1  
No, though I still in semblance pray,  
My thoughts are wand'ring far away  
And ev'n the name of Deity  
Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee

### A NIGHT THOUGHT

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,  
Obscures yon bashful light,  
Which seems so modestly to steal  
Along the waste of night ' 1  
'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs  
Obscure with malice keen  
Some timid heart, which only longs  
To live and die unseen

set apart for these celestial assignations ' No man is allowed to sleep here,' says Herodotus, 'but the apartment is appropriated to a female, whom, if we believe the Chaldaean priests, the deity selects from the women of the country, as his favourite ' Lib i cap 181

## THE KISS

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,  
 On which my soul's beloved swore  
 That there should come a time of bliss,  
 When she would mock my hopes no  
 more  
 And fancy shall thy glow renew,  
 In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,  
 And none shall steal thy holy dew  
 Till thou'lt absolv'd by rapture's rite  
 Sweet hours that are to make me blest,  
 Fly, swift as breezes, to the goal,  
 And let my love, my more than soul  
 Come blushing to this ardent breast  
 Then, while in every glance I drink  
 The rich o'erflowings of her mind,  
 Oh ! let her all enamour'd sink  
 In sweet abandonment resign'd,  
 Blushing for all our struggles past,  
 And murmuring, ' I am thine at last ' '

## SONG

THINK on that look whose melting ray  
 For one sweet moment mix'd with  
 mine,  
 And for that moment seem'd to say,  
 ' I dare not, or I would be thine ' '

Think on thy ev'ry smile and glance,  
 On all thou hast to charm and move,  
 And then forgive my bosom's trance,  
 Nor tell me it is sin to love

Oh, *not* to love thee were the sin,  
 For sure, if Fate's decrees be done,  
 Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,  
 As I am destin'd to be won ' '

## THE CATALOGUE

' Come, tell me,' says Rosa, as kissing  
 and kist,  
 One day she recln'd on my breast,  
 ' Come, tell me the number, repeat me  
 the list  
 Of the nymphs you have lov'd and  
 carest '—

Oh Rosa ! 'twas only my fancy that roved,  
 My heart at the moment was free,  
 But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've  
 loved,

And the number shall finish with thee

My tutor was Kitty, in infancy wild  
 She taught me the way to be blest, 10  
 She taught me to love her, I lov'd like  
 a child,

But Kitty could fancy the rest  
 This lesson of dear and enrapturing love  
 I have never forgot, I allow.  
 I have had it *by rote* very often before,  
 But never *by heart* until now

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul  
 was all flame,

But my head was so full of romance  
 That I fancied her into some chivalry  
 dame,

And I was her knight of the lance 20  
 But Martha was not of this fanciful  
 school,

And she laugh'd at her poor little  
 knight,

While I thought her a goddess, she  
 thought me a fool,

And I'll swear *she* was most in the right

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's  
 looks,

Again I was tempted to rove,  
 But Cloris, I found, was so learned in  
 books

That she gave me more logic than love  
 So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd  
 to fly

To those sweeter logicians in bliss, 30  
 Who argue the point with a soul telling  
 eye,

And convince us at once with a kiss

Oh ! Susan was then all the world unto me,  
 But Susan was piously given,

And the worst of it was, we could never  
 agree

On the road that was shortest to  
 Heaven

' Oh, Susan ' I've said, in the moments  
 of mirth,

' What's devotion to thee or to me ?  
 I devoutly believe there's a heaven on  
 earth,

And believe that that heaven's in *thee* ' ' 39

IMITATION OF CATULLUS

TO HIMSELF

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c

CEASE the sighing fool to play,  
Cease to trifle life away,  
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,  
Which all, alas, have falsely flown  
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,  
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,  
When lightly thou didst fly to meet  
The girl whose smile was then so sweet—  
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain  
Than e'er thy heart can feel again

Ye met—your souls seem'd all in one,  
Like tapers that commingling shone,  
Thy heart was warm enough for both,  
And hers, in truth, was nothing loath

Such were the hours that once were  
thine,  
But, ah! those hours no longer shine  
For now the nymph delights no more  
In what she lov'd so much before,  
And all Catullus now can do,  
Is to be proud and figid too,  
Nor follow where the wanton flies,  
Nor sue the bliss that she denies  
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,  
To love, and all love's misery,  
The heyday of his heart is o'er,  
Nor will he court one favour more

Fly, perjur'd girl!—but whither fly?  
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?  
Who now will drink the syren tone,  
Which tells him thou art all his own?  
Oh, none —and he who lov'd before  
Can never, never love thee more

'Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no  
more!' St John, chap viii

Oh woman, if through sinful wile  
Thy soul hath stray'd from honour's  
track,  
'Tis mercy only can beguile,  
By gentle ways, the wand'rer back

The stain that on thy virtue lies,  
Wash'd by those tears, not long will  
stay,

As clouds that sully morning skies  
May all be wept in show'rs away

Go, go, be innocent,—and live,  
The tongues of men may wound thee  
sore,  
But Heav'n in pity can forgive,  
And bid thee 'go, and sin no more!'

NONSENSE

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,  
When Phoebus hastens to his pillow,  
The mermaids, with their tresses green,  
Dancing upon the western billow  
If you have seen, at twilight dim,  
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn  
Floats wild along the winding shore,  
If you have seen, through mist of eve,  
The fairy train their ringlets weave,  
Glancing along the spangled green —  
If you have seen all this, and more,  
God bless me, what a deal you've seen!

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE FRENCH

'I NEVER gave a kiss (says Prie),  
To naughty man, for I abhor it',  
She will not give a kiss, 'tis true,  
She'll take one though, and thank you  
for it

ON A SQUINTING POETESS

To no *one* Muse does she her glance  
confine,  
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine*!

TO . .

Moria più quando vuoi, non ti bisogna mutar  
ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angolo!

DIE when you will, you need not wear  
At Heaven's Court a form more fair  
Than Beauty here on earth has given,  
Keep but the lovely looks we see—  
The voice we hear—and you will be  
An angel ready made for Heaven!

<sup>1</sup> The words addressed by Lord Herbert of  
Cherbury to the beautiful nun at Murano —  
*See his Life*

## TO ROSA

A fai conserva, e cumulo d'amanti  
*Past Fid*

AND are you then a thing of art,  
 Seducing all, and loving none,  
 And have I strove to gain a heart  
 Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

Tell me at once if this be true,  
 And I will calm my jealous breast,  
 Will learn to join the dangling crew,  
 And share your simpers with the rest

But if your heart be *not* so free,—  
 Oh ' if another share that heart,  
 Tell not the hateful tale to me,  
 But mingle mercy with your art  
 I'd rather think you 'false as hell',  
 Than find you to be all divine,—  
 Than know that heart could love so well,  
 Yet know that heart would *not* be  
 mine '!

## TO PHILLIS

PHILLIS, you little rosy rake.  
 That heart of yours I long to rifle  
 Come, give it me, and do not make  
 - So much ado about a *trifle* '!

## TO A LADY,

ON HER SINGING

THY song has taught my heart to feel  
 Those soothing thoughts of heav'nly  
 love,

Which o'er the sainted spirits steal  
 When list'ning to the spheres above '!

When, tir'd of life and misery,  
 I wish to sigh my latest breath,  
 Oh, Emma ' I will fly to thee,  
 And thou shalt sing me into death

And if along thy hip and cheek  
 That smooch of heav'nly softness play,  
 Which,—ah! forgive a mind that's  
 weak,—

So oft has stol'n my mind away,

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,  
 That comes to charm me into bliss  
 I'll gaze and die—Who would not die,  
 If death were half so sweet as this '!

## SONG

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS ———

WRITTEN IN IRELAND, 1799

Of all my happiest hours of joy,  
 And even I have had my measure,  
 When hearts were full, and ev'ry eye  
 Hath kindled with the light of pleasure,  
 An hour like this I ne'er was given,  
 So full of friendship's purest blisses,  
 Young Love himself looks down from  
 heaven,

To smile on such a day as this is  
 Then come, my friends, this hour  
 improve,  
 Let's feel as if we ne'er could  
 sever,  
 And may the birth of her we love  
 Benth with joy remember'd ever '!

Oh ' banish ev'ry thought to night,  
 Which could disturb our soul's com-  
 munion,

Abandon'd thus to dear delight,  
 We'll ev'n for once forget the Union  
 On that let statesmen try their pow'rs,  
 And tremble o'er the rights they'd die  
 for,

The union of the soul be ours,  
 And ev'ry union else we sigh for  
 Then come, my friends, &c

In ev'ry eye around I mark  
 The feelings of the heart o'erflowing,  
 From ev'ry soul I catch the spark  
 Of sympathy, in friendship glowing  
 Oh ' could such moments ever fly,  
 Oh ' that we ne'er were doom'd to  
 lose 'em,  
 And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,  
 And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom  
 Then come, my friends, &c

For me, whate'er my span of years,  
 Whatever sun may light my roving,  
 Whether I waste my life in tears,  
 Or live, as now, for mirth and loving,  
 This day shall come with aspect kind,  
 Wherever fate may cast your rover,  
 He'll think of those he left behind,  
 And drink a health to bliss that's over!  
 Then come, my friends, &c

SONG <sup>1</sup>

MARY, I believ'd thee true,  
And I was blest in thus believing,  
But now I mourn that e'er I knew  
A girl so fair and so deceiving  
Fare thee well

Few have ever lov'd like me,—  
Yes, I have lov'd thee too sincerely!  
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,—  
Alas! deceiv'd me too severely

Fare thee well!—yet think awhile  
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt  
thee,

Who now would rather trust that smile,  
And die with thee than live without  
thee

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,  
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token,  
For see, distracting woman, see,  
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!  
Fare thee well!

MORALITY

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO J AT-NS-N, ESQ M R I A

THOUGH long at school and college dosing,  
O'er books of verse and books of prosing,  
And copying from the moral pages  
Fine recipes for making sages,  
Though long with those divines at school,  
Who think to make us good by rule,  
Who, in methodic forms advancing,  
Teaching morality like dancing,  
Tell us, for Heaven or money's sake, 9  
What steps we are through life to take  
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,  
With so much midnight oil destroy'd,  
I must confess, my searches past,  
I've only learn'd to doubt at last  
I find the doctors and the sages  
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,  
And two in fifty scarce agree  
On what is pure morality  
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,  
And every vision makes its own 20

<sup>1</sup> These words were written to the pathetic Scotch air 'Galla Water'

The doctors of the Porch advise,  
As modes of being great and wise,  
That we should cease to own or know.  
The luxuries that from feeling flow —  
'Reason alone must claim direction,  
And Apathy's the soul's perfection  
Like a dull lake the heart must lie,  
Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,  
Though Heav'n the breeze, the breath,  
supplied,  
Must curl the wave or swell the tide' 30

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan  
To form his philosophic man,  
Such were the modes he taught mankind  
To weed the garden of the mind,  
They tore from thence some weeds, 'tis  
true,  
But all the flow'rs were ravag'd too!

Now listen to the wily strains,  
Which, on Cyrene's sandy plains,  
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd  
zone,

Usurp'd the philosophic throne,— 40  
Hear what the courtly sage's tongue  
To his surrounding pupils sung —  
'Pleasure's the only noble end  
To which all human pow'rs should tend,  
And Virtue gives her heav'nly lore,  
But to make Pleasure please us more  
Wisdom and she were both design'd  
To make the senses more refin'd,  
That man might revel, free from cloying,  
Then most a sage when most enjoying'

Is this morality?—Oh, no! 51  
Ev'n I a wiser path could show  
The flow'r within this vase confin'd,  
The pure, the unfading flow'r of mind,  
Must not throw all its sweets away  
Upon a mortal mould of clay  
No, no,—its richest breath should rise  
In virtue's incense to the skies

But thus it is, all sects we see  
Have watchwords of morality 60  
Some cry out Venus, others Jove,  
Here 'tis Religion, there 'tis Love  
But while they thus so widely wander,  
While mystics dream, and doctors  
ponder,  
And some, in dialectics firm,  
Seek virtue in a middle term,

<sup>2</sup> Aristippus.



While thus they strive, in Heaven's  
defiance,  
To chain morality with science,  
The plain good man, whose actions teach  
More virtue than a sect can preach, 70  
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,  
His tutor whisp'ring in his breast,  
Nor could he act a purer part,  
Though he had Tully all by heart  
And when he drops the tear on woe,  
He little knows or cares to know  
That Epictetus blam'd that tear,  
By Heaven approv'd, to virtue dear !

Oh ! when I've seen the morning  
beam  
Floating within the dimpled stream, 80  
While Nature, wak'ning from the night,  
Has just put on her robes of light,  
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,  
Explor'd the *doctrine* of those rays ?  
No, pedants, I have left to you  
Nicely to sep'rate hue from hue  
Go, give that moment up to art,  
When Heaven and nature claim the  
heart,  
And, dull to all their best attraction,  
Go—measure *angles of refraction* 90  
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,  
Look on each daybeam as a glance  
From the great eye of Him above,  
Wak'ning his world with looks of love !

### THE TELL-TALE LYRE

I've heard, there was in ancient days  
A Lyre of most melodious spell,  
'Twas heav'n to hear its fairy lays,  
If half be true that legends tell  
'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,  
And to their breath it breath'd again  
In such entrancing melodies  
As ear had never drunk till then !  
Not harmony's serenest touch  
So stilly could the notes prolong, 10  
They were not heavenly song so much  
As they were dreams of heavenly song !  
If sad the heart, whose murmur'd air  
Along the choirs in languor stole,  
The numbers it awaken'd there  
Were eloquence from pity's soul

Or if the sigh, serene and light,  
Was but the breath of fancied woes,  
The string, that felt its airy flight,  
Soon whisper'd it to kind repose 20

And when young lovers talk'd alone,  
If, mid their bliss that Lyre was near,  
It made then accents all its own,  
And sent forth notes that Heaven  
might hear

There was a nymph, who long had lov'd,  
But dar'd not tell the world how well  
The shades, where she at evening rov'd,  
Alone could know, alone could tell

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole,  
When the first star announc'd the  
night,— 30  
With him who claim'd her inmost soul,  
To wander by that soothing light

It chanc'd that, in the fairy bower  
Where blest they woo'd each other's  
smile,  
This Lyre, of strange and magic power,  
Hung whisp'ring o'er their heads the  
while

And as, with eyes commingling fire,  
They listen'd to each other's vow,  
The youth full oft would make the Lyre  
A pillow for the maiden's brow 40

And, while the melting words she  
breath'd  
Were by its echoes wafted round,  
Her locks had with the cords so wreath'd,  
One knew not which gave forth the  
sound

Alas, then hearts but little thought,  
While thus they talk'd the hours  
away,  
That every sound the Lyre was taught  
Would linger long, and long betray

So mingled with its tuneful soul  
Were all their tender murmurs grown,  
That other sighs unanswer'd stole, 51  
Nor words it breath'd but theirs alone

Unhappy nymph ! thy name was sung  
To every breeze that wander'd by ;  
The secrets of thy gentle tongue  
Were breath'd in song to earth and  
sky

The fatal Lyre, by Envy's hand  
Hung high amid the whisp'ring  
gloves,  
To every gale by which 'twas fann'd,  
Proclaim'd the myst'ry of your loves  
Nor long thus rudely was thy name 61  
To earth's derisive echoes given,  
Some pitying spirit downward came,  
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven  
There, freed from earth's unholy wrongs,  
Both happy in Love's home shall be,  
Thou, uttering nought but seraph songs,  
And that sweet Lyre still echoing  
thee !

### PEACE AND GLORY

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF WAR

WHERE is now the smile, that lighten'd  
Every hero's couch of rest ?  
Where is now the hope, that brighten'd  
Honour's eye and Pity's breast ?  
Have we lost the wreath we braided  
For our weary warrior men ?  
Is the faithless olive faded ?  
Must the bay be pluck'd again ?  
Passing hour of sunny weather  
Lovely, in your light awhile,  
Peace and Glory, wed together,  
Wander'd through our blessed isle  
And the eyes of Peace, would glisten,  
Dewy as a morning sun,  
When the timid maid would listen  
To the deeds her chief had done  
Is their hour of dalliance over ?  
Must the maiden's trembling feet  
Waft her from her warlike lover  
To the desert's still retreat ?  
Fare you well ! with sighs we banish  
Nymph so fair and guests so bright,  
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,  
Leaves behind a soothing light,—  
Soothing light, that long shall sparkle  
O'er you warrior's sanguin'd way,  
Through the field where honours daikle,  
Shedding hope's consoling ray  
Long the smile his heart will cherish,  
To its absent idol true,  
While around him myriads perish,  
Glory still will sigh for you !

### SONG

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art  
In passion's moment breath'd to me  
Yet, no—it must not, will not part,  
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,  
And has become too pure for thee  
Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh  
With all the warmth of truth imprest,  
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie,  
Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,  
Or bloom to make a rival blest  
Take back the vows that, night and day,  
My heart receiv'd, I thought, from  
thine,  
Yet, no—allow them still to stay,  
They might some other heart betray,  
As sweetly as they've run'd mine

### LOVE AND REASON

'Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il  
cesse de sentir' J J ROUSSEAU<sup>1</sup>

'Twas in the summer time so sweet,  
When hearts and flowers are both in  
season,  
That—who, of all the world, should  
meet,  
One early dawn, but Love and  
Reason !

Love told his dream of yesternight,  
While Reason talk'd about the  
weather,  
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,  
And on they took their way together

The boy in many a gambol flew,  
While Reason, like a Juno, stalk'd, 10  
And from her portly figure threw  
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,  
Should find that sunny morning chill,  
For still the shadow Reason cast  
Fell o'er the boy, and cool'd him still

In vain he tried his wings to warm,  
Or find a pathway not so dim,  
For still the maid's gigantic form 19  
Would stalk between the sun and him

<sup>1</sup> Quoted somewhere in St Pierre's *Etudes  
de la Nature*

'This must not be,' said little Love—  
'The sun was made for more than  
you'

So, turning through a myrtle grove,  
He bade the portly nymph adieu

Now gaily roves the laughing boy  
O'er many a mead, by many a stream,  
In every breeze inhaling joy,  
And drinking bliss in every beam

From all the gardens, all the bowers,  
He culled the many sweets they  
shaded, 30  
And ate the fruits and smell'd the  
flowers,  
Till taste was gone and odour faded

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,  
Look'd blazing o'er the sultry plains,  
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,  
And fever thrill'd through all his veins

The dew forsook his baby brow,  
No more with healthy bloom he  
smil'd—

Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,  
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm, 41  
His foot at length for shelter turning,  
He saw the nymph reclining calm,  
With brow as cool as his was burning

'Oh! take me to that bosom cold,'  
In murmurs at her feet he said,  
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,  
And flung it round his fever'd head

He felt her bosom's icy touch,  
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest, 50  
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,  
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

NAY, do not weep, my Fanny dear,  
While in these arms you lie,  
This world hath not a wish, a fear,  
That ought to cost that eye a tear,  
That heart, one single sigh

The world!—ah, Fanny, Love must shun  
The paths where many rove,  
One bosom to recline upon,  
One heart to be his only-one,  
Are quite enough for Love

What can we wish, that is not here  
Between your arms and mine?  
Is there, on earth, a space so dear  
As that within the happy sphere  
Two loving arms entwine?

For me, there's not a lock of jet  
Adown your temples curl'd,  
Within whose glossy, tangling net,  
My soul doth not, at once, forget  
All, all this worthless world!

'Tis in those eyes, so full of love,  
My only worlds I see,  
Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,  
And earth below and skies above,  
May frown or smile for me

### ASPASIA

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,  
That Love and Learning, many an hour,  
In dalliance met, and Learning smil'd  
With pleasure on the playful child,  
Who often stole, to find a nest  
Within the folds of Learning's vest

There, as the list'ning statesman hung  
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,  
The destinies of Athens took  
Their colour from Aspasia's look  
Oh happy time, when laws of state,  
When all that rul'd the country's fate,  
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,  
Was plann'd between two snow-white  
arms!

Blest times! they could not always  
last—

And yet, ev'n now, they *are* not past  
Though we have lost the giant mould,  
In which their men were cast of old,  
Woman, dear woman, still the same,  
While beauty breathes through soul or  
frame,  
While man possesses heart or eyes,  
Woman's bright empire never dies!

No, Fanny, love, they ne'er shall  
say  
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away,  
Give but the universe a soul  
Attun'd to woman's soft control,  
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,  
To wield a universe at will

THE GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS<sup>1</sup>

TO HER LOVER

— ἤχι τε καλὸς  
Πυθαγόρης, ὅσσοι τε χορὸν στήριξαν ἔρωτος  
Ἀπολλων περὶ Πλωτίνου  
*Oracul Metric a Joan Opsop collecta.*

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,  
That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms away ?  
Scarce had'st thou left me, when a dream of night  
Came o'er my spirit so distinct and bright,  
That, while I yet can vividly recall  
Its witching wonders, thou shalt hear them all  
Methought I saw, upon the lunar beam  
Two winged boys, such as thy muse might dream,  
Descending from above, at that still hour,  
And ghiding, with smooth step, into my bower 10  
Fair as the beauteous spirits that, all day,  
In Amatha's warm founts imprison'd stay,<sup>2</sup>  
But rise at midnight, from th' enchanted ill,  
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill.

At once I knew their mission, —'twas to bear  
My spirit upward, through the paths of air,  
To that elysian realm, from whence stia beams  
So oft, in sleep, had visited my dreams.  
Swift at their touch dissolv'd the ties, that clung  
All earthly round me, and aloft I sprung, 20  
While, heav'nward guides, the little genii flew  
Thro' paths of light, refresh'd by heaven's own dew,  
And fann'd by airs still fragrant with the breath  
Of cloudless climes and worlds that know not death

Thou know'st, that, far beyond our nether sky,  
And shown but dimly to man's erring eye,  
A mighty ocean of blue ether rolls,<sup>3</sup>  
Gem'd with bright islands, where the chosen souls,  
Who've pass'd in lore and love their earthly hours,  
Repose for ever in unfading bowers 30  
That very moon, whose solitary light  
So often guides thee to my bower at night,  
Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,  
Floating in splendour through those seas above,

<sup>1</sup> It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating, luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accordingly we find that the word *Ωκεανος* was sometimes synonymous with *αἴηρ*, and death was not unfrequently called *Ωκεανοιο πορος*, or 'the passage of the ocean.'

<sup>2</sup> Eunapius, in his life of Iamblichus, tells us of two beautiful little spirits or loves, which Iamblichus raised by enchantment from the wum springs at Gadara, 'dicens astantibus (says the author of the *Di Fati*

*dicti*, p. 160) illos esse loci Genios' which words, however, are not in Eunapius.

I find from Cellarius, that Amatha, in the neighbourhood of Gadara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetical name than Gadara. Cellarius quotes Hieronymus, 'Est et alia villa in vicinia Gadarae nomine Amatha, ubi ciliadae aquae erumpunt' *Geograph. Antiq.* lib. iii. cap. 13.

<sup>3</sup> This belief of an ocean in the heavens, or 'waters above the firmament,' was one of the many physical errors in which the early fathers bewildered themselves.

And peopled with bight forms, aerial grown,  
 Nor knowing aught of earth but love alone  
 Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way —  
 Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,  
 While, all around, on lily beds of rest,  
 Reclin'd the spirits of the immortal Blest <sup>1</sup> 40  
 Oh! there I met those few congenial maids,  
 Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades  
 There still Leontium,<sup>2</sup> on her sage's breast,  
 Found lore and love, was tutor'd and carest,  
 And there the clasp of Pythia's<sup>3</sup> gentle arms  
 Repaid the zeal which defied her charms  
 The Attic Master<sup>4</sup>, in Aspasia's eyes,  
 Forgot the yoke of less endearing ties,  
 While fair Theano<sup>5</sup>, innocently fair,  
 Wreath'd playfully her Samian's flowing hair<sup>6</sup>, 50  
 Whose soul now fix'd, its transmigrations past,  
 Found in those arms a resting-place, at last,  
 And smiling own'd, whate'er his dreamy thought  
 In mystic numbers long had vainly sought,  
 The One that's form'd of Two whom love hath bound,  
 Is the best number gods or men e'er found

But think, my Theon, with what joy I thrill'd,  
 When near a fount, which through the valley rill'd  
 My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,  
 Of lunar race, but so resembling thine 60  
 That, oh! 'twas but fidelity in me,  
 To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee  
 No aid of words the unbodied soul requires,  
 To waft a wish or embassy desmes,  
 But by a power, to spirits only given,  
 A deep, mute impulse, only felt in heaven,  
 Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,  
 From soul to soul the glanc'd idea flies

Oh, my beloved, how divinely sweet  
 Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet! 70  
 Like him, the river-god<sup>7</sup>, whose waters flow,  
 With love their only light, through caves below,

<sup>1</sup> There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to the lunar establishment, some made it an elysium, and others a purgatory, while some supposed it to be a kind of *entrepôt* between heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies, and those that were on their way to join them, were deposited in the valley of Hecate, and remained till further orders. Τοῖς περὶ σελήνην αἶρι λεγεῖν αὐτὰς κατοικεῖν, καὶ ἀπ' αὐτῆς κατὰ χώραν εἰς τὴν περιγέειον ἕρπυσιν — *Stob. lib. 1 Eclog. Physic.*

<sup>2</sup> The pupil and mistress of Epicurus

<sup>3</sup> Pythia was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom after her death he paid divine honours, solemnizing her memory by the same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the Goddess Ceres

<sup>4</sup> Sociates, who used to console himself in the society of Aspasia for those 'less endearing ties' which he found at home with Xantippe

<sup>5</sup> There are some sensible letters extant under the name of this fair Pythagorean. They are addressed to her female friends upon the education of children, the treatment of servants, &c

<sup>6</sup> Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair

<sup>7</sup> The river Alpheus, which flowed by Pisa or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds, during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry these offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Aicthus. καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν Ἀρεθυσσαν οὕτω τὸν Ἀλφειὸν νυμφόστολοι σταν οὐν ἡ τῶν ὀλυμπιῶν εὐσση, κ τ λ. *Lib. 1*

Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,  
And festal rings, with which Olympic maids  
Have deck'd his current, as an offering meet  
To lay at Arethusa's shining feet  
Think, when he meets at last his fountain-bride,  
What perfect love must thrill the blended tide!  
Each lost in each, till, mingling into one,  
Their lot the same for shadow or for sun,  
A type of true love, to the deep they run  
'Twas thus—

80

But, Theon, 'tis an endless theme,  
And thou grow'st weary of my half-told dream  
Oh would, my love, we were together now,  
And I would woo sweet patience to thy brow,  
And make thee smile at all the magic tales  
Of starlight bowers and planetary vales,  
Which my fond soul, inspir'd by thee and love,  
In slumber's loom hath fancifully wove  
But no, no more—soon as to-morrow's ray  
O'er soft Illissus shall have died away,  
I'll come, and, while love's planet in the west  
Shines o'er our meeting, tell thee all the rest

90

# TO CLOE

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL

I COULD resign that eye of blue  
Howe'er its splendour used to thrill  
me,  
And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue,—  
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me  
That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,  
However much I've crav'd about it,  
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,  
I think I could exist without it  
In short, so well I've learn'd to fast,  
That, sooth my love, I know not  
whether  
I might not bring myself at last,  
To—do without you altogether

# THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,  
I bring thee too a flowery wreath,  
The gold shall never wear a stain,  
The flow'rets long shall sweetly  
breathe  
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,  
To bind thy gentle heart to me

The chain is form'd of golden threads,  
Bright as Minerva's yellow hair,  
When the last beam of evening sheds  
Its calm and sober lustre there 10  
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,  
With sun-lit drops of bliss among it,  
And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,  
To heal hisp when bees have stung it  
Come tell me which the tie shall be,  
To bind thy gentle heart to me

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,  
Which answers when the tongue is  
loath,

Thou lik'st the form of either tie,  
And spread'st thy playful hands for  
both 20

Ah!—if there were not something  
wrong,

The world would see them blended oft,  
The Chain would make the Wreath so  
strong!

The Wreath would make the Chain  
so soft!

Then might the gold, the flow'rets be  
Sweet fetters for my love and me

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,  
That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)  
When mingled thus they cease to shine,  
Or shine but for a transient season 30

Whether the Chain may press too much,  
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,  
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,  
And all their bloom, their glow is faded !  
Oh ! better to be always free,  
Than thus to bind my love to me

THE timid girl now hung her head,  
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,  
I saw a doubt its twilight spread  
Across her brow's divine expanse 40  
Just then, the garland's brightest rose  
Gave one of its love-breathing sighs—  
Oh ! who can ask how Fanny chose,  
That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes ?  
'The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be  
The tie to bind my soul to thee'

TO . . .

And hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,  
That many a time obscures my brow,  
Midst all the joys, beloved maid,  
Which thou canst give, and only thou ?  
Oh ! 'tis not that I then forget  
The bright looks that before me shine,  
For never throbb'd a bosom yet  
Could feel their witchery, like mine  
When bashful on my bosom hid,  
And blushing to have felt so blest,  
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,  
Again to close it on my breast,—  
Yes,—these are minutes all thine own,  
Thine own to give, and mine to feel,  
Yet ev'n in them, my heart has known  
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal  
For I have thought of former hours,  
When he who first thy soul possess'd,  
Like me awak'd its witching powers,  
Like me was lov'd, like me was blest

Upon *his* name thy murmur'ing tongue  
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt,  
Upon his words thine ear hath hung,  
With transport all as purely felt

For him—yet why the past recall,  
To damp and wither present bliss ?  
Thou'rt now my own, heart, spirit, all,  
And Heaven could grant no more than  
this !

Forgive me, dearest, oh ! forgive,  
I would be first, be sole to thee,  
Thou shouldst have but begun to live,  
The hour that gave thy heart to me  
Thy book of life till then effac'd,  
Love should have kept that leaf alone  
On which he first so brightly trac'd  
That thou wert, soul and all, my own.

TO . . 'S PICTURE

Go then, if she, whose shade thou art,  
No more will let thee soothe my pain,  
Yet, tell her, it has cost this heart  
Some pangs, to give thee back again.  
Tell her, the smile was not so dear,  
With which she made thy semblance  
mine,  
As bitter is the burning tear,  
With which I now the gift resign  
Yet go—and could she still restore,  
As some exchange for taking thee,  
The tranquil look which first I wore,  
When her eyes found me calm and  
free,  
Could she give back the careless flow,  
The spirit that my heart then knew—  
Yet, no, 'tis vain—go, picture, go—  
Smile at me once, and then—adieu !

### FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE<sup>1</sup>

BLEST infant of eternity !  
Before the day-star learn'd to move,  
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,  
Glancing the beamy shafts of light

<sup>1</sup> Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timaëus held Form to be the father, and

Matter the mother of the World, Elyon and Berouth, I think, are Sanchoniatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-capac and his wife introduced creation amongst the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said 'tutto il mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia.'

From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,  
Thou wert alone, oh Love !  
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient Night,  
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye,  
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide,  
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,  
As o'er the watery waste it ling'ring died

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,  
That latent in his heart was sleeping,—  
Oh Sympathy ! that lonely hour  
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping

But look, what glory through the darkness beams !  
Celestial airs along the water glide —  
What Spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide  
So beautiful ? oh, not of earth,  
But, in that glowing hour, the birth  
Of the young Godhead's own creative dreams

'Tis she !  
Psyche, the firstborn spirit of the air  
To thee, oh Love, she turns,  
On thee her eyebeam burns  
Blest hour, before all worlds ordain'd to be !  
They meet—  
The blooming god—the spirit fair  
Meet in communion sweet  
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine,  
All nature feels the thrill divine,  
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,  
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn !

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS  
THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,  
ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE  
LADY ADELAIDE FORBES  
*Downington Park, 1802*

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,  
Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd,  
And o'er the kindling canvas tell  
The silent story of the mind,

O'er nature's form to glance the eye,  
And fix, by mimic light and shade,  
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,  
Her evening blushes, ere they fade,—

Yes, these are Painting's proudest powers,  
The gift, by which her art divine  
Above all others proudly towers,—  
And these, oh Prince ! are richly thine

And yet, when Friendship sees thee  
trace,

In almost living truth exprest,  
This bright memorial of a face  
On which her eye delights to rest,

While o'er the lovely look serene,  
The smile of peace, the bloom of  
youth,  
The cheek, that blushes to be seen,  
The eye that tells the bosom's truth ;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,  
Our eyes with ling'ring pleasure rove,  
Blessing the touch whose various hue  
Thus brings to mind the form we love

We feel the magic of thy art,  
And own it with a zest, a zeal,  
A pleasure, nearer to the heart  
Than critic taste can ever feel



## THE FALL OF HEBE

## A DITHYRAMBIC ODE

'Twas on a day  
When the immortals at their banquet  
lay,  
The bowl  
Sparkled with starry dew,  
The weeping of those myriad urns of  
light,  
Within whose orbs, the almighty  
Power,  
At nature's dawning hour,  
Stor'd the rich fluid of ethereal soul<sup>1</sup>  
Around,  
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing  
their flight 10  
From eastern isles  
(Where they have bath'd them in the  
orient ray,  
And with rich fragrance all their bosoms  
fill'd),  
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,  
Aliquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd

All, all was luxury!  
All *must* be luxury, where Lyaeus  
smiles  
His locks divine  
Were crown'd  
With a bright meteor-braid, 20  
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of  
vine,  
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,  
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils  
play'd  
While mid the foliage hung,  
Like lucid grapes,  
A thousand clustering buds of light,  
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy  
Upon his bosom Cytherea's head  
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung  
Her beauty's dawn, 30

And all the curtains of the deep, un-  
drawn,  
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed  
The captive deity  
Hung lingering on her eyes and lip,  
With looks of raptasý  
Now, on his aim,  
In blushes she repos'd,  
And, while he gaz'd on each bright  
charm,  
To shade his burning eyes her hand in  
dalliance stole

And now she rais'd her rosy mouth  
to sip 40

The nectar'd wave  
Lyaeus gave,  
And from her eyelids, half-way clos'd,  
Sent forth a melting gleam,  
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the  
bowl

While her bright hair, in mazy flow  
Of gold descending  
Adown her cheek's luxurious glow,  
Hung o'er the goblet's side,  
And was reflected in its crystal tide,  
Like a bright crocus flower, 51  
Whose sunny leaves, at evening  
hour

With roses of Cyrene blending,<sup>2</sup>  
Hang o'er the mirror of some silvery  
stream

The Olympian cup  
Shone in the hands  
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet  
Up

The empyreal mount,  
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar  
fount, 3 60

And still  
As the resplendent rill  
Gush'd forth into the cup with mant-  
ling heat,  
Her watchful care  
Was still to cool its liquid fire

<sup>1</sup> This is a Platonic fancy. The philosopher supposes, in his Timaeus, that, when the Deity had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls, in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as for the former, and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it among the stars, which served as reservoirs of the fluid.—Taur

εἶπε καὶ πάλιν ἐπὶ τὸν προτέρων κρατῆρα ἐν ᾧ τὴν τοῦ παντός ψυχὴν κεραυνὸς ἐμίσηγε, κ τ λ

<sup>2</sup> We learn from Theophrastus that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant.—Evo-σμάτα τὰ δὲ τὰ ἐν Κυρήνῃ ρόδα

<sup>3</sup> Herichthus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellal essence—'Scintilla stellalis essentiae'—Macrobius, in *Somn. Scip.* lib 1 cap 14

With snow-white sprinklings of that  
feathery air  
The children of the Pole respire,  
In those enchanted lands,<sup>1</sup>  
Where life is all a spring, and north  
winds never blow

But oh ! 70  
Bright Hebe, what a tear,  
And what a blush were thine,  
When, as the breath of every Grace  
Wafted thy feet along the studded sphere,  
With a bright cup for Jove himself to  
dunk,  
Somestar, that shone beneath thy tread,  
Raising its amorous head  
To kiss those matchless feet,  
Check'd thy career too fleet,  
And all heaven's host of eyes so  
Entranc'd, but fearful all,  
Saw thee, sweet Hebe, prostrate fall  
Upon the bright floor of the azure  
skies,

Where, mid its stars, thy beauty  
lay,  
As blossom, shaken from the spray  
Of a spring thorn,  
Lies mid the liquid sparkles of the morn  
Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,  
The worshippers of Beauty's queen  
behold  
An image of their rosy idol, laid 90  
Upon a diamond shrine

The wanton wind,  
Which had pursu'd the flying fair,  
And sported mid the tresses  
unconfined  
Of her bright hair,  
Now, as she fell,—oh wanton breeze !  
Ruffled the robe, whose graceful flow  
Hung o'er those limbs of unsunn'd snow,  
Purely as the Eleusian veil  
Hangs o'er the Mysteries ! 100  
The brow of Juno flush'd—  
Love bless'd the breeze !  
The Muses blush'd,

And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,  
While every eye look'd laughing through  
the strings

But the bright cup ? the nectar'd draught  
Which Jove himself was to have quaff'd ?  
Alas, alas, upturn'd it lay  
By the fall'n Hebe's side,  
While, in slow lingering drops, th'  
ethereal tide, 110  
As conscious of its own rich essence,  
ebb'd away

Who was the Spirit that remember'd  
Man,  
In that blest hour,  
And, with a wing of love,  
Brush'd off the goblet's scatter'd  
tears,  
As, trembling, near the edge of heaven  
they ran,  
And sent them floating to our orb  
below ?

Essence of immortality !  
The shower 119  
Fell glowing through the spheres,  
While all around new tints of bliss,  
New odours and new light,  
Enrich'd its radiant flow  
Now, with a liquid kiss,  
It stole along the thrilling wire  
Of Heaven's luminous Lyre,<sup>2</sup>  
Stealing the soul of music in its flight  
And now, amid the breezes bland,  
That whisper from the planets as they  
roll, 129

The bright libation, softly fann'd  
By all their sighs, meandering stole  
They who, from Atlas' height,  
Beheld this rosy flame  
Descending through the waste of  
night,  
Thought 'twas some planet, whose em-  
pyreal frame  
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolv'd  
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'd  
Into a flood so bright !

<sup>1</sup> The country of the Hyperboreans. These people were supposed to be placed so far north that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals, passed their whole time in music and dancing, &c. &c. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined that, in-

stead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers. According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions.

<sup>2</sup> The constellation Lyra. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendent.

The youthful Day,  
 Within his twilight bower, 140  
 Lay sweetly sleeping  
 On the flush'd bosom of alotos-flower,<sup>1</sup>  
 When round him, in profusion  
 weeping,  
 Dropp'd the celestial shower,  
 Steeping  
 The rosy clouds, that curl'd  
 About his infant head,  
 Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid  
 shed  
 But, when the waking boy  
 Wav'd his exhaling tresses through  
 the sky, 150  
 O morn of joy !—  
 The tide divine,  
 All glorious with the vermil dye  
 It drank beneath his orient eye,  
 Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,  
 And every drop was wine, was heavenly  
 WINE !

Blest be the sod, and blest the flower  
 On which descended first that  
 shower,  
 All fresh from Jove's nectareous springs,—  
 Oh far less sweet the flower, the sod,  
 O'er which the Spirit of the Rain-  
 bow flings 161  
 The magic mantle of hersolar God!<sup>2</sup>

### RINGS AND SEALS

Ὅσπερ σφραγίδες τὰ φίληματα  
 ACHILLES TATTUS, lib 11

'Go!' said the angry, weeping maid,  
 'The charm is broken'—once betray'd,  
 Never can this wrong'd heart rely  
 On word or look, on oath or sigh  
 Take back the gifts, so fondly given,  
 With promis'd faith and vows to heaven,

That little ring which, night and morn,  
 With wedded truth my hand hath worn,  
 That seal which oft, in moments blest,  
 Thou hast upon my lips imprest,  
 And sworn its sacred spring should be  
 A fountain seal'd<sup>3</sup> for-only thee  
 Take, take them back, the gift and vow,  
 All sullied, lost and hateful now !<sup>4</sup>

I took the ring—the seal I took,  
 While, oh, her every tear and look  
 Were such as angels look and shed,  
 When man is by the world misled  
 Gently I whisper'd, 'Fanny, dear'  
 Not half thy lover's gifts are here  
 Say, where are all the kisses given,  
 From morn to noon, from noon to even,  
 Those signets of true love, worth more  
 Than Solomon's own seal of yore,—  
 Where are those gifts, so sweet, so many?  
 Come, dearest,—give back all, if any<sup>5</sup>

While thus I whisper'd, trembling too,  
 Lest all the nymph had sworn was true,  
 I saw a smile relenting rise  
 'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,  
 Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,  
 While yet in mid-air hangs the dew  
 She let her cheek repose on mine,  
 She let my arms around her twine,  
 One kiss was half allowed, and then—  
 The ring and seal were hers again

### TO MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D<sup>4</sup>

ON HER SINGING

I MORE than once have heard, at night,  
 A song, like those thy lip hath given,  
 And it was sung by shapes of light,  
 Who look'd and breath'd, like thee, of  
 heaven

<sup>1</sup> The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos. Εἰς τὴν Αἴγυπτον εὐρακὺς ἀρχὴν ἀνατολῆς παιδίον νεογνὸν γραφόντας ἐπὶ λωτῷ καθεζόμενον — *Plutarchi* πηρὶ τοῦ με ἰοῦαν ἐμμετρ. See also his *Treatise de Isid et Osir* Observing that the lotos showed its head above water at sunrise, and sank again at its setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating this flower to Osiris, or the sun

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones. See Montfaucon, tom 11 planche 158, and the 'Supplement,' &c tom 11 lib vii chap 5

<sup>2</sup> The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest, and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which the smile

of Iris had consecrated. *Plutarch Sympos* lib iv cap 2, where (as Vossius remarks) *καίουσι*, instead of *καλοῦσι*, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius, for some curious particularities of the rainbow, *De Origin et Progress Idololat* lib iii cap 13

<sup>3</sup> 'These are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The fountains show a fountain which, they say, is the 'sealed fountain' to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared, and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking' — *Mundrell's Travels*. See also the notes to *M. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon*

<sup>4</sup> The present Duchess of Hamilton

But this was all a dream of sleep,  
And I have said, when morning shone,  
Why should the night-witch, Fancy,  
keep

These wonders for herself alone ?'

I knew not then that fate had lent  
Such tones to one of mortal birth,  
I knew not then that Heaven had sent  
A voice, a form like thine on earth

And yet, in all that flowery maze  
Through which my path of life has  
led,

When I have heard the sweetest lays  
From lips of rosiest lustre shed,

When I have felt the warbled word  
From Beauty's lip, in sweetness vying  
With music's own melodious bird,  
When on the rose's bosom lying,

Though form and song at once combin'd  
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,  
My heart hath sigh'd, my ear hath pin'd  
For something lovelier, softer still —

Oh, I have found it all, at last,  
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,  
Through which the soul of song e'er  
pass'd,

O! feeling breath'd its sacred fire

All that I e'er, in wildest flight  
Of fancy's dreams, could hear or see  
Of music's sigh or beauty's light  
Is realiz'd, at once, in thee !

### IMPROMPTU,

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS

O dulces comitum valetæ coetus ! CATULLUS

No, never shall my soul forget  
The friends I found so cordial-hearted,  
Dear shall be the day we met,  
And dear shall be the night we parted

If fond regrets, however sweet,  
Must with the lapse of time decay,  
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,  
Fill high to him that's far away !

Long be the light of memory found  
Alive within your social glass  
Let that be still the magic round,  
O'er which Oblivion dares not pass

### A WARNING

TO

Oh fair as heaven and chaste as light  
Did nature mould thee all so bright,  
That thou shouldst e'er be brought to  
weep  
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,  
O'er shame extinguisht, honour fled,  
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead ?

No, no ! a star was born with thee,  
Which sheds eternal purity  
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,  
So fair a transcript of the skies,  
In lines of light such heavenly lore,  
That man should read them and adore  
Yet have I known a gentle maid  
Whose mind and form were both array'd  
In nature's purest light, like thine, —  
Who wore that clear, celestial sign,  
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair  
For destiny's peculiar care  
Whose bosom too, like Dian's own,  
Was guarded by a sacred zone,  
Where the bright gem of virtue shone ;  
Whose eyes had, in their light, a charm  
Against all wrong, and guile, and harm  
Yet, hapless maid, in one sad hour,  
These spells have lost their guardian  
power,

The gem has been beguild away,  
Her eyes have lost their chast'ning ray,  
The modest pride, the guiltless shame,  
The smiles that from reflection came,  
All, all have fled, and left her mind  
A faded monument behind,  
The ruins of a once pure shrine,  
No longer fit for guest divine  
Oh ! 'twas a sight I wept to see—  
Heaven keep the lost one's fate from  
thee !

TO

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,  
While yet my soul is something free,  
While yet those dangerous eyes allow  
One minute's thought to stray from  
thee

Oh ! thou becom'st each moment dearer,  
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,  
Brings my run nearer, nearer, —  
I am lost, unless I fly thee

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,  
Doom me not thus so soon to fall,  
Duties, fame, and hopes await me,—  
But that eye would blast them all !

For, thou hast heart as false and cold  
As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,  
And couldst, without a sigh, behold  
The ruin which thyself had made

Yet,—*could* I think that, truly fond,  
That eye but once would smile on me,  
Ev'n as thou art, how far beyond  
Fame, duty, wealth, that smile would  
be !

Oh ! but to win it, night and day,  
Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,  
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,  
The world for thee forgot, resign'd

But no, 'tis o'er, and—thus we part,  
Never to meet again,—no, never  
False woman, what a mind and heart  
Thy treach'ry has undone for ever !

#### WOMAN

AWAY, away—you're all the same,  
A smiling, flutt'ring, jilting throng,  
And, wise too late, I burn with shame,  
To think I've been your slave so long  
Slow to be won, and quick to rove,  
From folly kind, from cunning loath,  
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,  
Yet feigning all that's best in both,  
Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,—  
More joy it gives to woman's breast  
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,  
Than one true, manly lover blest

Away, away—your smile's a curse—  
Oh ! blot me from the race of men,  
Kind pitying Heaven, by death or worse,  
If e'er I love such things again

#### TO

Νοσσεῖ τὰ φίλτατα ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΕΣ

COME, take thy harp—'tis vain to muse  
Upon the gathering ills we see,  
Oh ! take thy harp and let me lose  
All thoughts of ill if hearing thee

Sing to me, love !—though death were  
near,

Thy song could make my soul forget—  
Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,  
All may be well, be happy yet

Let me but see that snowy aim  
Once more upon the dear harp lie,  
And I will cease to dream of harm,  
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh

Give me that strain of mournful touch,  
We us'd to love long, long ago,  
Before our hearts had known as much  
As now, alas ! they bleed to know

Sweet notes ! they tell of former peace,  
Of all that look'd so smiling then,  
Now vanish'd, lost—oh play thee,  
cease,

I cannot bear those sounds again

Art thou, too, wretched ? yes, thou art,  
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—  
Come, come to this devoted heart,  
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine !

#### A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY

'Twas on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met  
The venerable man<sup>1</sup>, a healthy bloom  
Mingled its softness with the vigorous thought  
That tower'd upon his brow, and, when he spoke,  
'Twas language sweeten'd into song—such holy sounds  
As oft, they say, the wise and virtuous hear,

<sup>1</sup> In Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them, the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs. *Περὶ*

*την ερυθρὰν θαλάσσαν εἶρον, ἀνθρώποις ἀναπαντος ἀπαξ ἐντηνυχανοντα, πάλαι δὲ συνταίσι νυμφαῖς, νομασί καὶ δαιμοσίν, ὡς ἐφασκε.* He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrant filled the place. *φθεγγόμενον δὲ τὸν τόπον εὐωδία κατεῖχε, τὸν στοματός ἡδίστον ἀποπνεύοντος.* From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,  
 When death is nigh<sup>1</sup>, and still, as he unclos'd  
 His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland  
 As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers 10  
 That blossom in elysium<sup>2</sup>, breath'd around  
 With silent awe we listen'd, while he told  
 Of the dark veil which many an age had hung  
 O'er Nature's form, till, long exploit'd by man,  
 The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,  
 And glimpses of that heavenly form shone thro' —  
 Of magic wonders, that were known and taught  
 By him (or Cham or Zoroaster nam'd)  
 Who mus'd amid the mighty cataclysm,  
 O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore<sup>3</sup>, 20  
 And gath'ring round him, in the sacred ar,  
 The mighty secrets of that former globe,  
 Let not the living star of science<sup>4</sup> sink  
 Beneath the waters, which ingulph'd a world !—  
 Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd  
 To him<sup>5</sup>, who trac'd upon his typic lyre  
 The diapason of man's mingled frame,  
 And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven  
 With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,  
 Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night, 30  
 Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant  
 Of Carmel's sacred mount<sup>6</sup>—Then, in a flow  
 Of calmer converse, he begu'd us on  
 Through many a maze of Garden and of Porch,  
 Through many a system, where the scatter'd light  
 Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam  
 From the pure sun, which, though refracted all  
 Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain of music in the air. See the poem of Heinsius, 'In haemoniam quam paulo ante obitum audire sibi visus est Dousa' Page 501

<sup>2</sup> — ενθα μακαρων  
 νασον οικεινδες  
 αναι περιτροουσιν αν-  
 θεμα δε χρυσου φλεγει

<sup>3</sup> Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article, Cham. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Beza (or rather the impostor Annius), and a few more such respectable testimonies. See Naude's Apologie pour les Grands Hommes, &c. chap viii, where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

<sup>4</sup> Chamum a posteris hujus artis admiratori-

bus Zoroastium, seu vivum astrum, propterea fuisse dictum et pio Deo habitum — Bochart *Geograph. Sacr.* lib. iv cap. 1

<sup>5</sup> Orpheus — Paulinus, in his *Hebdomades*, cap. 2 lib. iii, has endeavoured to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, or octave, made up of a diatesseron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body.

<sup>6</sup> Pythagoras is represented in Iamblichus as descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. Thus Mochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phoenicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses.

<sup>7</sup> Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that any one who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian. 'Si extitisset aliquis, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusam colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto non dissentiret a nobis' — *Inst.* lib. vi c. 7

And bright through every change<sup>1</sup>—he spoke of Him,  
 The lone<sup>1</sup>, eternal One, who dwells above, 40  
 And of the soul's untraceable descent  
 From that high fount of spirit, through the grades  
 Of intellectual being, till it mix  
 With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark,  
 Nor yet even then, though sunk in earthly dross,  
 Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch  
 Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still  
 As some bright river, which has roll'd along  
 Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,  
 When pour'd at length into the dusky deep, 50  
 Disdains to take at once its briny taint,  
 But keeps unchanged awhile the lustrous tinge,  
 Or balmy freshness, of the scenes it left<sup>2</sup>

And here the old man ceas'd—a winged train  
 Of nymphs and genn bore him from our eyes  
 The fair illusion fled<sup>1</sup> and, as I wak'd,  
 'Twas clear that my rapt soul had roam'd the while,  
 To that bright realm of dreams, that spirit-world,  
 Which mortals know by its long track of light  
 O'er midnight's sky, and call the Galaxy<sup>3</sup> 60

## TO MRS

To see thee every day that came,  
 And find thee still each day the same,  
 In pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear  
 To me still ever kind and dear,—  
 To meet thee early, leave thee late,  
 Has been so long my bliss, my fate,  
 That life, without this cheering ray,  
 Which came, like sunshine, every day,  
 And all my pain, my sorrow chas'd,  
 Is now a lone and loveless waste

Where are the chords she us'd to  
 touch?

The airs, the songs she lov'd so much?  
 Those songs are hush'd, those chords are  
 still,

And so, perhaps, will every thrill  
 Of feeling soon be lull'd to rest,  
 Which late I wak'd in Anna's breast  
 Yet, no—the simple notes I play'd  
 From memory's tablet soon may fade,  
 The songs, which Anna lov'd to hear,  
 May vanish from her heart and ear,

<sup>1</sup> Το μόνον και ερημον

<sup>2</sup> This bold Platonic image I have taken from a passage in Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in Picart's *Cicéron Relig* tom 17

But friendship's voice shall ever find  
 An echo in that gentle mind,  
 Nor memory lose nor time impair  
 The sympathies that tremble there

TO LADY HEATHCOTE,  
 ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT  
 TUNBRIDGE-WELLS

'Tunnebridge est à la même distance de Londres, que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au tems des eaux. La compagnie,' &c &c

See *Mémoires de Grammont*, Second Part, chap. III

Tunbridge Wells

WHEN Grammont grac'd these happy  
 springs,

And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,  
 The merriest wight of all the kings  
 That ever rul'd these gay, gallant isles,

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,  
 At eve, they did as we may do,  
 And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,  
 And lovely Stewart smil'd like you

<sup>3</sup> According to Pythagoras, the people of Dicams are souls collected together in the Galaxy—ἄνθρωποι δε οὐρανῶν, κατὰ Πυθαγόραν, αἱ ψυχαὶ αἱ συναγασθῆαι φησὶν εἰς τὴν γαλαξίαν—*Porphyry de Astro Nymph*

The only different trait is this,  
That woman then, if man beset her,  
Was rather given to saying 'yes,' 11  
Because,—as yet, she knew no better

Each night they held a coterie,  
Where, every fear to slumber charm'd,  
Lovers were all they ought to be,  
And husbands not the least alarm'd

Then call'd they up their school-day  
pranks,  
Nor thought it much their sense  
beneath  
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,  
And lords show'd wit, and ladies  
teeth 20

As—'Why are husbands like the mint?'  
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty  
Is but to set the name and print  
That give a currency to beauty

'Why is a rose in nettles hid  
Like a young widow, fresh and fair?'  
Because 'tis sighing to be rid  
Of weeds, that 'have no business  
there'

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,  
And now they struck and now they  
parried, 30  
And some laid in of full grown wit,  
While others of a pun miscarried

'Twas one of those facetious nights  
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring  
For breaking grave conundrum-rites,  
On punning ill, or—some such thing—

From whence it can be fairly trac'd,  
Through many a branch and many  
a bough,  
From twig to twig, until it grac'd  
The snowy hand that wears it now 40

All this I'll prove, and then, to you,  
Oh Tunbridge! and your springs  
ironical,  
I swear by Heathcote's eye of blue  
To dedicate the important chronicle

<sup>1</sup> Mamurra, a dogmatic philosopher, who never doubted about any thing, except who was his father.—'Nulla de re unquam praeterquam de patre dubitavit'—*In lit*

<sup>2</sup> Bombastus was one of the names of that great scholar and quack Paracelsus.—'Philippus Bombastus latet sub splendido tegmine

Long may your ancient inmates give  
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,  
And Charles's loves in Heathcote live,  
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers

Let no pedantic fools be there,  
For ever be those fops abolish'd, 50  
With heads as wooden as thy ware,  
And, Heaven knows! not half so  
polish'd

But still receive the young, the gay,  
The few who know the rare delight  
Of reading Grammont every day,  
And acting Grammont every night

## THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS

### A FRAGMENT

Τὴ κακὸν οὐ γέλωας,  
CHRYSTOT *Homil in Epist ad Hebraeos*

BUT, whither have these gentle ones,  
These rosy nymphs and black eyed nuns,  
With all of Cupid's wild romancing,  
Led my truant brains a dancing?  
Instead of studying tomes scholastic,  
Ecclesiastic, or monastic,  
Off I fly, careering far  
In chase of Pollys, prettier far  
Than any of their namesakes are,—  
The Polymaths and Polyhistor, 10  
Polyglots and all their sisters  
So have I known a hopeful youth  
Sit down in quest of lore and truth,  
With tomes sufficient to confound him,  
Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him,—  
Mamurra<sup>1</sup> stuck to Theophrastus,  
And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus<sup>2</sup>  
When lo! while all that's learn'd and  
wise

Absorbs the boy, he lifts his eyes,  
And through the window of his study 20  
Beholds some damsel fair and ruddy,  
With eyes as brightly tun'd upon him as  
The angel's<sup>3</sup> were on Hieronymus

Aureoli Theophrasti Puacelsi, sive Stadelius  
de circumlocutione Litterarum vanitate

<sup>3</sup> The angel, who scolded St Jerom for reading Cicero, as Gratian tells the story in his 'Concordantia discordantium Canonum,' and says, that for this reason bishops were not allowed to read the Classics.—'Episcopus Gentilium libros non legat'—*Distinct* 37



Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,  
 Old Homer's laurel'd brow is batter'd,  
 And Sappho, headlong sent, flies just in  
 The reverend eye of St Augustin  
 Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,  
 Oh woman, for thy lovelier page  
 Sweet book '—unlike the books of art,—  
 Whose errors are thy fairest part, 31  
 In whom the dear errata column  
 Is the best page in all the volume'

But to begin my subject rhyme—  
 'Twas just about this devilish time,  
 When scarce there happen'd any frolics  
 That were not done by Diabolics,  
 A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,  
 Who woman scorn'd, nor saw the use of  
 her,

A branch of Dagon's family, 40  
 (Which Dagon, whether He or She,  
 Is a dispute that vastly better is  
 Referr'd to Scaliger *et caeteris*,)  
 Finding that, in this cage of fools,  
 The wisest sots adorn the schools,  
 Took it at once his head Satanic in,  
 To grow a great scholastic manikin,—  
 A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as  
 Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lully, Hales Irrefragabilis, 50  
 Or any doctor of the rabble is  
 In languages, the Polyglots,  
 Compar'd to him, were Babel sots,  
 He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,  
 Sanhedrim and Priest included,—  
 Priest and holy Sanhedrim  
 Were one and seventy fools to him  
 But chief the learned demon felt a  
 Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,  
 That, all for Greek and learning's glory,  
 He nightly topp'd 'Graeco moré,' 61  
 And never paid a bill or balance  
 Except upon the Grecian Kalends —  
 From whence your scholars, when they  
 want tick,  
 Say, to be *Attic's* to be *on tick*,  
 In logics he was quite *Ho Panu*,  
 Knew as much as ever man knew

<sup>1</sup> I wish it were known with any degree of certainty whether the Commentary on Boethius attributed to Thomas Aquinas be really the work of this Angelic Doctor. There are some bold assertions hazarded in it. For instance, he says that Plato kept school in a town called Academia, and that Alcibiades was a very beautiful woman whom some of Aristotle's pupils fell in love with.—'Alcibiades mulier

He fought the combat syllogistic  
 With so much skill and art eistic,  
 That though you were the learn'd  
 Stagirite, 70

At once upon the hip he had you right  
 In music, though he had no ears  
 Except for that amongst the spheres,  
 (Which most of all, as he averr'd it,  
 He dearly lov'd, 'cause no one heard it.)  
 Yet aptly he, at sight, could read  
 Each tuneful diagram in Bedé,  
 And find, by Euclid's corollaria,  
 The ratios of a jig or aria  
 But, as for all your warbling Delias, 80  
 Orpheuses and Saint Cecilias,  
 He own'd he thought them much sur-  
 pass'd

By that redoubted Hyaloclast<sup>2</sup>  
 Who still contriv'd by dint of throttle,  
 Where'er he went to crack a bottle

Likewise to show his mighty know-  
 ledge, he,  
 On things unknown in physiology,  
 Wrote many a chapter to divert us,  
 (Like that great little man Albertus,)  
 Wherein he show'd the reason why, 90  
 When children first are heard to cry,  
 If boy the baby chance to be,  
 He cries O A '—if girl, O E '—  
 Which are, quoth he, exceeding fau hints  
 Respecting their first sinful parents,  
 'Oh Eve' exclaimeth little madam,  
 While little master cries 'Oh Adam' ' ' 95

But 'twas in Optics and Dioptrics,  
 Our daemon play'd his first and top  
 tricks 99  
 He held that sunshine passes quicker  
 Through wine than any other liquor,  
 And though he saw no great objection  
 To steady light and clear reflection,  
 He thought the aberrating rays,  
 Which play about a bumper's blaze,  
 Were by the doctors look'd, in common,  
 on,  
 As a more rare and rich phenomenon

*fuit pulcherrima, quam videntes quidam discipuli Aristotelis,* &c.—See Fleytag *Adpoint Litterar* art 80 tom 1

<sup>2</sup> Or Glass-Brakei.—Mothofius has given an account of this extraordinary man in a work, published 1682,—'De vitreo scypho fracto,' &c

<sup>3</sup> Translated almost literally from a passage in Albertus de Secretis, &c

He wisely said that the sensorium  
Is for the eyes a great emporium, 109  
To which these noted picture-stealers  
Send all they can and meet with dealers  
In many an optical proceeding  
The brain, he said, show'd great good-  
breeding

For instance, when we ogle women  
(A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in),  
Although the dears are apt to get in a  
Strange position on the retina  
Yet instantly the modest brain  
Doth set them on their legs again ! 1

Our doctor thus, with 'stuff'd suffi-  
ciency' 120  
Of all omnigenous omniscieny,  
Began (as who would not begin  
That had, like him, so much within ?)  
To let it out in books of all sorts,  
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts,  
Poems, so very deep and sensible  
That they were quite incomprehensible,

Prose, which had been at learning's  
Fair,  
And bought up all the tumpetry there,  
The tatter'd rags of every vest, 136  
In which the Greeks and Romans drest,  
And o'er her figure swoll'n and antic  
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,  
That those, who saw what fits she had,  
Declar'd unhappy Prose was mad !  
Epics he wrote and scores of rebuses,  
All as neat as old Turnebus's,  
Eggs and altars, cyclopaedias,  
Grammars, prayer-books—oh ! 'twere  
tedious,

Did I but tell the half, to follow me 140  
Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,  
No—nor the hoary Trismegistus,  
(Whose writings all, thank heaven !  
have miss'd us,)  
E'er fill'd with lumber such a wareroom  
As this great 'porcus literarum' !

## POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA

### TO FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA

GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE,  
CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, ETC

MY LORD,

It is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules 'On Hercules' said the honest Spartan, 'who ever thought of blaming Hercules ?' In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task I shall, therefore, be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honour to present

I am, my Lord,  
With every feeling of attachment and respect,  
Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE

27, Bury Street, St James's,  
April 10, 1806

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to that habitual act of the judge of the image upon the retina, a correct impression, by which, notwithstanding the inversion of the object is conveyed to the sensorium

PREFACE<sup>1</sup>

THE principal poems in the following collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie.<sup>2</sup> How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given, and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression, as, in short, the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realised, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. In all these flattering expectations I found myself completely disappointed, and felt inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, 'intentata nites.' Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that 'freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature,' and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal imbibes all social intercourse, and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared to me the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance, the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride of civilisation, while they are still so far removed from its higher and better characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, must repress every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince, for the limits of a preface

<sup>1</sup> This Preface, as well as the Dedication which precedes it, were prefixed originally to the miscellaneous volume entitled 'Odes and Epistles,' of which, hitherto, the poems relating to my American tour have formed a part.

<sup>2</sup> Epistles VI, VII, and VIII

prevent me from entering into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologise to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms as I have here brought in conflict together. To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller, is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic, yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I most sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

## POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA

TO LORD VISCOUNT  
STRANGFORD

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE  
AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT

SWEET Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,<sup>1</sup>  
By any spell my hand could dare  
To make thy disk its ample page,  
And write my thoughts, my wishes  
there,

How many a friend, whose careless eye  
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,  
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet  
The recollection, kind and sweet,  
The reveries of fond regret,  
The promise, never to forget, 10  
And all my heart and soul would send  
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend

How little, when we parted last,  
I thought those pleasant times were past,  
For ever past, when brilliant joy  
Was all my vacant heart's employ  
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,  
We thought the rapid hours too few,  
Our only use for knowledge then  
To gather bliss from all we knew 20

<sup>1</sup> Pythagoras, who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon by the means of a magic mirror.—See BAYLE, art. *Pythag*

Delicious days of whim and soul!  
When, mingling lore and laugh  
together,

We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,  
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's  
feather

Little I thought 'hat all were fled,  
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,  
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd  
That waits me to the western world

And yet, 'twas time,—in youth's  
sweet days,

To cool that season's glowing rays, 30  
The heart awhile, with wanton wing,  
May dip and dive in Pleasure's spring,  
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,  
The spring will chill, the heart will  
freeze

And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,—  
Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,  
And gave my soul such tempting scope  
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,  
That not Verona's child of song, 39  
When flying from the Phrygian shore,  
With lighter heart could bound along,  
Or pant to be a wand're'r more!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th *Carmen* of Catullus —

*Jam mens praetrepidans avet vagari,  
Jam laeti studio pedes vigeant!*

Even now delusive hope will steal  
Amid the dark regrets I feel,  
Soothing, as yonder placid beam  
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,  
And lights them with consoling gleam,  
And smiles them into tranquil sleep  
Oh ! such a blessed night as this,  
I often think, if friends were near, 50  
How we should feel, and gaze with  
bliss

Upon the moon-bright scenery here !  
The sea is like a silvery lake,  
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides  
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake  
The slumber of the silent tides  
The only envious cloud that lowers  
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,<sup>1</sup>  
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,  
And scowling at this heav'n of light,  
Exults to see the infant storm 61  
Cling darkly round his giant form !

Now, could I range those verdant  
isles,  
Invisible at this soft hour,  
And see the looks, the beaming smiles,  
That brighten many an orange bower,

And could I lift each pious veil,  
And see the blushing cheek it shades,  
Oh ! I should have full many a tale,  
To tell of young Azorian maids<sup>2</sup> 70  
Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,  
Some lover (not too idly blest,  
Like those, who in their ladies' laps  
May cradle every wish to rest,)  
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,  
Those madrigals, of breath divine,  
Which Camoens' harp from Rapture stole  
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine<sup>3</sup>  
Oh ! could the lover learn from thee,  
And breathe them with thy graceful  
tone, 80  
Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy  
Would make the coldest nymph his  
own  
But, hark !—the boatswain's pipings  
tell  
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell  
Eight bells —the middle watch is set,  
Good night, my Strangford !—ne'er  
forget  
That, far beyond the western sea  
Is one, whose heart remembers thee

## STANZAS

Θυμός δε γὰρ ἐμὸς —————

με προσφώνει ταῦτα

Γίνωσκε τανύρωπαι μὴ σεβειν ἄγαν. AEsCHYL Fragment

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,  
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,  
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,  
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er  
Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,  
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,  
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,  
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled  
I thought of those days, when to pleasure alone  
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh,  
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,  
Was pity for those who were wiser than I  
I reflected, how soon in the cup of Desire  
The pearl of the soul may be melted away,  
How quickly, alas, the pure sparkle of fire  
We inherit from heav'n, may be quench'd in the clay,

<sup>1</sup> A very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe

<sup>2</sup> I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the

inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted to gallantry. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited

<sup>3</sup> These islands belong to the Portuguese

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,  
That Pleasure no more might its purity dim,  
So that, sullied but little, or brightly the same,  
I might give back the boon I had borrow'd from him

How blest was the thought ' it appear'd as if Heaven  
Had already an opening to Paradise shown,  
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,  
My heart then began to be purely its own

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky,  
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more.  
Oh ' thus,' I exclaimed, ' may a heavenly eye  
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before'

### TO THE FLYING FISH<sup>1</sup>

WHEN I have seen thy snow-white wing  
From the blue wave at evening spring,  
And show those scales of silvery white,  
So gaily to the eye of light,  
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,  
And live amid the glorious skies,  
Oh ' it has made me proudly feel,  
How like thy wing's impatient zeal  
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent  
Within this world's gross element,  
But takes the wing that God has given,  
And rises into light and heaven'

But, when I see that wing, so bright,  
Grow languid with a moment's flight,  
Attempt the paths of air in vain,  
And sink into the waves again,  
Alas ' the flattering pride is o'er,  
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,  
But erring man must blush to think,  
Like thee, again the soul may sink

Oh Virtue ' when thy clime I seek,  
Let not my spirit's flight be weak  
Let me not, like this feeble thing,  
With brine still dropping from its wing,  
Just sparkle in the solar glow  
And plunge again to depths below,  
But, when I leave the grosser throng  
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,

Let me, in that aspiring day,  
Cast every lingering stain away,  
And, panting for thy purer air,  
Fly up at once and fix me there

### TO MISS MOORE

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA,  
NOVEMBER, 1803

In days, my Kate, when life was new,  
When, lull'd with innocence and you,  
I heard, in home's beloved shade,  
The din the world at distance made,  
When, every night my weary head  
Sunk on its own unthorned bed,  
And, mild as evening's matron hour,  
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,  
A mother saw our eyelids close,  
And bless'd them into pure repose,  
Then, haply if a week, a day,  
I linger'd from that home away,  
How long the little absence seem'd '  
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,  
As mute you heard, with eager smile,  
My tales of all that pass'd the while'

Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea  
Rolls wide between that home and me;  
The moon may thrice be born and die,  
Ere ev'n that seal can reach mine eye, so

<sup>1</sup> It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters, in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between

them, συγγεγεννηται τοις πεποιμενοις προς τα νηκτα. With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves

Which used so oft, so quick to come,  
Still breathing all the breath of home,—  
As if, still fresh, the cordial air  
From lips belov'd were lingering there  
But now, alas,—far different fate!  
It comes o'er ocean, slow and late,  
When the dear hand that fill'd its fold  
With words of sweetness may lie cold

But hence that gloomy thought! at  
last,

Beloved Kate, the waves are past 30  
I tread on earth securely now,  
And the green cedar's living bough  
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes  
Than could a Claude's divinest dyes.  
At length I touch the happy sphere  
To liberty and virtue dear,  
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim  
His rank within the social frame,  
Sees a grand system round him roll,  
Himself its centre, sun, and soul! 40  
Far from the shocks of Europe—far  
From every wild, elliptic star  
That, shooting with a devious fire,  
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,  
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd  
The systems of the ancient world

The warrior here, in arms no more,  
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,  
And glorying in the freedom won  
For hear, and shrine, for sire and son,  
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide 51  
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride  
While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,  
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,  
Effacing with her splendid share  
The drops that war had sprinkled there  
Thrice happy land! where he who flies  
From the dark ills of other skies,  
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,  
May shelter him in proud repose 60  
Hope sings along the yellow sand  
His welcome to a patriot land,

<sup>1</sup> Such romantic works as *The American Farmer's Letters*, and the account of Kentucky by Inlay, would searce us into a belief, that innocence, peace and freedom had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers, too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

The mighty wood, with pomp, receives  
The stranger in its world of leaves,  
Which soon their barren glory yield  
To the warm shed and cultur'd field,  
And he, who came, of all bereft,  
To whom malignant fate had left  
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,  
Finds home and friends and country  
here 70

Such is the picture, warmly such,  
That Fancy long, with florid touch,  
Had painted to my sanguine eye  
Of man's new world of liberty  
Oh! ask me not, if Truth have yet  
Her seal on Fancy's promise set,  
If ev'n a glimpse my eyes behold  
Of that imagin'd age of gold,—  
Alas, not yet one gleaming trace!<sup>1</sup>  
Never did youth, who lov'd a face 80  
As sketch'd by some fond pencil's skill,  
And made by fancy lover's still,  
Shrink back with more of sad surprise,  
When the live model met his eyes,  
Than I have felt, in sorrow felt,  
To find a dream on which I've dwelt  
From boyhood's hour, thus fade and flee  
At touch of stern reality! 88

But, courage, yet, my wavering heart!  
Blame not the temple's meanest part,<sup>2</sup>  
Till thou hast trac'd the fane o'er —  
As yet, we have beheld no more  
Than just the porch to Freedom's fane,  
And, though a sable spot may stain  
The vestibule, 'tis wrong, 'tis sin  
To doubt the godhead reigns within!  
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,  
To you, and those dear friends, whose fate  
Touches more near this home-sick soul  
Than all the Powers from pole to pole,  
One word at parting—in the tone 101  
Most sweet to you, and most my own  
The simple strain I send you here,<sup>3</sup>  
Wild though it be, would charm your ear,

<sup>2</sup> Norfolk, it must be owned, presents an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

<sup>3</sup> A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this Epistle.

Did you but know the trance of thought  
 In which my mind its numbers caught  
 'Twas one of those half-waking dreams,  
 That haunt me oft, when music seems  
 To bear my soul in sound along,  
 And turn its feelings all to song 110  
 I thought of home, the according lays  
 Came full of dreams of other days,  
 Freshly in each succeeding note  
 I found some young remembrance float,  
 Till following, as a clue, that strain,  
 I wander'd back to home again

Oh! love the song, and let it oft  
 Live on your lip, in accents soft  
 Say that it tells you, simply well,  
 All I have bid its wild notes tell,— 120  
 Of Memory's dream, of thoughts that yet  
 Glow with the light of joy that's set,  
 And all the fond heart keeps in store  
 Of friends and scenes beheld no more  
 And now, adieu!—this artless air,  
 With a few rhymes, in transcript fair,  
 Are all the gifts I yet can boast  
 To send you from Columbia's coast,  
 But when the sun, with warmer smile,  
 Shall light me to my destin'd isle, 130  
 You shall have many a cowslip-bell,  
 Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,  
 In which that gentle spirit drew  
 From honey flowers the morning dew.

## A BALLAD

## THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA

'They tell of a young man, who lost his mind  
 upon the death of a girl he loved, and who,  
 suddenly disappearing from his friends, was  
 never afterwards heard of. As he had fre-  
 quently said, in his ravings, that the girl was  
 not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is  
 supposed he had wandered into that dreary  
 wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been  
 lost in some of its dreadful morasses.—*Anon.*  
 'La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature'  
 D'ALEMBERT

'THEY made her a grave, too cold and  
 damp  
 For a soul so warm and true,  
 And she's gone to the Lake of the  
 Dismal Swamp,<sup>2</sup>  
 Where, each night long, by a fire-fly lamp,  
 She paddles her white canoe

'And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,  
 And her paddle I soon shall hear,  
 Long and loving our life shall be,  
 And I'll hide the maid in a cypress  
 tree,  
 When the footstep of death is near' 9

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—  
 His path was rugged and sore,  
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
 Through many a fen, where the serpent  
 feeds,  
 And man never trod before

And, when on the earth he sunk to  
 sleep,  
 If slumber his eyelids knew,  
 He lay, where the deadly vine doth  
 weep  
 Its venomous tear and nightly steep  
 The flesh with blistering dew' 20

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the  
 brake,  
 And the copper-snake breath'd in his  
 ear,  
 Till he starting cried, from his dream  
 awake,  
 'Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,  
 And the white canoe of my dear?' 2

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright  
 Quick over its surface play'd—  
 'Welcome,' he said, 'my dear one's  
 light!'  
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a  
 night,  
 The name of the death-cold maid 30

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen  
 bark,  
 Which carried him off from shore,  
 Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,  
 The wind was high and the clouds were  
 dark,  
 And the boat return'd no more

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,  
 Thus lover and maid so true  
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp  
 To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
 And paddle their white canoe' 40

miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in  
 the middle of it (about seven miles long) is  
 called Drummond's Pond,

<sup>1</sup> Bermuda<sup>2</sup> The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve



## TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGALL

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804

LADY ' where'er you roam, whatever land  
 Woos the bright touches of that artist hand,  
 Whether you sketch the valley's golden meads,  
 Where mazy Lynth his lingering current leads,<sup>1</sup>  
 Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,  
 At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep,  
 Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,  
 Mark the last shadow on that holy shrine,<sup>2</sup>  
 Where, many a night, the shade of Tell complains  
 Of Galha's triumph and Helvetia's chains,  
 Oh ' lay the pencil for a moment by,  
 Turn from the canvas that creative eye,  
 And let its splendour, like the morning ray  
 Upon a shepherd's harp, illumine my lay

10

Yet, Lady, no—for song so rude as mine,  
 Chase not the wonders of your art divine,  
 Still, radiant eye, upon the canvas dwell,  
 Still, magic finger, weave your potent spell,  
 And, while I sing the animated smiles  
 Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,  
 Oh, might the song awake some bright design,  
 Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,  
 Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought  
 On painting's mirror so divinely caught,  
 While wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace  
 The faint conception kindling into grace,  
 Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,  
 And bless the lay that lent a charm to you

20

Say, have you ne'er, in nightly vision, stray'd  
 To those pure isles of ever-blooming shade,  
 Which bards of old, with kindly fancy, plac'd  
 For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?<sup>3</sup>  
 There listening, while, from earth, each breeze that came  
 Brought echoes of their own undying fame,  
 In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,  
 They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along —  
 Nor yet in song, that mortal ear might suit,  
 For every spirit was itself a lute,  
 Where Virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,  
 Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies

30

40

<sup>1</sup> Lady Donegall, I had reason to suppose, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the well-known powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened

<sup>2</sup> The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne

<sup>3</sup> M. Gebelin says, in his *Monde Primitif*,

'Lorsque Strabon crût que les anciens théologiens et poètes plaçoient les champs élysées dans les îles de l'Océan Atlantique, il n'entendit rien à leur doctrine' M. Gebelin's supposition, I have no doubt, is the more correct, but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose

Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland  
 Floated our bark to this enchanted land,—  
 These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,  
 Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone,—  
 Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave  
 To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,  
 Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,  
 Of bowers ethereal, and the Spirit's chime

Bright rose the morning, every wave was still,  
 When the first perfume of a cedar hill 50  
 Sweetly awak'd us, and, with smiling charms,  
 The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms<sup>1</sup>  
 Gently we stole, before the whisp'ring wind,  
 Through plantain shades, that round, like awnings, twin'd  
 And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,  
 Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales,  
 While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,  
 Each wooded island shed so soft a green  
 That the enamour'd keel, with whisp'ring play,  
 Though liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way 60

Never did weary bark more gladly glide,  
 Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide<sup>1</sup>  
 Along the margin, many a shining dome,  
 White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,  
 Brighten'd the wave,—in every myrtle grove  
 Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,  
 Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;  
 And, while the foliage interposing play'd,  
 Lending the scene an ever-changing grace,  
 Fancy would love, in glimpses vague, to trace 70  
 The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,<sup>2</sup>  
 And dream of temples, till her kindling torch  
 Lighted me back to all the glorious days  
 Of Attic genius, and I seem'd to gaze  
 On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,  
 Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount

Then thought I, too, of thee, most sweet of all  
 The spirit race that come at poet's call,  
 Delicate Ariel<sup>1</sup> who, in brighter hours,  
 Liv'd on the perfume of these honied bowers, 80

<sup>1</sup> Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular cleanness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into another, formed altogether as lovely a miniature of nature's beauties as can well be imagined.

<sup>2</sup> This is an allusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of

their spring evenings, the white cottages, scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and a vivid fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns such as the pencil of a Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I could never turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

In velvet buds, at evening, lov'd to lie,  
 And win with music every rose's sigh  
 Though weak the magic of my humble strain  
 To charm your spirit from its orb again,  
 Yet, oh, for her, beneath whose smile I sing,  
 For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing  
 Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,  
 Could smooth its feather and relume its dye,)  
 Descend a moment from your starry sphere,  
 And, if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,  
 The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,  
 The sparkling grotto can delight you still,  
 Oh cull their choicest tints, their softest light,  
 Weave all these spells into one dream of night,  
 And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,  
 Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes,  
 Take for the task her own creative spells,  
 And brightly show what song but faintly tells

90

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ  
 OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA <sup>1</sup>

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804

Κεῖνι δ' ἡμεροεσσα καὶ ἀνθρώπος, οἷα θ' αἰετ-λῆξ,  
 Αἰθιυρῆς καὶ μαλλον ἐπιδρόμος ἥπερ ἱπποῖς,  
 Ποντῷ ἐνεσθρῖκται

CALLIMACH *Hymn in Del* v 11

Oh, what a sea of storm we've pass'd —  
 High mountain waves and foamy  
 showers,  
 And battling winds whose savage blast  
 But ill agrees with one whose hours  
 Have pass'd in old Anacreon's bowers  
 Yet think not poesy's bright charm  
 Forsook me in this rude alarm — <sup>2</sup>  
 When close they reef'd the timid sail,  
 When, every plank complaining loud,

<sup>1</sup> This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere, but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm from the welcome of such a board, could sit down to write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a modern philosopher. See the *Travels of the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt* i, vol 11

We labour'd in the midnight gale, 10  
 And ev'n our haughty main-mast  
 bow'd,

Even then, in that unlovely hour,  
 The Muse still brought her soothing  
 power,

And, midst the war of waves and wind,  
 In song's Elysium lapp'd my mind  
 Nay, when no numbers of my own  
 Responded to her wakening tone,  
 She open'd, with her golden key,

The casket where my memory lays,  
 Those gems of classic poesy, 20  
 Which time has sav'd from ancient  
 days

Take one of these, to Lais sung,—  
 I wrote it while my hammock swung,  
 As one might write a dissertation  
 Upon 'Suspended Animation'

<sup>2</sup> We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The *Diver* sloop of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda of cedar, and is accounted an excellent sea boat. She was then commanded by my very much regretted friend Captain Compton, who in July last was killed aboard the *Lilly* in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the *Lilly* to remain in the service, so small, crank, and unmanageable, that a well-mannered merchantman was at any time a match for her.

Sweet ' is your kiss, my Lais dear,  
But, with that kiss I feel a tear  
Gush from your eyelids, such as start  
When those who've dearly lov'd must  
part

Sadly you lean your head to mine, 30  
And mute those arms around me twine,  
Your hair adown my bosom spread,  
All glittering with the tears you shed  
In vain I've kiss'd those lids of snow,  
For still, like ceaseless founts they  
flow,

Bathing our cheeks, where'er they meet  
Why is it thus ? do tell me, sweet '  
Ah, Lais ' are my bodings right ?  
Am I to lose you ? is 'to-night  
Our last—go, false to heaven and me !  
Your very tears are treachery 41

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,  
Such was the strain, Morgante mio '  
The muse and I together sung,  
With Boreas to make out the trio  
But, bless the little fairy isle '  
How sweetly after all our ills,  
We saw the sunny morning smile  
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills ,  
And felt the pure, delicious flow 50  
Of airs, that round this Eden blow  
Freshly as ev'n the gales that come  
O'er our own healthy hills at home

<sup>1</sup> This epigram is by Pavi the Silentiary, and may be found in the *Analecta* of Brunck, vol. iii. p. 72. As the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Hensius, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his *Poemata*.

Ἦδὺ μὲν ἐστὶ φίλημα τὸ Λαίδος ᾗδεν δὲ αὐτῶν  
Ἠπιοδωτῶν δακρυ χεεὶς βλεφαρῶν,  
Καὶ πολὺ κίχλινον σαβεὶς εὐβοστρυχὸν αἰγλήν,  
Ἡμετέρα κεφαλὴν θύρον εἰρησάμενη  
Μυρομένη δ' ἐφίλησα τὰ δ' ὦ δροσερῆς ἀπο πηγῆς,  
Δακρυά μιν γινόμενον πίπτει κατὰ στοματῶν  
Εἴτε δ' ἀνεκρομένο, τινος οὐνεκα δακρυά λειβεῖς,  
Δαΐδια μὴ με λιπῆς ἐστὶ γὰρ ὀρκαπαταί.

<sup>2</sup> The water is so clear around the island, that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth, and, as we entered the harbour, they appeared to us so near the surface that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no necessity, of course, for heaving the lead, and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation, with a

Could you but view the scenery fair,  
That now beneath my window lies,  
You'd think, that nature lavish'd there  
Her purest wave, her softest skies,  
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,  
For bards to live and saints to die in  
Close to my wooded bank below, 60  
In glassy calm the waters sleep,  
And to the sunbeam proudly show  
The coral rocks they love to steep '  
The fainting breeze of morning fails ,  
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,  
And I can almost touch its sails  
As loose they flap around the mast  
The noontide sun a splendour pours  
That lights up all these leafy shores ,  
While his own heav'n, its clouds and  
beams, 70  
So pictur'd in the waters lie,  
That each small bark, in passing, seems  
To float along a burning sky

Oh for the pinnacle lent to thee,<sup>3</sup>  
Blest dreamer, who, in vision bright,  
Didst sail o'er heaven's solar sea  
And touch at all its isles of light  
Sweet Venus, what a clime he found  
Within thy orb's ambrosial round '<sup>4</sup>  
There spring the breezes, rich and  
warm, 80  
That sigh around thy vesper car ,  
And angels dwell, so pure of form  
That each appears a living star<sup>5</sup>

skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest sailors

<sup>3</sup> In Kircher's *Ecstatic Journey to Heaven*, Cosmel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus a boat of asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun 'Vides (says Cosmel) hanc asbestinam naviculam commoditati tuae praeparatam'—*Itinerar* I Dial i cap 5. This work of Kircher abounds with strange fancies

<sup>4</sup> When the Genius of the world and his fellow traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth, such being, according to astrologers, the *vis insiniviva* of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks, 'Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?'—'An aquis globi Veneris baptismus institui possit?' to which the Genius answers, 'Certainly'

<sup>5</sup> This idea is Father Kircher's 'Tot animatos soles dixisses'—*Itinerar* I Dial i cap 5

These are the spites, celestial queen !

Thou sendest nightly to the bed  
Of hei I love, with touch unseen  
-Thy planet's bright'ning tints to shed,  
To lend that eye a light still clearer,  
To give that cheek one rose-blush  
more,

And bid that blushing lip be dearer, go  
Which had been all too dear before

But, whither means the muse to roam ?  
'Tis time to call the wand'ier home  
Who could have thought the nymph  
would perch her

Up in the clouds with Father Kircher ?  
So, health and love to all your mansion !  
Long may the bowl that pleasures  
bloom in,

The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,  
Mirth and song, your board illumine  
At all your feasts, remember too, 100  
When cups are sparkling to the brim,  
That here is one who drinks to you,  
And, oh ! as warmly drink to him

### LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky  
To fight a lover to the pillow  
Of her he loves—

The swell of yonder foaming billow  
Resembles not the happy sigh  
That rapture moves

Yet do I feel more tranquil far  
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,  
In this dark hour,  
Than when, in passion's young emotion,  
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,  
To Julia's bower

Oh ! there's a holy calm profound  
In awe like this, that ne'er was given  
To pleasure's thrill,  
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,  
And the soul, listening to the sound,  
Lies mute and still

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,  
Of slumb'ring with the dead to-morrow  
In the cold deep,  
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow  
No more shall wake the heart or eye,  
But all must sleep

Well !—there are some, thou stormy bed,  
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure,  
Oh ! most to him,  
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of  
pleasure,  
Nor left one honey drop to shed  
Round sorrow's brim

Yes—he can smile serene at death  
Kind heaven, do thou but chase the  
weeping

Of friends who love him,  
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping  
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath  
No more shall move him

### ODES TO NEA

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA

NEA *ἡρώδης* —EURIPID *Medea*, v 367

NAY, tempt me not to love again,  
There was a time when love was  
sweet,

Dear Nea ! had I known thee then,  
Our souls had not been slow to meet  
But, oh, this weary heart hath run,  
So many a time, the rounds of pain,  
Not ev'n for thee, thou lovely one,  
Would I endure such pangs again

If there be climes, where never yet  
The print of beauty's foot was set, 10  
Where man may pass his loveless nights,  
Unfever'd by her false delights,  
Thither my wounded soul would fly,  
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye  
Should bring no more their bliss, or pain,  
Nor fetter me to earth again  
Dear absent girl ! whose eyes of light,  
Though little priz'd when all my own,  
Now float before me, soft and bright 19  
As when they first enamouring shone,—  
What hours and days have I seen glide,  
While fix'd, enchanted, by thy side,  
Unmindful of the fleeting day,  
I've let life's dream dissolve away  
O bloom of youth profusely shed !  
O moments ! simply, vainly sped,  
Yet sweetly too—for Love perfum'd  
The flame which thus my life con-  
sum'd,

And brilliant was the chain of flowers  
In which he led my victim—hours 30

Say, Nea, say, couldst thou, like her,  
When warm to feel and quick to err,  
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,  
This thoughtless soul might wish to  
wander,—

Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,  
Endearing still, reproaching never,  
Till ev'n this heart should burn with  
shame,

And be thy own more fix'd than ever ?  
No, no—on earth there's only one  
Could bind such faithless folly fast,  
And sure on earth but one alone 41  
Could make such virtue false at last !

Nea, the heart which she forsook,  
For thee were but a worthless shrine—  
Go, lovely girl, that angel look  
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine  
Oh ! thou shalt be all else to me,  
That heart can feel or tongue can feign,  
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,  
But must not, dare not, love again 50

— Tale itei omne cave  
PROPERT lib iv eleg 8

I PRAY you, let us roam no more  
Along that wild and lonely shore,  
Where late we thoughtless stray'd,  
'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends  
To be no more than simple friends,  
Such lonely walks were made

That little Bay, where turning in  
From ocean's rude and angry din,  
As lovers steal to bliss,  
The billows kiss the shore, and then 10  
Flow back into the deep again,  
As though they did not kiss

Remember, o'er its circling flood  
In what a dangerous dream we stood—  
The silent sea before us,  
Around us, all the gloom of grove,  
That ever lent its shade to love,  
No eye but heaven's o'er us !

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,  
In vain would formal art dissemble 20  
All we then look'd and thought,  
'Twas more than tongue could dare  
reveal,  
'Twas ev'ry thing that young hearts feel,  
By Love and Nature taught

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,  
A shell that, on the golden sand,  
Before us faintly gleam'd,  
I trembling rais'd it, and when you  
Had kist the shell, I kist it too—  
How sweet, how wrong it seem'd ! 30

Oh, trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,  
The worst that e'er the tempter's power  
Could tangle me or you in,  
Sweet Nea, let us roam no more  
Along that wild and lonely shore,  
Such walks may be our ruin

You read it in these spell-bound eyes,  
And there alone should love be read,  
You hear me say it all in sighs,  
And thus alone should love be said

Then dread no more, I will not speak,  
Although my heart to anguish thrill,  
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,  
And look it all in silence still

Heard you the wish I dar'd to name,  
To murmur on that luckless night, 10  
When passion broke the bonds of shame,  
And love grew madness in your sight ?

Divinely through the graceful dance,  
You seem'd to float in silent song,  
Bending to earth that sunny glance,  
As if to light your steps along

Oh ! how could others dare to touch  
That hallow'd form with hand so free,  
When but to look was bliss too much,  
Too rare for all but Love and me ! 20

With smiling eyes, that little thought  
How fatal were the beams they threw,  
My trembling hands you lightly caught,  
And round me, like a spirit, flew

Heedless of all, but you alone,—  
And you, at least, should not con-  
demn,

If, when such eyes before me shone,  
My soul forgot all eyes but them,—

I dar'd to whisper passion's vow,—  
For love had ev'n of thought bereft  
me,— 30

Nay, half-way bent to kiss that brow,  
But, with a bound, you blushing left  
me

Forget, forget that night's offence,  
 Forgive it, if, alas! you can,  
 'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and  
 sense—

'Twas all that's best and worst in man

That moment, did th' assembled eyes  
 Of heaven and earth my madness view,  
 I should have seen, through earth and  
 skies,

But you alone—but only you 40

Did not a frown from you reprove,  
 Myriads of eyes to me were none,  
 Enough for me to win your love,  
 And die upon the spot when won

### A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,  
 And trac'd that happy period over,  
 When blest alike were youth and age,  
 And love inspir'd the wisest sage,  
 And wisdom grac'd the tenderest lover

Before I laid me down to sleep,  
 Awhile I from the lattice gaz'd  
 Upon that still and moonlight deep,

With isles like floating gardens rais'd  
 Fer Amel there his sports to keep, 10  
 While, gliding 'twixt their leafy shores,  
 The lone night-fisher plied his oars

I felt,—so strongly fancy's power  
 Came o'er me in that witching hour,—  
 As if the whole bright scenery there

Were lighted by a Grecian sky,  
 And I then breath'd the blissful air  
 That late had thrill'd to Sappho's sigh.

Thus, waking, dreamt I,—and when  
 Sleep

Came o'er my sense, the dream went  
 on, 20

No! through her curtain dim and deep,  
 Hath ever lovelier vision shone  
 I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd  
 Though that serene, luxurious shade,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Gassendi thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions, in his first book, were those of Epicurus, and Stuart says, in his *Antiquities of Athens*, 'Near this convent (the convent of Hagios Asomatou) is the place called at present Kepoi, or the Gardens, and Ampelos Kepos, or the Vineyard Garden, these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited' Vol. 1 chap. 2

Where Epicurus taught the Loves  
 To polish virtue's native brightness,  
 As pearls, we're told, that fondling  
 doves

Have play'd with, wear a smother  
 whiteness<sup>2</sup>

'Twas one of those delicious nights  
 So common in the climes of Greece, 30  
 When day withdraws but half its lights,  
 And all is moonshine, balm, and peace  
 And thou wert there, my own belov'd,  
 And by thy side I fondly rov'd

Through many a temple's reverend  
 gloom,

And many a bower's seductive bloom,  
 Where Beauty learn'd what Wisdom  
 taught,

And sages sigh'd and lovers thought,  
 Where schoolmen conn'd no maxims  
 stern,

But all was form'd to soothe or move,  
 To make the dullest love to learn, 41  
 To make the coldest learn to love

And now the fairy pathway seem'd  
 To lead us through enchanted ground,  
 Where all that bard has ever dream'd

Of love or luxury bloom'd around  
 Oh! 'twas a bright, bewild'ring scene—  
 Along the alley's deep'ning green  
 Soft lamps, that hung like burning  
 flowers,

And scented and illum'd the bowers, 50  
 Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves  
 Amid the lone Hercynian groves,

Appear those countless birds of light,  
 That sparkle in the leaves at night,  
 And from their wings diffuse a ray

Along the traveller's weary way<sup>3</sup>  
 'Twas light of that mysterious kind,

Through which the soul perchance  
 may roam,

When it has left this world behind,  
 And gone to seek its heavenly home

And, Nea, thou wert by my side, 61  
 Through all this heav'n-ward path my  
 guide

<sup>2</sup> This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Caidanus, *de Rerum Varietat* lib vii cap. 34

<sup>3</sup> In Hercynio Germaniae saltu inusitata genera altum accepimus, quatum plumae, ignum modo, colluccant noctibus — *Plin* lib. 2, cap. 47

But, lo, as wand'ring thus we rang'd  
That upward path, the vision chang'd,  
And now, methought, we stole along  
Through halls of more voluptuous  
glory

Than ever liv'd in Teian song,

Or wanton'd in Milesian story<sup>1</sup>

And nymphs were there, whose very eyes  
Seem'd soften'd o'er with breath of  
sighs,

Whose ev'ry ringlet, as it wreath'd,

A mute appeal to passion breath'd

Some flew, with amber cups, around,

Pouring the flowery wines of Crete,<sup>2</sup>

And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,

The onyx shone beneath their feet<sup>3</sup>

While others, waving arms of snow

Entwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold<sup>4</sup>

And showing charms, as loth to show,

Through many a thyn Tarentian fold,<sup>5</sup>

Glided among the festal throng

Bearing rich urns of flowers along

Where roses lay, in languor breathing,

And the young beegrape,<sup>6</sup> round them

wreathing,

Hung on their blushes warm and meek,

Like curls upon a rosy cheek

Oh, Nea! why did morning break

The spell that thus divinely bound me?

Why did I wake? how *could* I wake

With thee my own and heaven around

me!

WELL—peace to thy heart, though  
another's it be,

And health to that cheek, though it  
bloom not for me!

To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon  
groves,<sup>7</sup>

Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee  
roves,

And, far from the light of those eyes,  
I may yet

Their allurements forgive and their  
splendour forget

Farewell to Bermuda,<sup>8</sup> and long may the  
bloom

Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys  
perfume,

May spring to eternity hallow the shade,  
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller<sup>9</sup>

has stray'd

And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt  
happen to roam

Through the lime-covered alley that  
leads to thy home,

Where oft, when the dance and the revel  
were done,

And the stars were beginning to fade  
in the sun,

I have led thee along, and have told by  
the way

What my heart all the night had been  
burning to say—

Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to  
those times,

And a blessing for me to that alley of  
limes

<sup>1</sup> The Milesiads, or Milesian fables, had their origin in Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See *Philarch* (in *Classo*), who calls them *ακολαστα βιβλία*.

<sup>2</sup> Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenæus calls *οἶνος ἀνθορίας*, from their fragrance resembling that of the finest flowers—*Barry on Wines*, chap. vii.

<sup>3</sup> It appears that in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial: 'Calceatusque tuo sub pede lueat onyx.' *Epig* 50, lib. xii.

<sup>4</sup> Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity. *Οι επικαρπιοι οφεις και αι χρυσαι πεδαί Θαιδος και Δοισταγορας και Λαιδος φαρμακα*—*Philostrat* *Epist* xl.

<sup>5</sup> *Ταραντινιδιον, διαφανες ενδυμα, υπομασμενον απο της Ταραντινων χροσσης και τρυφης*—*Folluz*.

<sup>6</sup> *Apiana*, mentioned by Pliny, lib. xiv and now called the Muscatell (*a muscarum telis*), says *Pancu olus*, book i, sect 1, chap. 17.

<sup>7</sup> I had, at this time, some idea of paying a visit to the West Indies.

<sup>8</sup> The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were spelt Bermooda. See the commentators on the words 'still-vex'd Bermoothes,' in *The Tempest*—I wonder it did not occur to some of those all reading gentlemen that, possibly, the discoverer of this 'island of hogs and devils' might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period (the beginning of the sixteenth century), was sent Patriarch of the Latin church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered—*Travels of the Jesuits*, vol. 1. I am afraid, however, it would take the Patriarch rather too much out of his way.

<sup>9</sup> Johnson does not think that Waller was ever at Bermuda, but the *Account of the European Settlements in America* affirms it confidently (Vol. ii.) I mention this work, however, less for its authority than for the pleasure I feel in quoting an unacknowledged production of the great Edmund Burke.



If I were yonder wave, my dear,  
 And thou the isle it clasps around,  
 I would not let a foot come near  
 My land of bliss, my fairy ground

If I were yonder conch of gold,  
 And thou the pearl within it plac'd,  
 I would not let an eye behold  
 The sacred gem my arms embrac'd

If I were yonder orange-tree,  
 And thou the blossom blooming there,  
 I would not yield a breath of thee 11  
 To scent the most imploring air

Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,  
 Give not the wave that odorous sigh,  
 Nor let its burning mirror drink  
 The soft reflection of thine eye

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,  
 So pictur'd in the waters seem,  
 That I could gladly plunge to seek  
 Thy image in the glassy stream 20

Blest fate! at once my chilly grave  
 And nuptial bed that stream might be,  
 I'll wed thee in its mimic wave,  
 And die upon the shade of thee

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending  
 O'er the waters blue and bright,  
 Like Nea's silky lashes, lending  
 Shadow to her eyes of light

Oh, my belov'd! where'er I turn,  
 Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,  
 In every star thy glances burn, 31  
 Thy blush on every flow'ret lies

Nor find I in creation aught  
 Of bright, or beautiful, or rare,  
 Sweet to the sense, or pure to thought,  
 But thou art found reflected there

### THE SNOW SPIRIT

No, ne'er did the wave in its element  
 steep  
 An island of love her charms,  
 It blooms in the giant embrace of the  
 deep,  
 Like Hebe in Hercules' arms  
 The blush of your bowers is light to the  
 eye,  
 And their melody balm to the ear,  
 But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,  
 And the Snow Spirit never comes here

The down from his wing is as white as  
 the pearl  
 That shines through thy lips when they  
 part,  
 And it falls on the green earth as melting,  
 my girl,  
 As a murmur of thine on the heart  
 Oh! fly to the chime, where he pillows  
 the death,  
 As he cradles the birth of the year,  
 Bright are your bowers and balmy their  
 breath,  
 But the Snow Spirit cannot come here

How sweet to behold him, when born on  
 the gale,  
 And brightening the bosom of morn,  
 He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil  
 O'er the brow of each virginal thorn  
 Yet think not the veil he so chillingly  
 casts  
 Is the veil of a vestal severe,  
 No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it  
 lasts,  
 Should the Snow Spirit ever come here

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,  
 And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,  
 To think that a bosom, as white as his  
 own,  
 Should not melt in the daybeam like  
 him

Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet  
 O'er his luminous path will appear—  
 Fly, fly, my beloved! this island is sweet,  
 But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

Ενταυθα δε καθωρισται ἡμιν και ὁ, τι μεν  
 ονομα τη νησω, ουκ οίδα χρυση δ' αν προς γε εμου  
 ονομαζοιτο.—PHILOSTRAT Icon 17 lib II

I STOLE along the flowery bank,  
 While many a bending seagrape<sup>1</sup> drank  
 The sprinkle of the feathery oar  
 That wing'd me round this fairy shore

'Twas noon, and every orange bud  
 Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,  
 Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes  
 When love-thoughts in her bosom rise  
 Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower,  
 To shade me in that glowing hour! 10

<sup>1</sup> The seaside or mangrove grape, a native of  
 the West Indies

A little dove, of milky hue,  
Before me from a plantain flew,  
And, light along the water's brim,  
I steer'd my gentle bark by him,  
For fancy told me, Love had sent  
This gentle bird with kind intent  
To lead my steps, where I should meet—  
I knew not what, but something sweet

And—bless the little pilot dove !  
He had indeed been sent by Love, 20  
To guide me to a scene so dear  
As fate allows but seldom here,  
One of those rare and brilliant hours,  
That, like the aloe's<sup>1</sup> lingering flowers,  
May blossom to the eye of man  
But once in all his weary span

Just where the margin's op'ning shade  
A vista from the waters made,  
My bird repos'd his silver plume  
Upon a rich banana's bloom 30  
Oh vision bright ! oh spirit fair !  
What spell, what magic rais'd her there ?  
'Twas Nea ! slumb'ring calm and mild,  
And bloomy as the dimpled child,  
Whose spirit in elysium keeps  
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps.

The broad banana's green embrace  
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace,  
One little beam alone could win  
The leaves to let it wander in, 40  
And, stealing over all her charms,  
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,  
New lustre to each beauty lent,—  
Itself all trembling as it went !

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe  
Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge  
Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light  
Just touching on the verge of night  
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,  
Seem'd glowing through the ivory lid, 50  
And, as I thought, a lustre threw  
Upon her lip's reflecting dew,—  
Such as a night-lamp, left to shine  
Alone on some secluded shrine,  
May shed upon the votive wreath,  
Which pious hands have hung beneath

<sup>1</sup> The Agave This, I am aware, is an erroneous notion, but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be 'three removes from truth,' τριτάρως ἀπὸ τῆς ἀληθείας

<sup>2</sup> Somewhat like the symplegma of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of

Was ever vision half so sweet !  
Think, think how quick my heart-pulse  
beat,  
As o'er the rustling bank I stole,—  
Oh ! ye, that know the lover's soul, 60  
It is for you alone to guess,  
That moment's trembling happiness

### A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem  
Within this simple ring of gold,  
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them  
Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,  
Upon her hand this gem display'd,  
Nor thought that time's succeeding lapse  
Should see it grace a lovelier maid

Look, dearest, what a sweet design !  
The more we gaze, it charms the more,  
Come—closer bring that cheek to mine,  
And trace with me its beauties o'er

Thou seest, it is a simple youth  
By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd—  
Look, as she leans, and say in sooth,  
Is not that hand most fondly plac'd ?

Upon his curled head behind  
It seems in careless play to lie,<sup>2</sup>  
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd  
To bring the truant's lip more nigh

Oh happy maid ! too happy boy !  
The one so fond and little loath,  
The other yielding slow to joy—  
Oh rare, indeed, but blissful both

Imagine, love, that I am he,  
And just as warm as he is chilling,  
Imagine, too, that thou art she,  
But quite as coy as she is willing

So may we try the graceful way  
In which their gentle arms are twin'd  
And thus, like her, my hand I lay  
Upon thy wreathed locks behind

Psyche's hand is finely and delicately expressive of affection. See the *Museum Florentinum*, tom 11 tab 43, 44. There are few subjects on which poetry could be more interestingly employed than in illustrating some of these ancient statues and gems

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,  
 As slow to mine thy head I move,  
 And thus our lips together meet,  
 And thus,—and thus,—I kiss thee,  
 love

There never yet a murmur fell  
 From that beguiling tongue,  
 Which did not, with a ling'ring spell,  
 Upon my charmed senses dwell,  
 Like songs from Eden sung

Ah ! that I could, at once, forget  
 All, all that haunts me so—  
 And yet, thou witching girl,—and yet,  
 To die were sweeter than to let  
 The lov'd remembrance go

— λιβανωτω εικασεν, οτι απολλυμενον ευφραίνει  
 ARISTOT *Rhetor* lib iii cap 4

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine,  
 My soul hath e'er forgot,  
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,  
 Nor giv'n thy looks one graceful twine  
 Which I remember not

No, if this slighted heart must see  
 Its faithful pulse decay,  
 Oh let it die, rememb'ring thee,  
 And, like the burnt aroma, be  
 Consum'd in sweets away

## TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ

FROM BERMUDA

'THE daylight is gone—but, before we depart,  
 One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,  
 The kindest, the dearest—oh ! judge by the tear  
 I now shed while I name him, how kind and how dear'

'Twas thus in the shade of the Calabash-Tree,  
 With a few, who could feel and remember like me,  
 The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw  
 Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you

'd say, is it thus, in the mirth-bringing hour,  
 When friends are assembled, when wit, in full flower,  
 Flies forth from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,  
 As blossoms of thought ever springing and new—  
 You sometimes remember, and hallow the brim  
 Of a clear cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him  
 Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,  
 Who would pine in elysium, if friends were not there  
 or

Last night, when we came from the Calabash-Tree,  
 When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,  
 The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day  
 Set the magical springs of my fancy in play,  
 And oh,—such a vision has haunted me then  
 I would slumber for ages to witness again  
 The many I like and the few I adore,  
 The friends who were dear and beloved before,  
 But never till now so beloved and dear,  
 At the call of my fancy, surrounded me here,  
 And soon,—oh, at once, did the light of their smiles  
 To a paradise brighten this region of isles,  
 More lucid the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,  
 And brighter the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd

10

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30

Not the valleys Heraean (though water'd by rills  
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,<sup>1</sup>  
Where the Song of the Shepherd, primeval and wild,  
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child,  
Could boast such a lustre o'er land and o'er wave  
As the magic of love to this paradise gave

Oh magic of love! unembellished by you,  
Hath the garden a blush or the landscape a hue?  
Or shines there a vista in nature or art,  
Like that which Love opes thro' the eye to the heart? 40

Alas, that a vision so happy should fade!  
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,  
The rose and the stream I had thought of at night  
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright,  
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream,  
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream

But look, where, all ready, in sailing array,  
The bark that's to carry these pages away,<sup>2</sup>  
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,  
And will soon leave these islets of Ariel behind 50  
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,  
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!  
Yet pleasant the swell of the billows would be,  
And the roar of those gales would be music to me  
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,  
Not the sunniest tears of the summer-eve dew,  
Were as sweet as the storm, or as bright as the foam  
Of the surge, that would hurry your wanderer home

### THE STEERSMAN'S SONG,

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE  
28TH APRIL<sup>3</sup>

When freshly blows the northern gale,  
And under courses snug we fly,  
Or when light breezes swell the sail,  
And royals proudly sweep the sky,  
Longside the wheel, unwearied still  
I stand, and, as my watchful eye  
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,  
I think of her I love, and cry,  
Port, my boy! port

When calms delay, or breezes blow  
Right from the point we wish to steer,  
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,  
And strive in vain the port to near,

I think 'tis thus the fates defer  
My bliss with one that's far away,  
And while remembrance springs to her,  
I watch the sails and sighing say,  
Thus, my boy! thus

But see the wind draws kindly aft,  
All hands are up the yards to square,  
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft  
Our stately ship through waves and  
air  
Oh! then I think that yet for me  
Some breeze of fortune thus may  
spring  
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee—  
And in that hope I smiling sing,  
Steady, boy! so

<sup>1</sup> Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, lib. iv. *Ἡραία γὰρ ὄρη κατὰ τὴν Σικελίαν ἐστίν, αὐφαι καλλεῖ, κ τ λ*

<sup>2</sup> A ship, ready to sail for England

<sup>3</sup> I left Bermuda in the *Boston* about the

middle of April, in company with the *Cambrion* and *Leander*, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the *Boston*, after a short cruise, proceeded to New York.

TO THE FIRE-FLY<sup>1</sup>

At morning, when the earth and sky  
Are glowing with the light of spring,  
We see thee not, thou humble fly<sup>1</sup>  
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing

But when the skies have lost their hue,  
And sunny lights no longer play,  
Oh then we see and bless thee too  
For sparkling o'er the dreary way

Thus let me hope, when lost to me  
The lights that now my life illumine,  
Some milder joys may come, like thee,  
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom!

## TO THE LORD VISCOUNT FORBES

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

If former times had never left a trace  
Of human frailty in their onward race,  
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,  
One dark memorial of the crimes of man,  
If every age, in new unconscious prime,  
Rose like a phoenix, from the fires of time,  
To wing its way unguided and alone,  
The future smiling and the past unknown,  
Then ardent man would to himself be new,  
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view  
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme  
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,  
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,  
Could tell him, fools had dreamt as much before  
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,  
The plans of virtue midst the deeds of crime,  
The thinking follies and the reasoning rage  
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage,  
When still we see, through every varying frame  
Of arts and polity, his course the same,  
And know that ancient fools but died, to make  
A space on earth for modern fools to take,  
Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget,  
That Wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,  
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth  
Of pure perfection midst the sons of earth!

10

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<sup>1</sup> The lively and varying illumination, with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. 'Puis ces mouches se développant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous

les voyions sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettoient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dorés que la nuit avoit ravie,' &c &c—See *L'Histoire des Antilles*, art 2 chap 4 liv. 1

Oh ! nothing but that soul which God has given,  
 Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven ;  
 O'er dross without to shed the light within,  
 And dream of virtue while we see but sin 30

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,  
 Might sages still pursue the flatt'ring theme  
 Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,  
 Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,  
 Behold the monuments of frailty past,  
 And plant perfection in this world at last !  
 ' Here,' might they say, ' shall power's divided reign  
 Evince that patriots have not bled in vain  
 Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,  
 Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth 40  
 To full maturity of nerve and mind,  
 Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind <sup>1</sup>  
 Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught  
 In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,  
 But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,  
 Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect  
 round the columns of the public shrine  
 Shall growing arts their gradual wreath intwine,  
 Nor breathe corruption from the flow'ring braid,  
 Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade 50  
 No longer here shall justice bound her view,  
 Or wrong the many, while she rights the few,  
 But take her range through all the social frame,  
 Pure and pervading as that vital flame  
 Which warms at once our best and meanest part,  
 And thrills a hair while it expands a heart !'

Oh golden dream ! what soul that loves to scan  
 The bright disk rather than the dark of man,  
 That owns the good, while smarting with the ill,  
 And loves the world with all its frailty still,— 60  
 What ardent bosom does not spring to meet  
 The generous hope, with all that heavenly heat,  
 Which makes the soul unwilling to resign  
 The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine !  
 Yes, dearest friend, I see thee glow to think  
 The chain of ages yet may boast a link  
 Of purer texture than the world has known,  
 And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne

But, is it thus ? doth even the glorious dream  
 Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain gleam, 70  
 Which tempts us still to give such fancies scope,  
 As shock not reason, while they nourish hope ?

<sup>1</sup> Thus Moise 'Here the sciences and the arts of civilised life are to receive their highest improvements here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanising mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge, &c &c — P 569

No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—ev'n now,  
 While yet upon Columbia's rising brow  
 The showy smile of young presumption plays,  
 Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays  
 Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath  
 Burns with the taint of empires near their death  
 And, like the nymphs of her own with'ring clime,  
 She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime <sup>1</sup>

80

Already has the child of Gallia's school  
 The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,  
 With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,  
 Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,  
 Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,  
 The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud,—  
 Already has she pour'd her poison here  
 O'er every charm that makes existence dear,  
 Already blighted, with her black'ning trace,  
 The op'ning bloom of every social grace,  
 And all those courtesies, that love to shoot  
 Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit

90

And were these errors but the wanton tide  
 Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride,  
 The fervid follies and the faults of such  
 As wrongly feel, because they feel too much,  
 Then might experience make the fever less,  
 Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess  
 But no, 'tis heartless, speculative ill,  
 All youth's transgression with all age's chill,  
 The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,  
 A slow and cold stagnation into vice

100

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,  
 And latest folly of man's sinking age,  
 Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,  
 While nobler passions wage their heated strife,  
 Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,  
 And dies, collecting lumber in the rear,—  
 Long has it palsied every grasping hand  
 And greedy spirit through this bartering land;  
 Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold  
 So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,  
 And conscience, truth, and honesty are made  
 To rise and fall, like other wares of trade <sup>2</sup>

110

<sup>1</sup> 'What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit!' Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous despatch to his government, which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's Works, vol. 1 p. 279. It remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side, and republican profligacy on the other, and I would

recommend the perusal of it to every honest politician, who may labour under a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

<sup>2</sup> 'Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales'—Montesquieu, *de l'Esprit des Loix*, liv. xx chap. 2

Already in this free, this virtuous state,  
 Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,  
 To show the world, what high perfection springs  
 From rabble senators, and merchant kings,—  
 Even here already patriots learn to steal  
 Their private perquisites from public weal, 120  
 And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,  
 Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire  
 Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose  
 From England's debtors to be England's foes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who could their monarch in their purse forget,  
 And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,<sup>2</sup>  
 Have prov'd at length, the mineral's tempting hue,  
 Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too,<sup>3</sup>  
 Oh! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!  
 Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant 130  
 Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all  
 From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,  
 Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,  
 As the rank jargon of that factious race,  
 Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,  
 Formed to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords,  
 Strut forth, as patriots, from their negro marts,  
 And shout for rights, with rapine in their hearts

Who can, with patience, for a moment see  
 The medley mass of pride and misery, 140  
 Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,  
 Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,<sup>4</sup>  
 And all the piebald polity that reigns  
 In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?  
 To think that man, thou just and gentle God!  
 Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod  
 O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,  
 Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty,  
 Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck  
 By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck, 150  
 In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,  
 Nor any right but that of ruling clam'd,

<sup>1</sup> I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English government which the colonies found it so necessary to resist, my only object here is to expose the selfish motive of some of the leading American demagogues

<sup>2</sup> The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants

<sup>3</sup> See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have

ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer than to the occurrences which he has related and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves

<sup>4</sup> In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment, as the numerous emigrations, which are expected to take place, from the southern states to this newly acquired territory, will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes, to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous



Than thus to live, where bastard Freedom waves  
 Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves,  
 Where—motley laws admitting no degree  
 Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free—  
 Alike the bondage and the licence suit,  
 The brute made ruler and the man made brute

But, while I thus, my friend, in flowerless song,  
 So feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong, 160  
 The ills, the vices of the land, where first  
 Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were nurst,  
 Where treason's aim by royalty was nev'd,  
 And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they serv'd—  
 Thou, calmly lull'd in dreams of classic thought,  
 By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,  
 Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,  
 That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been  
 Why should I wake thee? why severely chase 170  
 The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,  
 That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread  
 By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,  
 Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art  
 Bright'ning the young conceptions of thy heart?

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song destroy  
 One generous hope, one throb of social joy,  
 One high pulsation of the zeal for man,  
 Which few can feel, and bless that few who can,—  
 Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes 180  
 Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,  
 Forget where nature has been dark or dim,  
 And proudly study all her lights in him  
 Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,  
 And feel that man *may* reach perfection yet

### TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M D

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

Διηγρησμαι διηγρηματα ισως απιστα κοινωνα ων πεπονθα ουκ εχων.

ΧΕΛΟΦΟΝΤ ΕΡΗΣ *Ephesiæ* lib. v.

'Tis evening now, beneath the western star  
 Soft sighs the lover through his sweet segar,  
 And fills the ears of some consenting she  
 With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy  
 The patriot, fresh from Freedom's councils come,  
 Now pleas'd retires to lash his slaves at home,  
 Or woo, perhaps, some black Aspasias's charms,  
 And dream of freedom in his bondsmaid's arms<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The 'black Aspasias' of the present of the United States, inter Avernales hand igno tissima nymphas, has given rise to much pleasantly among the anti-democrat wits in America

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,  
Come, let me lead thee o'er this 'second Rome'<sup>1</sup> 10  
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,  
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now —<sup>2</sup>  
This embryo capital, where Fancy sees  
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees,  
Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now, adorn  
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,  
Though nought but woods<sup>3</sup> and J——n they see,  
Where streets should run and sages *ought* to be

And look, how calmly in yon radiant wave,  
The dying sun prepares his golden grave 20  
Oh mighty river! oh ye banks of shade!  
Ye matchless scenes, in nature's morning made,  
While still, in all th' exuberance of prime,  
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,  
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humble care,  
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair,—  
Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,  
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,  
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,  
And woman charm, and man deserve her love,— 30  
Oh say, was world so bright, but born to grace  
Its own half-organised, half-minded race  
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,  
Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest?  
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,  
Where none but demigods should dare to roam?  
Or worse, thou wondrous world! oh! doubly worse,  
Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse  
The motley dregs of every distant clime,  
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime 40  
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,  
In full malignity to rankle here?

<sup>1</sup> 'On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr Weld), the identical spot on which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome'—Weld's *Travels*, letter iv

<sup>2</sup> A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek

<sup>3</sup> 'To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-door neighbour, and in the same city, is a curious and, I believe, a novel circumstance'—Weld, letter iv

The Federal City (if it must be called a city) has not been much increased since Mr Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The hotel is

already a ruin, a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion itself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus, and say, *τα δε εν ατορηται*

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin, and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago have remained so long waste and unfinished, that they are now for the most part dilapidated

But hold,—observe yon little mount of pines,  
 Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines  
 There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,  
 The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief<sup>1</sup>  
 Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,  
 And climb'd o'er prostrate loyalty to fame,  
 Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train  
 Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign 50

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?  
 Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!  
 Of peace too fond to act the conqueror's part,  
 Too long in camps to learn a statesman's art,  
 Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,  
 But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold

While loftier souls command, nay, make their fate,  
 Thy fate made thee and forc'd thee to be great  
 Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds  
 Her brightest halo round the weakest heads, 60  
 Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,  
 Proud to be useful, scornning to be more,  
 Less mov'd by glory's than by duty's claim,  
 Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim,  
 All that thou *wert* reflects less fame on thee,  
 Far less, than all thou didst *forbear* to be  
 Nor yet the patriot of one land alone,—  
 For, thine's a name all nations claim their own,  
 And every shore, where breath'd the good and brave,  
 Echo'd the plaudits thy own country gave 70

Now look, my friend, where faint the moonlight falls  
 On yonder dome, and, in those princely halls,—  
 If thou canst hate, as sure that soul must hate,  
 Which loves the virtuous, and reveals the great,—  
 If thou canst loathe and execrate with me<sup>\*</sup>  
 The poisonous drug of French philosophy,  
 That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,  
 With which false liberty dilutes her crimes,—  
 If thou hast got, within thy freeborn breast,  
 One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest, 80  
 With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,  
 Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,  
 Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,  
 And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god,  
 There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear!  
 Rank must be reverenc'd, even the rank that's there  
 So here I pause—and now, dear Hume, we part  
 But oft again, in frank exchange of heart,  
 Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear  
 By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here 90  
 O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,  
 Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,

<sup>1</sup> On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington

Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes  
 With me shall wonder, and with me despise  
 While I, as oft, in fancy's dream shall rove,  
 With thee conversing, through that land I love,  
 Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,  
 Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene,  
 And sovereign man can condescend to see  
 The throne and laws more sovereign still than he.

100

## LINES

## WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA

— Τηνδε την πολιν φίλος  
 Εἶπων ἐπαΐα γὰρ SOPHOCLE *Oedip Colon* v 768

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,  
 And bright were its flowery banks to his eye,  
 But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,  
 And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays,  
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,  
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays  
 In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain  
 Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet,  
 Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,  
 Till the threshold of home had been prest by his feet

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,  
 And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,  
 And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,  
 That they found in his heart something better than fame.

Nor did woman—oh woman! whose form and whose soul  
 Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,  
 Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,  
 If woman be there, there is happiness too —

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,—  
 That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,—  
 Like eyes he had lov'd was her eloquent eye,  
 Like them did it soften and weep at his song

Oh, blest be the tear, and in memory oft  
 May its sparkle be shed o'er the wand'rer's dream,  
 Thrice blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,  
 As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,  
 When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,  
 To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,  
 As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone

## LINES

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF  
THE MOHAWK RIVER <sup>1</sup>

Già era in loco ove s'udia 'l rimbombo  
Dell'acqua —. DANTE

FROM rise of morn till set of sun  
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,  
And as I mark'd the woods of pine  
Along his mirror darkly shine,  
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass  
Before the wizard's midnight glass,  
And as I view'd the hurrying pace  
With which he ran his turbid race,  
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,  
Through shades that frown'd and  
flowers that smil'd,

Flying by every green recess  
That woo'd him to its calm caress,  
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,  
As if to leave one look behind,—  
Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,  
How like to thee, thou restless tide,  
May be the lot, the life of him  
Who roams along thy water's brim,  
Through what alternate wastes of woe  
And flowers of joy my path may go,  
How many a shelter'd, calm retreat  
May woo the while my weary feet,  
While still pursuing, still unblest,  
I wander on, nor dare to rest,  
But, urgent as the doom that calls  
Thy water to its destin'd falls,  
I feel the world's bewild'ring force  
Hurry my heart's devoted course

<sup>1</sup> There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet, but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

<sup>2</sup> The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

<sup>3</sup> 'The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians)

From lapse to lapse, till life be done,  
And the spent current cease to run

One only prayer I dare to make,  
As onward thus my course I take,—  
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine!  
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine  
Upon the mist that circles me,  
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF  
THE WOODS <sup>2</sup>

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla  
Ovid Metam. lib. iii. v. 227

Now the vapour, hot and damp,  
Shed by day's expiring lamp,  
Through the misty ether spreads  
Every ill the white man dreads,  
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill  
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,  
As he winds the woods along,—  
Christian, 'tis the song of fear,  
Wolves are round thee, night is near,  
And the wild thou dar'st to roam—  
Think, 'twas once the Indian's home! <sup>3</sup>

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,  
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,  
By the creeks, or by the brakes,  
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,  
And the cayman <sup>4</sup> loves to creep,  
Torpid, to his wintry sleep  
Where the bud of cannon flits,  
And the shudd'ring murderer sits <sup>5</sup> 20

were settled along the banks of the Susquehanna and the adjacent country until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped.—  
Moise's *American Geography*

<sup>4</sup> The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

<sup>5</sup> This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Chatelevoix tells us) among the Hurons. 'They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food.'

Lone beneath a roof of blood,  
While upon his poison'd food,  
From the corpse of him he slew  
Drops the chill and gory dew

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,  
Eyes that blast and wings that wither !  
Cross the wand'ring Christian's way,  
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,  
Many a mile of madd'ning error,  
Through the maze of night and terror,  
Till the morn behold him lying 31  
On the damp earth, pale and dying  
Mock him, when his eager sight  
Seeks the cordial cottage-light,  
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,  
Tempt him to the den that's dug  
For the foul and famish'd brood  
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood,

Or, unto the dangerous pass  
O'er the deep and dark morass, 40  
Where the trembling Indian brings  
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,  
Tributes, to be hung in air,  
To the Fiend presiding there !<sup>1</sup>

Then, when night's long labour past,  
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,  
Sinking where the causeway's edge  
Moulders in the slimy sedge,  
There let every noxious thing  
Trail its filth and fix its sting ; 50  
Let the bull-toad tant him over,  
Round him let mosquitoes hover,  
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,  
With his blood their poison mingling,  
Till, beneath the solar fires,  
Rankling all, the wretch expires !

## TO THE HONOURABLE W R SPENCER

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE

Nec venit ad duos musæ vocata Getas OVID *ex Pontica*, lib 1 ep 5

THOU oft hast told me of the happy hours  
Enjoy'd by thee in fair Italia's bowers,  
Where, ling'ring yet, the ghost of ancient wit  
Midst modern monks profanely dares to flit,  
And pagan spirits, by the pope unlaid,  
Haunt every stream and sing through every shade.  
There still the bard who (if his numbers be  
His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee,—  
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught  
Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought, 10  
In which the spirit baskingly reclines,  
Bright without effort, resting while it shines,—  
There still he roves, and laughing loves to see  
How modern priests with ancient rakes agree,  
How, 'neath the cowl, the festal garland shines,  
And Love still finds a niche in Christian shrines

There still, too, roam those other souls of song,  
With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,  
That, quick as light, their rarest gems of thought,  
By Memory's magic to thy lip are brought 20  
But here, alas ! by Erie's stormy lake,  
As, far from such bright haunts my course I take,  
No proud remembrance o'er the fancy plays,  
No classic dream, no star of other days

<sup>1</sup> 'We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls, and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places'—See Charlevoix's *Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada*

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony, he also says, 'We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi'—See Hennepin's *Voyage into North America*

Hath left that visionary light behind,  
That hng'ring radiance of immortal mind,  
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,  
The humblest shed, where genius once has been<sup>1</sup>

All that creation's varying mass assumes  
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms; 30  
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,  
Bright lakes expand, and conquering<sup>1</sup> rivers flow;  
But mind, immortal mind, without whose ray,  
This world's a wilderness and man but clay,  
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,  
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows  
Take Christians, Mohawks, democrats, and all  
From the rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,  
From man the savage, whether slav'd or-free,  
To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he,— 40  
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife  
Betwixt half-polish'd and half barbarous life,  
Where every ill the ancient world could brew  
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new,  
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,  
And nought is known of luxury, but its vice<sup>1</sup>

Is this the region then, is this the clime  
For soaring fancies<sup>2</sup> for those dreams sublime,  
Which all their miracles of light reveal  
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel<sup>3</sup> 50  
Alas! not so—the Muse of Nature lights  
Her glories round, she scales the mountain heights,  
And roams the forests, every wondrous spot  
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not  
She whispers round, her words are in the air,  
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,<sup>2</sup>  
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,  
One ray of mind to thaw them into song

Yet, yet forgive me, oh ye sacred few,  
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew, 60  
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,  
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave<sup>3</sup>  
Not with more joy the lonely exile scann'd  
The writing trac'd upon the desert's sand,

<sup>1</sup> This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi 'I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league, but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore, without mixing them afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea'—Letter xxvii.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the fanciful notion of 'words congealed in northern air'

<sup>3</sup> In the society of Mr Dennie and his friends,

at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this cultivated little circle that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it, and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*.

Where his lone heart but little hop'd to find  
 One trace of life, one stamp of human kind,  
 Than did I hail the pure, th' enlighten'd zeal,  
 The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,  
 The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,  
 Which?—mid the melancholy, heartless waste  
 My foot has travers'd,—oh, you sacred few!  
 I found by Delaware's green banks with you

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Long may you loathe the Gallic dross that runs  
 Through your fair country and corrupts its sons,  
 Long love the arts, the glories which adorn  
 Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born  
 Oh! if America can yet be great,  
 If neither chain'd by choice, nor doom'd by fate  
 To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,  
 She yet can raise the crown'd, yet civic brow  
 Of single majesty,—can add the grace  
 Of Rank's rich capital to Freedom's base,  
 Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove  
 For the fair ornament that flowers above,—  
 If yet releas'd from all that pedant throng,  
 So vain of error and so pledg'd to wrong,  
 Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide  
 Weakness in vaunt, and barrenness in pride,  
 She yet can rise, can wreath the Attic charms  
 Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,  
 And see her poets flash the fires of song,  
 To light her warriors' thunderbolts along,—  
 It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven  
 Has made like yours, the glorious task is given —  
 Oh! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done,  
 Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,  
 Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,  
 Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er

80

90

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours  
 Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of flowers,  
 Though few the days, the happy evenings few,  
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,  
 That my charm'd soul forgot its wish to roam,  
 And rested there, as in a dream of home  
 And looks I met, like looks I'd lov'd before,  
 And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er  
 The chord of memory, found full many a tone  
 Of kindness there in concord with their own  
 Yes,—we had nights of that communion free,  
 That flow of heart, which I have known with thee  
 So oft, so warmly, nights of mirth and mind,  
 Of whims that taught, and follies that refin'd  
 When shall we both renew them? when, restor'd  
 To the gay feast and intellectual board,  
 Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine  
 Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?

100

110



Even now, as wand'ring upon Erie's shore,  
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,  
I sigh for home,—alas! these weary feet  
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet,

120

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΞ, 'ΟΩ ΣΟΥ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΤΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ

EURIPIDES

### BALLAD STANZAS

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd  
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,  
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,  
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!'  
It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around  
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee,  
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound  
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree  
And, 'Here in this lone little wood,' I exclaim'd  
With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,  
'Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd,  
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!'  
'By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips  
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,  
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,  
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!'

### A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST LAWRENCE<sup>1</sup>

Et remigem cantus hortatur —QUINTILLIAN

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St Ann's our parting hymn<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in many miserable huts upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St Lawrence repays all such difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré  
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés,  
And the refrain to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,  
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have

published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common and trifling, but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawis River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's *General History of the Fur Trade*, prefixed to his Journal.

<sup>2</sup> At the Rapids of St Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,  
But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon  
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

### TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST LAWRENCE

Not many months have now been dream'd away  
Since yonder sun, beneath whose evening ray  
Our boat glides swiftly past these wooded shores,  
Saw me where Trent his mazy current pours,  
And Donnington's old oaks, to every breeze,  
Whisper the tale of by-gone centuries,—  
Those oaks, to me as sacred as the groves,  
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,  
And hears the spirit-voice of sire, or chief,  
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf<sup>1</sup>  
There, oft, dear Lady, while thy lip hath sung  
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung  
On every tuneful accent! proud to feel  
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,  
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,  
Such breath of passion and such soul of song  
Yes,—I have wonder'd, like some peasant boy  
Who sings, on Sabbath-eve, his strains of joy,  
And when he hears the wild, untutor'd note  
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,  
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,  
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!

I dreamt not then that, e'er the rolling year  
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here  
In musing awe, should tread this wondrous world,  
See all its store of inland waters hurld  
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,  
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,  
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed  
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed,

lading It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelary saint of voyagers.—*Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade*

<sup>1</sup> 'Avendo essi per costume di avere in venerazione gli alberi grandi et antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli di anime beate'—*Pietro della Valle, parte seconda, lettera 16 dai giardini di Seiraz*

Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide  
 Down the white rapids of his lordly tide  
 Through massy woods, mid islets flowering fair,  
 And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair  
 For consolation might have weeping trod,  
 When banish'd from the garden of their God,  
 Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,  
 Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,  
 Can scarcely dream of,—which his eye must see  
 To know how wonderful this world can be!

40

But lo,—the last tints of the west decline,  
 And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.  
 Among the reeds, in which our idle boat  
 Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note  
 Dies like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes,  
 Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,  
 And I can trace him, like a watery star,<sup>1</sup>  
 Down the steep current, till he fades afar  
 Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,  
 Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night,  
 Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,  
 And the smooth glass-snake,<sup>2</sup> gliding o'er my way,  
 Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,  
 Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,  
 Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze  
 Some Indian Spirit warble words like these —

50

From the land beyond the sea,  
 Whither happy spirits flee,  
 Where, transform'd to sacred doves,<sup>3</sup>  
 Many a blessed Indian roves  
 Through the air on wing, as white  
 As those wondrous stones of light,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which the eye of morning counts  
 On the Apalachian mounts,—  
 Hither oft my flight I take  
 Over Huron's lucid lake,  
 Where the wave, as clear as dew,  
 Sleeps beneath the light canoe,  
 Which, reflected, floating there,  
 Looks as if it hung in air<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Anburey, in his *Travels*, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the river St Lawrence — Vol 1 p 29

<sup>2</sup> The glass-snake is brittle and transparent  
<sup>3</sup> The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove — Charlevoix, *Upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada* See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, tom 1 p 402

<sup>4</sup> The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe aseniah or spirit stones — Mackenzie's *Journal*

<sup>5</sup> These lines were suggested by Carver's description of one of the American lakes 'When it was calm,' he says, 'and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn, the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene.'

Then, when I have stray'd a while  
Through the Manataulin isle,<sup>1</sup>  
Breathing all its holy bloom,  
Swift I mount me on the plume  
Of my Wakon-Bird,<sup>2</sup> and fly  
Where, beneath a burning sky,  
O'er the bed of Erie's lake  
Slumbers many a water-snake,  
Wrapt within the web of leaves,  
Which the water-lily weaves<sup>3</sup>  
Next I chase the flow'ret-king  
Through his rosy realm of spring,  
See him now, while diamond hues  
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,  
In the leafy chalice sink,  
Thirsting for his balmy drink,  
Now behold him all on fire,  
Lovely in his looks of ire,  
Breaking every infant stem,  
Scatt'ring every velvet gem,  
Where his little tyrant lip  
Had not found enough to sip

Then my playful hand I steep  
Where the gold-thread<sup>4</sup> loves to creep,  
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,  
Words of magic round it breathe,  
And the sunny chaplet spread  
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,<sup>5</sup>  
Till, with dreams of honey blest,  
Haunted, in his downy nest,  
By the garden's fairest spells,

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,  
The lonely moments of the night away,  
And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams<sup>1</sup>  
Once more embark'd upon the glittering streams,

<sup>1</sup> 'Après avoir traversé plusieurs îles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes la quatrième jour une fameuse nommée l'Isle de Manitoulin' — *Voyages du Baron de Lahontan*, tom 1 let 15 Manataulin signifie a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians

<sup>2</sup> 'The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the Bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence, the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit' — Morse

<sup>3</sup> The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer

<sup>4</sup> 'The gold thread is of the vine kind, and

Dewy buds and fragrant bells,  
Fancy all his soul embowers  
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers

Off, when hoar and silvery flakes  
Melt along the ruffled lakes,  
When the gray moose sheds his horns,  
When the track, at evening, warns  
Weary hunters of the way  
To the wig-wam's cheering ray,  
Then, aloft through freezing air,  
With the snow-bird<sup>6</sup> soft and fair  
As the fleece that heaven flings  
O'er his little pearly wings,  
Light above the rocks I play,  
Where Niagara's starry spray,  
Frozen on the cliff, appears  
Like a giant's starting tears  
There, amid the island-sedge,  
Just upon the cataract's edge,  
Where the foot of living man  
Never trod since time began,  
Lone I sit, at close of day,  
While, beneath the golden ray,  
Icy columns gleam below,  
Feather'd round with falling snow,  
And an arch of glory springs,  
Sparkling as the chain of rings  
Round the neck of virgins hung,—  
Virgins,<sup>7</sup> who have wander'd young  
O'er the waters of the west  
To the land where spirits rest<sup>1</sup>

grows in swamps The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow' — Morse

<sup>5</sup> 'L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes il tire sa subsistance des fleurs comme les abeilles, son nid est fait d'un coton très-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre' — *Voyages aux Indes Occidentales*, par M. Bossu, seconde partie, lett xx

<sup>6</sup> *Emberiza hyemalis* — See Imlay's *Kentucky*, p 280

<sup>7</sup> Lahtau supposes that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians — *Œuvres des Sauvages Américains*, &c tom 1 p 173

Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,  
 Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar  
 Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark  
 The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark, 140  
 Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,<sup>1</sup>  
 While on its deck a pilot angel stood,  
 And, with his wings of living light unfur'd,  
 Coasted the dim shores of another world<sup>1</sup>

Yet, oh<sup>1</sup> believe me, mid this mingled maze  
 Of nature's beauties, where the fancy strays  
 From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue  
 Hath something strange, and every leaf is new,—  
 I never feel a joy so pure and still, 150  
 So only felt, as when some brook or hill,  
 Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,  
 Some mountain echo or some wild-flower's smell,  
 (For, who can say by what small fairy ties  
 The mem'ry clings to pleasure as it flies ?)  
 Reminds my heart of many a silvan dream  
 I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream ;  
 Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights  
 On Donnington's green lawns and breezy heights

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er  
 When I have seen thee cull the fruits of lore, 160  
 With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,  
 A sister's idol and a nation's pride<sup>1</sup>  
 When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high  
 In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye  
 Turn to the living hero, while it read,  
 For pure and bright'ning comments on the dead,—  
 Or whether memory to my mind recalls  
 The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,  
 When guests have met around the sparkling board,  
 And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd,  
 When the bright future star of England's throne, 170  
 With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,  
 Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,  
 But tempering greatness, like an evening sun  
 Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,  
 Radiant, but mild, all softness, yet all fire,—  
 Whatever hue my recollections take,  
 Even the regret, the very pain they wake  
 Is mix'd with happiness,—but, ah<sup>1</sup> no more—  
 Lady<sup>1</sup> adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er 180  
 Those vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,  
 Stream, banks, and bowers have faded on my eyes<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani,  
 Sì che remo non vuol, nè altro velo  
 Che l' ale sue, tra liti sì lontani

Vedi come l' ha dritte verso 'l cielo,  
 Trattando l' aere con l' eterne penne,  
 Che non si mutan come mortal pelo  
 DANTE, *Purgatorio* cant. 11

## IMPROMPTU

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS —, OF MONTREAL

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time  
 She crowded th' impressions of many an hour  
 Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,  
 Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower  
 Oh ' could we have borrow'd from Time but a day,  
 To renew such impressions again and again,  
 The things we should look and imagine and say  
 Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then  
 What we had not the leisure or language to speak,  
 We should find some more spiritual mode of revealing,  
 And, between us, should feel just as much in a week  
 As others would take a millennium in feeling

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND <sup>1</sup>

IN THE GULF OF ST LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,  
 Fast gliding along a gloomy bark ?  
 Her sails are full,—though the wind is still,  
 And there blows not a breath her sails to fill !

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear ?  
 The silent calm of the grave is there,  
 Save now and again a death-knell rung,  
 And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore  
 Of cold and pitiless Labrador,  
 Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,  
 Full many a mariner's bones are tost

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,  
 And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,  
 Doth play on as pale and livid a crew  
 As ever yet drank the churchyard dew

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,  
 To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast ;  
 By skeleton shapes her sails are fur'd,  
 And the hand that steers is not of this world !

Oh ' hurry thee on—oh ' hurry thee on,  
 Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,  
 Nor let morning look on so foul a sight  
 As would blanch for ever her rosy light !

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost ship, I think, 'the flying Dutchman.'

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled

by the truly splendid hospitality of my friends of the *Phaeton* and *Boston*, that I was but ill prepared for the miseries of a Canadian vessel. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE<sup>1</sup>

ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1804

Νοστου προφασις γλυκερου. PINDAR, *Pyth* 4

WITH triumph this morning, oh Boston! I hail.  
 The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,  
 For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,  
 To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,  
 And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand<sup>2</sup>  
 Is the last I shall tread of American land  
 Well—peace to the land! may her sons know, at length,  
 That in high-minded honour lies liberty's strength,  
 That though man be as free as the fetterless wind,  
 As the wantonest air that the north can unbind, 10  
 Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten the blast,  
 If no harvest of mind ever sprung where it pass'd,  
 Then unblest is such freedom, and baleful its might,—  
 Free only to ruin, and strong but to blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with regret,  
 May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,  
 The delight of those evenings,—too brief a delight!  
 When in converse and song we have stol'n on the night,  
 When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or the mien  
 Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen, 20  
 Whose glory, though distant, they long had ador'd,  
 Whose name had oft hallow'd the wine-cup they pou'd  
 And still as, with sympathy humble but true,  
 I have told of each bright son of fame all I knew,  
 They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful stream  
 Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,  
 Without leaving one relic of genius, to say  
 How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away  
 Farewell to the few—though we never may meet  
 On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet 30  
 To think that, whenever my song or my name  
 Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same  
 I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest,  
 Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest

But, Douglas! while thus I recall to my mind  
 The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,  
 I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,  
 As it follows the rack fitting over the sky,

<sup>1</sup> Commanded by Captain J E Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the College, which they have lately established at Windsor, about forty

miles from Halifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by the beauty and fertility of the country which opened upon us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by which Halifax is surrounded—I was told that, in travelling onwards, we should find the soil and the scenery improve, and it gave me much pleasure to know that the worthy Governor has by no means such an *inamabile regnum* as I was, at first sight, inclined to believe

That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,  
 And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night 40  
 Dear Douglas ' thou knowest, with thee by my side,  
 With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,  
 There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,  
 Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,  
 Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,  
 That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore !  
 Oh think then how gladly I follow thee now,  
 When Hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,  
 And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind  
 Takes me nearer the home where my heart is inshrind ; 50  
 • Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,  
 And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain ,  
 Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,  
 And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part ?—

But see !—the bent top sails are ready to swell—  
 To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell !

## CORRUPTION AND INTOLERANCE

### TWO POEMS

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN

### PREFACE

In the first of the two following Poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution of 1688, in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman might be reproached with ingratitude, for depreciating the merits and results of a measure, which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties—however ungrateful it might appear in Alderman B—roh to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era, to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations—yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge, to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of Molyneux was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded—an Irishman *may* be allowed to criticise freely the measures of that period, without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or to the suspicion of being influenced by any Popish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H—kesb—ry eulogises the churchmen of that period, and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed



are still felt and still increasing By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative,—that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm,—it diminished the only interference of the Crown, which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to their senses and capacities Like the myrtle over a celebrated statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skillfully veiled from the public eye the only obtrusive feature of royalty At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid, the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the whiggish reigns that succeeded, till at length this spirit of influence has become the vital principle of the state,—an agency, subtle and unseen, which pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,  
Composit furctum subsequiturque

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated in the minds of Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former But assuredly nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion The very object, indeed, which my humble animadversions would attain is, that in the crisis to which I think England is now hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 should be remedied, and, as it was then her fate to experience a Revolution without Reform, so she may now endeavour to accomplish a Reform without Revolution

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England There is one name, indeed, connected with whiggism of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that name be monopolised by any party whatsoever Mr Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I here menace my readers, upon the same important subject I shall look to no higher merit in the task, than that of giving a new form to claims and remonstrances, which have often been much more eloquently urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

## CORRUPTION; AN EPISTLE

Νυν δ' ἀπανθ' ὅσπερ ἐξ ἀγορας ἐκπεπραται ταυτα' ἀντισταται δὲ ἀντὶ τούτων, ὅφ' ὧν ἀπολώλε και  
νενοσηκεν ἡ Ἑλλας Ταυτα δ' ἐστὶ τι, ζήλος, εἰ τις εἰληφε τι γέλωσ ἀν ὁμολογη συγγνωμη τοῖς  
ελεγχόμενοις' μισος, ἀν τούτοις τις ἐπιτιμα ταλλα παντα, οσα ἐκ του δωροδοκεῖν ἡρτηται

DEMOSTH. *Philipp* iii

BOAST on, my friend—though stript of all beside,  
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride <sup>1</sup>  
That pride, which once in genuine glory woke  
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St John spoke,  
That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,  
Outhlives even Wh—tel—cke's sword and H—wk—sb'ry's tongue '  
Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle  
Where Honour mourns and Freedom fears to smile,  
Where the bright light of England's fame is known  
But by the shadow o'er our fortunes thrown, 10  
Where, doom'd ourselves to nought but wrongs and slights,  
We hear you boast of Britain's glorious rights,  
As wretched slaves, that under hatches lie,  
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky '  
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,  
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts,  
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,  
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine

Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe  
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear, 20  
Which hears no news but W—rd's gazetted lies,  
And loves no politics in rhyme but Pye's,—  
If aught can please thee but the good old saws  
Of 'Church and State,' and 'William's matchless laws,'  
And 'Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight,'—  
Things, which though now a century out of date,  
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,  
A few crank arguments for speaking lords,—  
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,  
Where most she look'd for life, her deadliest wound; 30  
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,  
How faint since Influence lent that foe a screen,  
How strong o'er James and Popery she prevail'd,  
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assail'd

While kings were poor, and all those schemes unknown  
Which drain the people, to enrich the throne,  
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied  
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied,  
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep  
With bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep, 40

<sup>1</sup> 'By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland in 1691 (says Burke), the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure, too, of the first races of the English, was completely accomplished. The new English interest was settled with as solid a stability as any thing in human affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression,

which were made after the last event, were manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke.' Yet this is the era to which the wise Common Council of Dublin refers us for 'invaluable blessings,' &c

Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,  
 And claim'd a right from God to trample man '  
 But Luther's schism had too much rous'd mankind  
 For Hampden's truths to linger long behind,  
 Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so low,  
 Could pope-like kings escape the levelling blow  
 That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow  
 To the light talisman of influence now),  
 Too gross, too visible to work the spell  
 Which modern power performs, in fragments fell  
 In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er  
 With fleur-de-lys, it shone and scourg'd once more

50

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd  
 Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate draught  
 Of passive, prone obedience—then took flight  
 All sense of man's true dignity and right,  
 And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,  
 That Freedom's watch-voice call'd almost in vain  
 Oh England ' England ' what a chance was thine,  
 When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line  
 Fleed from his sullied crown, and left thee free  
 To found thy own eternal liberty '  
 How nobly high, in that propitious hour,  
 Might patriot hands have rais'd the triple tower  
 Of British freedom, on a rock divine  
 Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine !  
 But, no—the luminous, the lofty plan,  
 Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man,  
 The curse of jarring tongues again was given  
 To thwart a work which rais'd men nearer heaven  
 While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,  
 While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,  
 The hour was lost, and William, with a smile,  
 Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile '

60

70

Hence all the ills you suffer,—hence remain  
 Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,  
 Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,  
 Though loos'd and broke so often, still have clung  
 Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,  
 Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,  
 Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,  
 Taunts by degrees, and ruins without noise  
 While parliaments, no more those sacred things  
 Which make and rule the destiny of kings,  
 Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,  
 And each new set of sharpeners cog their own  
 Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,  
 Drips smooth o'er all the Constitution's wheels,  
 Giving the old machine such pliant play,  
 That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,  
 While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,  
 So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far,

80

90

And the dup'd people, hourly doom'd to pay  
 The sums that bribe their liberties away,—  
 Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume  
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,  
 See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart  
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart '  
 But soft ' methinks I hear thee proudly say  
 'What ' shall I listen to the impious lay, 100  
 That dares, with Tory licence, to profane  
 The bright bequests of William's glorious reign '  
 Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,  
 Whom H—wks—b—y quotes and savoury B—rch admires,  
 Be slahder'd thus ? Shall honest St—le agree  
 With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,  
 Yet fail to prove it ? Shall our patent pair  
 Of wise stâte-poets waste their words in air,  
 And P—e unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,  
 And C—nn—ng *take the people's sense* in vain ? ' 110

The people '—ah, that Freedom's form should stay  
 Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd away '  
 That a false smile should play around the dead,  
 And flush the features when the soul hath fled '  
 When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,  
 When her foul tyrant sat on Caprea's heights  
 Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to death  
 Each noble name they blasted with their breath,—  
 Even then, (in mockery of that golden time,  
 When the Republic rose revered, sublime, 120  
 And her proud sons, diffus'd from zone to zone,  
 Gave kings to every nation but their own,)  
 Even then the senate and the tribunes stood,  
 Insulting marks, to show how high the flood  
 Of Freedom flow'd, in glory's by-gone day,  
 And how it ebb'd,—for ever ebb'd away '

Look but around—though yet a tyrant's sword  
 Nor haunts our sleep nor glitters o'er our board,  
 Though blood be better drawn, by modern quacks,  
 With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe, 130  
 Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power,  
 Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,  
 Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,  
 As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,  
 Of noble tools and honourable knaves,  
 Of pension'd patriots and privileg'd slaves,—  
 That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm  
 But rank corruption's heat—whose quicken'd swarm  
 Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,  
 Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die,— 140  
 That greedy vampyre, which from freedom's tomb  
 Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom  
 Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains  
 A people's blood to feed its putrid veins '

Thou start'st, my friend, at picture drawn so dark—  
 'Is there no light?' thou ask'st—'no ling'ring spark  
 Of ancient fire to warm us?' Lives there none,  
 To act a Marvell's part?'<sup>1</sup>—'alas! not one  
 To place and power all public spirit tends,  
 In place and power all public spirit ends,  
 Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,  
 When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill die'

Not boldest truths of sacred Freedom hung  
 From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,  
 Than upstart Whigs produce each market night,  
 While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light,  
 While debts at home excite their care for those  
 Which, dire to tell, their much-lov'd country owes,  
 And loud and upright, till their prize be known,  
 They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own  
 But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—  
 So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb  
 And, though most base is he who, 'neath the shade  
 Of Freedom's ensign flies corruption's trade,  
 And makes the sacred flag he dares to show  
 His passport to the market of her foe,  
 Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear  
 Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,  
 That I enjoy them, though by traitors sung,  
 And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue.  
 Nay, when the constitution has expir'd,  
 I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hir'd  
 To chant old 'Habeas Corpus' by its side,  
 And ask, in purchas'd ditties, why it died'

See yon smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains  
 Would seem to've fashion'd for those Eastern reigns  
 When eunuchs flourish'd, and such nerveless things  
 As men rejected were the chosen of Kings,—  
 Even *he*, forsooth, (oh fraud, of all the worst!)  
 Dar'd to assume the patriot's name at first—  
 Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes,  
 Thus devils, when *first* rais'd, take pleasing shapes  
 But oh, poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet  
 For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit  
 And with'ring insult—for the Union thrown  
 Into thy bitter cup,<sup>2</sup> when that alone  
 Of slavery's draught was wanting—if for this  
 Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that daemon's bliss,  
 For, sure, 'tis more than hell's revenge to see  
 That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee,—  
 That, in these awful days, when every hour  
 Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,

<sup>1</sup> Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last member of parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. The Commons have, since

then, much changed their pay-masters—See the *State Poems* for some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell

<sup>2</sup> 'And in the cup an Union shall be thrown'  
*Hamlet*

When proud Napoleon, like th' enchanted shield<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose light compell'd each wond'ring foe to yield,  
 With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,  
 And dazzles Europe into slavery,—  
 That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,  
 When Mind should rule, and—Fox should *not* have died,  
 All that devoted England can oppose  
 To enemies made fiends and friends made foes, 200  
 Is the rank refuse, the despis'd remains  
 Of that un pitying power, whose whips and chains  
 Drove Ireland first to turn, with harlot glance,  
 Tow'ids other shores, and woo th' embrace of France,—  
 Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit  
 For the grand artizan of mischief, P—tt,  
 So useless ever but in vile employ,  
 So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy—  
 Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,  
 Oh England! sinking England! boast no more 210

## INTOLERANCE; A SATIRE

<sup>1</sup>This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth.—ADDISON, *Freeholder*, No 37

START not, my friend, nor think the muse will stain  
 Her classic fingers with the dust profane  
 Of Bulls, Decrees, and all those thund'ring scrolls,  
 Which took such freedom once with royal souls,  
 When heaven was yet the pope's exclusive trade,  
 And kings were *damn'd* as fast as now they're *made*  
 No, no—let D—gen—n search the papal chair<sup>2</sup>  
 For fragrant treasures long forgotten there,  
 And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks  
 That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks, 10  
 Let sallow P—re—v—l snuff up the gale  
 Which wizard D—gen—n's gather'd sweets exhale  
 Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn  
 Bigots alike in Rome or England born,  
 Who loathe the venom, whencesoe'er it springs,  
 From popes or lawyers, pastry-cooks or kings,—  
 Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,  
 As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,  
 As C—nn—ng vapours, or as France succeeds,  
 As H—wk—sb'ry proses, or as Ireland bleeds! 20

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong days,  
 When bigot Zeal her drunken antics plays  
 So near a precipice, that men the while  
 Look breathless on and shudder while they smile—

<sup>1</sup> The magician's shield in Ariosto

È tolta per virtù dello splendore  
 La libertà a loro

Cant 2.

<sup>2</sup> The 'Sella Sacerdotalis' of the popes

If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look  
 To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook  
 Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in vain,  
 While G—ff—rd's tongue and M—sgr—ve's pen remain—  
 If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got  
 To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot, 30  
 Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the world they be,  
 Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see—  
 Oh! turn awhile, and, though the shamrock wreathes  
 My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes  
 Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,  
 Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes  
 Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,  
 Embalm'd in hate and canonised by scorn  
 When C—stl—r—gh, in sleep still more profound  
 Than his own opiate tongue now deals around, 40  
 Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day  
 Which even *his* practis'd hand can't bribe away

Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but near me now,  
 To see how Spring lights up on Erin's brow  
 Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,  
 Even through the blood marks left by C—md—n there,—  
 Could'st thou but see what verdure paints the sod  
 Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,  
 And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,  
 That warms the soul of each insulted slave, 50  
 Who, ta'd with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,  
 And seems by all but watchful France forgot—  
 Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy Pittite heart  
 Would burn, to think that such a blooming part  
 Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,  
 And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,  
 Should be the victim of that canting crew,  
 So smooth, so godly,—yet so devilish too,  
 Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books and with whips,  
 Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips, 60  
 Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,  
 Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next*!  
 Your R—desd—les, P—ic—v—ls,—great, glorious Heaven,  
 If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,  
 When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,  
 I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest  
 With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,  
 Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,  
 And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,  
 Than be the Christian of a faith like this, 70  
 Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,  
 And in a convert mourns to lose a prey,  
 Which grasping human hearts with double hold,—  
 Like Danae's lover mixing god and gold,—  
 Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath  
 The knave and atheist's passport into both,  
 Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know

Nor bliss above nor liberty below,  
 Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,  
 And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here ' 80  
 But no—far other faith, far milder beams  
 Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's dreams,  
*His* creed is writ on Mercy's page above,  
 By the pure hands of all-atoning Love,  
*He* weeps to see abus'd Religion twine  
 Round Tyranny's coarse brow her wreath divine,  
 And *he*, while round him sects and nations raise  
 To the one God their varying notes of praise,  
 Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,  
 That serves to swell the general harmony 90

Such was the spirit, gently, grandly bright,  
 That fill'd, oh Fox ' thy peaceful soul with light,  
 While free and spacious as that ambient air  
 Which folds our planet in its circling care,  
 The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind  
 Embrac'd the world, and breath'd for all mankind  
 Last of the great, farewell '—yet *not* the last—  
 Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,  
 Ierne still one ray of glory gives,  
 And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives 100

## APPENDIX

To the foregoing Poem, as first published, were subjoined, in the shape of a Note, or Appendix, the following remarks on the History and Music of Ireland. This fragment was originally intended to form part of a Preface to the Irish Melodies, but afterwards, for some reason which I do not now recollect, was thrown aside.

Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early debased our character, and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace, but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was blanded with the disheartening name of treason, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations, that, like the adventures of those woods which Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

Errando in quell boschi  
 Trovar potria strane avventure e molte,  
 Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,  
 Che non se n' ha notizia le piu volte

Hence is it that the annals of Ireland, through a lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspiration, and that history, which ought to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields no growth to her in this



hapless island but cypress and weeds In truth, the poet who would embellish his song with allusions to Irish names and events, must be contented to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unalloyed and original, before the impolitic craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us The sole traits of heroism, indeed, which he can venture at this day to commemorate, either with safety to himself, or honour to his country, are to be looked for in those ancient times when the native monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age, when our Malachies wore around their necks collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the invader,<sup>1</sup> and our Brians deserved and won the warm affections of a people by exhibiting all the most estimable qualities of a king It may be said that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in reality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of national partiality,—that bright but spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people abound But the sceptic is scarcely to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs than we already possess of the early glories of Ireland, and were even the veracity of all these proofs surrendered, yet who would not fly to such flattering fictions from the sad degrading truths which the history of later times presents to us ?

The language of sorrow, however, is, in general, best suited to our Music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied There is scarcely a page of our annals that will not furnish him a subject, and while the national Muse of other countries adorns her temple proudly with trophies of the past, in Ireland her melancholy altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it, '*lacrymis altaria sudant*'<sup>2</sup>

There is a well-known story, related of the Antiochians under the reign of Theodosius, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general, but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here—The piety of Theodosius would have been admirable, had it not been stained with intolerance, but under his reign was, I believe, first set the example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians Whether his interference with the religion of the Antiochians had any share in the alienation of their loyalty is not expressly ascertained by historians, but severe edicts, heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently account for the discontents of a warm and susceptible people Repentance soon followed the crimes into which their impatience had hurried them, but the vengeance of the Emperor was implacable, and punishments of the most dreadful nature hung over the city of Antioch, whose devoted inhabitants, totally resigned to despondence, wandered through the streets and public assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges of the most touching lamentation At length, Flavianus, their bishop, whom they had sent to intercede with Theodosius, finding all his entreaties coldly rejected, adopted the expedient of teaching these songs of sorrow which he had heard from the lips of his unfortunate countrymen to the minstrels who performed for the Emperor at table The heart of Theodosius could not resist this appeal, tears fell fast into his cup while he listened, and the Antiochians were forgiven—Surely, if music ever spoke the misfortunes of a people, or could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors, the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers.

<sup>1</sup> See Warner's *History of Ireland*, vol 1 book ix

<sup>2</sup> Statius, *Thebaid* lib xii

# THE SCEPTIC

## A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE

Νόμον παντων βασιλευα ΠΙΝΔΑΡ, αρ *Hei odoi* lib iii

### PREFACE

THE Sceptical Philosophy of the Ancients has been no less misrepresented than the Epicurean Pyrrho may perhaps have earned it to rather an irrational excess,—but we must not believe, with Beattie, all the absurdities imputed to this philosopher, and ‘it appears to me that the doctrines of the school, as explained by Sextus Empiricus, are far more suited to the wants and infirmities of human reason, as well as more conducive to the mild virtues of humility and patience, than any of those systems of philosophy which preceded the introduction of Christianity. The Sceptics may be said to have held a middle path between the Dogmatists and Academicians, the former of whom boasted that they had attained the truth, while the latter denied that any attainable truth existed. The Sceptics, however, without either asserting or denying its existence, professed to be modestly and anxiously in search of it, or, as St Augustine expresses it, in his liberal tract against the Manichaeans, ‘*nemo nostrum dicat jam se invenisse veritatem, sic eam quaeramus quasi ab utrisque nesciatur*’<sup>1</sup>. From this habit of impartial investigation, and the necessity which it imposed upon them, of studying not only every system of philosophy, but every art and science, which professed to lay its basis in truth, they necessarily took a wider range of erudition, and were far more travelled in the regions of philosophy than those whom conviction or bigotry had domesticated in any particular system. It required all the learning of dogmatism to overthrow the dogmatism of learning, and the Sceptics may be said to resemble in this respect, that ancient incendiary, who stole from the altar the fire with which he destroyed the temple. This advantage over all the other sects is allowed to them even by Lipsius, whose treatise on the miracles of the Virgo Hallensis will sufficiently save him from all suspicion of scepticism. ‘*Labore, ingenio, memoria,*’ he says, ‘*supra omnes pene philosophos fuisse—Quid nonne omnia aliorum secta tenere debuerunt et inquirere, si poterunt refellere?*’ ies dicit. *Nonne orationes varias, raras, subtiles invenire ad tam receptas, claras, certas (ut videbatur) sententias evertendas?*’ &c, &c.—*Manuduct ad Philosoph Storc* Dissert 4.

Between the scepticism of the ancients and the moderns the great difference is, that the former doubted for the purpose of investigating, as may be exemplified by the third book of Aristotle’s *Metaphysics*,<sup>2</sup> while the latter investigate for the purpose of doubting, as may be seen through most of the philosophical works of Hume. Indeed, the Pyrrhonism of latter days is not only more subtle than that of antiquity, but, it must be confessed, more dangerous in its tendency. The happiness of a Christian depends so essentially upon his belief, that it is but natural he should feel alarm at the progress of doubt, lest it should steal by

<sup>1</sup> Lib contra Epist Manichaei quam vocant Fundamenti, Op Paris tom vi

<sup>2</sup> Εστι δε τοις ευπορησαι βουλομενοις προύργον το διαπορησαι καλως—*Metaphys* lib iii cap 1

<sup>3</sup> Neither Hume, however, nor Bekeley, are

to be judged by the misrepresentations of Beattie, whose book, however amably intended, puts forth a most unphilosophical appeal to popular feelings and prejudices, and is a continued *petitio principii* throughout

degrees into that region from which he is most interested in excluding it, and poison at last the very spring of his consolation and hope. Still, however, the abuses of doubting ought not to deter a philosophical mind from indulging mildly and rationally in its use, and there is nothing, surely, more consistent with the meek spirit of Christianity, than that humble scepticism which professes not to extend its distrust beyond the circle of human pursuits, and the pretensions of human knowledge. A follower of this school may be among the readiest to admit the claims of a superintending Intelligence upon his faith and adoration: it is only to the wisdom of this weak world that he refuses, or at least delays, his assent,—it is only in passing through the shadow of earth that his mind undergoes the eclipse of scepticism. No follower of Pyrrho has ever spoken more strongly against the dogmatists than St. Paul himself, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and there are passages in Ecclesiastes and other parts of Scripture, which justify our utmost diffidence in all that human reason originates. Even the Sceptics of antiquity refrained carefully from the mysteries of theology, and, in entering the temples of religion, laid aside their philosophy at the porch. Sextus Empiricus thus declares the acquiescence of his sect in the general belief of a divine and fore-knowing Power: *Τῷ μὲν βίῃ κατακολουθούντες ἀδοξάστως φάμεν εἶναι θεούς, καὶ σεβόμεν θεούς καὶ προνοεῖν αὐτοὺς φάμεν*<sup>1</sup>. In short, it appears to me, that this rational and well regulated scepticism is the only daughter of the Schools that can safely be selected as a handmaid for Piety. He who distrusts the light of reason, will be the first to follow a more luminous guide, and if, with an ardent love for truth, he has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will but turn with the more hope to that better world, where all is simple, true, and everlasting: for, there is no parallax at the zenith,—it is only near our troubled horizon that objects deceive us into vague and erroneous calculations.

## THE SCEPTIC

As the gay tint, that decks the vernal rose,  
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows,  
As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides  
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides,  
So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare  
That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair,  
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes  
Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies  
For she, in flat-nos'd China, would appear  
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here,  
And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome  
Would rank good Marco with the damn'd at Rome

10

There's no deformity so vile, so base,  
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace,  
No foul reproach, that may not steal a beam  
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem  
Ask, who is wise?—you'll find the self-same man  
A sage in France, a madman in Japan,  
And here some head beneath a mitre swells,  
Which there had tumbled to a cap and bells

20

Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,  
Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,  
Where C—stl—r—gh would for a patriot pass,  
And mouthing M—ve scaice be deem'd an ass !

'List not to reason (Epicurus cries),  
But trust the senses, *there* conviction lies'  
Alas ! *they* judge not by a purer light,  
Nor keep their fountains more untung'd and bright :  
Habit so mars them, that the Russian swain  
Will sigh for train-oil, while he sips champagne ,  
And health so rules them, that a fever's heat  
Would make even Sh—r—d—n think water sweet

30

Just as the mind the erring sense believes,  
The erring mind, in turn, the sense deceives,  
And cold disgust can find but wrinkles there,  
Where passion fancies all that's smooth and fair.  
P \* \* \* \*, who sees, upon his pillow laid,  
A face for which ten thousand pounds were paid,  
Can tell, how quick before a jury flies  
The spell that mock'd the warm seducer's eyes

40

Self is the medium through which Judgment's ray  
Can seldom pass without being turn'd astray  
The smith of Ephesus thought Dian's shrine,  
By which his craft most throve, the most divine ,  
And ev'n the *true* faith seems not half so true,  
When link'd with *one* good living as with *two*.  
Had W—lc—t first been pensioned by the throne,  
Kings would have suffer'd by his praise alone ;  
And P—ine perhaps, for something snug per ann ,  
Had laugh'd, like W—ll—sley, at all Rights of Man

50

But 'tis not only individual minds,—  
Whole nations, too, the same delusion blinds  
Thus England, hot from Denmark's smoking meads,  
Turns up her eyes at Galha's guilty deeds ,  
Thus, self-pleas'd still, the same dishonouring chain  
She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain ,  
While prais'd at distance, but at home forbid,  
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid

If Grotius be thy guide, shut, shut the book,—  
In force alone for Laws of Nations look  
Let shipless Danes and whining yankees dwell  
On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,  
While C—bb—t's pirate code alone appears  
Sound moral sense to England and Algiers

60

Woe to the Sceptic, in these party days,  
Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of praise !  
For him no pension pours its annual fruits,  
No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots ,  
Not *has* the meed that crown'd Don H—kh—m's rhyme,  
Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future time,

70

Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,  
 So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes  
 Yet who, that looks to History's damning leaf,  
 Where Whig and Tory, thief oppos'd to thief,  
 On either side in lofty shame are seen,  
 While Freedom's form hangs crucified between—  
 Who, B—rd—tt, who such rival rogues can see,  
 But flies from *both* to Honesty and thee ?

If, weary of the world's bewild'ring maze,  
 Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways, 80  
 One flower of truth, the busy crowd we shun,  
 And to the shades of tranquil learning run,  
 How many a doubt pursues ' how oft we sigh,  
 When histories charm, to think that histories lie !  
 That all are grave romances, at the best,  
 And M—sgr—ve's<sup>1</sup> but more clumsy than the rest  
 By Tory Hume's<sup>2</sup> seductive page beguil'd,  
 We fancy Charles was just and Strafford mild,  
 And Fox himself, with party pencil, draws  
 Monmouth a hero, 'for the good old cause ' 90  
 Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are defeats,  
 As French or English pride the tale repeats,  
 And, when they tell Courinna's story o'er,  
 They'll disagree in all, but honouring Moore  
 Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts,  
 May cite perhaps the Park-guns' gay reports,  
 To prove that England triumph'd on the morn  
 Which found her Junot's jest and Europe's scorn

In Science, too—how many a system, rais'd  
 Like Neva's icy domes, awhile hath blaz'd 100  
 With lights of fancy and with forms of pride,  
 Then, melting, mingled with the oblivious tide !  
 Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky,  
 Now Newton puts the paltry planet by,  
 Now whims revive beneath Descartes's pen,  
 Which now, assail'd by Locke's, expire again  
 And when, perhaps, in pride of chemic powers,  
 We think the keys of Nature's kingdom ours,  
 Some Davy's magic touch the dream unsettles,  
 And turns at once our alkalis to metals 110  
 Or, should we roam, in metaphysic maze,  
 Through fair-built theories of former days,  
 Some Dr—mm—d<sup>3</sup> from the north, more ably skill'd,  
 Like other Goths, to run than to build,  
 Tramples triumphant through our fanes o'erthrown,  
 Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his own

<sup>1</sup> This historian of the Irish rebellions has outrun even his predecessor in the same task, Sir John Temple, for whose character with respect to veracity the reader may consult Carte's *Collection of Omond's Original Papers*, p. 207. See also Dr Nelson's account of him,

in the introduction to the second volume of his *Historic Collect*

<sup>2</sup> He defends Strafford's conduct as 'innocent and even laudable'

<sup>3</sup> See this gentleman's Academic Questions

Oh Learning, whatsoe'er thy pomp and boast,  
*Unletter'd minds have taught and charm'd men most*  
 The rude, unread Columbus was our guide  
 To worlds, which learn'd Lactantius had denied, 120  
 And one wild Shakespeare, following Nature's lights,  
 Is worth whole planets, fill'd with Stagyrites

See grave Theology, when once she strays  
 From Revelation's path, what tricks she plays;  
 What various heav'ns,—all fit for bards to sing,—  
 Have churchmen dream'd, from Papias<sup>1</sup> down to King<sup>2</sup>  
 While hell itself, in India nought but smoke,<sup>3</sup>  
 In Spain's a furnace, and in France—a joke

Hail, modest Ignorance, thou goal and prize,  
 Thou last, best knowledge of the simply wise<sup>4</sup> 130  
 Hail, humble Doubt, when error's waves are past,  
 How sweet to reach thy shelter'd port<sup>4</sup> at last,  
 And, there, by changing skies nor lur'd nor awed,  
 Smile at the battling winds that roar abroad  
 There gentle Charity, who knows how frail  
 The bark of Virtue, even in summer's gale,  
 Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows  
 For all who wander, whether friends or foes

There Faith retires, and keeps her white sail fur'd,  
 Till call'd to spread it for a better world, 140  
 While Patience, watching on the weedy shore,  
 And mutely waiting till the storm be o'er,  
 Oft turns to Hope, who still directs her eye  
 To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky<sup>5</sup>

Such are the mild, the blest associates given  
 To him who doubts,—and trusts in nought but Heaven:

<sup>1</sup> Papias lived about the time of the apostles, and is supposed to have given birth to the heresy of the Chilistae, whose heaven was by no means of a spiritual nature, but rather an anticipation of the Prophet of Heav'n's elysium. See Eusebius, *Hist. Ecclesiast.* lib. iii. cap. 33, and Hieronym. *de Scriptis Ecclesiast.*—From all I can find in these authors concerning Papias, it seems hardly fair to impute to him those

gross imaginations in which the believers of the sensual millennium indulged

<sup>2</sup> King, in his *Mosses of Criticism*, vol. 1, supposes the sun to be the receptacle of blessed spirits

<sup>3</sup> The Indians call hell 'the House of Smoke'

<sup>4</sup> 'Chère Sceptique, douce pâture de mon âme, et l'unique port de salut à une esprit qui aime le repos'—*La Mothe le Vayer*

# TWOPENNY POST-BAG

## BY THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER

Elapsæ manibus cecidere tabellæ OVID

TO STEPHEN WOOLRICHE, ESQ

MY DEAR WOOLRICHE,

IT is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If you continue, however, to be as much interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation, but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality,<sup>1</sup> leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear Woolriche, like an orthodox Lutheran, you must judge of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*, and however trifling the tribute which I here offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and  
attached Friend,

March 4, 1813

THE AUTHOR

## PREFACE

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers, and accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who 'fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee,'<sup>2</sup> those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with.—In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr Hatchard's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book, and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny Post Epistles, turned into easy

<sup>1</sup> Ariosto, canto 35

<sup>2</sup> Herrick

verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not, however, think it prudent to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals. As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might manage to remedy the thinness of my ranks by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerals to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication, and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out how many living instances might be found, of Muses that have suffered very severely in their heads, from taking rather too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak page by itself, whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pied*—so that, in general, the very reverse of 'laudatur et alget' is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

## PREFACE TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR

In the absence of Mr Brown, who is at present on a tour through \_\_\_\_\_, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition, but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr Brown must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur, *μονα καὶ μονον*<sup>1</sup>) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. In this story there is not one syllable of truth. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly—but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude,—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr Brown pleads guilty, and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family, an avowal which I am aware is decisive of his utter reprobation, in the eyes of

<sup>1</sup> Pindar, Pyth. 2.—My friend certainly cannot add *οὐτ' ἐν ἀνδρασι γέρασφορον*



those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus,<sup>1</sup> who held 'that God is in Africa *and not elsewhere*.' But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they, who say so, are somewhat mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects. All I profess to know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr \_\_\_\_\_, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are yet a few other mistakes and falsehoods about Mr Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert, but I begin to think the task is quite as useless as it is tiresome. Misrepresentations and calumnies of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr Dugenan,—not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators, for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over. They are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity may be in want of them, and are quite as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's *Amelia*, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riotous conduct, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish my publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the *Morning Chronicle*, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains<sup>2</sup> in its original state.

April 20, 1814

## INTERCEPTED LETTERS, ETC.

### LETTER I

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH—RL—E OF W—L—S TO THE LADY B—RB—A ASHL—Y<sup>3</sup>

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,  
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have made,  
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date),  
No nags ever made such a stir in the state  
Lord Eld—n first heard—and as instantly pray'd he  
To 'God and his King'—that a Popish young Lady  
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,  
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear,)  
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,  
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,  
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,  
That the dome of St Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks

10

<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Casae Nigrae, in the fourth century

<sup>2</sup> A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Eld—n, page 166. In the line 'Sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas,' it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read '*Surtis*,' instead '*Syrtis*,' which brings the Ode, it is

said, more home to the noble translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet '*aestuosas*.' I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

<sup>3</sup> This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, had lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry he flies—  
 For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,  
 On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite  
 As in no case whate'er to advise him *too right*—  
 'Pietty doings are here, Sir,' (he angrily cries,  
 While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise)—  
 "'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!  
 To ride over your *most* Royal Highness rough-shod— 20  
 Excuse, Sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's source—  
 Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,  
 But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies* still worse!'  
 Quick a Council is call'd—the whole Cabinet sits—  
 The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,  
 That if once Popish Ponies should eat at y manger,  
 From that awful moment the Church is in danger!  
 As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls  
 Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St Paul's

The Doctor,<sup>1</sup> and he, the devout man of Leather,<sup>2</sup> 30  
 V—ns—tt—t, now laying their Saint-heads together,  
 Declare that these skittish young *a-bominations*  
 Are clearly foretold in Chap vi Revelations—  
 Nay, they verily think they could point out the one  
 Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon  
 Lord H—r—by, hoping that no one imputes  
 To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,  
 Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,  
 That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,  
 The Court would have started no sort of objection, 40  
 As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection

'If the Pr—nc—ss will keep them (says Lord C—stl—r—gh),  
 To make them quite harmless, the only true way  
 Is (as certain Chief Justices do with their wives)  
 To flog them within half an inch of their lives  
 If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,  
 This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out'  
 Should this be thought cruel, his Lordship proposes  
 The new *Veto* snaffle<sup>3</sup> to bind down their noses—  
 A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains, 50  
 Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains,  
 Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks  
 (Adds his Lordship humanely), or else breaks their necks!'

This proposal receiv'd pretty general applause  
 From the statesmen around—and the neck-breaking clause  
 Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd  
 Even Eld—n himself to a measure so mild  
 So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to, *nem con*,  
 And my Lord C—stl—r—gh, having so often shone 60  
 In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on

<sup>1</sup> Mr Addington, so nicknamed

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to a tax lately laid upon leather

<sup>3</sup> The question whether a Veto was to be

allowed to the Crown in the appointment of  
 Irish Catholic Bishops was, at this time, very  
 generally and actively agitated

I shall drive to your dooi in these *Vetos* some day,  
But, at present, adieu '—I must hurry away  
To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet hei  
For just half an hour by the Qu—n's best repeater

CH—RL—TTE

## LETTER II

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD  
FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look  
Into your very learned Book,<sup>1</sup>  
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,  
Whose English is half modern Greek—  
You prove that we can ne'er intrench  
Our happy isles against the French,  
Till Royalty in England's made  
A much more independent trade,—  
In short, until the House of Guelph  
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,  
And boldly sets up for itself

All, that can well be understood  
In this said Book, is vastly good,  
And, as to what's incomprehensible,  
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible

But, to your work's immortal credit,  
The Pr—n—e, good Sir, the Fr—n—e  
has read it  
(The only Book, himself remarks,  
Which he has read since Mrs Clarke's)  
Last levee-morn he look'd it through, 20  
During that awful hour or two  
Of grave tonsorial preparation,  
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,  
Sends forth, announc'd by trump and  
drum,  
The best-wigg'd Pr—n—e in Christen-  
dom

He thinks with you, th' imagination  
Of *partnership* in legislation  
Could only enter in the noddles  
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,  
Whose heads on *firms* are running so, 30  
They ev'n must have a King and Co,  
And hence, most eloquently show forth  
On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth

But now, he trusts, we're coming  
near a  
Far more royal, loyal era,  
When England's monarch need but say,  
'Whipmethoscoundiels, C—stl—i—i',  
Or, 'Hang me up those Papists, Eld—n',  
And 'twill be done—ay, faith, and well  
done

With view to which, I've his com-  
mand 40  
To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,  
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)<sup>2</sup>  
A Plan of radical Reform,  
Comp'l'd and chos'n as best you can,  
In Turkey or at Ispahan,  
And quite upturning, branch and root,  
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot

But, pray, whate'er you may impart,  
write  
Somewhat more brief than Major  
C—rtwi—ght  
Else, though the Pr—e be long in  
wiggig, 50  
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's  
wiggig,—  
Two wigs to every paragraph—  
Before he well could get through half

You'll send it also speedily—  
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,  
His Highness, heated by your work,  
Already thinks himself Grand Turk '  
And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen  
how  
He scar'd the Ch—nc—ll—i just now,  
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd)  
he 60  
Slapp'd his back and call'd him 'Mufti!'

The tailors too have got commands,  
To put directly into hands

<sup>1</sup> For an account of this extraordinary work of Mr Leckie, see the *Edinburgh Review*, vol xx

<sup>2</sup> 'The truth indeed seems to be, that having lived so long abroad as evidently to have lost,

in a great degree, the use of his native language, Mr Leckie has gradually come not only to speak, but to feel, like a foreigner' *Edinburgh Review*

All sorts of Duhmans and Pouches,  
With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,  
(While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan  
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)  
And all things fitting and expedient  
To *turkify* our gracious R—g—nt<sup>1</sup>

You, therefore, have no time to waste—  
So, send your System — 71  
Yours, in haste

## POSTSCRIPT

BEFORE I send this scrawl away,  
I seize a moment, just to say,  
There's some parts of the Turkish system  
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em  
For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—  
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness  
flatters,

Would fill his Harem (tasteless fool!)  
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from  
school

But *here* (as in that fairy land, 80  
Where Love and Age went hand in  
hand,<sup>1</sup>

Where lps, till sixty, shed no honey,  
And Grandams were worth any money,)  
*Our* Sultan has much ripe notions—  
So, let your list of *she*-promotions  
Include those only, plump and sage,  
Who've reach'd the *regulation* age,  
That is, (as near as one can fix  
From Peerage dates) full fifty-six

This rule's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—  
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor, 91  
Though not decidedly *without* them,  
Need never care one curse about them

## LETTER III

FROM G—GE, PR—CE R—G—T, TO THE E— OF 1 TH<sup>2</sup>

We miss'd you last night at the 'hoary old sinner's,'  
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners,  
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—  
His pâtés superb—and his cutlets sublime!  
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a  
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord El—b—gh,  
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,  
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, 'a *He-Cook* of course!—  
While you live—(what's there under that cover? pray, look)—  
While you live—(I'll just taste it) ne'er keep a *She-Cook* 10  
'Tis a sound Salic Law—(a small bit of that toast)—  
Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast,  
For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—  
Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!'

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration  
Of my brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation,  
A compliment, too, to his Lordship the Judge  
For his Speech to the Jury—and zounds! who would grudge  
Turtle soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,  
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul? 20  
We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and Tokay  
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way,  
And we car'd not for Junes or Labels—no—damme! noi  
Ev'n for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner'

<sup>1</sup> The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place—'A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing,

others at tip-cat or at cockles!—And again, 'There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles,' &c &c —See *Tales of the East*, vol iii pp 607-8

<sup>2</sup> This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner given by the M—q—s of H—d—t

More good things were eaten than said—but Tom T—rih—t  
 In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,  
 And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief  
 Say—sated with turtle—'I'll now try the beef'—  
 Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)  
 'I fear 'twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if you try it'

30

And C—md—n was there, who, that morning, had gone  
 To fit his new Marquis's coronet on,  
 And the dish set before him—oh dish well-devis'd '—  
 Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, 'a calf's head surpris'd '—  
 The *brains* were near Sh—ry, and *once* had been fine,  
 But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,  
 That, though we, from courtesy, still chose to call  
 These brains very fine, they were no brains at all

When the dinner was over, we drank every one  
 In a bumper, 'the venial delights of Cium Con ,  
 At which H—df—t with warm reminiscences gloated,  
 And E—b'r—h chuckled to hear himself quoted

40

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,  
 For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—  
 To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,  
 Whom we've, any time, honour'd by courting their dears  
 This museum of wittols was comical rather,  
 Old H—df—t gave M—ss—y, and I gave you f—th—1

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—  
 We were all fun and frolic,—and even the J—e  
 Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,  
 And through the whole night wasn't *once* in a passion'

50

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are ailing,  
 And M—o<sup>1</sup> has a sly dose of jalap preparing  
 For poor T—mmy T—rr—t at breakfast to quaff—  
 As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,  
 And there's nothing so good as old T—mmy, kept close  
 To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose

## LETTER IV

FROM THE RIGHT HON P—TR—CK D—GEN—N TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR J—HN N—CH—L

Dublin<sup>2</sup>

LAST week, dear N—ch—l, making merry  
 At dinner with our Secretary,  
 When all were drunk, or pretty near  
 (The time for doing business here),  
 Says he to me, 'Sweet Bully Bottom '  
 These Papist dogs—hiccup—'od rot 'em '—

<sup>1</sup> Colonel M'Mahon<sup>2</sup> This letter, which contained some very heavy enclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix

Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—  
With all the dirt ev'n *you* can pick up  
But, as the Pr—ce (here's to him—fill—  
Hip, hip, hurra ')—is trying still 10  
To humbug them with kind professions,  
And, as *you* deal in *strong* expressions—  
“*Rogue*”—“*traitor*” hiccup—and all  
that—

You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat '—  
You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat '—

Yes—‘muzzled’ was the word, Sir  
John—

These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on  
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er  
With slaver of the times of yore '—  
Was it for this that back I went 20  
As far as Lateran and Trent,  
To prove that they, who damn'd us  
then,

Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again?—  
The silent victim still to sit  
Of Gr—tt—n's fire and C—nn—g's wit,  
To hear ev'n noisy M—th—w gabble on,  
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon '—  
Oh '—tis too much—who now will be  
The Nightman of No-Popery '—  
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,  
Such learned filth will ever fish up '— 31  
If there among our ranks be one  
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, Sir John,  
Thou, who, like me, art dubb'd Right  
Hon

Like me too, art a Lawyer Civil  
That wishes Papists at the devil

To whom then but to thee, my friend,  
Should Patrick ' his Port-folio send '—  
Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd Port-  
folio,

With all its theologic oho 40  
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman—  
Of Doctrines, now believ'd by no man—  
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,

<sup>1</sup> In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the ‘muzzle’ has been taken off, and the Right Hon Doctor again let loose!

<sup>2</sup> A bad name for poetry, but D-gen-n is still worse—As Prudentius says upon a very different subject—

Torquatus Apollo  
Nominis percussus

Yet always ending in damnation—  
(Which shows that, since the world's  
creation,

Your Priests, whate'er their gentle  
shamming,

Have always had a taste for damning,)  
And many more such pious scraps,  
To prove (what *we've* long prov'd,  
perhaps,)

That, mad as Christians us'd to be 50  
About the Thirteenth Century,  
There still are Christians to be had  
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad '—

Farewell—I send with this, dear  
N—ch—l,

A rod or two I've had in pickle  
Wherewith to trim old Gr—tt—n's  
jacket—

The rest shall go by Monday's packet

P D

*Among the Enclosures in the foregoing  
Letter was the following ‘Unanswerable  
Argument against the Papists’*

We're told the ancient Roman nation  
Made use of spittle in lustration, <sup>3</sup>  
(*Vide* Lactantium ap Gallaeum—<sup>4</sup> 60  
*ie* you need not read but see 'em,)  
Now, Irish Papists, fact surprising,  
Make use of spittle in baptizing,  
Which proves them all, O' Finns,  
O' Fagans,

Connors, and Tooles, all downright  
Pagans

This fact's enough,—let no one tell us  
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—  
No, no—the man, baptiz'd with spittle,  
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle '—

<sup>3</sup> ——— Lustialibus ante salvis

Expiat Pers sat 2

<sup>4</sup> I have taken the trouble of examining the  
Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once,  
correct The following are the words of his  
indignant referee, Gallaeus —‘Assevere non  
voiemur sacrum baptismum a Papistis pro-  
fari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione  
a Paganis non a Christianis mansisse’

## LETTER V

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C—RK TO LADY

My dear Lady —— ' I've been just sending out  
 About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—  
 (By the bye, you've seen Rokeby ?—this moment got mine—  
 The Mail-Coach Edition<sup>1</sup>—prodigiously fine,)  
 But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,  
 I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;  
 As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,  
 One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet  
 (Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend last night,  
 Escort to their chairs, with his staff, so polite,  
 The 'three maiden Miseries,' all in a fright,  
 Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,  
 Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts* !)

But, my dear Lady ——, can't you hit on some notion,  
 At least for one night to set London in motion ?—  
 As to having the R—g—nt, *that* show is gone by—  
 Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)  
 The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,  
 Have taken much lately to whispering in doorways,  
 Which—consid'ring, you know, dear, the size of the two—  
 Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through,  
 And a house such as mine is, with doorways so small,  
 Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all—  
 (Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I hope,  
 That Napoleon's old mother's to marry the Pope,—  
 What a comical pair !)—but, to stick to my Rout,  
 'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out  
 Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan arriv'd ?  
 No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd ?  
 No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name  
 Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame ?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,  
 When—provided their wigs were but decently black—  
 A few Patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight  
 That would people one's house for one, night after night.  
 But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much—  
 (And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)  
 Or, whether Lord G—rge (the young man about town)  
 Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down,  
 One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,  
 And the only stray Patriot seen for an age  
 Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools !)  
 As old Mrs V—gh—n's or Lord L—v—rp—l's

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintzschitstopzschinzoudhoff  
 Are the only things now make an ev'ning go smooth off

<sup>1</sup> See Mr Murray's Advertisement about the Mail Coach copies of *Rokeby*

So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—  
If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better  
And—Lord ' if he would but, *in character*, sup  
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up !

*Au revoir*, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—  
Little Gunter has brought me the Liqueurs to taste

50

## POSTSCRIPT

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe  
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster ?<sup>1</sup>  
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin  
Be not too improper, I think I'll bring that in

## LETTER VI

FROM ABDALLAH,<sup>2</sup> IN LONDON, TO  
MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN

WHILST thou, Mohassan, (happy thou ')  
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow  
Before our King—our Asia's treasure '  
Nutmeg of Comfort , Rose of Pleasure '  
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises  
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses ,  
Thy head still near the bowstring's  
borders,  
And but left on till further orders—  
Through London streets with turban  
fair,  
And caftan, floating to the air, 10  
I saunter on, the admiration  
Of this short-coated population—  
This sew'd up race—this button'd  
nation—  
Who, while they boast their laws so free,  
Leave not one limb at liberty,

But live, with all their lordly speeches,  
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches

Yet, though they thus then knee-pans  
fetter  
(They're Christians, and they know no  
better ?)

In some things they're a thinking nation ,  
And, on Religious Toleration, 21

I own I like their notions quite,  
They are so Persian and so right '  
You know our Sunnites,<sup>4</sup>—hateful dogs '

Whom every pious Shinte flogs  
Or longs to flog<sup>5</sup>—'tis true, they pay  
To God, but in an ill-bred way ,

With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces  
Stuck in their right, canonic places<sup>6</sup>

'Tis true, they worship Alr's name<sup>7</sup>— 30  
*Then* Heav'n and *ours* are just the  
same—

(A Persian's Heav'n is easily made,  
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade )

<sup>1</sup> Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a *Lusus Naturae* in the Newspapers lately

<sup>2</sup> I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers , and he has arrived just in time to assist the P—e and Mr L—ch—e in their new Oriental Plan of Reform—See the second of these Letters How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for

<sup>3</sup> 'C'est un honnête homme,' said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter , 'c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien'

<sup>4</sup> *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided, and they have gone on cursing and

persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia, and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendency, reproaches in this Letter

<sup>5</sup> 'Les Sunnites, qui toient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme'—*D'Herbelot*

<sup>6</sup> 'In contradistinction to the *Sounis*, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of their breast, the *Schahs* drop their arms in straight lines, and as the *Sounis*, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the *Schahs*, &c &c—*Forster's Voyage*

<sup>7</sup> 'Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement, au contraire, ils le reconnaissent,' &c, &c—*Chardin*



Yet, though we've tried for centuries  
back—

We can't persuade this stubborn pack,  
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,  
To wear th' establish'd pea-green  
slippers<sup>1</sup>

Then, only think, the libertines<sup>1</sup>  
They wash their toes—they comb their  
chins,<sup>2</sup>

With many more such deadly sins, 40  
And what's the worst (though last I  
rank it),

Believe the Chapter of the Blanket<sup>1</sup>

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,  
(Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious,  
Since no man living would refuse  
Green slippers, but from treasonous  
views,

Nor wash his toes, but with intent  
To overturn the government,)—  
Such is our mild and tolerant way, 50  
We only curse them twice a day  
(According to a Form that's set),  
And, far from torturing, only let  
All orthodox believers beat 'em,  
And twitch their beards, where'er they  
meet 'em

As to the rest, they're free to do  
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,  
Provided they make nothing of it  
Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit,

Which things, we nat'rally expect,  
Belong to us, the Establish'd sect, 60  
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked)<sup>1</sup>  
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.  
The same mild views of Toleration  
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,  
Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,  
And only Sunnites with a brogue)  
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,  
As rascal Sunnites do with us

The tender Gazel I enclose  
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose— 70  
Take it when night begins to fall,  
And throw it o'er her mother's wall

### GAZEL

REMEMBEREST thou the hour we past,—  
That hour the happiest and the last ?  
Oh ! not so sweet the Siha thorn  
To summer bees, at break of morn,  
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,  
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,  
As is the soothing memory  
Of that one precious hour to me 80

How can we live, so far apart ?  
Oh ! why not rather, heart to heart,  
United live and die—  
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,  
With feather always touching feather,  
Link'd by a hook and eye !<sup>3</sup>

### LETTER VII

FROM MESSRS L—CK—GT—N AND CO TO

, ESQ<sup>4</sup>

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS—look'd it thro'—  
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do  
Clever work, Sir !—would *get up* prodigiously well—  
Its only defect is—it never would sell  
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,  
In an *Author* 'tis not so desirable thought

<sup>1</sup> The Shutes wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination.—*Mariti*

<sup>2</sup> For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's *Account of the Mohammedan Sects*

<sup>3</sup> This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bid to

which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson—'A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing, on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together'

<sup>4</sup> From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was enclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix

Hard times, Sir,—most books are too dear to be read—  
 Though the *gold* of Good sense and Wit's *small change* are fled,  
 Yet the *paper* we Publishers pass, in their stead,  
 Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think .t)  
 Not even such names as F—tzg—r—d's can sink it ! 10

However, Sir—if you're for trying again,  
 And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your men.

Since the Chevalier C—rr<sup>1</sup> took to marrying lately  
 The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—  
 No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once plann'd,  
 A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land  
 Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—  
 And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell 20  
 Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—  
 Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,  
 You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of Albinia!<sup>2</sup>  
 (Mind—*not* to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse  
 Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*  
 Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—  
 The deuce is m't, Sir, if you cannot *review* !

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,  
 We've a Scheme to suggest—Mr Sc—tt, you must know,  
 (Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row*,<sup>3</sup>) 30  
 Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,  
 Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town,  
 And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)  
 Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way  
 Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)  
 To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him,  
 Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—  
 May do a few Villas, before Sc—tt approaches  
 Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,  
 He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn-Abbey 40  
 Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,  
 'Tis a match ! and we'll put you *in training* next week  
 At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a  
 Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera

*Temple of the Muses*

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Curi, the author of *Tours in Ireland, Holland, Sweden, &c &c*

<sup>2</sup> This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately

between Alb-n-a, Countess of B-ck-gli-ms-e, and a certain ingenious Parodist

<sup>3</sup> Paternoster Row

## LETTER VIII

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO —

SK—FF—NGT—N, ESQ

COME to our Fête,<sup>1</sup> and bring with thee  
Thy newest, best embroidery  
Come to our Fête, and show again  
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men,  
Which charm'd all eyes, that last sur-  
vey'd it,  
When Br—mm—I's self inquir'd 'who  
made it?'—  
When Cits came wond'ring, from the  
East,  
And thought thee Post Pye at least<sup>1</sup>

Oh! come, (if haply 'tis thy week  
For looking pale,) with paly cheek; 10  
Though more we love thy roseate days,  
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze  
Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,  
Tips even thy whisker-tops with red—  
Like the last tints of dying Day  
That o'er some darkling grove delay

Bring thy best lace, thou gay  
Philander,  
(That lace, like H—rry Al—x—nd—r,  
Too precious to be wash'd,)—thy rings,  
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!  
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on, 21  
And yield in frogs and fringe, to none  
But the great R—g—t's self alone,  
Who—by particular desire—  
*For that night only*, means to hire  
A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire<sup>2</sup>  
Hail, first of Actors!<sup>3</sup> best of R—g—t's!  
Born for each other's fond allegiance<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This Letter enclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February

<sup>2</sup> An amateur actor of much risible renown

<sup>3</sup> Quem tu, Melpomene, semel

Nascentem placido iumme videmus, &c

HORAT

The Man, upon whom thou hast design'd to  
look funny,  
Oh, Tragedy's Muse! at the hour of his  
birth—  
Let them say what they will, that's the Man  
for my money,  
Give others thy tears, but let me have thy  
mirth<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The crest of Mr C—tes, the very amusing

Both gay Lotharios—both good dressers—  
Of serious Farce both learn'd Professors—  
Both circled round, for use or show, 31  
With cock's combs, wheresoe'er they go!<sup>1</sup>

Thou know'st the time, thou man of  
lore!  
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—  
Thou know'st the time, too, well-a-day!  
It takes to dance that chalk away<sup>2</sup>  
The Ball-room opens—far and high  
Comets and suns beneath us lie,  
O'er snow-white moons and stars we  
walk,  
And the floor seems one sky of chalk! 40  
But soon shall fade that bright deceit,  
When many a maid, with busy feet,  
That sparkle in the lustre's ray,  
O'er the white path shall bound and play  
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way —  
With every step a star hath fled,  
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!  
So passeth life—(thus Sc—tt would write,  
And spinsters read him with delight,)—  
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on, 50  
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone!<sup>16</sup>

But, hang this long digressive flight!<sup>1</sup>—  
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,  
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,  
Who say the Pr—e neglects the arts—  
Neglects the arts?—no, Str—hl—g, no,  
Thy Cupids answer 'tis not so,  
And every floor, that night, shall tell  
How quick thou daubest, and how well  
Shine as thou may'st in French ver-  
milion, 60  
Thou'rt best, beneath a French cotillion,  
And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,  
With flying colours in a Waltz.

amateur tragedian here alluded to, was a cock,  
and most profusely wore his liveries, harness,  
&c covered with this ornament

<sup>2</sup> To those, who neither go to balls nor read  
the Morning Post, it may be necessary to  
mention, that the floors of Ball-rooms, in  
general, are chalked for safety and for orna-  
ment, with various fanciful devices

<sup>16</sup> Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent  
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent

After all, however, Mr Sc—tt may well say to  
the Colonel, (and, indeed, to much better wags  
than the Colonel,) *ραον μωρεισσαι η μειρεσθαι*

<sup>7</sup> A foreign artist much patronized by the  
Prince Regent

Nor need'st thou mourn the transient  
date

To thy best works assign'd by fate  
While *some* chef-d'œuvres live to weary  
one,

Thine boast a short life and a merry one,  
Their hour of glory past and gone  
With 'Molly put the kettle on' <sup>1</sup>

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf  
Of paper left—so, must be brief 71

This festive Fête, in fact, will be  
The former Fête's *fac-simile*, <sup>2</sup>  
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,  
All trick'd up in such odd costumes,  
(These, F—r—r—r, are thy glorious works!)  
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and  
Turks,

Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,  
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic Nic Palace,

And each to make the oho pleasant 80  
Had sent a State-Room as a present  
The same *fauteuils* and *grandoles*—  
The same gold Asses, <sup>4</sup> pretty souls!  
That, in this rich and classic dome,  
Appear so perfectly at home  
The same bright river 'mong the dishes,  
But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—  
Late hours and claret kill'd the old  
ones—

So 'stead of silver and of gold ones,  
(It being rather hard to raise 90  
Fish of that *specie* now-a days)  
Some sprats have been by Y—rm—th's  
wish,

Promoted into *Silver Fish*,  
And Gudgeons (so V—ns—tt—t told  
The R—g—t) are as good as *Gold* <sup>1</sup>

So, prithee, come—our Fête will be  
But half a Fête if wanting thee

## APPENDIX

## LETTER IV PAGE 152

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr D—g—n—n's Letter, was found an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from Pope Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account This female Pontiff was a native of England, (or, according to others, of Germany,) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate This Epistle is addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal), soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed

She begins by reminding him tenderly of the time, when they were together at Athens—when, as she says,

—' by Illyssus' stream  
We whisp'ring walk'd along, and learn'd to speak  
The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek;—  
Ah, then how little did we think or hope,  
Dearest of men, that I should e'er be Pope! <sup>5</sup>  
That I, the humble Joan, whose house-wife art  
Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart,  
(And those, alas, at sixes and at sevens,)  
Should soon keep all the keys of all the heavens!'

<sup>1</sup> The name of a popular country dance

<sup>2</sup> C—rit—n H—e will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête The same splendid draperies, &c &c —*Morning Post*

<sup>3</sup> Mr Walsh Porter, to whose taste was left the furnishing of the rooms of Carlton House

<sup>4</sup> The salt-cellar on the Pr—e's *own* table were in the form of an Ass with panniers

<sup>5</sup> Spanheim attributes this unanimity, with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals.—'Non vi aliqui, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quae sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hac quantquam'

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

'Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,  
And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em—  
Pope *Innocent* ' alas, the only one  
That name could e'er be justly fix'd upon '

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.—

'But oh, more dear, more precious ten times over—  
Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover '  
I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad'st *me*—ah '  
Thou mad'st the Papa of the world Mamma ' '

I have not time at present to translate any more of this Epistle, but I presume the argument which the Right Hon Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century. Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject

*Romanus* (heu posteri negabitur '  
*Emancipatus* FOEMINAE  
Fert vallum '

#### LETTER VII PAGE 155

THE Manuscript, found enclosed in the Bookseller's Letter, turns out to be a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled 'The Book,'<sup>1</sup> of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs L—ck—ngt—n and Co. This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers

The first Act opens in a very awful manner—*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber<sup>2</sup> in C—rlt—n House—Enter the F—e R—g—t solus—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims —

Away—Away—

Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book,  
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look  
I see thy damned *ink* in Eld—n's brows—  
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—rtf—d's Spouse—  
V—ns—tt—t's head recalls thy *leathern* case,  
And all thy *black-leaves* stare from R—d—r's face '  
While turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*), I find, ah wretched elf,  
Thy *List of dire Errata* in myself

(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation*)

<sup>1</sup> There was, in like manner, a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that time. Every one spoke of it, many wrote against it, though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it, and Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled 'Liber de tribus impostoribus' (See Morhof, *Cap de Libris damnatis*)—Our more modern mystery of 'the Book' resembles this in many

particulars, and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into '*a tribus impostoribus*' would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable

<sup>2</sup> The same Chamber, doubtless, that was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all 'for the deliverance of Europe') with *fleurs de-lys*

Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!  
 Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!  
 Delicious drams! why have you not the art  
 To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving on the ground some scribbled fragments of paper, which he instantly collects, and 'by the light of two magnificent candelabras' discovers the following unconnected words, '*Wife neglected*,'—'*the Book*'—'*Wrong Measures*'—'*the Queen*'—'*Mr Lambert*'—'*the R—g—t*'

Ha! treason in my house!—Curst words, that wither  
 My princely soul, (*shaking the papers violently*) what Demon brought you  
 hither?  
 'My Wife,'—'the Book' too!—stay—a nearer look—  
 (*holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras*)  
 Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, Book—  
 Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of valets enter. A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are dispatched in different directions, for the L—rd Ch—nc—ll—r, the D—e of C—b—l—d, &c &c The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed, the D—ke with his stays only half-laced, and the Ch—nc—ll—r with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, 'to maintain the becoming splendour of his office'.<sup>1</sup> The R—g—t produces the appalling fragments, upon which the Ch—nc—ll—r breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream

'Tis scarcely two hours since  
 I had a fearful dream of thee, my P e!—  
 Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,  
 Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,  
 'Worship my whiskers!'—(*weeps*) not a knee was there  
 But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair,  
 Which our'd in conscious majesty' (*pulls out his handkerchief*)—while  
 cries  
 Of 'Whiskers, whiskers!' shook the echoing skies—  
 Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,  
 With looks of injur'd pride, a Princely Dame,  
 And a young maiden, clinging by her side,  
 As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide  
 Two hearts that nature and affection tied!  
 The Matron came—within her *right* hand glow'd  
 A radiant torch, while from her *left* a load  
 Of Papers hung—(*wipes his eyes*) collected in her veil—  
 The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,  
 The wounding hint, the current lies that pass  
 From *Post* to *Courser*, form'd the motley mass,  
 Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,  
 And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose (*Weeps*)

<sup>1</sup> 'To enable the individual, who holds the | splendour' (*A loud laugh*)—Lord Castlereagh's office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming | *Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill*

Heav'ns, how it blaz'd '—I'd ask no livelier fire  
*(With animation)* To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire '—  
 But, ah ' the Evidence—*(weeps again)* I mourn'd to see—  
 Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee  
 And Tales and Hints their random sparkle flung,  
 And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue,  
 While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,  
 Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame  
 When, lo, ye Gods ' the fire ascending busker,  
 Now sings *one*, now lights the *other* whisker  
 Ah ' where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls  
 Her fairy standard in defence of curls ?  
 Throne, Whiskers, Wig, soon vanish'd into smoke,  
 The watchman cried 'Past One,' and—I awoke

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—g—t (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe A Privy Council is held—all the Servants, &c, are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—g—t for a dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing) was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers<sup>1</sup>—but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they 'exeunt severally' to Prison —

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring  
 No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring,  
 Though Summer flowers shall pass unseen away,  
 And all your portion of the glorious day  
 May be some solitary beam that falls,  
 At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—  
 Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,  
 To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad !  
 Yet go—for thoughts as blessed as the air  
 Of Spring or Summer flowers await you there,  
 Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew  
 In rich conservatories, *never* knew,  
 Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—  
 The Zeal, whose circling charities begin  
 With the few lov'd ones Heaven has plac'd it near,  
 And spread, till all Mankind are in its sphere,  
 The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,  
 And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,  
 Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty !

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board—Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c, that lie about—They

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Leigh Hunt and his brother.

all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of 'Derry Down'

My brave brother Tailors, come, straighten your knees,  
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,  
While I sing of our P——e (and a fig for his railers)  
The Shop-board's delight! the Maecenas of Tailors!

Derry down, down, down derry down

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,  
While *His* short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat,  
Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his Soul,  
But our R—g—t's finds room in a lac'd button-hole.

Derry down, &c

Look through all Europe's Kings—those, at least, who go loose—  
Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose,  
So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,  
Still the fattest and best fitted P——e about town!

Derry down, &c

During the 'Derry down' of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S——e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its development—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M——n upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxtaposition

Honour'd Colonel—my Wife, who's the Queen of all slatterns,  
Neglected to put up the Book of new Patterns  
She sent the wrong Measures too—shamefully wrong—  
They're the same us'd for poor Mr Lambert, when young,

But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the R—g—t—  
So, hope you'll excuse yours till death, most obedient

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—g—t resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.



# SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS

ΣΧΟΛΑΖΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΣΧΟΛΙΑ

## THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS

A DREAM

'It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it'—Lord Castleisagh's *Speech upon Colonel M<sup>r</sup> Mahon's Appointment*, April 14, 1812

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,  
But could not sleep—at length I said,  
'I'll think of Viscount C—stl—r—gh,  
And of his speeches—that's the way'  
And so it was, for instantly  
I slept as sound as sound could be  
And then I dreamt—so dread a dream!  
Fusel has no such theme,  
Lewis never wrote or borrow'd  
Any horror, half so horrid!

Methought the Pr—e, in whisker'd  
state,  
Before me at his breakfast sate,  
On one side lay unread Petitions,  
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians,  
Here tradesmen's bills,—official papers,  
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—  
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,  
Death-warrants and the Morning Post

When lo! the Papers, one and all,  
As if at some magician's call,  
Began to flutter of themselves  
From desk and table, floor and shelves,

And, cutting each some different capers,  
Advanc'd, oh jacobinic papers!  
As though they said, 'Our sole design is  
To suffocate his Royal Highness!'  
The Leader of this vile sedition  
Was a huge Catholic Petition,  
With grievances so full and heavy,  
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy  
Then Common-Hall Addresses came  
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim  
Right at the R—g—t's well dress'd head,  
As if *determin'd* to be read  
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,  
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount  
high,  
Nay, ev'n Death-warrants thought they'd  
best  
Be lively too, and join the rest

But, oh the basest of defections!  
His letter about 'predilections'—  
His own dear Letter, void of grace,  
Now flew up in its parent's face!  
Shock'd with his breach of filial duty,  
He just could murmur '*et Tu Brute*,'  
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor  
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd—and pray'd, with lifted hand,  
'Oh! never may this Dream prove  
true,  
Though paper overwhelms the land,  
Let it not crush the Sovereign too!'

## PARODY

OF A CELEBRATED LETTER<sup>1</sup>

AT length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,  
When, with P—rc—v—I's leave, I may throw my chains by,  
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,  
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

. . .  
. . .  
. . .  
. . .  
. . .

10

<sup>1</sup> Letter from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent to the Duke of York, February 13, 1812

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,  
 But Y—rm—th and I thought perhaps 'twould be better  
 To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—  
 (That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,  
 With all due appearance of thought and digestion)—  
 For, though H—rtf—rd House had long settled the question,  
 I thought it but decent, between me and you,  
 That the two *other* Houses should settle it too

I need not remind you how cursedly bad  
 Our affairs were all looking, when Father went mad,<sup>1</sup> 20  
 A straight waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,  
 A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be  
 I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,  
 To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle  
 A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,  
 By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,  
 Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done<sup>2</sup>  
 So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,  
 The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patching, 30  
 For tools of this kind, like Martinus's scone,<sup>3</sup>  
 Would lose all their beauty, if purified once,  
 And think—only think—if our Father should find,  
 Upon graciously coming again to his mind,<sup>4</sup>  
 That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—  
 That R—se was grown honest, or W—stm—rel—nd wiser—  
 That R—d—r was, ev'n by one twinkle, the brighter—  
 Or L—v—rp—I's speeches but half a pound lighter—  
 What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!  
 No!—far were such dreams of improvement from me 40  
 And it pleas'd me to find, at the House, where, you know,<sup>5</sup>  
 There's such good mutton outlets, and strong curaçoa,<sup>6</sup>  
 That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,  
 And my Y—rm—th's red whiskers grew redder for joy.

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft, if I *would*,  
 By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good  
 I *might* have withheld these political noodles  
 From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;  
 I *might* have told Ireland I put her lot,  
 Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know I did not. 50  
 And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows  
 Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,  
 But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,  
 We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself

<sup>1</sup> 'I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated to me by Parliament'—*Prince's Letter*

<sup>2</sup> 'My sense of duty to our Royal father solely decided that choice'—*Ibid*

<sup>3</sup> The antique sheld of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old scone

<sup>4</sup> 'I waived any personal gratification, in order that his Majesty might resume, on his restoration to health, every power and prerogative,' &c.—*Prince's Letter*

<sup>5</sup> 'And I have the satisfaction of knowing that such was the opinion of persons for whose judgement,' &c. &c.—*Ibid*

<sup>6</sup> The letter writer's favourite luncheon.

You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I,  
Are the last that can think the K—ng *ever* will die <sup>1</sup>

A new era's arriv'd,<sup>2</sup>—though you'd hardly believe it—  
And all things, of course, must be new to receive it  
New villas, new fêtes (which ev'n Waithman attends)—  
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new friends* ?

60

I repeat it, 'New Friends'—for I cannot describe  
The delight I am in with this P—rc—v—l tribe  
Such capering '—Such vapouring '—Such rigour '—Such vigour '  
North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,  
That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears,  
And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algers

When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my chains,  
'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains  
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,  
But think how we find our Allies in new breeches '  
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,  
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,  
To put the last lingering few who remain,  
Of the Walcheien warriors, out of their pain  
Then how Wellington fights ! and how squabbles his brother !  
For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other,  
One crushing Napoleon by taking a city,  
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee  
Oh deeds of renown '—shall I boggle or flinch,  
With such prospects before me ? by Jove, not an inch  
No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,  
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,  
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,  
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet

70

80

I am proud to declare I have no predilections,<sup>3</sup>  
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections  
Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,  
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through '  
Neither feel I resentments, nor wish there should come ill  
To mortal—except (now I think on't) Beau Br—mm—l  
Who threaten'd last year, in a superfine passion,  
To cut *me*, and bring the old K—ng into fashion  
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present,  
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,  
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,  
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings  
(And that I'm consistent the world will allow,  
What I was at Newmarket the same I am now)

90

100

<sup>1</sup> 'I certainly am the last person in the kingdom to whom it can be permitted to despair of our loyal father's recovery'—*Prince's Letter*

<sup>2</sup> 'A new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction,' &c.—*Ibid*

<sup>3</sup> 'I have no predilections to indulge,—no resentments to gratify'—*Ibid*

When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking),  
I hope, like the Vendor of Best Patent Blacking,  
'To meet with the gen'rous and kind approbation  
Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation'

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter,  
(No man, except Pole, could have writ you a better),  
'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so long<sup>1</sup>  
With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong,  
Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—  
To let too much light in on me never would do, 110  
But even Grey's brightness shan't make me afraid,  
While I've C—md—n and Eld—n to fly to for shade;  
Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,  
While there's W—stm—rel—nd near him to weaken the charm  
As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,  
Sure joining with H—rtf—rd and Y—rm—th will do it!  
Between R—d—r and Wh—rt—n let Sheridan sit,  
And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's wit  
And against all the pure public feeling that glows 120  
Ev'n in Whittbread himself we've a Host in G—rge R—se!  
So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,  
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey,<sup>2</sup>  
Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose)  
By the twopenny post to tell Grenville the news,  
And now, dearest Fred (though I've no predilection),  
Believe me yours always with truest affection

P S A copy of this is to P—rc—I going,<sup>3</sup>  
Good Lord, how St Stephen's will ring with his crowing!

## ANACREONTIC

## TO A PLUMASSIER

FINE and feathery artisan,  
Best of Plumists (if you can  
With your art so far presume)  
Make for me a Pr—ce's Plume—  
Feathers soft and feathers rare,  
Such as suits a Pr—ce to wear

First, thou downiest of men,  
Seek me out a fine Pea—hen,  
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,  
As by Juno's side might stand,  
If there were no cocks at hand  
Seek her feathers, soft as down,  
Fit to shine on Pr—ce's crown,

If thou canst not find them, stupid!  
Ask the way of Prior's Cupid<sup>4</sup>

Ranging these in order due,  
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo,  
Emblem of the happy fates  
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates  
Pluck him well—be sure you do— 20  
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,  
Thus to have his plumage blest,  
Beaming on a R—y—I crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird  
10 Shall we find for Plume the third?  
You must get a learned Owl,  
Bleakest of black letter fowl,—

<sup>1</sup> 'I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed would strengthen my hands, and constitute a part of my government'—*Ibid*

<sup>2</sup> 'You are authorized to communicate these sentiments to Lord Grey, who, I have no doubt, will make them known to Lord Grenville'—*Ibid*

<sup>3</sup> 'I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to Mr Perceval'—*Prince's Letter*

<sup>4</sup> See Prior's poem, entitled 'The Dove'

Bigot bird, that hates the light,<sup>1</sup>  
 Foe to all that's fair and bright  
 Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen 30  
 Books,<sup>2</sup> that shun the search of men,  
 Books, that, far from every eye,  
 In 'twelter'd venom sleeping' lie,  
 Stick them in between the two,  
 Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo  
 Now you have the triple feather,  
 Bind the kindred stems together

With a silken tie, whose hue  
 Once was brilliant Buff and Blue,  
 Sullied now—alas, how much!<sup>3</sup> 40  
 Only fit for Y—rm—th's touch

There—enough—thy task is done;  
 Present, worthy G—ge's Son,  
 Now, beneath, in letters neat,  
 Write 'I SERVE,' and all's complete.

### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN

Wednesday

THROUGH M—nch—st—r Square took a canter just now—  
 Met the *old yellow chariot*,<sup>4</sup> and made a low bow  
 This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,  
 But got such a look—oh 'twas black as the devil!  
 How unlucky!—*incog* he was travelling about,  
 And I, like a noodle, must go find him out

*Mem*—when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,  
 To remember there is nothing princely inside

Thursday

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder—  
 What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?  
 The Pr—ce was as cheerful, as if, all his life,  
 He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife—  
 'Fine weather,' says he—to which I, who *must* prate,  
 Answered, 'Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late'  
 He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,  
 And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,  
 That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,  
 And then, Lord, how Geramb<sup>4</sup> would triumphantly scoff!

*Mem*—to buy for son Dicky some unguent or lotion  
 To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion!<sup>5</sup>

Saturday

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—  
 Given by Lady C—stl—r—gh  
 My Lord loves music, and, we know,  
 Has 'two strings always to his bow'<sup>6</sup>  
 In choosing songs, the R—g—t nam'd  
 'Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,'  
 While gentle H—rtf—d begg'd and pray'd  
 For 'Young I am, and sore afraid'

<sup>1</sup> P—ic—v—l

<sup>2</sup> In allusion to 'the Book' which created such a sensation at that period

<sup>3</sup> The *incog* vehicle of the Pi—ce

<sup>4</sup> Baron Geramb, the rival of his R H in whiskers

<sup>5</sup> England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded

'I remember' says Tavernier, 'to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension'

<sup>6</sup> A rhetorical figure used by Lord C—stl—r—gh, in one of his speeches

## EPIGRAM

WHAT news to-day ?—Oh ! worse and worse—  
 'Mac<sup>1</sup> is the Pr—ce's Privy Purse !'—  
 The Pr—ce's Purse ! no, no, you fool,  
 You mean the Pr—ce's *Ridicule*

KING CRACK<sup>2</sup> AND HIS IDOLS

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOTIATION FOR A NEW M—N—STRY

KING CRACK was the best of all possible Kings,  
 (At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you gladly,)  
 But Crack now and then would do het'rodox things,  
 And, at l t, took to worshipping *Images* sadly  
 Some broken-down Idols, that long had been plac'd  
 In his father's old *Cabinet*, pleas'd him so much,  
 That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his taste !—  
 They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to touch  
 And these were the beautiful Gods of King Crack !—  
 But his People, disdaining to worship such things,  
 Cried aloud, one and all, 'Come, your Godships must pack—  
 You'll not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*'  
 Then, trampling these images under their feet,  
 They sent Crack a petition, beginning 'Great Caesar !  
 We're willing to worship, but only entreat  
 That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are'  
 'I'll try,' says King Crack—so they furnish'd him models  
 Of better shap'd Gods, but he sent them all back,  
 Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,  
 In short, they were all *much* too godlike for Crack  
 So he took to his darling old Idols again,  
 And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,  
 In open defiance of Gods and of man,  
 Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places.

## WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE ?

*Quest* WHY is a Pump like V—sc—nt C—stl—r—gh  
*Ans* Because it is a slender thing of wood,  
 That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,  
 And coolly spout and spout and spout away,  
 In one weak, washy, everlasting flood !

<sup>1</sup> Colonel M—m—h—n

<sup>2</sup> One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his

History, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty

## EPIGRAM

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND HIS R—Y—L H—GHN—SS  
THE D—E OF C—B—L—D

SAID his Highness to Ned,<sup>1</sup> with that grim face of his,  
'Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic Neddy?'  
'Because, Sir,' said Ned, looking full in his phiz,  
'You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!'

## WR ATHS FOR THE MINISTERS

AN ANACREONTIC

HITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers!  
Haste thee from Old Brompton's  
bowers—

Or, (if sweeter that abode)  
From the King's well-odour'd Road,  
Where each little nursery bud  
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud  
Hither come and gaily twine  
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine  
Into wreaths for those, who rule us,  
Those, who rule and (some say) fool  
us—

Flora, sure, will love to please  
England's Household Deities!<sup>2</sup>

First you must then, willy-nilly,  
Fetch me many an orange hly—  
Orange of the darkest dye  
Irish G—ff—rd can supply,—  
Choose me out the longest sprig,  
And stick it in old Eld—n's wig

Find me next a Poppy posy,  
Type of his harangues so dozy,  
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,  
To crown the head of L—v—p—I  
'Twill console his brilliant brows  
For that loss of laurel boughs,  
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)  
On the road to Paris City

Next, our C—stl—r—gh to crown,  
Bring me from the County Down

Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been  
Gilded o'er, to hide the green— 30  
(Such as H—df—t brought away  
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's day<sup>3</sup>)—  
Stitch the garland through and through  
With shabby threads of *every hue*,—  
And as, Goddess '*entre nous*—  
His lordship loves (though best of men)  
A little *tortue*, now and then,  
Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens,  
Crimp them with thy curling-irons

That's enough—away, away— 40  
Had I leisure, I could say  
How the *oldest rose* that grows  
Must be pluck'd to deck old Rose—  
How the Doctor's<sup>4</sup> brow should smile  
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile  
But time presses—to thy taste  
I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

## EPIGRAM

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND  
HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF  
LORD Y—RM—TH'S FÊTE

'I WANT the Court Guide,' said my lady,  
'to look  
If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30  
or 20'—  
'We've lost the *Court Guide*, Ma'am, but  
here's the *Red Book*,  
Where you'll find, I dare say, Sey-  
mour Places in plenty!'

<sup>1</sup> Edward Byrne, the head of the Delegates of the Irish Catholics

<sup>2</sup> The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Laies, or Household Gods See Juvenal, Sat 9, l. 138—Plutarch, too, tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, 'much given

to War and penal Statutes'—*ἐπιτιμωθεὶς καὶ ποινιμῶν δαίμονας*

<sup>3</sup> Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the Servants of C—n House every Patrick's Day

<sup>4</sup> The *sobriquet* given to Lord Sidmouth

## HORACE, ODE XI LIB II

FREELY TRANSLATED BY THE

PR—CE R—G—T<sup>1</sup>

- <sup>2</sup> COME, Y—rm—th, my boy, never  
trouble your brains,  
About what your old crony,  
The Emperor Boney,  
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains,
- <sup>3</sup> Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of  
our granaries :  
Should there come famine,  
Still plenty to cram in  
You always shall have, my dear Lord  
of the Stannaries
- Brisk let us revel, while revel we may ,
- <sup>4</sup> For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes  
away, 10  
And then people get fat,  
And infirm, and—all that,
- <sup>5</sup> And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,  
That it frightens the little Loves out of  
their wits ,
- <sup>6</sup> Thy whiskers, too, Y—rm—th '—alas,  
even they,  
Though so rosy they burn,  
Too quickly must turn  
(What a heart-breaking change for thy  
whiskers !) to Grey
- <sup>7</sup> Then why, my Lord Warden, oh ! why  
should you fidget  
Your mind about matters you  
don't understand ? 20  
Or why should you write yourself  
down for an idiot,  
Because 'you,' forsooth, 'have the  
pen in your hand !'

<sup>1</sup> This and the following are extracted from  
a Work, which may, some time or other, meet  
the eye of the Public—entitled *Odes of Horace,*  
*done into English by several Persons of Fashion*

<sup>2</sup> Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes,  
Hirpinae Quincti, cogitet, Hadria  
Divinus objecto, remittas  
Quaerere

<sup>3</sup> Nec trepides in usum  
Poscentis aevi pauca

<sup>4</sup> Fugit retio  
Levis juvenas et decor

<sup>5</sup> Pellente lascivos amores  
Canitie

<sup>6</sup> Neque uno Luna rubens nitet  
Vultu

Think, think how much better  
Than scribbling a letter,  
(Which both you and I  
Should avoid by the bye,)

- <sup>8</sup> How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under  
the bust  
Of old Charley,<sup>9</sup> my friend here, and  
drink like a new one ;  
While Charley looks sulky and frowns  
at me, just  
As the Ghost in the Pantomime  
frowns at Don Juan 30
- <sup>10</sup> To crown us, Lord Warden,  
In C—mb—rl—nd's garden  
Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venom-  
ous sprigs  
While Otto of Roses  
Refreshing all noses  
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers  
and wigs

- <sup>11</sup> What youth of the Household will cool  
our Noyau  
In that streamlet delicious,  
That down 'midst the dishes,  
All full of gold fishes, 40  
Romantic doth flow ?—
- <sup>12</sup> Or who will repair  
Unto M—ch—r Sq—e,  
And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?  
Go—bid her haste hither,  
<sup>13</sup> And let her bring with her  
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's  
going—
- <sup>14</sup> Oh ! let her come, with her dark  
tresses flowing,  
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,  
In the manner of—Acker ann's  
Dresses for May ! 50

<sup>7</sup> Quid aeternis minorem  
Consiliis animum fatigas ?

<sup>8</sup> Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac  
Pinnas jacentes sic temere

<sup>9</sup> Charles Fox  
Rosa

Canos odorati capillos,  
Dum heet, Assyriaque nardo

<sup>11</sup> Potamus uncti  
Quis puer ocus  
Restinguet audentis Falerni  
Pocula praeterante lymphas ?

<sup>12</sup> Quis eliciet domo  
Lyden ?

<sup>13</sup> Eburna, dic age, cum lyria (quae *har-a*)  
Matuiet

<sup>14</sup> Incontam Lacaeanae  
More comam religata nodo



## HORACE, ODE XXII LIB. I

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N

<sup>1</sup> The man who keeps a conscience pure,  
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)  
Through toil and danger walks secure,  
Looks big and black, and never  
winces

<sup>2</sup> No want has he of sword or dagger,  
Cock'd hat or ringlets of Geramb,  
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists  
swagger,  
He doesn't care one single d-mn

<sup>3</sup> Whether midst Irish chairmen going,  
Or through St Giles's alleys dim,  
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blow-  
ing,  
No matter, 'tis all one to him

<sup>4</sup> For instance, I, one evening late,  
Upon a gay vacation sally,  
Singing the praise of Church and State,  
Got (Gods knows how) to Cran-  
bourne Alley

<sup>1</sup> Integer vitæ scelerisque purus

<sup>2</sup> Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,  
Nec venenatis gaviada sagittis,  
Fusce, phœtra

<sup>3</sup> Sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas,  
Sive facturas per inhospitalem  
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus  
Lambit Hydaspes

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words 'quæ loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes' thus—'The *fabling* Spaniard licks the French,' but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones), he altered the passage as it stands at present

<sup>4</sup> Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabina  
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultia  
Terminum cuius vagor expeditis,  
Fugit inermem

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist, (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome), there is something particularly neat in supposing 'ultra terminum' to mean vacation time and

When lo ' an Irish Papist darted  
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and  
big—

I did but frown, and off he started,  
Sear'd at me, even without my wig

<sup>5</sup> Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog  
Goes not to mass in Dublin City,  
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's  
Bog,

Nor spouts in Catholic Committee

<sup>6</sup> Oh ' place me midst O'Rourke's,  
O'Tooles,

The ragged royal-blood of Tara,  
Or place me where Dick M—rt—n  
rules

The houseless wilds of Connemara;

<sup>7</sup> Of Church and State I'll warble still  
Though ev'n Dick M—rt—n's self  
should grumble,

Sweet Church and State, like Jack and  
Jill,

<sup>8</sup> So lovingly upon a hill—  
Ah ' ne'er like Jack and Jill to  
tumble '

then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words '*cuius expeditis*,' (or, as it has been otherwise read, '*cuius expeditis*,') and the felicitous idea of his being '*inermis*' when '*without his wig*,' are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language

<sup>5</sup> Quale portentum neque militatis  
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,  
Nec Jubæ tellus generat leonum  
Aida nutria

<sup>6</sup> Pone me pignus ubi nulla campis  
Aior aestiva recitatu aia  
Quod latus mundi, nebulae malusque  
Jupiter unget

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—rt—n being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a '*malus Jupiter*' of him

<sup>7</sup> Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem

<sup>8</sup> There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) 'standing and falling together,' than this ancient apologue of Jack and Jill. Jack, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little allegory.

Jack fell down,  
And broke his Crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after

## THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS

— Nova monstra cieavit OVID *Metamorph* l i v 437

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major Camac,  
 With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,  
 And such helmets, God bless us ! as never deck'd any  
 Male creature before, except Signor Giovanni—  
 'Let's see,' said the R—g—t (like Titus, perplex'd  
 With the duties of empire,) 'whom *shall* I dress next ?'

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,  
 Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair,<sup>1</sup>  
 Not a single *ex-curl* on his forehead he traces—  
 For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,  
 The *false* they are, the more firm in their places  
 His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt ?  
 For his Y—rm—th's own Frenchified hand cut it out,  
 Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,  
 And a Grand Household Council was held on each plait

Then whom shall he dress ? shall he new-rig his brother,  
 Great C—mb—rl—d's Duke, with some kickshaw or other ?  
 And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes  
 For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes  
 Ah ! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,  
 For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new Stays,  
 So complete for the winter, he saw very plain  
 'Twould be devilish hard work to *unpack* him again.

So, what's to be done ?—there's the Ministers, bless 'em !—  
 As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em ?  
 'An excellent thought !—call the tailors—be nimble—  
 Let Cum bring his spy-glass, and H—rtf—d her thimble ;  
 While Y—rm—th shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,  
 The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissors'

So saying, he calls C—stl—r—gh, and the rest  
 Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be drest  
 While Y—rm—th, with snip-like and brisk expedition,  
 Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition  
 In long tailors' measures, (the P—e crying 'Well done !'  
 And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor Eld—n

<sup>1</sup> That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard—'timore tonsoris,' says Lumpidius (*Hist August*

*Scriptor*) The dissolute Aelius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig (See *Jul Capitolin*)—Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife—See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN  
UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED) 'HAVING LAW<sup>1</sup> ON ONE'S SIDE'

*The Gentleman's Proposal*

'Legge aurea,  
S'ei piace, ei lice'

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy  
To one frigid owner be tied,  
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,  
But, dearest, we've *Law* on our side

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,  
Whom no dull decorums divide,  
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,  
When once they've got *Law* on their side

'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been done, too  
Then why should it now be decried?  
If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son, too?  
For so argues *Law* on our side

And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty  
By cold blooded jurors be tried,  
They can *but* bring it in 'a misfortune,' my beauty,  
As long as we've *Law* on our side

*The Lady's Answer*

HOLD, hold, my good sir, go a little more slowly;  
For, grant me so faithless a bride,  
Such sinners as we, are a little too *lowly*,  
To hope to have *Law* on our side

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining o'er 'em  
The people should look for their guide,  
Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick down decorum—  
You'd always have *Law* on your side

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mischief grown hoary,  
Whose heart, though it long ago died  
To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—  
You still would have *Law* on your side

But for *you*, Sir, Crim Con is a path full of troubles,  
By *my* advice therefore abide,  
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles  
Who have *such* a *Law* on their side

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Lord Ell—nb—gh

## OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST ST—PH—N  
INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME,  
ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER, 1812

T s day a New House, for your edification,  
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation !  
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,  
They're the best that for money just now could be had ;  
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be  
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,  
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set ,  
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other day,  
It is truly surprising how well they can play  
Our Manager,<sup>1</sup> (he, who in Ulster was nurst,  
And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,  
But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,  
Chang'd his note of a sudden, to *God save the King*,)  
Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,  
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,  
Here offers you still the full use of his breath,  
Your devoted and long-winded proser till death

10

You remember last season, when things went perverse on,  
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on)  
One Mr V—ns—tt—t, a good sort of person,  
Who's also employ'd for this season to play,  
In 'Raising the Wind,' and the 'Devil to Pay' :  
We expect too—at least we've been plotting and planning—  
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—nn—g ,  
And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts  
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,  
If the Manager should, with the help of Sir P—ph—m,  
Get up new *diversions*, and C—nn—g should stop 'em,  
Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,  
'Grand fight—second time—with additional capers'

20

30

Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,  
There is plenty of each in this House to be had  
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,  
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he ,  
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,  
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up  
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,  
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet

So much for the actors,—for secret machinery,  
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,  
Y—rm—th and Cum are the best we can find,  
To transact all that trickery business behind

40

<sup>1</sup> Lord C—stl—r—gh<sup>2</sup> He had recently been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,  
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs

In taking my leave now, I've only to say,  
A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,  
May be had of the Manager, Pat C—stl—r—gh

### THE SALE OF THE TOOLS

Instrumenta regni —TACITUS.

HERE'S a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen and Ladies,  
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is,  
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*,—no doubt,  
In that delicate service they're rather worn out,  
Though their owner, bright youth ! if he'd had his own will,  
Would have bungled away with them joyously still )  
You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—and alack !  
What tool is there job after job will not hack ?  
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,  
And their temper, like E—nb'r—h's, none of the best, 10  
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying,  
Wer't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the buying,  
They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and *screens*,  
And are, some of them, excellent *turning* machines

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)  
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller  
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,  
'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice<sup>1</sup>  
Who bids ? Gentle buyer ! 'twill turn as thou shapest,  
'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist, 20  
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall  
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall,  
Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,)  
A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem*  
Will nobody bid ? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—  
Once, twice,—going, going,—thrice, gone !—it is yours, Sir  
To pay ready money you sha'n't be distressed,  
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the Chancellor best

Come, where's the next Tool ?—Oh ! 'tis here in a trice—  
This implement, Ge'mmen, at first was a *Vice*, 30  
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let  
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get,)  
But it since has receiv'd a new coating of *Tin*,  
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in  
Come, what shall we say for it ? briskly ! bid on,  
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone  
God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd down,  
Might at last cost their owner—how much ? why, a *Crown* !

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or  
Trial as yet, and is *also* a *Chancellor*— 40  
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross,  
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*,

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to Lord Eld—n's lachrymose tendencies

And like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,  
 This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather*<sup>1</sup>  
 You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me  
 At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,  
 Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it)  
 Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget*!

## LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL

## A BALLAD

To the tune of 'There was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid'

DEDICATED TO THE RT HON CH—RL—S ABB—T

Arcades ambo  
 Et cant—are pares

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,  
 And he said, 'Little Soul, let us try, try, try,  
 Whether it's within our reach  
 To make up a little Speech,  
 Just between little you and little I, I, I,  
 Just between little you and little I'—

Then said his little Soul,  
 Peeping from her little hole,  
 'I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,  
 But, if it's not uncivil,  
 Pray tell me what the devil  
 Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,  
 Must our little, little speech be about?'

The little Man look'd big  
 With th' assistance of his wig,  
 And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,  
 Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in  
 To gaol, like Thomas Croggan,  
 (As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward her, ward her,  
 As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her

The little Man then spoke,  
 'Little Soul, it is no joke,  
 For as sure as J—cky F—ll—r loves a sup, sup, sup,  
 I will tell the Prince and People  
 What I think of Church and Steeple,  
 And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,  
 And my little patent plan to prop them up'

Away then, cheek by jowl,  
 Little man and little Soul  
 Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle,  
 And the world all declare  
 That this priggish little pair  
 Never yet in all their lves look'd so little, little, little,  
 Never yet in all their lves look'd so little!

<sup>1</sup> 'Of the taxes proposed by Mr Vansittart, that principally opposed in Parliament was the additional duty on leather'—*Ann Register*

## REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON

Suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates,  
Hos cape fatori comites VIRGIL

1813

As recruits in these times are not easily got,  
And the Marshal *must* have them—pray, why should we not,  
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,  
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him ?  
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,  
Any men we could half so conveniently spare,  
And, though they've been helping the French for years past,  
We may thus make them useful to England at last  
C—stl—r—gh in our sieges might save some disgraces,  
Being us'd to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places*,  
And Volunteer C—nn—g, still ready for joining,  
Might show off his talent for sly *undermining*  
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,  
Old H—df—t at *horn-works* again might be tried,  
And the Ch—f J—st—e make a *bold charge* at his side :  
While V—ns—tt—t could victual the troops *upon tick*,  
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R—g—t himself  
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf :  
Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,  
Yet who could resist, if he bore down *en masse* ?  
And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might prove,  
Like our Spanish confed'rates, 'unable to move,'<sup>1</sup>  
Yet there's *one* thing in war of advantage unbounded,  
Which is, that he could not with ease be *surrounded*

In my next I shall sing of their arms and equipment,  
At present no more, but—good luck to the shipment !

## HORACE, ODE I LIB III

## A FRAGMENT

Odi profanum vulgus et atceo  
Favete linguis carmina non prius  
Audita Musarum sacerdos  
Virginibus puerisque canto  
Regum timendorum in proprios greges,  
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis

1813

I HATE thee, oh, Mob, as my Lady hates delf ;  
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses,  
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,  
And, like G—dw—n, write books for young masters and misses  
Oh ! it is not high rank that can make the heart merry,  
Even monarchs themselves are not free from mishap  
Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before Jerry,  
Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap

<sup>1</sup> The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable despatch

## HORACE, ODE XXXVIII LIB I

## A FRAGMENT

Persicos odi, puer, adparatus,  
 Displicent nexae philyia coronae,  
*Mitte sectari, Rosa quo locorum  
 Sera moretur*

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON  
 G—RGE R—SE

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-nackeries,  
 Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and gum-crackeries—  
 Six by the Horse-Guards<sup>1</sup>—old Georgy is late—  
 But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds! do not wait,  
 Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,  
 At which of his places Old R—e is delaying!<sup>1</sup>

## IMPROMPTU

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR  
 OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN

1810

BETWEEN Adam and me the great difference is,  
 Though a paradise each has been forc'd to resign,  
 That he never wore breeches, till turn'd out of his,  
 While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd from mine

## LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smil'd,  
 While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,  
 That the emblem they grav'd on his seal, was a child  
 With a thunderbolt plac'd in its innocent hand

Oh Wellington, long as such Ministers wield  
 Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do,  
 For while *they're* in the Council and *you* in the Field,  
 We've the *babes* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you*!

<sup>1</sup> The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The Translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery note upon *Rosas*, of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian Poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some *Political* Roses, to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion 'Melitensi rosa fartum,' which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of *Irish* Bed of Roses, like Lord Castlereagh's. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosa-

mond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if 'Rosa munda' mean 'a Rose with clean hands' it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the 'Rosa aurea,' which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the Pope, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words 'old Rose,' he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the Poet 'consensusse Rosas.' The whole note, indeed, shows a knowledge of Roses, that is quite edifying.



# IRISH MELODIES

TO

## THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to one whose character reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every succeeding year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity,

Your Ladyship's ever attached Friend,

THOMAS MOORE

### PREFACE

THOUGH an edition of the Poetry of the Irish Melodies, separate from the Music, has long been called for, yet, having, for many reasons, a strong objection to this sort of divorce, I should with difficulty have consented to a disunion of the words from the airs, had it depended solely upon me to keep them quietly and indissolubly together. But, besides the various shapes in which these, as well as my other lyrical writings, have been published throughout America, they are included, of course, in all the editions of my works printed on the Continent, and have also appeared, in a volume full of typographical errors, in Dublin. I have therefore readily acceded to the wish expressed by the Proprietor of the Irish Melodies, for a revised and complete edition of the poetry of the Work, though well aware that my verses must lose even more than the *animæ dimidium*, in being detached from the beautiful airs to which it was their good fortune to be associated.

## IRISH MELODIES

### GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE

Go where glory waits thee,  
But, while fame elates thee,  
Oh ! still remember me  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,

Oh ! then remember me  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,  
Sweeter far may be,  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh ! then remember me !

When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh ! then remember me  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh ! thus remember me

Of as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its hng'ring roses,  
Once so lov'd by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,  
Oh ! then remember me

When, around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh ! then remember me  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh ! still remember me  
Then should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee ;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I us'd to sing thee,—  
Oh ! then remember me,

WAR SONG

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF  
BRIEN THE BRAVE<sup>1</sup>

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the  
brave,  
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er,  
Tho' lost to Mononia,<sup>2</sup> and cold in the  
grave,  
He returns to Kinkora<sup>3</sup> no more  
That star of the field, which so often  
hath pour'd  
Its beam on the battle, is set,  
But enough of its glory remains on each  
sword,  
To light us to victory yet

Mononia<sup>1</sup> when Nature embellish'd the  
tint  
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so  
fair,  
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should  
print  
The footstep of slavery there?  
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall  
never resign,  
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,  
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at  
thy shine,  
Than to sleep but a moment in chains

Forget not our wounded companions,  
who stood<sup>4</sup>  
In the day of distress by our side,  
While the moss of the valley grew red  
with their blood,  
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and  
died  
That sun which now blesses our arms  
with his light,  
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain,—  
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves  
us to night,  
To find that they fell there in vain

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE  
SMILE IN THINE EYES

ERIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy  
skies!  
Shining through sorrow's stream,  
Saddening through pleasure's beam,  
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,  
Weep while they rise

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall  
increase,  
Till, like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in heaven's sight  
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid  
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls

<sup>1</sup> Brien Boromhe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements

<sup>2</sup> Munster

<sup>3</sup> The palace of Brien

<sup>4</sup> This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men

entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—'Let strikes (they said) be struck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.'—'Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops.—never was such another sight exhibited.'—*History of Ireland*, book xii, chap. 1

## WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name  
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
 Oh ' say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?  
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
 Thy tears shall efface their decree,  
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
 I have been but too faithful to thee

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love  
 Every thought of my reason was thine,  
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine  
 Oh ' blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
 The days of thy glory to see,  
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

<p>THE harp that once through Tara's halls          The soul of music shed,          Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,          As if that soul were fled —          So sleeps the pride of former days,          So glory's thrill is o'er,          And hearts, that once beat high for praise,          Now feel that pulse no more</p>	<p>No more to chiefs and ladies bright          The harp of Tara swells,          The chord alone, that breaks at night,          Its tale of ruin tells          Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,          The only throb she gives,          Is when some heart indignant breaks,          To show that still she lives</p>
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## FLY NOT YET

<p>FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,          When pleasure, like the midnight flower          That scorns the eye of vulgar light,          Begins to bloom for sons of night,          And maids who love the moon          Twas but to bless these hours of shade          That beauty and the moon were made,          'Tis then their soft attractions glowing          Set the tides and goblets flowing          Oh ' stay,—Oh ' stay,—          Joy so seldom weaves a chain          Like this to-night, that oh ' 'tis pain          To break its links so soon</p>	<p>Fly not yet, the fount that play'd          In times of old through Ammon's shade,<sup>1</sup>          Though icy cold by day it ran,          Yet still, like souls of mirth, began          To burn when night was near          And thus should woman's heart and looks          At noon be cold as winter brooks,          Nor kindle till the night, returning,          Brings their genial hour for burning          Oh ' stay,—Oh ' stay,—          When did morning ever break,          And find such beaming eyes awake          As those that sparkle here ?</p>
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<sup>1</sup> Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

## OH' THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT

OH' think not my spirits are always as light,  
 And as free from a pang as they seem to you now,  
 Nor expect that the heart beaming smile of to-night  
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow  
 No —life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,  
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns  
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile—  
 May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,  
 Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,  
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows '  
 If it were not with friendship and love interwov'd,  
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,  
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind  
 But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,  
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd,  
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,  
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd  
 But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth  
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—  
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,  
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline

## THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE

THO' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,  
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me,  
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,  
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,  
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes,  
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair

<sup>1</sup> 'In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII, an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Gibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crom-meal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is

made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired.—Walker's *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p 134. Mr Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE<sup>1</sup>

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,  
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore,  
 But oh! her beauty was far beyond  
 Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand  
 'Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
 So lone and lovely through this bleak way?  
 Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,  
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?'  
 'Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
 No son of Erin will offer me harm —  
 For though they love woman and golden store,  
 Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!'  
 On she went, and her maiden smile  
 In safety lighted her round the Green Isle,  
 And blest for ever is she who relied  
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride

## AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow  
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
 So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,  
 Though the cold heart to run runs darkly the while  
 One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—  
 Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,  
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright day,  
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,  
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS<sup>2</sup>

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,<sup>3</sup>  
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart  
 Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,  
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
 Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still

<sup>1</sup> This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote — 'The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brian, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value, and such an impression

had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels' — *Wagner's History of Ireland*, vol 1 book x

<sup>2</sup> 'The Meeting of the Waters' forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

<sup>3</sup> The rivers Avon and Avoca

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,  
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace

### HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,  
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays  
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,  
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest

### TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK  
 BOOK

TAKE back the virgin page,  
 White and unwritten still,  
 Some hand, more calm and sage,  
 The leaf must fill  
 Thoughts come, as pure as light,  
 Pure as even *you* require  
 But, oh ! each word I write  
 Love turns to fire

Yet let me keep the book  
 Oft shall my heart renew,  
 When on its leaves I look,  
 Dear thoughts of you  
 Like you, 'tis fair and bright,  
 Like you, too bright and fair  
 To let wild passion write  
 One wrong wish there

Haply, when from those eyes  
 Far, far away I roam,  
 Should calmer thoughts arise  
 Tow'rd you and home,  
 Fancy may trace some line,  
 Worthy those eyes to meet,  
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,  
 Pure, calm, and sweet

And as, o'er ocean far,  
 Seamen their records keep,  
 Led by some hidden star  
 Through the cold deep,  
 So may the words I write  
 Tell thro' what storms I stray—  
 You still the unseen light,  
 Guiding my way

### THE LEGACY

WHEN in death I shall calmly recline,  
 O bear my heart to my mistress dear,  
 Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine  
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd  
 here  
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow  
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light,  
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,  
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.  
 When the light of my song is o'er,  
 Then take my harp to your ancient  
 hall,  
 Hang it up at that friendly door,  
 Where weary travellers love to call<sup>1</sup>  
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,  
 Revive its soft note in passing along,  
 Oh ! let one thought of its master waken  
 Your warmest smile for the child of  
 song

<sup>1</sup> 'In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music'—O'Halloran

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,  
 To grace your revel, when I'm at rest,  
 Never, oh! never its balm bestowing  
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest  
 But when some warm devoted lover  
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,  
 Then, when my spirit around shall hover,  
 And hallow each drop that foams for him

### HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED

How oft has the Benshee cried,  
 How oft has death untied  
 Bright links that Glory wove,  
 Sweet bonds entwined by Love!  
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth,  
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth,

Long may the fair and brave  
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave  
 We're fall'n upon gloomy days!<sup>1</sup>  
 Star after star decays,  
 Every bright name, that shed  
 Light o'er the land, is fled  
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth  
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth,  
 But brightly flows the tear,  
 Wept o'er a hero's bier

Quench'd are our beacon lights—  
 Thou, of the Hundred Fights!<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou, on whose burning tongue  
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung!<sup>3</sup>  
 Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,  
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,  
 So long shall Erin's pride  
 Tell how they liv'd and died

### WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,  
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,  
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,  
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west,  
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,  
 Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,  
 We never need leave our own green isle,  
 For sensitive hearts, and for sun bright eyes  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept  
 By a dragon of prudery placed within call,  
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,  
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all  
 Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,  
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,  
 Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,  
 Nor charms us least when it most repels  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home

<sup>1</sup> I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity

<sup>2</sup> This designation, which has been before

applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Guire, the bard of O'Neil, which is quoted in the *Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland*, page 433 'Con, of the Hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories'

<sup>3</sup> Fox, *Romanorum ultimus*

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,  
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,  
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,  
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.  
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,  
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,  
 Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,  
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home

## EVELEEN'S BOWER

OH ! weep for the hour,  
 When to Eveleen's bower  
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows  
 came,  
 The moon hid her light  
 From the heavens that night,  
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the  
 maiden's shame

The clouds pass'd soon  
 From the chaste cold moon,  
 And heaven smil'd again with her vestal  
 flame,  
 But none will see the day,  
 When the clouds shall pass away,  
 Which that dark hour left upon Eve-  
 leen's fame

The white snow lay  
 On the narrow path-way,  
 When the Lord of the Valley crost over  
 the moor,  
 And many a deep print  
 On the white snow's tint  
 Show'd the track of his footstep to  
 Eveleen's door

The next sun's ray  
 Soon melted away

Every trace on the path where the false  
 Lord came,  
 But there's a light above,  
 Which alone can remove  
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eve-  
 leen's fame

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE  
DAYS OF OLD

LET ERIN remember the days of old,  
 Eie her faithless sons betray'd her,  
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which he won from her proud invader,  
 When her kings, with standard of green  
 unfurl'd,  
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to  
 danger,—<sup>2</sup>  
 Eie the emerald gem of the western  
 world  
 Was set in the crown of a stranger  
 On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisher-  
 man strays,  
 When the clear cold eve's declining,  
 He sees the round towers of other days  
 In the wave beneath him shining,

<sup>1</sup> 'This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory'—Wagner's *History of Ireland*, vol. 1, book ix

<sup>2</sup> 'Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland, long before the birth of

Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Cuiridhe na Craobhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Ennana, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craobhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch, and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bronbheas g.*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier.—O'Halloran's *Introduction*, &c., part 1, chap 5



Thus shall memory often, in dreams  
sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are  
over,  
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of  
time  
For the long faded glories they cover<sup>1</sup>

### THE SONG OF FIONNUALA<sup>2</sup>

SILENT, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy  
water,  
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of  
repose,  
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's  
lonely daughter  
Tells to the night-star her tale of  
woes

When shall the swan, her death-note  
singing,  
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd ?  
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit from this stormy world ?  
Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave  
weeping,  
Fate bids me languish long ages  
away,  
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie  
sleeping,  
Still doth the pure light its dawning  
delay  
When will that day-star, mildly spring-  
ing,  
Warm our isle with peace and love ?  
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit to the fields above ?

### COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief  
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;  
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,  
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools  
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,  
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,  
The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,  
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side  
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?  
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,  
If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?  
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,  
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?  
No perish the hearts, and the laws that try  
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this !

<sup>1</sup> It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aquae illius turres ecclesiasticas, quae more patriae arctae sunt et altae, necnon et rotundae, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt* — *Topogr. Hib. dist. 2*  
c 9

<sup>2</sup> To make this story intelligible in a song

would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once, the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release — I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Mount

### SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,  
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke  
 Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain  
 Oh, Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,  
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—  
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,  
 Nor, oh, be the shamrock of Erin forgot

While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain !  
 If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights  
 Gave to country its charm, and to home its delights,  
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,  
 Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same !  
 And oh ! may his tomb want a bier and a name,  
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,  
 Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,  
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd  
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find  
 That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,  
 Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,  
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,  
 And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,  
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause  
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

God prosper the cause !—oh, it cannot but thrive,  
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,  
 Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain ;  
 Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die  
 The finger of glory shall point where they lie,  
 While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,  
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave  
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain !

### BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,  
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,  
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
 Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,  
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
 And around the dear run each wish of my heart  
 Would entwine itself verdantly still

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear  
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear,  
 No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close,  
 As the sun flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose

## ERIN, OH ERIN

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane,<sup>1</sup>

And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,  
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,

Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm  
Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears  
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,

Thy sun is but rising, when others are set,  
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung

The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet

Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,  
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,

The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,

Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbund,

And daylight and liberty bless the young flower

Thus Erin, oh Erin, *thy* winter is past,

And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at last

## DRINK TO HER

DRINK to her, who long

Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,

The girl, who gave to song

What gold could never buy

Oh ! woman's heart was made

For minstrel hands alone,

By other fingers play'd,

It yields not half the tone

There here's to her, who long

Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,

The girl who gave to song

What gold could never buy

At Beauty's door of glass,

When Wealth and Wit once stood,

They ask'd her, '*which* might pass ?'

She answer'd, ' he, who could '

With golden key Wealth thought

To pass—but 'twould not do

While Wit a diamond brought,

Which cut his bright way through.

So here's to her, who long

Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,

The girl, who gave to song

What gold could never buy

The love that seeks a home

Where wealth or grandeur shines,

Is like the gloomy gnome,

That dwells in dark gold mines.

But oh ! the poet's love

Can boast a brighter sphere,

Its native home's above,

Tho' woman keeps it here

Then drink to her, who long

Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,

The girl, who gave to song

What gold could never buy

## OH ! BLAME NOT THE BARD

OH ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,

Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame,

He was born for much more, and in happier hours

His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame

<sup>1</sup> The inextinguishable fire of St Bridget, at Kildare, which Geraldus mentions — 'Apud Kildaram occurrit ignis Sanctae Brigidae, quem inextingibilem vocant; non quod extinguere non possit, sed quod tam sollicitè moniales et sanctae mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus'—Guald Camb *de Mirabil Hiberna* dist. 2, c. 34.

The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,  
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,<sup>1</sup>  
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,  
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,  
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;  
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,  
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend  
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray,  
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires,  
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,  
Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,  
He should try to forget, what he never can heal  
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam  
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!  
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down  
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,  
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,  
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword<sup>2</sup>

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,  
Thy name, lov'd Erin, shall live in his songs,  
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,  
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs  
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep

#### WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,  
A moment from her smile I turn'd,  
To look at orbs, that, more bright,  
In lone and distant glory burn'd  
But too far  
Ach proud star,  
For me to feel its warming flame,  
Much more dear  
That mild sphere,  
Which near our planet smiling came,<sup>3</sup>

Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;  
While brighter eyes unheeded play,  
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,  
That bless my home and guide my way

The day had sunk in dim showers,  
But midnight now, with lustre meet,  
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,  
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek

<sup>1</sup> It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following 'So that Ireland, called the land of *Ire*, from the constant broils therein for 400 years, was now become the land of concord'—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, art *The Lord Grandison*

<sup>2</sup> See the Hymn, attributed to Alcaeus, *Εν μύρτον κλαδί το ξίφος φορήσω*—'I will carry my

sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius, and Aristogiton,' &c

<sup>3</sup> 'Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together'—*Whiston's Theology*, &c

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with these words, *Non mille, quod celsens*

I said (while  
The moon's smile  
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)  
'The moon looks  
On many brooks

The brook can see no moon but this;<sup>1</sup>  
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,  
For many a lover looks to thee,  
While oh ' I feel there is but *one*,  
*One Mary* in the world for me

## ILL OMENS

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,  
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,  
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,  
The last time she e'er was to press it alone  
For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,  
Had promised to link the last tie before noon,  
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,  
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,  
A butterfly,<sup>2</sup> fresh from the night-flower's kisses,  
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view  
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,  
She brush'd him—he fell, alas ' never to rise  
'Ah ' such,' said the girl, 'is the pride of our faces,  
For which the soul's innocence too often dies'

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,  
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fall'n dew,  
And a rose, farther on, look'd so tempting and glowing,  
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too  
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,  
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost  
'Ah ' this means,' said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning),  
'That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost'

## B FORE THE BATTLE

By the hope within us springing,  
Herald of to-morrow's strife,  
By that sun, whose light is bringing  
Chains or freedom, death or life—  
Oh ' remember life can be  
No charm for him, who lives not free '   
Like the day-star in the wave,  
Sinks a hero in his grave,  
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears  
Happy is he o'er whose decline  
The smiles of home may soothing  
shine,

And light him down the steep of years .  
But oh, how blest they sink to rest,  
Who close their eyes on Victory's  
breast !

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers  
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,  
When his heart that field remembers,  
Where we tam'd his tyrant might  
Never let him bind again  
A chain, like that we broke from then.  
Hark ' the horn of combat calls—  
Ere the golden evening falls,  
May we pledge that horn in triumph  
round !<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works 'The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon'

<sup>2</sup> An emblem of the soul

<sup>3</sup> 'The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage to this day'—Walker

Many a heart that now beats high,  
In slumber cold at night shall lie,  
Nor waken even at victory's sound —  
But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,  
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall  
weep !

## AFTER THE BATTLE

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's  
way,  
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,  
Where those who lost that dreadful day,  
Stood few and faint, but fearless still

The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—  
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,  
When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,  
And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,  
While mute they watch'd, till morning's  
beam

Should rise and give them light to die  
There's yet a world, where souls are free,  
Where tyrants taint not nature's  
bliss,—

If death that world's bright opening be,  
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

## 'TIS SWEET TO THINK

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,

We are sure to find something blissful and dear,  
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,

We've but to make love to the lips we are near  
The heart, like a tendril, accusom'd to cling,

Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,  
But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,

It can twine with itself, and make closely its own  
Then oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,

To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,  
And to know, when far from the lips we love,

We've but to make love to the lips we are near

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,

To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there,  
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,

'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair  
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,

They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,  
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,

It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue  
Then oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,

To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,  
And to know, when far from the lips we love,

We've but to make love to the lips we are near

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS <sup>1</sup>

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,  
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay,  
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,  
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd,  
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,  
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee

<sup>1</sup> Meaning, allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,  
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd,  
 She woo'd me to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in caves,  
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves,  
 Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,  
 Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—  
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale  
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,  
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—  
 Oh ! foul is the slander,—no chain could that soul subdue—  
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too !<sup>1</sup>

## ON MUSIC

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,  
 Losing all that made life dear,  
 Should some notes we used to love,  
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
 Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain !  
 Wakening thoughts that long have  
 slept,  
 Kindling former smiles again  
 In faded eyes that long have wept  
 Like the gale, that sighs along  
 Beds of oriental flowers,  
 Is the grateful breath of song,  
 That once was heard in happier hours,

Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,  
 Though the flowers have sunk in death,  
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
 Its memory lives in Music's breath

Music, oh how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell !  
 Why should Feeling ever speak,  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so  
 well ?  
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are ev'n more false than they,  
 Oh ! 'tis only music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe and not betray

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED<sup>2</sup>

It is not the tear at this moment shed,  
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,  
 That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,  
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him  
 'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,  
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded,  
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,  
 When all lighter griefs have faded

Thus his memory, like some holy light,  
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,  
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,  
 When we think how he liv'd but to love them  
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume  
 Where buried saints are lying,  
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom  
 From the image he left there in dying !

<sup>1</sup> 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty'—St Paul, 2 Cor iii 17 | a very near and dear relative, who had died lately at Madeira

<sup>2</sup> These lines were occasioned by the loss of

## THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,  
Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea,  
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,  
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,  
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,  
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—  
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;  
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,  
Was chang'd, to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known  
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;  
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay  
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty  
    bright  
    My heart's chain wove,  
When my dream of life, from morn till  
    night,  
    Was love, still love  
    New hope may bloom,  
    And days may come,  
    Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
    As love's young dream.  
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
    As love's young dream  
Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
    When wild youth's past,  
Though he win the wise, who frown'd  
    before,  
    To smile at last,

He'll never meet  
    A joy so sweet,  
    In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
    His soul felt flame,  
And at every close, she blush'd to hear  
    The one lov'd name  
No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot  
    Which first love trac'd,  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
    On memory's waste.  
    'Twas odour fled  
    As soon as shed,  
    'Twas morning's winged dream,  
    'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream  
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream

THE PRINCE'S DAY <sup>1</sup>

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,  
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers  
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,  
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours  
    But just when the chain  
    Has ceased to pain,  
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,

<sup>1</sup> This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.



There comes a new link  
 Our spirits to sink—  
 Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,  
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay,  
 But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,  
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day  
 Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal !  
 Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true,  
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,  
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too  
 While cowards, who blight  
 Your fame, your right,  
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,  
 The Standard of Green  
 In front would be seen,—  
 Oh, my life on your faith ! were you summon'd this minute,  
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,  
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,  
 When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day  
 He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded  
 In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget ;  
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,  
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet  
 The gem may be broke  
 By many a stroke,  
 But nothing can cloud its native ray,  
 Each fragment will cast  
 A light, to the last,—  
 And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,  
 There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay,  
 A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,  
 And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day

### WEEP ON, WEEP ON

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past,  
 Your dreams of pride are o'er,  
 The fatal chain is round you cast,  
 And you are men no more  
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled,  
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain,  
 Oh, Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,  
 It never lights again

Weep on—perhaps in after days,  
 They'll learn to love your name,  
 When many a deed may wake in praise  
 That long hath slept in blame  
 And when they tread the ruin'd Isle,  
 Where rest, at length, the lord and  
 slave,  
 They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile  
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?

'Twas fate, they'll say, 'a wayward fate  
 Your web of discord wove,  
 And while your tyrants join'd in hate,  
 You never join'd in love  
 But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,  
 And man profan'd what God had given,  
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine,  
 Where others knelt to heaven '

### LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,  
 But no one knows for whom it beameth,  
 Right and left its arrows fly,  
 But what they aim at no one dreameth  
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon  
 My Nora's hid that seldom rises,  
 Few its looks, but every one,  
 Like unexpected light, surprises !

Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,  
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,  
     Beauty lies  
     In many eyes,  
 But Love in yours, my Nora Creina

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
 But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,  
 Not a charm of beauty's mould  
 Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it  
 Oh ' my Nora's gown for me,  
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,  
 Leaving every beauty free  
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases  
     Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,  
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,  
     Nature's dress  
     Is loveliness—  
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,  
 But, when its points are gleaming  
     round us,  
 Who can tell if they're design'd  
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?  
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,  
 In safer slumber Love reposes—  
 Bed of peace ' whose roughest part  
 Is but the crumpling of the roses  
 Oh ' my Nora Creina, dear,  
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina '   
     Wit, though bright,  
     Hath no such light,  
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina

### I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME

I saw thy form in youthful prime,  
 Nor thought that pale decay  
 Would steal before the steps of Time,  
 And waste its bloom away, Mary '   
 Yet still thy features wore that light,  
 Which fleets not with the breath ,  
 And life ne'er look'd more truly bright  
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary '

<sup>1</sup> I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, 'Hæu ' quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam meminisse !'

<sup>2</sup> This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St Kevin, whose bed in the

As streams that run o'er golden mines,  
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,  
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
 Within their gentle tide, Mary '   
 So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,  
 Thy radiant genius shone,  
 And that, which charm'd all other eyes,  
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,  
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere ,  
 Or could we keep the souls we love,  
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary '   
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,  
 Though fairest forms we see,  
 To live with them is far less sweet,  
 Than to remember thee, Mary ' <sup>1</sup>

### BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE <sup>2</sup>

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore  
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er,<sup>3</sup>  
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep  
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep  
 ' Here, at least,' he calmly said,  
 ' Woman ne'er shall find my bed '   
 Ah ' the good Saint little knew  
 What that wily sex can do

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—  
 Eyes of most unholy blue '   
 She had lov'd him well and long,  
 Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong  
 Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,  
 Still he heard her light foot nigh ,  
 East or west, where'er he turn'd,  
 Still her eyes before him burn'd

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,  
 Tranquil now he sleeps at last ,  
 Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er  
 Woman's smile can haunt him there  
 But nor earth nor heaven is free  
 From her power, if fond she be  
 Even now, while calm he sleeps,  
 Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps

rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow

<sup>3</sup> There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c

Fearless she had track'd his feet  
 To this rocky, wild retreat,  
 And when morning met his view,  
 Her mild glances met it too  
 Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!  
 Sternly from his bed he starts,  
 And with rude repulsive shock,  
 Hurls her from the beething rock

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave  
 Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!  
 Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late,  
 Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate  
 When he said, 'Heaven rest her soul!'  
 Round the Lake light music stole,  
 And her ghost was seen to glide,  
 Smiling o'er the fatal tide

### SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
 And lovers are round her, sighing  
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
 For her heart in his grave is lying  
 She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
 Every note which he lov'd awaking,—  
 Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,  
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking  
 He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,  
 They were all that to life had entwined him,  
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
 Nor long will his love stay behind him  
 Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
 When they promise a glorious morrow,  
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
 From her own lov'd island of sorrow

### NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns  
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret,  
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns  
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet  
 Ne'er hath a beam  
 Been lost in the stream  
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul,  
 The spell of those eyes,  
 The balm of thy sighs,  
 Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl  
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal  
 One blissful dream of the heart from me,  
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,  
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee  
 They tell us that Love in his fairy bower  
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine,  
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,  
 But bath'd the other with mantling wine  
 Soon did the buds  
 That drank of the floods  
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade,  
 While those which the tide  
 Of ruby had dy'd  
 All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal  
 One blissful dream of the heart from me,  
 Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,  
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

### AVENGING AND BRIGHT

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin<sup>1</sup>  
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd—  
 For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,  
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.  
 By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,<sup>2</sup>  
 When Ulad's<sup>3</sup> three champions lay sleeping in gore—  
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,  
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—  
 We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,  
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,  
 Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,  
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head  
 Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,  
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,  
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,  
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

### WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET

*He*—WHAT the bee is to the flow'ret,  
 When he looks for honey-dew,  
 Through the leaves that close em-  
 bower it,  
 That, my love, I'll be to you

*She*—What the bank, with verdure  
 glowing,  
 Is to waves that wander near  
 Whisp'ring kisses, while they're  
 going,  
 That I'll be to you, my dear

*She*—But they say, the bee's a rover,  
 Who will fly, when sweets are  
 gone,  
 And, when once the kiss is over,  
 Faithless brooks will wander on.

*He*—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,  
 If sunny banks *will* wear away,  
 'Tis but right, that bees and  
 brooks  
 Should sip and kiss them while  
 they may

<sup>1</sup> The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called 'Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach,' which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. 1 of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the 'Darthula of Macpheison' is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Emain. 'This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, "The death of the children of Touran," "The death of the children of Lear" (both regarding Tuatha de

Danans), and this, "The death of the children of Usnach," which is a Milesian story.' It will be recollected that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lii, 'Silent, oh Moyle!' &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

<sup>2</sup> 'Oh Nas! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Emain-green a chilling cloud of blood tinged red'—*Deirdri's Song*

<sup>3</sup> Ulster

## LOVE AND THE NOVICE

'HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,  
 Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend,  
 Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers  
 To heaven in mingled odour ascend.  
 Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!  
 So like is thy form to the cherubs above,  
 It well might deceive such hearts as ours'

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,  
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint,  
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd,  
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint  
 'Who would have thought,' the urchin cries,  
 'That Love could so well, so gravely disguise  
 His wandering wings and wounding eyes'

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,  
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise  
 He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,  
 He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.  
 Love is the Saint enshrined in thy breast,  
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,  
 If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.

## THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,  
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,—  
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,  
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep  
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,  
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried,  
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,  
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside  
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,  
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,  
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,  
 And the light, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,  
 Through fields full of light, and with heart full of play,  
 Light rambl'd the boy, over meadow and mount,  
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted  
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,  
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,  
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine  
 But pledge me the goblet,—while Idleness weaves  
 These flow'rets together, should Wisdom but see  
 One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves,  
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me

<sup>1</sup> 'Proposito florem praetulit officio.' PROPERT lib 1 eleg 20

## OH THE SHAMROCK

THROUGH Erin's Isle,  
To sport awhile,  
As Love and valour wander'd,  
With Wit, the sprite,  
Whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squander'd  
Where'er they pass,  
A triple grass<sup>1</sup>  
Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-  
ing,  
As softly green  
As emeralds seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming  
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal  
Shamrock!  
Chosen leaf,  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock '  
  
Says Valour, 'See,  
They spring for me,  
Those leafy gems of morning '—  
Says Love, 'No, no,  
For me they grow,  
My fragrant path adorning'

But Wit perceives  
The triple leaves,  
And cries, 'Oh ' do not sever  
A type, that blends  
Three godlike friends,  
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever '  
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal  
Shamrock '  
Chosen leaf  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock '  
  
So firmly fond  
May last the bond  
They wove that morn together,  
And ne'er may fall  
One drop of gall  
On Wit's celestial feather  
May Love, as twine  
His flowers divine,  
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em ,  
May valour ne'er  
His standard rear  
Against the cause of Freedom '  
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal  
Shamrock '  
Chosen leaf  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

## AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly  
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye,  
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,  
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,  
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear '  
When our voices commingling breath'd, like one, on the ear ,  
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad onson rolls,  
I think, oh my love ' 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,<sup>2</sup>  
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear

<sup>1</sup> It is said that St Patrick, when preaching the Trinity to the Pagan Irish, used to illustrate his subject by reference to that species of trefoil called in Ireland by the name of the Shamrock, and hence, perhaps, the Island of Saints adopted this plant as her national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing

upon tuftes, and a trefoil of three coloured grass in her hand

<sup>2</sup> 'There are counties,' says Montaigne, 'where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields, and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo.'

## ONE BUMPER AT PARTING

ONE bumper at parting '—though many  
Have circled the board since we met,  
The fullest, the saddest of any,  
Remains to be crown'd by us yet  
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,  
Is always so slow to come forth,  
That seldom, alas, till the minute  
It dies, do we know half its worth  
But come,—may our life's happy  
measure

Be all of such moments made up,  
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
They die 'midst the tears of the cup

As onward we journey, how pleasant  
To pause and inhabit awhile  
Those few sunny spots, like the present,  
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile  
But Time, like a pitiless master,  
Cries 'Onward!' and spurs the gay  
hours—

Ah, never doth Time travel faster,  
Than when his way lies among flowers  
But come,—may our life's happy measure  
Be all of such moments made up,  
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
They die 'midst the tears of the cup

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,  
The waters beneath him how bright,  
And now, let our farewell of dinking  
Resemble that farewell of light  
You saw how he finish'd, by darting  
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—  
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,  
In full liquid glory, like him  
And oh! may our life's happy measure  
Of moments like this be made up,  
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone,

<sup>1</sup> 'Steals silently to Morna's grove'—See, in Mr Bunting's collection, a poem translated from the Irish, by the late John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends,

No flower of her kindred,  
No rose bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
To pine on the stem,  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON

THE young May moon is beaming, love,  
The glow worm's lamp is gleaming, love,  
How sweet to rove  
Through Morna's grove,<sup>1</sup>  
When the drowsy world is dreaming,  
love!

Then awake!—the heavens look bright,  
my dear,  
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,  
And the best of all ways  
To lengthen our days,  
Is to steal a few hours from the night,  
my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping,  
love,  
And I, whose star,  
More glorious far,  
Is the eye from that casement peeping,  
love

Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,  
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
Or, in watching the flight  
Of bodies of light,  
He might happen to take thee for one,  
my dear

whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

## THE MINSTREL BOY

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him,  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him —  
'Land of song!' said the warrior-bard,  
'Though all the world betrays thee,  
One sword, at least, thy rights shall  
guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's  
chain

Could not bring his proud soul under,  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder,  
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and  
free,  
They shall never sound in slavery'

## THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI<sup>1</sup>

THE valley lay smiling before me,  
Where lately I left her behind,  
Yet I trembled, and something hung  
o'er me,  
That sadden'd the joy of my mind

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,  
Should shine, when her Pilgrim  
return'd,

But, though darkness began to infold me,  
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,  
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead,—  
Ah, would it were death, and death only!  
But no, the young false one had fled  
And there hung the lute that could soften  
My very worst pains into bliss,  
While the hand, that had wak'd it so  
often,

Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss

There was a time, falsest of women,  
When Breffni's good sword would have  
sought

That man, thro' a million of foemen,  
Whodar'd but to wrong thee *in thought*!

While now—oh degenerate daughter  
Of Ern, how fall'n is thy fame!  
And through ages of bondage and  
slaughter,

Our country shall bleed for thy shame,

Already, the curse is upon her,  
And strangers her valleys profane,  
They come to divide, to dishonour,  
And tyrants they long will remain  
But onward!—the green banner rearing,  
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt,  
On our side is Virtue and Ern,  
On *theirs* is the Saxon and guilt.

## OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers,

<sup>1</sup> These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran.—'The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Deaibhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him

to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. MacMurcadh too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns.—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while MacMurcadh fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

'Such,' adds Giraldus Cambiennis (as I find him in an old translation), 'is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy.'



Where the sun loves to pause  
 With so fond a delay,  
 That the night only draws  
 A thin veil o'er the day,  
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give

There, with souls ever aident and pure as the clime,  
 We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time,  
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there  
 With affection as free  
 From decline as the bowers,  
 And, with hope, like the bee,  
 Living always on flowers,  
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
 And our death come on, holy and calm as the night

### FAREWELL '—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR

FAREWELL '—but whenever you welcome the hour,  
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,  
 Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,  
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you  
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain  
 Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,  
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw  
 Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up  
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,  
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night,  
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,  
 And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—  
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,  
 Some kind voice had murmur'd, 'I wish he were here!'

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,  
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear  
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd  
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—  
 You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still

### OH ' DOUBT ME NOT

OH ' doubt me not—the season  
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
 And now the vestal, Reason,  
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by  
 Love  
 Although this heart was early blown,

And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,  
 They only shook some blossoms down,  
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee  
 Then doubt me not—the season  
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
 And now the vestal, Reason,  
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by  
 Love.

And though my lute no longer  
 Maysing of Passion's ardentspell,  
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger  
 I feel the bliss I do not tell  
 The bee through many a garden roves,  
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,  
 But when he finds the flower he loves,  
 He settles there, and hums no more  
 Then doubt me not—the season  
 Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,  
 And now the vestal Reason,  
 Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee

YOU REMEMBER, ELLEN<sup>1</sup>

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,  
 How meekly she blessed her humble lot,  
 When the stranger, William, had made  
 her his bride,  
 And love was the light of their lowly cot  
 Together they toil'd through winds and rains,  
 Till William, at length, in sadness said,  
 'We must seek our fortune on other plains,'—  
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed  
 They roam'd a long and a weary way,  
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,  
 When now, at close of one stormy day,  
 They see a proud castle among the trees  
 'To-night,' said the youth, 'we'll shelter there,  
 The wind blows cold, the hour is late'  
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,  
 And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate  
 'Now, welcome, Lady,' exclaim'd the youth,—  
 'This castle is thine, and these dark woods all'  
 She believ'd him crazed, but his words were truth,  
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England

And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves  
 What William, the stranger, woo'd and wed,  
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,  
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed

## I'D MOURN THE HOPES

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,  
 If thy smiles had left me too,  
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
 If thou wert, like them, untrue  
 But while I've thee before me,  
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,  
 No clouds can linger o'er me,  
 That smile turns them all to light

'Tis not in fate to harm me,  
 While fate leaves thy love to me,  
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
 Unless joy be shar'd with thee  
 One minute's dream about thee  
 Were worth a long, an endless year  
 Of waking bliss without thee,  
 My own love, my only dear'

And though the hope be gone, love,  
 That long sparkled o'er our way,  
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,  
 More safely, without its ray  
 Far better lights shall win me  
 Along the path I've yet to roam —  
 The mind that burns within me,  
 And pure smiles from thee at home

Thus when the lamp that lighted  
 The traveller at first goes out,  
 He feels awhile benighted,  
 And looks round in fear and doubt  
 But soon, the prospect clearing,  
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
 And thinks no lamp so cheering  
 As that light which Heaven sheds

## COME O'ER THE SEA

Come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and  
 snows,  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes

Let fate frown on, so we love and part  
not,

'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where  
thou'rt not

Then come o'er the sea,

Maiden, with me,

Come wherever the wild wind blows,

Seasons may roll,

But the true soul

Burns the same, where'er it goes

Was not the sea

Made for the Free,

Land for courts and chains alone?

Here we are slaves,

But, on the waves,

Love and Liberty's all our own

No eye to watch, and no tongue to  
wound us,

All earth forgot, and all heaven around  
us—

Then come o'er the sea,

Maiden, with me,

Mine through sunshine, storm, and  
snows,

Seasons may roll,

But the true soul

Burns the same, where'er it goes

### HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,

As clouds o'er the morning fleet?

Too fast have those young days faded,

That, even in sorrow, were sweet!

Does Time with his cold wing wither

Each feeling that once was dear?

Then, child of misfortune, come hither,

I'll weep with thee, tear for tear

Has love to that soul, so tender,

Been like our Lagenian mine,<sup>1</sup>

Where sparkles of golden splendour

All over the surface shine—

But, if in pursuit we go deeper,

Allur'd by the gleam that shone,

Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,

Luke Love, the bright ore is gone

<sup>1</sup> Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserves, I fear, but too well the character here given of them

<sup>2</sup> The bird, having got its prize, settled not

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,<sup>2</sup>

That flitted from tree to tree

With the talisman's glitt'ring glory—

Has Hope been that bird to thee?

On bough after branch alighting,

The gem did she still display,

And, when nearest and most inviting,

Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,

When sorrow itself looked bright,

If thus the fair hope hath cheated,

That led thee along so light,

If thus the cold world now wither

Each feeling that once was dear—

Come, child of misfortune, come hither,

I'll weep with thee, tear for tear

### NO, NOT MORE WELCOME

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers

Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,

When half-awaking from fearful slum-  
bers,

He thinks the full quire of heaven is  
near,—

Then came that voice, when, all for-  
saken,

This heart long had sleeping lain,

Nor thought its cold pulse would ever  
waken

To such benign, blessed sounds again

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the  
stealing

Of summer wind thro' some wreathed  
shell—

Each secret winding, each inmost feeling

Of all my soul echoed to its spell

'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine  
spoken!—

I'd live years of grief and pain

To have my long sleep of sorrow broken

By such benign, blessed sounds again.

### WHEN FIRST I MET THEE

When first I met thee, warm and young,

There shone such truth about thee,

And on thy lip such promise hung,

I did not dare to doubt thee

far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it, but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again,' &c.—*Arabian Nights*

I saw thee change, yet still rehed,  
 Still clung with hope the fonder,  
 And thought, though false to all beside,  
 From me thou couldst not wander  
 But go, deceiver ' go,  
 The heart, whose hopes could  
 make it  
 Trust one so false, so low,  
 Deserves that thou shouldst  
 break it

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,  
 I fled the unwelcome story,  
 Or found, in even the faults they  
 blam'd,  
 Some gleams of future glory  
 I still was true, when nearer friends  
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee,  
 The heart that now thy falsehood  
 rends  
 Would then have bled to right thee  
 But go, deceiver ' go,—  
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt  
 waken  
 From pleasure's dream, to know  
 The grief of hearts forsaken

Even now, though youth its bloom has  
 shed,  
 No lights of age adorn thee  
 The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,  
 And they, who flatter, scorn thee  
 Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,  
 No genial ties enwreath it,  
 The smiling there, like light on graves,  
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it  
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,  
 I would not now surrender  
 One taintless tear of mine  
 For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,  
 When even those ties shall sever,  
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
 On her thou'st lost for ever,  
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,  
 And gladly died to prove thee all  
 Her fancy first believ'd thee  
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,  
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;  
 Hate cannot wish thee worse  
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

### WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping  
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,  
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,  
 For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.  
 But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,  
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,  
 She saw History write,  
 With a pencil of light  
 That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name.  
 'Hail, Star of my Isle!' said the Spirit, all sparkling  
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies—  
 'Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darking,  
 I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise  
 For, though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,  
 And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of Fame,—  
 But oh! there is not  
 One dishonouring blot  
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name  
 'Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,  
 The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet known,  
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,  
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own

At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,  
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,  
And, bright o'er the flood  
Of her tears and her blood,  
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name '1

### THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

THE time I've lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing  
The light, that lies  
In woman's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing  
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,  
My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me  
Her smile when Beauty granted,  
I hung with gaze enchanted,  
Like him, the sprite,<sup>1</sup>  
Whom maids by night  
Oft meet in glen that's haunted

Like him, too, Beauty won me,  
But while her eyes were on me,  
If once their ray  
Was turn'd away,  
O' winds could not outrun me  
And are those folles going ?  
And is my proud heart growing  
Too cold or wise  
For brilliant eyes  
Again to set it glowing ?  
No, vain, alas ! th' endeavour  
From bonds so sweet to sever,  
Poor Wisdom's chance  
Against a glance  
Is now as weak as ever

### WHERE IS THE SLAVE

OH, where's the slave so lowly,  
Condemn'd to chains unholy,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly ?  
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,  
Would wait till time decay'd it,  
When thus its wing  
At once may spring  
To the throne of Him who made it ?

Less dear the laurel growing,  
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,  
Than that, whose braid  
Is pluck'd to shade  
The brows with victory glowing  
We tread the land that bore us  
Her green flag glitters o'er us,  
The friends we've tried  
Are by our side,  
And the foe we hate before us

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,  
Who live to weep our fall '1

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,  
Who live to weep our fall '1

### COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here ;  
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power ;—but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I

had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun, but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan, (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, *O'Donnel*,) has given a very different account of that goblin.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame ?  
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,  
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too !

### 'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,  
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—  
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,  
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled  
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning  
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,  
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,  
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee

For high was thy hope, when those glories were dawning  
Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world,  
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,  
At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd<sup>1</sup>  
Oh ! never shall earth see a moment so splendid !  
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended  
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended  
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee !

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing !  
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,  
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like fumes, caressing  
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood,  
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision  
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's dersion,  
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian  
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee

### I SAW FROM THE BEACH

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,  
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on,  
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,  
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone

And such is the fate of our life' early promise,  
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known,  
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,  
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning  
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night,—  
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,  
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light

<sup>1</sup> 'The Sun-burst' was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,  
 When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame,  
 And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,  
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame

### FILL THE BUMPER FAIR

FILL the bumper fair '  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle  
 Wit's electric flame  
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,  
 As when through the frame  
 It shoots from brimming glasses  
 Fill the bumper fair '  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle

Sages can, they say,  
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
 And bring down its ray  
 From the star'd dominions —  
 So we, Sages, sit,  
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,  
 From the Heaven of Wit  
 Draw down all its lightning

Wouldst thou know what first  
 Made our souls inherit  
 This ennobling thirst  
 For wine's celestial spirit ?

It chanc'd upon that day,  
 When, as bards inform us,  
 Prometheus stole away  
 The living fires that warm us :

The careless Youth, when up  
 To Glory's fount aspiring,  
 Took nor urn nor cup  
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in —  
 But oh his joy, when, round  
 The halls of Heaven spying,  
 Among the stars he found  
 A bowl of Bacchus lying !

Some drops were in that bowl,  
 Remains of last night's pleasure,  
 With which the Sparks of Soul  
 Mix'd their burning treasure  
 Hence the goblet's shower  
 Hath such spells to win us ,  
 Hence its mighty power  
 O'er that flame within us  
 Fill the bumper fair '  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

### DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

DEAR Harp of my Country ' in darkness I found thee,  
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,<sup>1</sup>  
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,  
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !  
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness  
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill,  
 But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,  
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still

<sup>1</sup> In that rebellious but beautiful song, 'When Erin first rose,' there is, if I recollect right, the following line —

'The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep'

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish

Walker tells us of 'a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhain, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks.' See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni*, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers,  
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine !  
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,  
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine,  
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,  
 I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own

## MY GENTLE HARP

<p>My gentle Harp, once more I waken          The sweetness of thy slumb'ring          strain,          In tears our last farewell was taken,          And now in tears meet again          No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,          But, like those Harps whose heav'nly          skill          Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,          Thou hang'st upon the willows still          And yet, since last thy chord resounded,          An hour of peace and triumph came,          And many an ardent bosom bounded          With hopes—that now are turn'd to          shame          Yet even then, while Peace was sing-          ing          Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,          Though joy and hope to others bring-          ing,          She only brought new tears to thee</p>	<p>Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,          My drooping Harp, from chords like          thine ?          Alas, the lark's gay morning measure          As ill would suit the swan's decline !          Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,          Invoke thy breath for Freedom's          strains.          When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress          thee,          Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half          chains ?          But come—if yet thy frame can borrow          One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,          And show the world, in chains and sorrow,          How sweet thy music still can be,          How gaily, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,          Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's          thrill—          Like Memnon's broken image sounding,          'Mid desolation tuneful still !<sup>1</sup></p>
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## IN THE MORNING OF LIFE

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,  
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,  
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,  
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within,  
 Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time  
 We can love, as in hours of less transport we may,—  
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,  
 But affection is truest when these fade away

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,  
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return,  
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,  
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn,  
 Then, then is the time when affection holds sway  
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew,  
 Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,  
 But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true

<sup>1</sup> *Dimidio magice resonant ubi Memnone choi dæ — Journal*



In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,  
 Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth,  
 'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,  
 That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth  
 So it is not mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,  
 That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears,  
 To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,  
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

## AS SLOW OUR SHIP

As slow our ship her foamy track  
 Against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
 To that dear Isle 'twas leaving  
 So loath we part from all we love,  
 From all the links that bind us,  
 So turn our hearts as on we rove,  
 To those we've left behind us

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
 We talk, with joyous seeming,—  
 With smiles that might as well be tears,  
 So faint, so sad their beaming,  
 While mem'ry brings us back again  
 Each early tie that twined us,  
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then  
 To those we've left behind us

And when, in other climes, we meet  
 Some isle, or vale enchanting,  
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,  
 And nought but love is wanting,  
 We think how great had been our bliss,  
 If Heav'n had but assign'd us  
 To live and die in scenes like this,  
 With some we've left behind us

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,  
 When eastward darkly going,  
 To gaze upon that light they leave  
 Still faint behind them glowing,—  
 So, when the close of pleasure's day  
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
 We turn to catch one fading ray  
 Of joy that's left behind us

## WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,  
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then,  
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,  
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.  
 And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far  
 From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,  
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star  
 That arose on his darkness, and guided him home

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came  
 The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,  
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame  
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to before  
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,  
 Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea,  
 And if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd  
 On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee

And though, sometimes, the shades of past folly might rise,  
 And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,  
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,  
 And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away

As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,  
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,  
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,  
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there

## REMEMBER THEE

REMEMBER thee ' yes, while there's life in this heart,  
 It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art,  
 More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,  
 Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,  
 First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,  
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,  
 But oh ! could I love thee more deeply than now ?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,  
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—  
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,  
 Drink love in each life drop that flows from thy breast

## WREATH THE BOWL

WREATH the bowl  
 With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us,  
 We'll take a flight  
 Tow' rds heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us  
 Should Love amid  
 The wreaths be hid,  
 That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,  
 No danger fear,  
 While wine is near,  
 We'll drown him if he stings us ;  
 Then, wreath the bowl  
 With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us,  
 We'll take a flight  
 Tow' rds heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed  
 Of old, 'tis said,  
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos,  
 And man may brew  
 His nectar too,  
 The rich receipt's as follows  
 Take wine like this,  
 Let looks of bliss

Around it well be blended,  
 Then bring Wit's beam  
 To warm the stream,  
 And there's your nectar, splendid !  
 So wreath the bowl  
 With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us,  
 We'll take a flight  
 Tow' rds heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us

Say, why did Time,  
 His glass sublime,  
 Fill up with sands unsightly,  
 When wine, he knew,  
 Runs brisker through  
 And sparkles far more brightly ?  
 Oh, lend it us,  
 And, smiling thus,  
 The glass in two we'll sever,  
 Make pleasure glide  
 In double tide,  
 And fill both ends for ever !  
 Then wreath the bowl  
 With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us,  
 We'll take a flight  
 Tow' rds heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us.

### WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,  
So full of hope, and joy, and light,  
As if no cloud could ever rise,  
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—  
I sigh to think how soon that brow  
In grief may lose its every ray,  
And that light heart, so joyous now,  
Almost forget it once was gay

For time will come with all its blights,  
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,  
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,  
A chill'd or burning heart behind —  
While youth, that now like snow  
appears,  
Ere sulled by the dark'ning rain,  
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears  
Can never shine so bright again

### IF THOU'LT BE MINE

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of  
air,  
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet,  
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,  
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds  
*most sweet,*  
Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine,  
love !

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we  
rove,  
A voice divine shall talk in each  
stream,  
The stars shall look like worlds of love,  
And this earth be all one beautiful  
dream  
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine,  
love !

And thoughts, whose source is hidden  
and high,  
Like streams, that come from heaven-  
ward hills,  
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that  
lie  
To be bathed by those eternal rills,  
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine,  
love !

All this and more the Spirit of Love  
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his  
spells,  
That heaven, which forms his home  
above,  
He can make on earth, wherever he  
dwells,  
As thou'lt own,—if thou wilt be  
mine, love !

### TO LADIES' EYES

To Ladies' eyes a round, boy,  
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,  
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,  
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose  
For thick as stars that lighten  
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,  
The countless eyes that brighten  
This earth of ours, this earth of ours  
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may  
fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all ' so drink them all '

Some looks there are so holy,  
They seem but giv'n, they seem but  
giv'n,  
As shining beacons, solely,  
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n  
While some—oh ! ne'er believe them—  
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,  
Would lead us (God forgive them !)  
The other way, the other way  
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may  
fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all ' so drink them all '

In some, as in a mirror,  
Love seems portray'd, Love seems  
portray'd,  
But shun the flatt'ring error,  
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.  
Himself has fix'd his dwelling  
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,  
And lips—but this is telling—  
So here they go ' so here they go !  
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may  
fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all ' so drink them all '

## FORGET NOT THE FIELD

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,  
 The truest, the last of the brave,  
 All gone—and the bright hope we  
 cherish'd  
 Gone with them, and quench'd in  
 their grave !  
 Oh ! could we from death but recover  
 Those hearts as they bounded before,  
 In the face of high heav'n to fight over  
 That combat for freedom once more,—

Could the chain for an instant be riven  
 Which Tyranny flung round us then,  
 No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,  
 To let Tyranny bind it again !  
 But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story  
 The name of our Victor may be,  
 Accurst is the march of that glory  
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.  
 Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
 Illumed by one patriot name,  
 Than the trophies of all, who have risen  
 On Liberty's ruins to fame

## THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,  
 I found it a life full of kindness and bliss,  
 And, until they can show me some happier planet,  
 More social and bright, I'll content me with this.  
 As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,  
 As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,  
 They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,  
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me  
 In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them  
 New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,  
 Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,<sup>1</sup>  
 They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.  
 And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,  
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,  
 They may talk as they will of their Edens above,  
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me  
 In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,  
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,  
 There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,  
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you<sup>2</sup>  
 But tho' they were even more bright than the queen  
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,  
 As I never those fair young celestials have seen,  
 Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me  
 As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,  
 Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,  
 Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,  
 Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare  
 Oh ! think what a world we should have of it here,  
 If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,  
 Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,  
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me

<sup>1</sup> Tous les habitants de Mercure sont vifs — beiges et la mere des amours comme Venus  
*Pluralité des Mondes* l'est pour nous — *Pluralité des Mondes*

<sup>2</sup> La terre pourait être pour Vénus l'étoile du

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER  
TIME<sup>1</sup>

Oh for the swords of former time<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh for the men who bore them,  
 When arm'd for Right, they stood sub-  
 lime,  
 And tyrants crouch'd before them  
 When free yet, ere courts began  
 With honours to enslave him,  
 The best honours worn by Man  
 Were those which Virtue gave him  
 Oh for the swords, &c &c

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,  
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men  
 Were all the ramparts round them  
 When, safe built on bosoms true,  
 The throne was but the centre,  
 Round which Love a circle drew,  
 That Treason durst not enter  
 Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,  
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men  
 Were all the ramparts round them<sup>1</sup>

## ST SENANUS AND THE LADY

ST SENANUS<sup>1</sup>

'Oh' haste and leave this sacred isle,  
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile,  
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,  
 A female form I see,  
 And I have sworn this sainted sod  
 Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod'

## THE LADY

'Oh' Father, send not hence my bark,  
 Through wintry winds and billows dark

I come with humble heart to share  
 Thy morn and evening prayer,  
 Nor mine the feet, oh' holy Saint,  
 The brightness of thy sod to taint'

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd,  
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd,  
 But legends hint, that had the maid  
 Till morning's light delay'd,  
 And giv'n the saint one rosy smile,  
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle

## NE'ER ASK THE HOUR

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us  
 How Time deals out his treasures?  
 The golden moments lent us thus,  
 Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's  
 If counting them o'er could add to their  
 blisses,  
 I'd number each glorious second  
 But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's  
 kisses,  
 Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd  
 Then fill the cup—what is it to us  
 How Time his circle measures?  
 The fairy hours we call up thus,  
 Obey no wand, but Pleasure's

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting  
 hours,  
 Till Care, one summer's morning,  
 Set up, among his smiling flowers,  
 A dial, by way of warning  
 But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,  
 As long as its light was glowing,  
 Than to watch with old Care how the  
 shadow stole on,  
 And how fast that light was going  
 So fill the cup—what is it to us  
 How Time his circle measures?  
 The fairy hours we call up thus,  
 Obey no wand, but Pleasure's

Cui Praesul, quid foeminis  
 Commune est cum monachis?  
 Nec te nec ullam aliam  
 Admittemus in insulam

See the *Acta Sancti Hib.*, page 610  
 According to Dr Ledwich, St Senanus was  
 no less a personage than the river Shannon, but  
 O'Connor and other antiquarians deny the  
 metamorphose indignantly

<sup>1</sup> In a metrical life of St Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS, and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party, and that he refused to receive even a sister saint, St Canner, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biography

## SAIL ON, SAIL ON,

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark— Wherever blows the welcome wind, It cannot lead to scenes more dark, More sad than those we leave behind Each wave that passes seems to say, 'Though death beneath our smile may be, Less cold we are, less false than they, Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee'	Sail on, sail on,—through endless space— Through calm—through tempest— stop no more The stormiest sea's a resting place To him who leaves such hearts on shore Or—if some desert land we meet, Where never yet false-hearted men Profan'd a world, that else were sweet,— Then rest thee, bark, but not till then
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## THE PARALLEL

YES, sad one of Sion,<sup>1</sup> if closely resembling,  
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—  
If drinking deep, deep, of the same 'cup of trembling'  
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,  
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown,  
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,  
And 'while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down'<sup>2</sup>

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,  
Die far from the home it were life to behold,  
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,  
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, 'the Forsaken,'<sup>3</sup>  
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves,  
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,  
Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over graves'

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,  
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,  
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,  
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City<sup>4</sup>  
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,  
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,  
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over  
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,  
And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,<sup>5</sup>  
The Lady of Kingdoms<sup>6</sup> lay low in the dust

<sup>1</sup> These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews

<sup>2</sup> 'Her sun is gone down while it was yet day'—Jer xv 9

<sup>3</sup> 'Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken'—Isa lxii 4

<sup>4</sup> How hath the oppressor ceased' the golden city ceased'—Isa xiv 4

<sup>5</sup> 'Thy pomp is brought down to the grave and the worms cover thee'—Isa xiv 11

<sup>6</sup> 'Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms'—Isa xlviii 5

## DRINK OF THIS CUP

DRINK of this cup; you'll find there's a spell in  
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality,  
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen '  
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality  
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,  
 Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it,  
 But would you rise above earth, till akin  
 To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it;  
 Send round the cup—for oh, there's a spell in  
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality,  
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen '  
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality

Never was philter form'd with such power  
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing,  
 Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,  
 A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing  
 There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd  
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,  
 This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd  
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together  
 Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in  
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality,  
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen '  
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—  
 Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,  
 This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,  
 Yet 'tis n't less potent for being unlawful  
 And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that flame,  
 Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—  
 Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,  
 Which may work too its charm, though as lawless and hidden  
 So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in  
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality,  
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!  
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality

## THE FORTUNE-TELLER

<p>Down in the valley come meet me to-          night,          And I'll tell you your fortune truly          As ever was told, by the new-moon's          light,          To a young maiden, shining as newly          But, for the world, let no one be nigh,          Lest haply the starr should deceive me,          Such secrets between you and me and          the sky          Should never go farther, believe me</p>	<p>If at that hour the heav'ns be not          dim,          My science shall call up before you          A male apparition,—the image of him          Whose destiny 'tis to adore you          And if to that phantom you'll be          kind,          So fondly around you he'll hover,          You'll hardly, my dear, any difference          find          'Twixt him and a true living lover</p>
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Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,  
 He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion—  
 An ardour, of which such an innocent  
 sprite  
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion  
 What other thoughts and events may  
 arise,  
 As in destiny's book I've not seen  
 them,  
 Must only be left to the stars and your  
 eyes  
 To settle, ere morning, between them

## OH, YE DEAD !

Oh, ye Dead ! oh, ye Dead !<sup>1</sup> whom we  
 know by the light you give  
 From your cold gleaming eyes, though  
 you move like men who live,  
 Why leave you thus your graves,  
 In far off fields and waves,  
 Where the worm and the sea-bird only  
 know your bed,  
 To haunt this spot where all  
 Those eyes that wept your fall,  
 And the hearts that wail'd you, like  
 your own, lie dead ?  
 It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold  
 and wan,  
 And the fair and the brave whom we  
 lov'd on earth are gone,  
 But still thus ev'n in death,  
 So sweet the living breath  
 Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth  
 we wander'd o'er,  
 That ere, condemn'd, we go  
 To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,  
 We would taste it awhile, and think we  
 live once more !

<sup>1</sup> Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Iceland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

<sup>2</sup> The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May day, gliding over the lake on his favourite

## O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS

Of all the fair months, that round the sun  
 In light-link'd dance their circles run,  
 Sweet May, shine thou for me,  
 For still, when thy earliest beams arise,  
 That youth, who beneath the blue lake  
 lies,  
 Sweet May, returns to me

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight  
 leaves  
 Its lingering smile on golden eves,  
 Fair Lake, thou'lt dearest to me,  
 For when the last April sun grows dim,  
 Thy Naiads prepare his steed<sup>2</sup> for him  
 Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore  
 Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,  
 White Steed, most joy to thee,  
 Who still, with the first young glance of  
 spring,  
 From under that glorious lake dost bring  
 My love, my chief, to me

While, white as the sail some bark un-  
 furls,  
 When newly launch'd, thy long mane<sup>3</sup>  
 curls,  
 Fair Steed, as white and free,  
 And spirits, from all the lake's deep  
 bowers,  
 Glide o'er the blue waves scattering flowers,  
 Around my love and thee

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,  
 Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,  
 Most sweet that death will be,  
 Which, under the next May evening's  
 light,  
 When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,  
 Dear love, I'll die for thee

white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning threw herself into the lake.

<sup>3</sup> The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, 'O'Donohue's white horses.'



## ECHO

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
To music at night,  
When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,  
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
Goes answering light

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,  
And far more sweet,  
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,  
The songs repeat

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,  
And only then,—  
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,  
Is by that one, that only dear,  
Breath'd back again '—

## OH BANQUET NOT

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,  
Where Youth resorts, but come to  
me

For mine's a garden of faded flowers,  
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee  
And there we shall have our feast of  
tears,

And many a cup in silence pour,  
Our guests, the shades of former years,  
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more

There, while the myrtle's withering  
boughs

Their lifeless leaves around us shed,  
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,  
To friends long lost, the changed, the  
dead

Or, while some blighted laurel waves  
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,  
We'll drink to those neglected graves,  
Where valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot

## THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE

THE dawning of morn, the daylight's  
sinking,

The night's long hours still find me  
thinking

Of thee, thee, only thee

When friends are met, and goblets  
crown'd,

And smiles are near, that once en-  
chanted,

Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,  
Mysoul, like some dark spot, is haunted  
By thee, thee, only thee

Whatever in fame's high path could waken  
My spirit once, is now forsaken

For thee, thee, only thee

Like shores, by which some headlong bark  
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,

Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,  
I know not, heed not, hastening ever  
To thee, thee, only thee

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,  
And pain itself seems sweet when  
springing

From thee, thee, only thee

Like spells, that nought on earth can  
break,

Till lips, that know the charm, have  
spoken,

This heart, howe'er the world may wake  
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken  
By thee, thee, only thee

## SHALL THE HARP, THEN, BE SILENT

SHALL the Harp, then, be silent, when he who first gave

To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes ?

Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,  
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies ?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,

Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,

And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost,—<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These lines were written on the death of our great patriot, Grattan, in the year 1820. It is only the two first verses that are either intended or fitted to be sung

What a union of all the affections and powers  
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,  
 Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,  
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind  
 Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,  
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—  
 Like a pyramid rais'd in the desert—where he  
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time,  
 That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom  
 And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,  
 A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,  
 And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?  
 Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source  
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,  
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,  
 And the yet untam'd spring of her spirit are shown?  
 An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave  
 Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone through,  
 As clear as the brook's 'stone of lustre,' and gave,  
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too  
 Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,  
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread  
 'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,  
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—  
 Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life  
 But at distance observ'd him—through glory, through blame,  
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,  
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same,—  
 Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns  
 Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrin'd—  
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns  
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

## OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING

OH, the sight entrancing,  
 When morning's beam is glancing  
 O'er files array'd  
 With helm and blade,  
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!  
 When hearts are all high beating,  
 And the trumpet's voice repeating  
 That song, whose breath  
 May lead to death,  
 But never to retreating  
 Oh the sight entrancing,  
 When morning's beam is glancing  
 O'er files array'd,  
 With helm and blade,  
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—  
 For ask yon despot, whether  
 His plumed bands  
 Could bring such hands  
 And hearts as ours together  
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—  
 Give man but heart and freedom,  
 And proud he braves  
 The gaudiest slaves  
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em  
 The sword may pierce the beaver,  
 Stone walls in time may sever,  
 'Tis mind alone,  
 Worth steel and stone,  
 That keeps men free for ever

Oh that sight entrancing,  
When the morning's beam is glancing,  
O'er files array'd  
With helm and blade,  
And in Freedom's cause advancing !

### SWEET INNISFALLEN

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine !  
How fair thou art let others tell,—  
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell  
In memory's dream that sunny smile,  
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,  
When first I saw thy fairy isle

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,  
Who had to turn to paths of care—  
Through crowded haunts again to run,  
And leave thee bright and silent there,

No more unto thy shores to come,  
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,  
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home  
Of sunshine he had seen and lost

Far better in thy weeping hours  
To part from thee, as I do now,  
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,  
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow

For, though unrival'd still thy grace,  
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,  
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place  
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee  
A gloom like Eden's, on the day  
He left its shade, when every tree,  
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle !  
And all the lovelier for thy tears—  
For though but rare thy sunny smile,  
'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,  
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—  
The brightest light the sun e'er threw  
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine !

### 'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS <sup>1</sup>

'Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought,  
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—  
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,  
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone,

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those  
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,  
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er  
From Dinis' green isle, to Glenà's wooded shore

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,  
The lingering sounds on their way lov'd to rest,  
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,  
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,  
Was again brought to life in some ainer sphere,  
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain  
That had ceas'd upon earth was awaking again !

Oh forgive, if, while list'ning to music, whose breath  
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,  
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,  
' Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame

<sup>1</sup> Written during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Killarney

Even so, tho' thy mem'ry should now die away,  
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,  
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,  
Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song'

## FAIREST ' PUT ON AWHILE

FAIREST ' put on awhile  
These pinions of light I bring thee,  
And o'er thy own Green Isle  
In fancy let me wing thee  
Never did Ariel's plume,  
At golden sunset hover  
O'er scenes so full of bloom,  
As I shall waft thee over

Fields, where the Spring delays,  
And fearlessly meets the ardour  
Of the warm Summer's gaze,  
With only her tears to guard her  
Rocks, through myrtle boughs  
In grace majestic frowning,  
Like some bold warrior's brows  
That Love hath just been crowning

Islets, so freshly fair,  
That never hath bird come nigh them,  
But from his course through air  
He hath been won down by them,—<sup>1</sup>

Types, sweet maid, of thee,  
Whose look, whose blush inviting,  
Never did Love yet see  
From Heav'n, without alighting

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,<sup>2</sup>  
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,  
Bright as the tears thy lid  
Lest fall in lonely weeping  
Glens,<sup>3</sup> where Ocean comes,  
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,  
And Harbours, worthiest homes  
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor

Then, if, while scenes so grand.  
So beautiful, shine before thee,  
Pride for thy own dear land  
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,  
Oh, let grief come first,  
O'er pride itself victorious—  
Thinking how man hath curst  
What Heaven had made so glorious!

## QUICK ' WE HAVE BUT A SECOND

QUICK ' we have but a second,  
Fill round the cup, while you may,  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!  
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,  
For oh, not Orpheus' strain  
Could keep sweet hours from dying,  
Or charm them to life again  
Then, quick! we have but a second,  
Fill round the cup, while you  
may,  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,  
Like some young Hebe's lip,  
And half meets thine, and blushes  
That thou shouldst delay to sip  
Shame, oh shame unto thee,  
If ever thou see'st that day,  
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,  
And turn untouch'd away!  
Then, quick! we have but a second,  
Fill round, fill round, while you  
may,  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!

<sup>1</sup> In describing the Skelags (islands of the Barony of Foith), Dr. Keating says, 'There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock.'  
<sup>2</sup> 'Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in

Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears: and this we find confirmed by a present made A. D. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls.—O'Halloran  
<sup>3</sup> Glengarriff

## AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS

And doth not a meeting like this make amends,  
 For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—  
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,  
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day?  
 Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,  
 The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?  
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,  
 We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,  
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!  
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,  
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng,  
 As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,  
 When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,  
 So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,  
 The warmth of a moment like this brings to light

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,  
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,  
 Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,  
 The wreck of full many a hope shining through,  
 Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,  
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,  
 Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,  
 And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more<sup>1</sup>

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,  
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear,  
 And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,  
 For want of some heart, that could echo it, near  
 Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,  
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,  
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,  
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,  
 The more we should welcome and bless them the more,  
 They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost when we part,  
 Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er  
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,  
 Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,  
 That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,  
 Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain

## THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,  
 A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,  
 Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,  
 He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite

<sup>1</sup> Jours chers, quand je songe à vos heu-  
 reux instans,  
 Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans,

Et mon cœur, enchanté sur sa rive fleurie  
 Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er  
The golden sands of that island shore,  
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—  
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite'

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,  
As bending over the stream he lay,  
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,  
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,  
That spirit fled!—and the youth but heard  
Sweet music, such as marks the flight  
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,  
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,  
And, guided only by memory's light,  
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite

'Oh thou, who lovest the shadow,' cried  
A voice, low whisp'ring by his side,  
'Now turn and see,'—here the youth's delight  
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite

'Of all the Spirits of land and sea,'  
Then rapt he murmured, 'there's none like thee,  
And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light  
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!'

### AS VANQUISH'D ERIN

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside  
The Boyne's ill-fated river,  
She saw where Discord, in the tide,  
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver  
'Lie hid,' she cried, 'ye venom'd darts,  
Where mortal eye may shun you,  
Lie hid—the stain of manly hearts,  
That bled for me, is on you'

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—  
As Time too well hath taught her—  
Each year the Fiend returns again,  
And dives into that water,  
And brings, triumphant, from beneath  
His shafts of desolation,  
And sends them, wing'd with worse than  
death,  
Through all her madd'ning nation

<sup>1</sup> 'Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called MacCormac Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent

Alas for her who sits and mourns,  
Ev'n now, beside that river—  
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,  
And stor'd is still his quiver  
'When will this end, ye Powers of  
Good?'  
She weeping asks for ever,  
But only hears, from out that flood,  
The Demon answer, 'Never!'

### DESMOND'S SONG<sup>1</sup>

By the Feal's wave benighted,  
No star in the skies,  
To thy door by Love lighted,  
I first saw those eyes  
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,  
As the threshold I crost,  
There was ruin before me,  
If I lov'd, I was lost

passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family.—Leland, vol. 11

Love came, and brought sorrow  
 Too s n in his train,  
 Yet so sweet, that to-morrow  
 'Twere welcome again.  
 Though misery's full measure  
 My portion should be,  
 I would drain it with pleasure,  
 If pour'd out by thee

You, who call it dishonour  
 To bow to this flame,  
 If you've eyes, look but on her,  
 And blush while you blame

Hath the pearl less whiteness  
 Because of its birth?  
 Hath the violet less brightness  
 For growing near earth?

No—Man for his glory  
 To ancestry flies;  
 But Woman's bright story  
 Is told in her eyes  
 While the Monarch but traces  
 Through mortals his line,  
 Beauty, born of the Graces,  
 Ranks next to Divine!

### THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be  
 One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee,  
 Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,  
 As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,  
 I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wanton ray  
 But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away

No—beaming with light as those young features are,  
 There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:  
 It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear  
 Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear,  
 As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,  
 Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there!

### I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE

I WISH I was by that dim Lake,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where sinful souls their farewell take  
 Of this vain world, and half-way lie  
 In death's cold shadow, ere they die  
 There, there, far from thee,  
 Deceitful world, my home should be,  
 Where, come, what might of gloom and

pain,  
 False hope should ne'er deceive again

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound  
 Of unseen waters falling round,  
 The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,  
 Lake man, unquiet ev'n when dead!

These, ay, these shall wean,  
 My soul from life's deluding scene,  
 And turn each thought, o'ercharg'd  
 with gloom,  
 Lake willows, downward tow'rd's the tomb

As they, who to their couch at night  
 Would win repose, first quench the light,  
 So must the hopes, that keep this breast  
 Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest  
 Cold, cold, this heart must grow,  
 Unmov'd by either joy or woe,  
 Like freezing founts, where all that's  
 thrown  
 Within their current turns to stone

<sup>1</sup> These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. 'In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegal (says Dr Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands, but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe.'

'It was,' as the same writer tells us, 'one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes.'—*Structures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland*,

## SHE SANG OF LOVE

SHE sang of Love, while o'er her lyre  
 The rosy rays of evening fell,  
 As if to feed, with their soft fire,  
 The soul within that trembling shell  
 The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,  
 And play'd around those lips that sang  
 And spoke, as flowers would sing and  
 speak,  
 If Love could lend their leaves a tongue  
 But soon the West no longer burn'd,  
 Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;  
 And, when to gaze again I turn'd,  
 The minstrel's form seem'd fading too

As if her light and heav'n's were one,  
 The glory all had left that frame,  
 And from her glimmering lips the tone,  
 As from a parting spirit, came<sup>1</sup>  
 Who ever lov'd, but had the thought  
 That he and all he lov'd must part  
 Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught  
 The fading image to my heart—  
 And cried, 'Oh Love! is this thy  
 doom?  
 Oh light of youth's resplendent day!  
 Must ye then lose your golden bloom,  
 And thus, like sunshine, die away?'

## SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN

SING—sing—Music was given,  
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;  
 Souls here, like planets in Heaven,  
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving  
 Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,  
 But Love from the lips his true archery wings;  
 And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,  
 At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.  
 Then sing—sing—Music was given,  
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving,  
 Souls here, like planets in Heaven,  
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving

When Love, rock'd by his mother,  
 Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,  
 'Hush, hush,' said Venus, 'no other  
 Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him'  
 Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while  
 Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,  
 And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,  
 While Love to his own sweet singing awoke  
 Then sing—sing—Music was given,  
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;  
 Souls here, like planets in Heaven,  
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving

<sup>1</sup> The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning—

'Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows  
 Less and less earthly'

I would quote the entire passage, did I not fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance



## THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET

THOUGH humble the banquet to which I invite thee,  
 Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command  
 Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee,  
 And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling  
 Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,  
 Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,  
 Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion  
 Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves,  
 Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,  
 Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,  
 And, with this, though of all other treasures bereav'd,  
 The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet  
 Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er receiv'd

Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power  
 To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine,  
 And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,  
 Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine

## SING, SWEET HARP

SING, sweet Harp, oh sing to me  
 Some song of ancient days,  
 Whose sounds, in this sad memory,  
 Long buried dreams shall raise,—  
 Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,  
 Whose light once round us shone,  
 Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,  
 And hopes for ever gone—  
 Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me,  
 Alike our doom is cast,  
 Both lost to all but memory,  
 We live but in the past

How mournfully the midnight air  
 Among thy chords doth sigh,  
 As if it sought some echo there  
 Of voices long gone by;—  
 Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd  
 The foremost then in fame,  
 Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,  
 Now sleep without a name—  
 In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air  
 Among thy chords doth sigh,  
 In vain it seeks an echo there  
 Of voices long gone by.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,  
 Who once, in bower and hall,  
 Sat listening to thy magic sound,  
 Now mute and mould'ring all,—  
 But, no, they would but wake to weep  
 Their children's slavery,  
 Then leave them in their dreamless  
 sleep,  
 The dead, at least, are free!—  
 Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,  
 That knell of Freedom's day;  
 Or, listening to its death-like moan,  
 Let me, too, die away.

## SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE

TIME—THE NINTH CENTURY

TO-MORROW, comrade, we  
 On the battle-plain must be,  
 There to conquer, or both lie low!  
 The morning star is up,—  
 But there's wine still in the cup,  
 And we'll take another quaff, ere we  
 go, boy, go,  
 We'll take another quaff, ere we go

'Tis true, in manliest eyes  
A passing tear will rise,  
When we think of the friends we leave  
lone,

But what can wailing do ?  
See, our goblet's weeping too !  
With its tears we'll chase away our  
own, boy, our own,  
With its tears we'll chase away our  
own

But daylight's stealing on,—  
The last that o'er us shone  
Saw our children around us play,  
The next—ah ! where shall we  
And those rosy urchins be ?  
But—no matter—grasp thy sword  
and away, boy, away,  
No matter—grasp thy sword and away !

Let those, who brook the chain  
Of Saxon or of Dane,  
Ignobly by their firesides stay,  
One sigh to home be given,  
One heartfelt prayer to heaven,  
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy,  
hurra ! hurra ! hurra !  
Then, for Elin and her cause, hurra !

### THE WANDERING BARD

WHAT life like that of the bard can be,—  
The wandering bard, who roams as free  
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,  
And, like that lark, a music brings  
Within him, where'er he comes or goes,  
A fount that for ever flows !  
The world's to him like some play-ground,  
Where fairies dance their moonlight  
round,—  
If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,  
The elves but seek some greener sod,  
So, when less bright his scene of glee,  
To another away flies he !

Oh, what would have been young  
Beauty's doom,  
Without a bard to fix her bloom ?  
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,  
Things lost in this dark world are found,  
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,  
In the poet's lay live on —  
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow  
dim ?  
You've only to give them all to him,

Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,  
Can lend them life, this life beyond,  
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—  
Young stars that never die !

Then, welcome the bard where'er he  
comes,—  
For, though he hath countless airy  
homes,

To which his wing excursive roves,  
Yet still, from time to time, he loves  
To light upon earth and find such cheer  
As brightens our banquet here  
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,  
You've only to light up kind young eyes,  
Such signal-fires as here are given,—  
And down he'll drop from Fancy's  
heaven,

The minute such call to love or mirth  
Proclaims he's wanting on earth !

### ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON

ALONE in crowds to wander on,  
And feel that all the charm is gone  
Which voices dear and eyes lov'd  
Shed round us once, where'er we rovd—  
Thus, this the doom must be  
Of all who've lov'd, and liv'd to see  
The few bright things they thought  
would stay  
For ever near them, die away

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,  
Their smiles to others all belong,  
And want that charm which dwells alone  
Round those the fond heart calls its own  
Where, where the sunny brow ?  
The long-known voice—where are they  
now ?

Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,  
The silence answers all too plain

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,  
If all her art cannot call forth  
One bliss like those we felt of old  
From lips now mute, and eyes now  
cold ?

No, no,—her spell is vain,—  
As soon could she bring back again  
Those eyes themselves from out the  
grave,  
As wake again one bliss they gave



Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,  
 And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us,—  
 While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,  
 And list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us ?  
 Again, that strain '—to hear it thus sounding  
 Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding—  
 Again ! Again !  
 Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,  
 Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,  
 Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,  
 And mingle sweet song and sunshine together !

## THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH

THERE are sounds of mirth in the night-  
 air ringing,  
 And lamps from every casement  
 shown,  
 While voices blithe within are singing,  
 That seem to say 'Come,' in every  
 tone  
 Ah ! once how light, in Life's young  
 season,  
 My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay,  
 Nor paus'd to ask of graybeard Reason  
 Should I the syren call obey  
 And, see—the lamps still live her glitter,  
 The syren lips more fondly sound,  
 No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter  
 To sink in your rosy bondage bound

Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms  
 Could bend to tyranny's rude controul,  
 Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,  
 And yield to a smile his freeborn soul ?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,  
 The nymphs their fetters around him  
 cast,

And,—their laughing eyes, the while,  
 concealing,—

Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last  
 For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,  
 Was like that rock of the Druid race,<sup>1</sup>

Which the gentlest touch at once set  
 moving,

But all earth's power couldn't cast  
 from its base

## OH ! ARRANMORE, LOV'D ARRANMORE

OH ! Arranmore, lov'd Arranmore,  
 How oft I dream of thee,  
 And of those days when, by thy shore,  
 I wander'd young and free  
 Full many a path I've tried, since then,  
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,  
 But ne'er could find the bliss again  
 I felt in those sweet days

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs  
 At sunny morn I've stood,  
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs  
 That danc'd along thy flood,

Or, when the western wave grew bright  
 With daylight's parting wing,  
 Have sought that Eden in its light  
 Which dreaming poets sing,—<sup>2</sup>

That Eden where th' immortal brave  
 Dwell in a land serene,—  
 Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,  
 At sunset, oft are seen  
 Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth !  
 Those mansions o'er the main  
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,—  
 As sunny and as vain !

<sup>1</sup> The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations

<sup>2</sup> The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from

this coast Hy Brysail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories.—Beaufort's *Ancient Topography of Ireland*

## LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE

LAY his sword by his side,<sup>1</sup> it hath serv'd him too well

Not to rest near his pillow below,  
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,  
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe  
Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,  
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—  
That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,  
And himself unsubdued in his grave

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,  
As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains,—  
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,  
Once sounded the war-word, 'Burst your chains!'  
And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,  
'Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,  
O leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—  
It hath victory's life in it yet!

'Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,  
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,  
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,  
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord  
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use  
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plan,—  
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,  
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!

OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS  
WORLD OF OURS

OH, could we do with this world of ours  
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,  
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,  
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!  
So bright a dwelling should be our own,  
So warranted free from sigh or frown,  
That angels soon would be coming down,  
By the week or month to take it

Like those gay flies that wing through air,  
And in themselves a lustre bear,  
A stock of light, still ready there,  
Whenever they wish to use it,  
So, in this world I'd make for thee,  
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,  
And the flash of wit or poesy  
Break forth whenever we choose it

<sup>1</sup> It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them

<sup>2</sup> The Palace of Fin Mac Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere  
Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,  
In this new world of ours, my dear,

Such shadows will all be omitted —  
Unless they're like that graceful one,  
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the  
sun,  
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon  
Each spot where it hath fitted!

## THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING

THE wine-cup is circling in Almhín's  
hall,<sup>2</sup>  
And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclin-  
ing,  
Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied  
wall,  
Where his sword hangs idly shining

thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the county of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenu, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends

When, hark ! that shout  
 From the vale without,—  
 ' Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is  
 nigh !'  
 v'ry Chief starts up  
 From his foaming cup,  
 And 'To battle, to battle' is the  
 Finian's cry

The minstrels have seized their harps of  
 gold,  
 And they sing such thrilling numbers,—  
 'Tis like the voice of the Brave, of old,  
 Breaking forth from their place of  
 slumbers !  
 Spear to buckler rang,  
 As the minstrels sang,  
 And the Sun-burst<sup>1</sup> o'er them floated  
 wide,

While rememb'ring the yoke  
 Which their fathers broke,  
 ' On for liberty, for liberty !' the  
 Finians cried

Like clouds of the night the Northmen  
 came,  
 O'er the valley of Almhun lowering,  
 While onward mov'd, in the light of its  
 fame,  
 That banner of Erin, towering  
 With the mingling shock  
 Rung cliff and rock,  
 While, rank on rank, the invaders  
 die—  
 And the shout, that last  
 O'er the dying pass'd,  
 Was 'Victory' victory'—the Fi-  
 nian's cry

## THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS

THE dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,  
 Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then wore,  
 And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains,  
 Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,  
 That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou art,  
 And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,  
 Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd ?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,  
 With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread !  
 Ah, better thou ne'er had'st liv'd that summit to gain,  
 Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane

## FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN

FROM this hour the pledge is given,  
 From this hour my soul is thine  
 Come what will, from earth or heaven,  
 Weal or woe, thy fate be mine  
 When the proud and great stood by thee,  
 None dar'd thy rights to spurn,  
 And if now they're false and fly thee,  
 Shall I, too, basely turn ?  
 No,—whate'er the fires that try thee,  
 In the same this heart shall burn

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,  
 Offers now a friendly shore,  
 Light may come where all looks darkest,  
 Hope hath life, when life seems o'er  
 And, of those past ages dreaming,  
 When glory deck'd thy brow,  
 Oft I fondly think, though seeming  
 So fall'n and clouded now,  
 Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming,  
 None so bright, so blest as thou !

<sup>1</sup> The name given to the banner of the Irish

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS <sup>1</sup>

SILENCE is in our festal halls,—  
 Sweet Son of Song ! thy course is o'er ,  
 In vain on thee sad Erin calls,  
 Her minstrel's voice responds no  
 more,—  
 All silent as th' Eolian shell  
 Sleeps at the close of some bright day,  
 When the sweet breeze, that wak'd its  
 swell  
 At sunny morn, hath died away  
 Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,  
 Awak'd by music's spell, shall rise ,  
 For, name so link'd with deathless song  
 Partakes its charm and never dies  
 And ev'n within the holy fane,  
 When music wafts the soul to heaven,  
 One thought to him, whose earliest strain  
 Was echoed there, shall long be given

But, where is now the cheerful day,  
 The social night, when, by thy side,  
 He, who now weaves this parting lay,  
 His skilless voice with thine allied,  
 And sung those songs whose every  
 tone,  
 When bard and minstrel long have  
 past,  
 Shall still, in sweetness all their own,  
 Embalm'd by fame, undying last  
 Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—  
 Or, if thy bard have shar'd the crown,  
 From thee the borrow'd glory came,  
 And at thy feet is now laid down  
 Enough, if Freedom still inspire  
 His latest song, and still there be,  
 As evening closes round his lyre,  
 One ray upon its chords from thee

## NATIONAL AIRS

## ADVERTISEMENT

IT is Cicero, I believe, who says, '*naturâ ad modos ducimur*', and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting kind of music, are here presented with the first number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none,—or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers,—is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estrâ* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

T M

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP <sup>2</sup>

(SPANISH AIR)

'A TEMPLE to Friendship,' said Laura, enchanted,  
 'I'll build in this garden,—the thought is divine !'  
 Her temple was built, and she now only wanted  
 An image of Friendship to place on the shrine

<sup>1</sup> It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader, that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson

<sup>2</sup> The thought is taken from a song by Le Pieux, called 'La Statue de l'Amitié'

She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her  
 A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,  
 But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer  
 Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant

'Oh' never,' she cried, 'could I think of enshrining  
 An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim,—  
 But yon little god, upon roses reclining,  
 We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him  
 So the bargain was struck, with the little god laden  
 She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove  
 'Farewell,' said the sculptor, 'you're not the first maiden  
 Who came but for Friendship and took away Love'

## FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER

(PORTUGUESE AIR)

Flow on, thou shining river,  
 But, ere thou reach the sea,  
 Seek Ella's bower, and give her  
 The wreaths I fling o'er thee  
 And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,  
 The current of our lives shall be,  
 With joys along their course to shine,  
 Like those sweet flowers on thee

But if, in wand'ring thither,  
 Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,  
 Then leave those wreaths to wither  
 Upon the cold bank there,  
 And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,  
 Her lone and loveless charms shall be  
 Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,  
 Like those sweet flowers from thee

## ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE

(INDIAN AIR)

ALL that's bright must fade,—  
 The brightest still the fleetest,  
 All that's sweet was made,  
 But to be lost when sweetest  
 Stars that shine and fall,—  
 The flower that drops in springing,—  
 These, alas! are types of all  
 To which our hearts are clinging  
 All that's bright must fade,—  
 The brightest still the fleetest,  
 All that's sweet was made  
 But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize  
 Delights that end in aching?  
 Who would trust to ties  
 That every hour are breaking?  
 Better far to be  
 In utter darkness lying,  
 Than to be bless'd with light and see  
 That light for ever flying  
 All that's bright must fade,—  
 The brightest still the fleetest;  
 All that's sweet was made  
 But to be lost when sweetest!

## SO WARMLY WE MET

(HUNGARIAN AIR)

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,  
 That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell,—  
 That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,  
 Or that tear of passion, which bless'd our farewell  
 To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—  
 Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss,  
 Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other  
 In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.



The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious,—  
 The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet ;  
 The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,  
 More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set  
 Our meeting, though happy, was ting'd by a sorrow  
 To think that such happiness could not remain ,  
 While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow  
 Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again

### THOSE EVENING BELLS

(AIR—THE BELLS OF ST PETERS-  
BURGH)

Those evening bells ' those evening  
bells '

How many a tale their music tells,  
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,  
 When last I heard their soothing chime

Those joyous hours are pass'd away ,  
 And many a heart, that then was gay,  
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
 And hears no more those evening bells

And so 'twill be when I am gone ,  
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
 While other bards shall walk these dells,  
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells '

### SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES

(PORTUGUESE AIR)

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake  
thee,<sup>1</sup>

Which now so sweetly thy heart em-  
ploy ,

Should the cold world come to wake thee  
 From all thy visions of youth and  
joy ;

Should the gay friends, for whom thou  
wouldst banish

Him who once thought thy young  
heart his own,

All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,  
 And leave thy winter unheeded and  
lone,—

Oh ' 'tis then that he thou hast slighted  
 Would come to cheer thee, when all  
seem'd o'er ,

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the many instances among my  
 lyrical poems,—though the above, it must be  
 owned, is an extreme case,—where the metre

Then the truant, lost and blighted,  
 Would to his bosom be taken once  
more

Like that dear bird we both can re-  
member,

Who left us while summer shone  
round,

But, when chill'd by bleak December,  
 On our threshold a welcome still  
found

### REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY

(ITALIAN AIR)

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,  
 Went on a party of pleasure one day

Folly play'd

Around the maid,

The bells of his cap rung merrily out ,  
 While Reason took

To his sermon-book—

Oh ' which was the pleasanter no one  
need doubt,

Which was the pleasanter no one need  
doubt

Beauty, who likes to be thought very  
sage,

Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull  
page,

Till Folly said,

' Look here, sweet maid '—

The sight of his cap brought her back to  
herself ,

While Reason read

His leaves of lead,

With no one to mind him, poor sensible  
elf '

No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible  
elf '

has been necessarily sacrificed to the structure  
 of the air

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay  
cap,  
Had he that on, he her heart might  
entrap—  
'There it is,'  
Quoth Folly, 'old quiz!'  
(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis  
said,)  
'Under the sun  
There's no such fun,  
As Reason with my cap and bells on his  
head,  
Reason with my cap and bells on his  
head!'  
But Reason the h d-dress so awk-  
wardly wore,  
That Beauty now lik'd him still less than  
before;  
While Folly took  
Old Reason's book,  
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such  
ton,  
That Beauty vow'd  
(Though not aloud),  
She lik'd him still better in that than his  
own  
Yes,—lik'd him still better in that than  
his own

### FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

(SICILIAN AIR)

FARE thee well, thou lovely one!  
Lovely still, but dear no more,  
Once his soul of truth is gone,  
Love's sweet life is o'er  
Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,  
Could scarce have thus deceived,  
But eyes that acted truth so well  
Were sure to be believed  
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!  
Lovely still, but dear no more,  
Once his soul of truth is gone,  
Love's sweet life is o'er  
Yet those eyes look constant still,  
True as stars they keep their light,  
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil  
Of blushing always bright  
'Tis only on thy changeable heart  
The blame of falsehood lies,  
Love lives in every other part,  
But there, alas! he dies  
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!  
Lovely still, but dear no more,  
Once his soul of truth is gone,  
Love's sweet life is o'er

### DOST THOU REMEMBER

(PORTUGUESE AIR)

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,  
A place for lovers, and lovers only,  
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?  
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,  
Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt before thee,  
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?  
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,  
Love bound us—never, never more to part!

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest<sup>1</sup>  
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest,—  
'My life, my only life!' among the rest,  
In those sweet accents that still enthrall me,  
Thou saidst, 'Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?'  
Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best,  
For life soon passes,—but how bless'd to be  
That Soul which never, never parts from thee!

<sup>1</sup> The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words

# OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAY- LIGHT SETS

(VENETIAN AIR)

Oh, come to me when daylight sets,  
Sweet ' then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolets  
O'er the moonlight sea  
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,  
Beneath that glancing ray,  
With sound of lutes and mandolins,  
To steal young hearts away  
Then, come to me when daylight sets,  
Sweet ' then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolets  
O'er the moonlight sea

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,  
Sweet ' like thee and me,  
When all's so calm below, above,  
In heav'n and o'er the sea.  
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles<sup>1</sup>  
And Echo sings again  
So sweet, that all with ears and souls  
Should love and listen then  
So, come to me when daylight sets,  
Sweet ' then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolets  
O'er the moonlight sea

# OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT

(SCOTCH AIR)

Oft, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me,  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken,  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimm'd and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken '  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me

When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,

<sup>1</sup> Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers. *Ve nise* — Rousseau, *Dictionnaire de Musique*

I feel like one,  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed '  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me

# HARK ' THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING

(RUSSIAN AIR)

HARK ' the vesper hymn is stealing  
O'er the waters soft and clear,  
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,  
And now bursts upon the ear  
Jubilate, Amen  
Farther now, now farther stealing,  
Soft it fades upon the ear  
Jubilate, Amen

Now, like moonlight waves retreating  
To the shore, it dies along,  
Now, like angry surges meeting,  
Breaks the mingled tide of song  
Jubilate, Amen  
Hush ' again, like waves, retreating  
To the shore, it dies along  
Jubilate, Amen

# LOVE AND HOPE

(SWISS AIR)

At morn, beside yon summer sea,  
Young Hope and Love reclin'd,  
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he  
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,  
And left poor Hope behind

' I go,' said Love, ' to sail awhile  
Across this sunny main,'  
And then so sweet his parting smile,  
That Hope, who never dreamt of guile,  
Believ'd he'd come again

She linger'd there till evening's beam  
Along the waters lay,  
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,  
Oft trac'd his name, which still the  
stream  
As often wash'd away

At length a sail appears in sight,  
 And tow'rd the maiden moves '  
 'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and  
 bright,  
 His golden bark reflects the light,  
 But ah ! it is not Love's

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd  
 Her night-lamp o'er the sea,  
 And calm the light that lamp bestow'd,  
 But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,  
 And where, alas ! was he ?

Now fast around the sea and shore  
 Night threw her darkling chain,  
 The sunny sails were seen no more,  
 Hope's morning dreams of bliss were  
 o'er,—  
 Love never came again

## THERE COMES A TIME

(GERMAN AIR)

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,  
 To him whose heart hath flown  
 O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,  
 And made each flower its own  
 'Tis when his soul must first renounce  
 Those dreams so bright, so fond,  
 Oh ! then 's the time to die at once,  
 For life has nought beyond

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,  
 That instant all is night,  
 And so should life at once be o'er,  
 When Love withdraws his light,—  
 Nor, like our northern day, gleam on  
 Through twilight's dim delay,  
 The cold remains of lustre gone,  
 Of fire long pass'd away

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING  
THEME

(SWEDISH AIR)

My harp has one unchanging theme,  
 One strain that still comes o'er  
 Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream  
 Of joy that's now no more  
 In vain I try, with heveler air,  
 To wake the breathing string;  
 That voice of other times is there,  
 And saddens all I sing

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid  
 strain,

Henceforth be all my own,  
 Though thou art oft so full of pain  
 Few hearts can bear thy tone  
 Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,  
 The breath that Pleasure's wings  
 Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,  
 Were still upon thy strings

OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST  
WE LOV'D

(CASHMIRIAN AIR)

OH, no—not ev'n when first we lov'd,  
 Wert thou as dear as now thou art;  
 Thy beauty then my senses mov'd,  
 But now thy virtues bind my heart  
 What was but Passion's sigh before,  
 Has since been turn'd to Reason's  
 vow,  
 And, though I then might love thee  
*more*  
 Trust me, I love thee *better* now

Although my heart in earlier youth  
 Might kindle with more wild desire,  
 Believe me, it has gain'd in truth  
 Much more than it has lost in fire  
 The flame now warms my inmost core,  
 That then but sparkled o'er my brow,  
 And, though I seem'd to love thee  
 more,  
 Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

## PEACE BE AROUND THEE

(SCOTCH AIR)

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou  
 ro'v'st,  
 May life be for thee one summer's  
 day,  
 And all that thou wishest, and all that  
 thou lov'st,  
 Come smiling around thy sunny way '  
 If sorrow e'er this calm should break,  
 May even thy tears pass off so lightly,  
 Like spring-showers, they'll only make  
 The smiles that follow shine more  
 brightly

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,  
 And daily dooms some joy to death,  
 O'er thee let years so gently fall,  
 They shall not crush one flower  
 beneath  
 As half in shade and half in sun  
 This world along its path advances,  
 May that side the sun's upon  
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

## COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS

(FRENCH AIR)

WHILE I touch the string,  
 Wreath my brows with laurel,  
 For the tale I sing  
 Has, for once, a moral  
 Common Sense, one night,  
 Though not used to gambols,  
 Went out by moonlight,  
 With Genius, on his rambles  
 While I touch the string, &c

Common Sense went on,  
 Many wise things saying,  
 While the light that shone  
 Soon set Genius straying  
*One* his eye ne'er rais'd  
 From the path before him,  
 T'other idly gaz'd  
 On each night cloud o'er him  
 While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,  
 To a shady river,  
 Common Sense soon pass'd,  
 Safe, as he doth ever,  
 While the boy, whose look  
 Was in Heaven that minute,  
 Never saw the brook  
 But tumbled headlong in it !  
 While I touch the string, &c.

How the Wise One smil'd,  
 When safe o'er the torrent,  
 At that youth, so wild,  
 Dripping from the current !  
 Sense went home to bed,  
 Genius, left to shiver  
 On the bank, 'tis said,  
 Died of that cold river !  
 While I touch the string, &c

## THEN, FARE THEE WELL

(OLD ENGLISH AIR)

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,  
 This world has now for us  
 No greater grief, no pain above  
 The pain of parting thus,  
 Dear love !  
 The pain of parting thus

Had we but known, since first we met,  
 Some few short hours of bliss,  
 We might, in numb'ring them, forget  
 The deep, deep pain of this,  
 Dear love !  
 The deep, deep pain of this

But no, alas, we've never seen  
 One glimpse of pleasure's ray,  
 But still there came some cloud between,  
 And chas'd it all away,  
 Dear love !  
 And chas'd it all away

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,  
 Far dearer to my heart  
 Were hours of grief, together past,  
 Than years of mirth apart,  
 Dear love !  
 Than years of mirth apart

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears,  
 And nurs'd 'mid vain regrets,  
 Like winter suns, it rose in tears,  
 Like them in tears it sets,  
 Dear love !  
 Like them in tears it sets

## GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTAN T

(MALTESE AIR)

GAILY sounds the castanet,  
 Beating time to bounding feet,  
 When, after daylight's golden set,  
 Maids and youths by moonlight meet  
 Oh, then, how sweet to move  
 Through all that maze of mirth,  
 Led by light from eyes we love  
 Beyond all eyes on earth

Then, the joyous banquet spread  
 On the cool and fragrant ground,  
 With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,  
 And still brighter sparkling round

Oh, then, how sweet to say  
 Into some lov'd one's ear,  
 Thoughts reserv'd through many a day  
 To be thus whisper'd here

When the dance and feast are done,  
 Arm in arm as home we stray,  
 How sweet to see the dawning sun  
 O'er her cheek's warm blushes play !  
 Then, too, the farewell kiss—  
 The words, whose parting tone  
 Lingers still in dreams of bliss,  
 That haunt young hearts alone

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY

(LANGUEDOCIAN AIR)

LOVE is a hunter-boy,  
 Who makes young hearts his prey,  
 And, in his nets of joy,  
 Ensnares them night and day  
 In vain conceal'd they lie—  
 Love tracks them every where,  
 In vain aloft they fly—  
 Love shoots them flying there

But 'tis his joy most sweet,  
 At early dawn to trace  
 The print of Beauty's feet,  
 And give the trembler chase  
 And if, through virgin snow,  
 He tracks her footsteps fair,  
 How sweet for Love to know  
 None went before him there

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING  
 TEAR AWAY

(FRENCH AIR)

COME, chase that starting tear away,  
 Ere mine to meet it springs,  
 To-night, at least, to-night be gay,  
 Whate'er to-morrow brings  
 Like sun-set gleams, that linger late  
 When all is dark'ning fast,  
 Are hours like these we snatch from  
 Fate—  
 The brightest, and the last  
 Then, chase that starting tear, &c

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven  
 But one bright hour allow,  
 Oh, think that one bright hour is given,  
 In all its splendour, now  
 Let's live it out—then sink in night,  
 Like waves that from the shore  
 One minute swell, are touch'd with light,  
 Then lost for evermore !  
 Come, chase that starting tear, &c

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING

(PORTUGUESE AIR)

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,  
 To whom the night-stars guide us,  
 Stolen walks through moonlight shades,  
 With those we love beside us,  
 Hearts beating,  
 At meeting,  
 Tears starting,  
 At parting,  
 Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades !  
 Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting !

Wand'rings far away from home,  
 With life all new before us,  
 Greetings warm, when home we come,  
 From hearts whose prayers watch'd  
 o'er us  
 Tears starting,  
 At parting,  
 Hearts beating,  
 At meeting,  
 Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some !  
 To some, how bright and fleeting !

HEAR ME BUT ONCE

(FRENCH AIR)

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,  
 In which our Love lies cold and dead,  
 I count each flatt'ring hope he gave  
 Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled  
 Who could have thought the smile he  
 wore,  
 When first we met, would fade away ?  
 Or that a chill would e'er come o'er  
 Those eyes so bright through many  
 a day ?  
 Hear me but once, &c

## WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD

(SWEDISH AIR)

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling  
round,

'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,  
One morn in the valley a bower he found,  
So sweet, it allur'd him to stay

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland  
fair,

A fountain ran darkly beneath,—  
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets  
there,

Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath

But Love didn't know—and, at his weak  
years,

What urchin was likely to know?—  
That Sorrow had made of her own salt  
tears

The fountain that murmur'd below

He caught at the wreath—but with too  
much haste,

As boys when impatient will do—  
It fell in those waters of briny taste,  
And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day,

And, though it all sunny appears  
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf,  
they say,

Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT  
TO-DAY?

(SICILIAN AIR)

Say, what shall be our sport to-day?

There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,  
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,  
For spirits like mine to dare!

'Tis like the returning bloom

Of those days, alas, gone by,

When I lov'd, each hour—I scarce knew  
whom—

And was bless'd—I scarce knew why

Ay—those were days when life had  
wings,

And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,  
That, like the lark which sunward springs,  
'Twas giddy with too much light

And, though of some plumes bereft,  
With that sun, too, nearly set,  
I've enough of light and wing still left  
For a few gay soarings yet

## BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS

(WELSH AIR)

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy  
weeping

Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping

May those by death or seas remov'd,  
The friends, who in thy spring-time  
knew thee,

All, thou hast ever priz'd or lov'd,  
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay  
deepest,

Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest,  
Still as she was—no charm forgot—  
No lustre lost that life had given,

Or, if chang'd, but changed to what  
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven!

## GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN

(SICILIAN AIR)

Go, then—'tis vain to hover

Thus round a hope that's dead,

At length my dream is over,

'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled!

Farewell! since nought it moves thee,

Such truth as mine to see—

Some one, who far less loves thee,

Perhaps more bless'd will be

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness

New life around me shed,

Farewell, false heart, whose lightness

Now leaves me death instead

Go, now, those charms surrender

To some new lover's sigh—

One who, though far less tender,

May be more bless'd than I

## THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS

(SWISS AIR)

O'er mountains bright

With snow and light,

We Crystal Hunters speed along,

While rocks and caves,

And icy waves,

Each instant echo to our song.

And, when we meet with store of gems,  
 We grudge not kings their diadems  
     O'er mountains bright  
     With snow and light,  
 We Crystal-Hunters speed along,  
     While grotts and caves,  
     And icy waves,  
 Each instant echo to our song

Not half so oft the lover dreams  
 Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,  
 As we of those refreshing gleams  
     That tell where deep the crystal lies,  
 Though, next to crystal, we too grant,  
 That ladies' eyes may most enchant  
     O'er mountains bright, &c

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose  
 The golden sunset leaves its ray,  
 So like a gem the flow'ret glows,  
 We thither bend our headlong way,  
 And, though we find no treasure there,  
 We bless the rose that shines so fair  
     O'er mountains bright  
     With snow and light,  
 We Crystal-Hunters speed along,  
     While rocks and caves,  
     And icy waves,  
 Each instant echo to our song

## ROW GENTLY HERE

(VENETIAN AIR)

Row gently here,  
 My gondolier,  
 So softly wake the tide,  
     That not an ear,  
     On earth, may hear,  
 But hers to whom we glide

Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well  
     As starry eyes to see,  
 Oh, think what tales 'twould have to tell  
     Of wandering youths like me !

Now rest thee here,  
 My gondolier,  
 Hush, hush, for up I go,  
     To climb yon light  
     Balcony's height,  
     While thou keep'st watch below.  
 Ah ! did we take for Heaven above  
     But half such pains as we  
 Take, day and night, for woman's love,  
     What Angels we should be !

## OH, DAYS OF YOUTH

(FRENCH AIR)

Oh, days of youth and joy, long clouded,  
 Why thus for ever haunt my view ?  
 When in the grave your light lay  
     shrouded,  
 Why did not Memory die there too ?  
 Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,  
 Telling of joys that yet remain—  
 No, never more can this life bring me  
     One joy that equals youth's sweet pain

Dim lies the way to death before me,  
 Cold winds of Time blow round my  
     brow,  
 Sunshine of youth ! that once fell o'er me,  
 Where is your warmth, your glory now ?  
 'Tis not that then no pain could sting me,  
 'Tis not that now no joys remain,  
 Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me  
     One joy so sweet as that worst pain

## WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE

(VENETIAN AIR)

When first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,  
 Oh what a vision then came o'er me !  
 Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,  
     Seem'd in that smile to pass before me  
 Ne'er did the peasant dream of summer skies,  
     Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,  
 With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,  
     And of the joy their light was bringing



Where now are all those fondly promis'd hours ?  
 Ah ! woman's faith is like her brightness—  
 Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-flowers,  
 Or aught that's known for grace and lightness  
 Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of day,  
 Should be each vow of Love's repeating,  
 Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray—  
 Even while he kneels, that ray is fleeting !

## PEACE TO THE SLUMB'RERS !

(CATALONIAN AIR)

PEACE to the slumb'ers !  
 They lie on the battle-plain,  
 With no shroud to cover them,  
 The dew and the summer rain  
 Are all that weep over them  
 Peace to the slumb'ers !

Vain was their brav'ry !—  
 The fallen oak lies where it lay  
 Across the wintry river,  
 But brave hearts, once swept away,  
 Are gone, alas ! for ever  
 Vain was their brav'ry !

Woe to the conq'ror !  
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs  
 Of whom his sword bereft us,  
 Ere we forget the deep arrears  
 Of vengeance they have left us !  
 Woe to the conq'ror !

## WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER

(SICILIAN AIR)

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet  
 light  
 We used to gaze on so many an eve,  
 When love was new and hope was bright,  
 Ere I could doubt or thou deceive—  
 Oh, then, rememb'ring how swift went by  
 Those hours of transport, even *thou*  
 mayst sigh

Yes, proud one ! even thy heart may own  
 That love like ours was far too sweet  
 To be, like summer garments, thrown  
 Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat,  
 And wish in vain to know again  
 Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee  
 then

## WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS ?

(PORTUGUESE AIR)

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,  
 Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,  
 None could doubt, who saw or knew  
 them,  
 Hymen's call was welcome to them  
 ' Who'll buy my love-knots ?  
 Who'll buy my love-knots ?'  
 Soon as that sweet cry resounded,  
 How his baskets were surrounded !

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying  
 These gay knots of Hymen's tying,  
 Dames, who long had sat to watch him  
 Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;—  
 ' Who'll buy my love-knots ?  
 Who'll buy my love-knots ?'—  
 All at that sweet cry assembled,  
 Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some  
 trembled

' Here are knots,' said Hymen, taking  
 Some loose flowers, ' of Love's own  
 making ;  
 Here are gold ones—you may trust  
 'em'—

(These, of course, found ready custom).

' Come, buy my love-knots !  
 Come, buy my love knots !  
 Some are labell'd " Knots to tie men—  
 Love the maker—Bought of Hymen "'

Scarce their bargains were completed,  
 When the nymphs all cried, ' We're  
 cheated !

See these flowers—they're drooping  
 sadly,

This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—

Who'd buy such love-knots ?

Who'd buy such love-knots ?

Even this tie, with Love's name round it  
 All a sham—He never bound it'

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,  
 Would have laugh'd, but for good-  
 breeding,  
 While Old Hymen, who was used to  
 Cries like that these dames gave loose  
 to—  
 'Take back our love-knots '  
 'Take back our love-knots '  
 Coolly said, 'There's no returning  
 Wares on Hymen's hands—Good morn-  
 ing ' '

## SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN

(TO AN AIR SUNG AT ROME, ON  
 CHRISTMAS EVE)

SEE, the dawn from Heaven is breaking  
 O'er our sight,  
 And Earth, from sin awaking,  
 Hails the light '  
 See those groups of angels, winging  
 From the realms above,  
 On their brows, from Eden, bringing  
 Wreaths of Hope and Love  
 Hark, their hymns of glory pealing  
 Through the air,  
 To mortal ears revealing  
 Who lies there '  
 In that dwelling, dark and lowly,  
 Sleeps the Heavenly Son,  
 He, whose home's above,—the Holy,  
 Ever Holy One '

NETS AND CAGES <sup>1</sup>

(SWEDISH AIR)

COME, listen to my story, while  
 Your needle's task you ply,  
 At what I sing some maids will smile,  
 While some, perhaps, may sigh  
 Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom  
 blames  
 Such florid songs as ours,  
 Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,  
 Can speak her thoughts by flowers  
 Then listen, maids, come listen, while  
 Your needle's task you ply,  
 At what I sing there's some may smile,  
 While some, perhaps, will sigh

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by the following remark of Swift — 'The reason why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages '

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,  
 Such nets had learn'd to frame,  
 That none, in all our vales and groves,  
 E'er caught so much small game  
 But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,  
 While Cloe's nets were taking  
 Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,  
 One little Love cage making  
 Come, listen, maids, &c

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task,  
 But mark how things went on  
 These light-caught Loves, ere you could  
 ask

Their name and age, were gone '  
 So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,  
 That, though she charm'd into them  
 New game each hour, the youngest Love  
 Was able to break through them  
 Come, listen, maids, &c

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was  
 wrought

Of bars too strong to sever,  
 One Love with golden pinnons caught,  
 And caged him there for ever,  
 Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,  
 Whate'er their looks or ages,  
 That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets  
 'Tis wiser to make Cages

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile  
 The task your fingers ply —  
 May all who hear like Susan smile,  
 And not, like Cloe, sigh '

## WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA

(VENETIAN AIR)

WHEN through the Piazzetta  
 Night breathes her cool air,  
 Then, dearest Ninetta,  
 I'll come to thee there  
 Beneath thy mask shrouded,  
 I'll know thee afar,  
 As Love knows, though clouded,  
 His own Evening Star

In garb, then, resembling  
 Some gay gondolier,  
 I'll whisper thee, trembling,  
 'Our bark, love, is near  
 Now, now, while there hover  
 Those clouds o'er the moon,  
 'Twill waft thee safe over  
 Yon silent Lagoon '

## GO, NOW, AND DREAM

(SICILIAN AIR)

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber—  
 Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number  
 Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er flies,  
 While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies  
 Go, then, and dream, &c

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,  
 Often will shine again, bright as she then did—  
 But never more will the beam she saw burn  
 In those happy eyes, at your meeting, return  
 Go, then, and dream, &c

## TAKE HENCE THE BOWL

(NEAPOLITAN AIR)

TAKE hence the bowl,—though beaming  
 Brightly as bowl e'er shone,  
 Oh, it but sets me dreaming  
 Of happy days now gone  
 There, in its clear reflection,  
 As in a wizard's glass,  
 Lost hopes and dead affection,  
 Like shades, before me pass

Each cup I drain brings hither  
 Some scene of bliss gone by,—  
 Bright lips, too bright to wither,  
 Warm hearts, too warm to die  
 Till, as the dream comes o'er me  
 Of those long vanish'd years,  
 Alas, the wine before me  
 Seems turning all to tears !

## FAREWELL, THERESA

(VENETIAN AIR)

FAREWELL, Theresa ! yon cloud that over  
 Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we see,  
 Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover  
 Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee  
 Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,  
 Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow,  
 With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee,  
 Oh, think how chang'd, love, how chang'd art thou now !  
 But here I free thee like one awaking  
 From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell,  
 'Tis over—the moon, too, her bondage is breaking—  
 Past are the dark clouds, Theresa, farewell !

## HOW OFT, WHEN WATCHING STARS

(SAVOYARD AIR)

OFT, when the watching stars grow pale,  
 And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,  
 To hear a flute through yonder vale  
 I from my casement lean  
 'Come, come, my love !' each note then seems to say,  
 'Oh, come, my love ! the night wears fast away !'

Never to mortal ear  
 Could words though warm they be,  
 Speak Passion's language half so clear  
 As do those notes to me'

Then quick my own light lute I seek,  
 And strike the chords with loudest swell,  
 And, though they nought to others speak,  
*He* knows their language well  
 'I come, my love!' each note then seems to say,  
 'I come, my love'—thine, thine till break of day'  
 Oh, weak the power of words,  
 The hues of painting dim,  
 Compar'd to what those simple chords  
 Then say and pain to him'

## WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE

(GERMAN AIR)

WHEN the first summer bee  
 O'er the young rose shall hover,  
 Then, like that gay rover,  
 I'll come to thee  
 He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—  
 What a meeting, what a meeting for me and for him'  
 When the first summer bee, &c

Then, to every bright tree  
 In the garden he'll wander,  
 While I, oh, much fonder,  
 Will stay with thee  
 In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll run  
 While I find the sweetness of thousands in one  
 Then, to every bright tree, &c

## THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM

(FRENCH AIR)

<p>THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the            best,        And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,        Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd        Is so sweet, that I ask for no more            The bosom that opes            With earliest hopes,        The soonest finds those hopes untrue,            As flowers that first            In spring-time burst        The earliest wither too'        Ay—'tis all but a dream, &amp;c</p>	<p>Though by Friendship we oft are de-            ceiv'd,        And find Love's sunshinesoon o'er cast,        Yet Friendship will still be believ'd,        And Love trusted on to the last            The web 'mong the leaves            The spider weaves        Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men,        Though often she sees        'Tis broke by the breeze,        She spins the bright tissue again        Ay—'tis all but a dream, &amp;c.</p>
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### WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING

(ITALIAN AIR)

WHEN the wine cup is smiling before us,  
And we pledge round to hearts that  
are true, boy, true,  
Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,  
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its  
blue  
Talk of Adam in Eden reching,  
We are better, far better off thus, boy,  
thus,  
For *him* but *two* bright eyes were shin-  
ing—  
See, what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on *one* side the grape-juice is  
dancing,  
While on *t'other* a blue eye beams,  
boy, beams,  
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the  
glancing,  
To disturb ev'n a saint from his dreams  
Yet, though life like a river is flowing,  
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on  
So the grape on its bank is still growing,  
And Love lights the waves as they run

### WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME ?

(NEAPOLITAN AIR)

WHERE shall we bury our shame ?  
Where, in what desolate place,  
Hide the last wreck of a name  
Broken and stain'd by disgrace ?  
Death may dis sever the chain,  
Oppression will cease when we're  
gone,  
But the dishonour, the stain,  
Die as we may, will live on

Was it for this we sent out  
Liberty's cry from our shore ?  
Was it for this that her shout  
Thrill'd to the world's very core ?  
Thus to live cowards and slaves !—  
Oh, ye free hearts that he dead,  
Do you not, ev'n in your graves,  
Shudder, as o'er you we tread ?

### NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS

(MAHRATTA AIR)

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools,  
Give me the sage who's able  
To draw his moral thoughts and rules  
From the study of the table,—  
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass  
This world and all that's in it,  
From the bumper that but crowns his  
glass,  
And is gone again next minute !

The diamond sleeps within the mine  
The pearl beneath the water,  
While Truth, more precious, dwells in  
wine,  
The grape's own rosy daughter  
And none can prize her charms like  
him,  
Oh, none like him obtain her,  
Who thus can, like Leander, swim  
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

### HERE SLEEPS THE BARD

(HIGHLAND AIR)

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well  
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell,  
Whether its music roll'd like torrents  
near,  
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the  
ear  
Sleep, sleep, mute bard, alike unheeded  
now  
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless  
brow,—  
That storm, whose rush is like thy  
martial lay,  
That breeze which, like thy love-song,  
dies away !

### DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING

Do not say that life is waning,  
Or that Hope's sweet day is set,  
While I've thee and love remaining,  
Life is in th' horizon yet

Do not think those charms are flying,  
Though thy roses fade and fall,  
Beauty hath a grace undying,  
Which in thee survives them all

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,  
That on other cheeks may shine,  
Would I change the least, the slightest  
That is ling'ring now o'er thine

## THE GAZELLE

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,  
Through yonder lime-trees ringing ?  
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,  
To me her love thoughts bringing,—  
All the while that silver bell  
Around his dark neck ringing

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,  
My love hath kiss'd in tying,  
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath  
Those silent flowers are lying,—  
Hid within the mystic wreath,  
My love hath kiss'd in tying !

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,  
And joy to her, the fairest,  
Who thus hath breath'd her soul to me  
In every leaf thou bearest,  
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,  
And joy to her, the fairest !

Hail ye living, speaking flowers,  
That breathe of her who bound ye ;  
Oh, 'twas not in fields, or bowers,  
'Twas on her lips, she found ye,—  
Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,  
'Twas on her lips she found ye

## NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST

No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,  
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.  
Could'st thou, when summer hours are fled,  
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,  
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed ?  
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,  
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,  
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light,  
But now thou com'st like sunny skies,  
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,  
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies !  
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,  
Since youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away

## WHERE ARE THE VISIONS

'WHERE are the visions that round me once hover'd,  
Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone,  
Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd,  
And voices that Music might take for her own ?'

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me  
Heard me say, 'Where are those visions, oh where ?'  
And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,  
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, 'There'

Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken,  
And there, mid the dim shining ruins of day,  
Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,  
The last golden fragments of hope melt away

## WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY

Wind thy horn, my hunter boy,  
 And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs,  
 Hunting is the hero's joy,  
 Till war his nobler game supplies  
 Hark ' the hound-bells ringing sweet,  
 While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,  
                                 Hilli-ho ' Hilli-ho '

Wind again thy cheerful horn,  
 Till echo, faint with answering, dies  
 Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,  
 And lead us where the wild boar lies  
 Hark ' the cry, 'He's found, he's found,'  
 While hill and valley our shouts resound,  
                                 Hilli-ho ' Hilli ho '

## OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION

Oh, guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel  
 The blight that this world o'er the warmest will steal  
 While the faith of all round us is fading or past,  
 Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last  
 Far safer for Love 'tis to wake and to weep,  
 As he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep,  
 For death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,  
 While the love that is wakeful lives on to the last  
 And though, as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,  
 A shade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,  
 Transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,  
 So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to the last

## SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER

"Slumber, oh slumber, if sleeping  
                                 thou mak'st  
 'My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if  
                                 thou wak'st'  
 Thus sung I to a maiden,  
 Who slept one summer's day,  
 And, like a flower o'erladen  
 With too much sunshine, lay  
 Slumber, oh slumber, &c  
 'Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds,  
                                 o'er her cheeks,  
 If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost  
                                 when she speaks'  
 Thus sing I, while, awaking,  
 She murmurs words that seem  
 As if her lips were taking  
 Farewell of some sweet dream  
                                 Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS  
HITHER

Bring the bright garlands hither,  
 Ere yet a leaf is dying,  
 If so soon they must wither,  
 Ours be their last sweet sighing  
 Hark, that low dismal chime '  
 'Tis the dreary voice of Time

Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,  
 Bring all that yet is ours,  
 Let life's day, as it closes,  
 Shine to the last through flowers  
 Haste, ere the bowl's declining,  
 Drink of it now or never,  
 Now, while Beauty is shining,  
 Love, or she's lost for ever  
 Hark ' again that dull chime,  
 'Tis the dreary voice of Time  
 Oh, if life be a torrent,  
 Down to oblivion going,  
 Like this cup be its current,  
 Bright to the last drop flowing '

## IF IN LOVING, SINGING

If in loving, singing, night and day  
 We could trifle merrily life away,  
 Like atoms dancing in the beam,  
 Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,  
 Or summer blossoms, born to sigh  
 Their sweetness out, and die—  
 How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,  
 Thou and I could make our minutes glide!  
 No atoms ever glanc'd so bright,  
 No day-flies ever danc'd so light,  
 Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,  
 So close, as thou and I '

## THOU LOV'ST NO MORE

Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken,  
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er;  
Thy heart is chang'd, thy vow is broken,  
Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no more

Though kindly still those eyes behold me,  
The smile is gone, which once they wore,

Though fondly still those arms enfold me,

'Tis not the same—thou lov'st no more

Too long my dream of bliss believing,  
I've thought thee all thou wert before,  
But now—alas! there's no deceiving,  
'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,  
As lost affection's life restore,  
Give peace to her that is forsaken,  
Or bring back him who loves no more

## WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD

WHEN abroad in the world thou appearest,

And the young and the lovely are there,

To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,

To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair

They pass, one by one,  
Like waves of the sea,

That say to the Sun,

'See, how fair we can be'

But where's the light like thine,  
In sun or shade to shine?  
No—no, 'mong them all, there is nothing  
like thee,  
Nothing like thee

Of, of old, without farewell or warning,  
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies,

Fling a mist round her head, some fine morning,

And post down to earth in disguise,  
But, no matter what shroud

Around her might be,  
Men peep'd through the cloud,  
And whisper'd, 'Tis She'

So thou, where thousands are,  
Shin'st forth the only star,—  
Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is  
nothing like thee,  
Nothing like thee

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL  
PURELY MINE

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,  
Though far off I be  
When on others most they shine,  
Then think they're turn'd on me

Should those lips as now respond  
To sweet minstrelsy,  
When their accents seem most fond,  
Then think they're breath'd for me

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,  
If when all on thee  
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,  
Thou think'st the while on me

## HOPE COMES AGAIN

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a stranger,  
Once more she sings me her flattering strain,  
But hush, gentle syren—for, ah, there's less danger  
In still suffering on, than in hoping again

Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,  
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain,  
And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining  
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but pain

Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er me,  
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest  
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,  
But, ah—in forgetting how once I was blest



### O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST

O SAY, thou best and brightest,  
My first love and my last,  
When he, whom now thou slightest,  
From life's dark scene hath past,  
Will kinder thoughts then move thee ?  
Will pity wake one thrill  
For him who liv'd to love thee,  
And dying, lov'd thee still ?

If, when that hour recalling  
From which he dates his woes,  
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,  
Ah, blush not while it flows  
But, all the past forgiving,  
Bend gently o'er his shrine,  
And say, ' This heart, when living,  
With all its faults, was mine '

### WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR

WHEN night brings the hour  
Of starlight and joy,  
There comes to my bower  
A fairy-wing'd boy,  
With eyes so bright,  
So full of wild arts,  
Like nets of light,  
To tangle young hearts,  
With lips, in whose keeping  
Love's secret may dwell,  
Like Zephyr asleep in  
Some rosy sea-shell  
Guess who he is,  
Name but his name,  
And his best kiss,  
For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground  
He prints his light feet,  
The flow'rs there are found  
Most shining and sweet :  
His looks, as soft  
As lightning in May,  
Though dangerous oft,  
Ne'er wound but in play  
And oh, when his wings  
Have brush'd o'er my lyre,  
You'd fancy its strings  
Were turning to fire  
Guess who he is,  
Name but his name,  
And his best kiss,  
For reward, you may claim

### LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas  
His weary path to measure,  
When home at length, with fav'ring  
breeze,

He brings the far-sought treasure,  
His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,  
That shore to which he hasted,  
And all the wealth he thought his own  
Is o'er the waters wasted

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track  
Of toil and sorrow straying,  
One hope alone brought fondly back,  
Its toil and grief repaying

Like him, alas, I see that ray  
Of hope before me perish,  
And one dark minute sweep away  
What years were given to cherish

### FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE

FEAR not that, while around thee  
Life's varied blessings pour,  
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,  
Whose smile thou seek'st no more  
No, dead and cold for ever  
Let our past love remain,  
Once gone, its spirit never  
Shall haunt thy rest again

May the new ties that bind thee  
Far sweeter, happier prove,  
Nor e'er of me remind thee,  
But by their truth and love  
Think how, asleep or waking,  
Thy image haunts me yet,  
But, how this heart is breaking  
For thy own peace forget

### WHEN LOVE IS KIND

WHEN Love is kind,  
Cheerful and free,  
Love's sure to find  
Welcome from me

But when Love brings  
Heartache or pang,  
Tears, and such things—  
Love may go hang !

If Love can sigh  
For one alone,  
Well pleas'd am I  
To be that one

But should I see  
Love giv'n to rove  
To two or three,  
Then—good-by, Love !

Love must, in short,  
Keep fond and true,  
Through good report,  
And evil too

Else, here I swear,  
Young Love may go,  
For aught I care—  
To Jericho

## THE GARLAND I SEND THEE

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from those bowers  
Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours,  
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,  
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.

The roses were gather'd by that garden gate,  
Where our meetings, though early, seem'd always too late ;  
Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-night's moon,  
Our partings, though late, appear'd always too soon

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade,  
Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,  
And mourn'd, as the time went, that Love had no power  
To bind in his chain even one happy hour

## HOW SHALL I WOO ?

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,  
Thou think'st I speak too coldly,  
If I mention Love's devoted flame,  
Thou say'st I speak too boldly  
Between these two unequal fires,  
Why doom me thus to hover ?  
I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,  
If more thou seek'st, a lover  
Which shall it be ? How shall I woo ?  
Fair one, choose between the two

Tho' the wings of Love will brightly play,  
When first he comes to woo thee,  
There's a chance that he may fly away  
As fast as he flies to thee  
While Friendship, though on foot she  
come,  
No flights of fancy trying,  
Will, therefore, oft be found at home,  
When Love abroad is flying  
Which shall it be ? How shall I woo ?  
Dear one, choose between the two

If neither feeling suits thy heart,  
Let's see, to please thee, whether  
We may not learn some precious art  
To mix their charms together,

One feeling, still more sweet, to form  
From two so sweet already—  
A friendship that like love is warm,  
A love like friendship steady  
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,  
Dearest, thus we'll join the two

## SPRING AND AUTUMN

Ev'ry season hath its pleasures,  
Spring may boast her flow'ry prime,  
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures  
Brighten Autumn's sober time  
So Life's year begins and closes,  
Days, though short'ning, still can  
shine,  
What though youth gave love and  
roses,  
Age still leaves us friends and wine

Phillis, when she might have caught me,  
All the Spring look'd coy and shy,  
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,  
When the flowers were all gone by  
Ah, too late,—she found her lover  
Calm and free beneath his vine,  
Drinking to the Spring-time over  
In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,  
To their flight our pleasures suit,  
Nor regret the blossoms dying,  
While we still may taste the fruit

Oh, while days like this are ours,  
Where's the lip that dares repine ?  
Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,  
So Autumn leaves us friends and wine

### LOVE ALONE

If thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our eyes,  
First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies.  
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,  
Her Right Divine is given by Love alone

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,  
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth ?  
Maidens, unlov'd, like flowers in darkness thrown,  
Wait but that light, which comes from Love alone

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,  
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year to year.  
Wouldst thou they still should shine as first they shone,  
Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone

## SACRED SONGS

TO

EDWARD TUIE DALTON, ESQ.

T S FIRST NUMBER OF SACRED SONGS IS INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE

*Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, May, 1816*

### THOU ART, OH GOD

(AIR — UNKNOWN '1)

'The day is thine, the night also is thine  
thou hast prepared the light and the sun  
'Thou hast set all the borders of the earth  
thou hast made summer and winter'—Ps  
lxxiv 16, 17

Thou art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see,  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine !

When Day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the op'ning clouds of Even,

And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into Heaven—  
Those hues that make the Sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, LORD ' are Thine

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose  
plume

Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, LORD ' are Thine

When youthful Spring around us  
breathes,

Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
And every flower the Summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine !

<sup>1</sup> I have heard that this air is by the late  
Mrs Sheridan It is sung to the beautiful old  
words, 'I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair'

## THE BIRD, LET LOOSE

(AIR —BEETHOVEN)

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,<sup>1</sup>  
 When hast'ning fondly home,  
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
 Where idle warblers roam  
 But high she shoots through air and light,  
 Above all low delay,  
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
 Nor shadow dims her way,

So grant me, GOD, from every care  
 And stain of passion free,  
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,  
 To hold my course to Thee!  
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
 My Soul, as home she springs,—  
 Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy Freedom in her wings!

## FALLEN IS THY THRONE

(AIR —MARTINI)

FALL'N is thy Throne, oh Israel!  
 Silence is o'er thy plains,  
 Thy dwellings all he desolate,  
 Thy children weep in chains  
 Where are the dews that fed thee  
 On Etham's barren shore?  
 That fire from Heaven which led thee,  
 Now lights thy path no more

LORD! thou didst love Jerusalem—  
 Once she was all thy own,  
 Her love thy fairest heritage,<sup>2</sup>  
 Her power thy glory's throne<sup>3</sup>  
 Till evil came, and blighted  
 Thy long-lov'd olive tree,—<sup>4</sup>  
 And Salem's shrines were lighted  
 For other gods than Thee

<sup>1</sup> The carrier-pigeon, it is well-known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined

<sup>2</sup> I have left mine heritage, I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies.—Jer xii 7

<sup>3</sup> Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory.—Jer xiv 21

<sup>4</sup> The Lord called thy name a green olive-tree, fair, and of goodly fruit, &c.—Jer xi 16

<sup>5</sup> For he shall be like the heath in the desert.—Jer xvii 6

<sup>6</sup> Take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's.—Jer v 10

<sup>7</sup> Therefore, behold, the days come, saith

Then sunk the star of Solyma—

Then pass'd her glory's day,  
 Like heath that, in the wilderness,<sup>5</sup>  
 The wild wind whirls away  
 Silent and waste her bowers,  
 Where once the mighty trod,  
 And sunk those guilty towers,  
 While Baal reign'd as God

"Go"—said the LORD—"Ye Conquerors!"  
 Steep in her blood your swords,  
 And raze to earth her battlements,<sup>6</sup>  
 For they are not the LORD's  
 Till Zion's mournful daughter  
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,  
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter<sup>7</sup>  
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

## WHO IS THE MAID?

ST JEROME'S LOVE<sup>8</sup>

(AIR —BEETHOVEN)

Who is the Maid my spirit seeks,  
 Through cold reproof and slander's  
 blight?  
 Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?  
 Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?  
 No—wan and sunk with midnight prayer  
 Are the pale looks of her I love,  
 Or if, at times, a light be there,  
 Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my heart's elect,  
 From those who seek their Maker's  
 shrine  
 In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,  
 As if themselves were things divine  
 No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast  
 That beats beneath a broader'd veil,  
 And she who comes in glittering vest  
 To mourn her frailty, still is frail<sup>9</sup>

the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter, for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place.—Jer vii 32

<sup>8</sup> These lines were suggested by a passage in one of St Jerome's Letters, replying to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated respecting his intimacy with the matron Paula.—Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut aurî rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jenuans, fletu pene caecata.—*Epist.* 'Si tibi putem'

<sup>9</sup> Οὐ γὰρ χρυσοφορεῖν τὴν δακρυοῦσαν δεῖ.—*Chrysost. Homil.* 8 in *Epist.* ad Tim

Not so the faded form I prize  
 And love, because its bloom is gone,  
 The glory in those sainted eyes  
 Is all the grace *her* brow puts on  
 And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,  
 So touching as that form's decay,  
 Which, like the altar's trembling light,  
 In holy lustre wastes away

### THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW

(AIR — STEVENSON)

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given,  
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
 There's nothing true, but Heaven!  
 And false the light on Glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of Even,  
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's  
 bloom,  
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—  
 There's nothing bright, but Heaven!  
 Poor wanderers of a stormy day!  
 From wave to wave we're driven,  
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way—  
 There's nothing calm, but Heaven!

### OH, THOU! WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR

(AIR — HAYDN)

'He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth  
 up their wounds'—Ps cxlvi 3

OH, Thou! whodry'st the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,  
 We could not fly to Thee!  
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes, are flown,  
 And he who has but tears to give,  
 Must weep those tears alone  
 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
 Which, like the plants that throw  
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
 Breathes sweetness out of woe

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
 And even the hope that threw  
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,  
 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,  
 Did not thy Wing of Love  
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
 Our Peace-branch from above?  
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows  
 bright  
 With more than rapture's ray,  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day!

### WEEP NOT FOR THOSE

(AIR — AVISON)

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,  
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,  
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,  
 Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies  
 Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,  
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,  
 And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd  
 To water that Eden where first was its source  
 Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,  
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,  
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,  
 Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,<sup>1</sup>  
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,

<sup>1</sup> This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbridge, who was married in Ash-

bourne Church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last

Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,  
 And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow  
 Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying  
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown—  
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,  
 Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own  
 Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew  
 To that land where the wings of the soul are unfur'd,  
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,  
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world

## THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE

(AIR—STEVENSON)

<p>THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,          My temple, LORD<sup>1</sup> that Arch of thine,          My censer's breath the mountain airs,          And silent thoughts my only prayers<sup>1</sup></p> <p>My choir shall be the moonlight waves,          When murmur'ing homeward to their              caves,          Or when the stillness of the sea,          Even more than music, breathes of              Thee<sup>1</sup></p> <p>I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,          All light and silence, like thy Throne,          And the pale stars shall be, at night,          The only eyes that watch my rite</p> <p>Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,          Shall be my pure and shining book,</p>	<p>Where I shall read, in words of flame,          The glories of thy wondrous name</p> <p>I'll read thy angel in the rack          That clouds awhile the day-beam's              track,          Thy mercy in the azure hue          Of sunny brightness, breaking through</p> <p>There's nothing bright, above, below,          From flowers that bloom to stars that              glow,          But in its light my soul can see          Some feature of thy Deity</p> <p>There's nothing dark, below, above,          But in its gloom I trace thy Love,          And meekly wait that moment, when          Thy touch shall turn all bright again<sup>1</sup></p>
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## SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

MIRIAM'S SONG

(AIR—AVISON<sup>2</sup>)

'And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances'—Exod. xv. 20

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea<sup>1</sup>  
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free  
 Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,  
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—  
 How vain was their boast, for the LORD hath but spoken,  
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave  
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free

delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection, (particularly, 'There's nothing bright but Heaven,') which this very interesting girl had often heard me sing during the summer

<sup>1</sup> *Pu orant tacite*  
<sup>2</sup> I have so much altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognized

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD<sup>1</sup>  
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword —  
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?  
 For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,<sup>1</sup>  
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide  
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free<sup>1</sup>

## GO, LET ME WEEP

(AIR — STEVENSON)

Go, let me weep—there's bliss in tears,	Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
When he who sheds them only feels	More idly than the summer's wind,
Some ling'ring stain of early years	And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
Effac'd by every drop that steals	But left no trace of sweets behind —
The fruitless showers of worldly woe	The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Fall dark to earth and never rise,	Is cold, is faint to those that swell
While tears that from repentance flow,	The heart, where pure repentance grieves
In bright exhalament reach the skies	O'er hours of pleasure, lov'd too well
Go, let me weep	Leave me to sigh

## COME NOT, OH LORD

(AIR — HAYDN)

COME not, oh LORD, in the dread robe of splendour  
 Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire,  
 Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,  
 Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire<sup>1</sup>  
 LORD, thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation<sup>2</sup>  
 Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream,  
 O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desolation,  
 While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam  
 So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,  
 From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove,  
 While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,  
 Oh, turn upon us the mild light of thy Love<sup>1</sup>

## WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS

(AIR — STEVENSON)

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears	And wip'd them with that golden hair,
An offering worthy Heaven,	Where once the diamond shone,
When, o'er the faults of former years,	Though now those gems of grief were
She wept—and was forgiven?	there
When, bringing every balmy sweet	Which shine for GOD alone <sup>1</sup>
Her day of luxury stor'd,	Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet	That hair—those weeping eyes—
The precious odours pour'd,—	And the sunk heart, that inly bled—
	Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

<sup>1</sup> 'And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians'  
 —Exod xiv 24

<sup>2</sup> 'And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel, and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these'—Exod xiv 20,

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,  
Oh, wouldst thou wake in Heaven,  
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,  
'Love much'<sup>1</sup> and be forgiven'

### AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS

(AIR—HAYDN)

As down in the sunless retreats of the  
Ocean,  
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal  
can see,  
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of  
devotion,  
Unheard by the world, rises silent to  
Thee,  
My God! silent, to Thee—  
Pure, warm, silent, to Thee

As still to the star of its worship, though  
clouded,  
The needle points faithfully o'er the  
dim sea,  
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world  
shrouded,  
The hope of my spirit turns trembling  
to Thee,  
My God! trembling, to Thee—  
True, fond, trembling, to Thee

### BUT WHO SHALL SEE

(AIR—STEVENSON)

BUT who shall see the glorious day  
When, thron'd on Zion's brow,  
The LORD shall rend that veil away  
Which hides the nations now?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much'—Luke vii 47  
<sup>2</sup> 'And he will destroy, in this mountain, the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations'—Is xxv 7

<sup>3</sup> 'The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth'—Is xxv 8

<sup>4</sup> 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, neither shall there be any more pain'—Rev xxi 4

<sup>5</sup> 'And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new'—Rev xxi 4

<sup>6</sup> 'And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely'—Rev xxii 17

<sup>7</sup> 'The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the Palms, which

When earth no more beneath the fear  
Of his rebuke shall lie,<sup>3</sup>  
When pain shall cease, and every tear  
Be wip'd from ev'ry eye<sup>4</sup>

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn  
Beneath the heathen's chain,  
Thy days of splendour shall return,  
And all be new again<sup>5</sup>  
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd  
In peace, by all who come,  
And every wind that blows shall wait  
Some long-lost exile home

### ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS

(AIR—MOZART)

ALMIGHTY GOD! when round thy shrine  
The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we  
twine,<sup>7</sup>  
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,  
And Love that 'fadeth not away,')  
We bless the flowers, expanded all,<sup>8</sup>  
We bless the leaves that never fall,  
And trembling say,—'In Eden thus  
The Tree of Life may flower for us!'

When round thy Cherubs—smiling calm,  
Without their flames<sup>9</sup>—we wreath the  
Palm  
Oh God! we feel the emblem true—  
Thy Mercy is eternal too  
Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,  
That crown of Palm which never dies,  
Are but the types of Thee above—  
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life and Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel.—*Observations on the Palm, as a Sacred Emblem*, by W Tighe

<sup>8</sup> 'And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and open flowers'—1 Kings vi 29

<sup>9</sup> 'When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames, for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which JEHOVAH confirmed his gracious covenant to iudeem mankind'—*Observations on the Palm*



## OH FAIR ! OH PUREST !

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO S SISTER <sup>1</sup>

(AIR —MOORE)

Oh fair ! oh purest ! be thou the dove  
That flies alone to some sunny grove,  
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,  
All vestal white, in the limpid spring  
There, if the hov'ring hawk be near,  
That limpid spring in its mirror clear,  
Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,  
And warns the timorous bird away

Be thou this dove,

Fairest, purest, be thou this dove

The sacred pages of GOD's own book  
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,  
In whose holy mirror, night and day,  
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray,—  
And should the foes of virtue dare,  
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,  
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie  
Between Heaven and thee, and trem-  
bling fly !

Be thou that dove,

Fairest, purest, be thou that dove

## ANGEL OF CHARITY

(AIR —HANDEL)

ANGEL of Charity, who, from above,  
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,  
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,  
And Pity's soul is in thy tear

When on the shrine of GOD were laid  
First-fruits of all most good and fair,  
That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade,  
Thine was the holiest offering there

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given  
But as our guides to yonder sky,  
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,  
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.<sup>2</sup>  
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,  
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,  
Thou, Charity, shall dwell above,  
Smiling for ever by His side !

## BEHOLD THE SUN

(AIR —LORD MORNINGTON)

BEHOLD the Sun, how bright  
From yonder East he springs,  
As if the soul of life and light  
Were breathing from his wings

So bright the Gospel broke  
Upon the souls of men,  
So fresh the dreaming world awoke  
In Truth's full radiance then

Before yon Sun arose,  
Stars cluster'd through the sky—  
But oh, how dim ! how pale were those,  
To His one burning eye !

So Truth lent many a ray,  
To bless the Pagan's night—  
But, LORD, how weak, how cold werethy  
To Thy One glorious Light !

## LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY

(AIR —DR BOYCE)

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,  
When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring o'er  
This sinful world, with hand to heav'n extended,  
And hear him swear by Thee that Time's no more ?<sup>3</sup>  
When Earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray—  
Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear that day ?

<sup>1</sup> In St Augustine's Treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which, the reader will perceive, the thought of this song was taken—'Te, soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare rivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpi-

disimo sapientiæ fonte profuentes,' &c &c —  
*De Vitæ Eremitæ ad Sororem*

<sup>2</sup> 'Then Faith shall fail, and holy Hope shall die,  
One lost in certainty, and one in joy'—  
Prior

<sup>3</sup> 'And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be time no longer'—Rev x 5, 6

When through the world thy awful call hath sounded—  
 'Wake, all ye Dead, to judgment wake, ye Dead'<sup>1</sup>  
 And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,  
 The Saviour 'nall put forth his radiant head,<sup>2</sup>  
 While Earth and Heav'n before Him pass away—<sup>3</sup>  
 Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge shall sever  
 Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,  
 And say to *those*, 'Depart from me for ever',<sup>4</sup>  
 To *these*, 'Come, dwell with me in endless light',<sup>5</sup>  
 When each and all in silence take their way—  
 Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

## OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE

(AIR—HAYDN)

Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art,  
 Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart  
 Shall all other passions disown,  
 Like some pure temple, that shines apart,  
 Reserv'd for Thy worship alone

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,  
 Thus still let me, living and dying the same,  
 In *Thy* service bloom and decay—  
 Like some lone altar, whose votive flame  
 In holiness wasteth away

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth  
 To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,  
 On Thee let my spirit rely—  
 Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,  
 Still looks for its light from the sky

## WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

(AIR—STEVENS ON)

<p>WEEP, weep for him, the Man of God—<sup>5</sup>          In yonder vale he sunk to rest,          But none of earth can point the sod<sup>6</sup>          That flowers above his sacred breast          Weep, children of Israel, weep!</p>	<p>His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain,<sup>7</sup>          His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew—          Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again          A Chief, to God and her so true          Weep, children of Israel, weep!</p>
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<sup>1</sup> 'Awake, ye Dead, and come to judgment'

<sup>2</sup> 'They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven—and all the angels with him'—Matt xiv 30, and xxv 31

<sup>3</sup> 'From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away'—Rev xx 11

<sup>4</sup> 'And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another'

<sup>5</sup> 'Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, &c

'Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, &c

<sup>6</sup> 'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal'—Matt xxv 42, *et seq*

<sup>7</sup> 'And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab'—Deut xxxiv 8

<sup>8</sup> 'And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day'—Ib ver 6

<sup>9</sup> 'My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew'—*Moses' Song*, Deut xxxii 2

Remember ye his parting gaze,  
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,  
When, full of glory and of days,  
He saw the promis'd land—and died <sup>1</sup>  
Weep, children of Israel, weep <sup>1</sup>

Yet died he not as men who sink,  
Before our eyes, to soulless clay,  
But, chang'd to spirit, like a wink  
Of summer lightning, pass'd away <sup>2</sup>  
Weep, children of Israel, weep <sup>1</sup>

### LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE

(AIR — BEETHOVEN)

Like morning, when her early breeze  
Breaks up the surface of the seas,  
That, in those furrows, dark with night,  
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er  
The Spirit, dark and lost before,  
And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare  
For Truth divine to enter there

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,  
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire,  
But when he swept its chords along,  
Ev'n Angels stoop'd to hear that song

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, oh LORD,  
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord—  
Till, wak'd by Thee, its breath shall rise  
In music, worthy of the skies <sup>1</sup>

### COME, YE DISCONSOLATE

(AIR — GERMAN)

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel,  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—  
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying—  
'Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure'

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,  
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,  
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—  
'Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal'

### AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME

(AIR — STEVENSON)

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come, <sup>3</sup>  
The nations, that before outshone  
thee

Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—  
The glory of the Lord is on thee <sup>1</sup>

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,  
From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster,

And kings and princes haste to pay  
Their homage to thy rising lustre <sup>4</sup>

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,  
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,  
Thy exil'd sons return to thee,  
To thee return thy home-sick  
daughters <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither'—Deut. xxxiv. 4

<sup>2</sup> As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue,

he went to God'—*Josephus*, book iv chap viii  
<sup>3</sup> 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee'—Is. lx  
<sup>4</sup> 'And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising'—Is. lx  
<sup>5</sup> 'Lift up thine eyes round about, and see, all they gather themselves together, they come to thee thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side'—Is.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,  
Shall lay their treasures down before  
thee,

And Saba bring her gold and scents,  
To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee <sup>1</sup>

See, who are these that, like a cloud,<sup>2</sup>  
Are gathering from all earth's  
dominions,

Like doves, long absent, when allow'd  
Homeward to shoot their trembling  
pinions

Surely the isles shall wait for me,<sup>3</sup>  
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,  
To bring thy sons across the sea,  
And waft their gold and silver over

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—<sup>4</sup>  
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious  
Shall beautify our Holy Place,  
And make the ground I tread on  
glorious

No more shall Discord haunt thy  
ways,<sup>5</sup>

Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation,  
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,  
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salva-  
tion

The sun no more shall make thee bright,<sup>6</sup>  
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to  
thee,

But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,  
And flash eternal glory through thee

Thy sun shall never more go down,  
A ray, from Heav'n itself descended,  
Shall light thy everlasting crown—  
Thy days of mourning all are ended <sup>7</sup>

My own, elect, and righteous Land <sup>8</sup>  
The Branch, for ever green and  
vernal,  
Which I have planted with this hand—  
Lave thou shalt in Life Eternal <sup>9</sup>

### THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT

(AIR—CRESCENTINI)

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary  
Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—  
What may that desert be ?

'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come  
Are lost like that daylight, for 'tis not their home

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes  
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—  
Who may that Pilgrim be ?

'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on  
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing  
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—  
What may that Fountain be ?

'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,  
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found <sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah, all they from Sheba shall come, they shall bring gold and incense'—Is lx

<sup>2</sup> 'Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?'—Ib

<sup>3</sup> 'Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them'—Ib

<sup>4</sup> 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious'—Ib

<sup>5</sup> 'Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy

borders, but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise'—Ib

<sup>6</sup> 'Thy sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee, but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory'—Ib

<sup>7</sup> 'Thy sun shall no more go down, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended'—Ib

<sup>8</sup> 'Thy people also shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands'—Ib

<sup>9</sup> In singing, the following line had better be adopted,—

'Can but by the gifted of Heaven be found'

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell  
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—

Who may that Spirit be ?

'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that, where'er  
Her wand bends to worship, the Truth must be there !

### SINCE FIRST THY WORD

(AIR—NICHOLAS FREEMAN)

SINCE first Thy Word awak'd my heart,  
Like new life dawning o'er me,  
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,  
All light and love before me  
Nought else I feel, or hear or see—  
All bonds of earth I sever—  
Thee, O God, and only Thee  
I live for, now and ever

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away  
When light shone o'er his prison,<sup>1</sup>  
My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,  
Hath from her chains arisen  
And shall a soul Thou bidst be free,  
Return to bondage '—never !  
Thee, O God, and only Thee  
I live for, now and ever

### HARK ! 'TIS THE BREEZE

(AIR—ROUSSEAU)

Hark ! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling  
Earth's weary children to repose,  
While, round the couch of Nature fall-  
ing,  
Gently the night's soft curtains close  
Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,  
Numberless stars, through yonder  
dark,  
Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining  
From out the veils that hid the Ark

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,  
Thou who, in silence thron'd above,  
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest  
Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love  
Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,  
Our souls, awhile from life with-  
drawn,  
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,  
Like 'sealed fountains,' rest till dawn

<sup>1</sup> 'And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and his chains fell off from his hands.'—Acts xii 7

### WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE SAINTED ?

(AIR—HASSE)

WHERE is your dwelling, ye Sainted ?  
Though what Elysium more bright  
Than fancy or hope ever painted,  
Walk ye in glory and light ?  
Who the same kingdom inherits ?  
Breathes there a soul that may dare  
Look to that world of Spirits,  
Or hope to dwell with you there ?

Sages ! who, ev'n in exploring  
Nature through all her bright ways,  
Went, like the Seraphs, adoring,  
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—  
Martyrs ! who left for our reaping  
Truths you had sown in your blood—  
Sinners ! whom long years of weeping  
Chasten'd from evil to good—

Maidens ! who, like the young Crescent,  
Turning away your pale brows  
From earth, and the light of the Present,  
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse—  
Say, through what region enchanted,  
Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air ?  
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted,  
Bright souls, to dwell with you there ?

### HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING

(AIR—ANONYMOUS)

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,  
Whose theme is in the skies—  
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing  
The nearer Heav'n they rise  
Though Love his magic lyre may tune,  
Yet ah, the flow'rs heround it wreathes  
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's  
moon,  
Whose madness in their odour breathes.  
How purer far the sacred lute,  
Round which Devotion ties  
Sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,  
And palm that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be	How far more sweet their numbers run,
Most welcome to the hero's ears,	Who hymn, like Saints above,
Alas, his chords of victory	No victor, but th' Eternal One,
Are wet, all o'er, with human tears	No trophies but of Love !

## GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT

(AIR — STEVENSON)

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,<sup>1</sup>  
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come !  
 From that time,<sup>2</sup> when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,  
 Looking motionless down,<sup>3</sup> saw the kings of the earth,  
 In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow pale—  
 Oh, never had Judah an hour of such mirth !  
 Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,  
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come !

Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree  
 That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free<sup>4</sup>  
 From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,  
 With a light not their own, through the Jordan's deep tide,  
 Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on—<sup>5</sup>  
 Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride !  
 Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,  
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come !

## IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER

(AIR — HAYDN)

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter, When the Spirit leaves this sphere, Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her To those she long hath mourn'd for here ?	Hope still lifts her radiant finger Pointing to th' eternal Home, Upon whose portal yet they linger, Looking back for us to come
Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever, Eyes, this world can ne'er restore, There, as warm, as bright as ever, Shall meet us and be lost no more	Alas, alas—doth Hope deceive us ? Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties That bind a moment, and then leave us, Be found again where nothing dies ?
When wearily we wander, asking Of earth and heav'n, where are they, Beneath whose smile we once lay bask- ing, Blest, and thinking bliss would stay ?	Oh, if no other boon were given, To keep our hearts from wiong and stain, Who would not try to win a Heaven Where all we love shall live again ?

<sup>1</sup> 'And that they should publish and proclaim  
in all their cities, and in Jerusalem, saying,  
Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive-  
branches,' &c &c —Neh viii 15

<sup>2</sup> 'For since the days of Jeshua the son of  
Nun unto that day had not the children of  
Israel done so and there was very great glad-  
ness —Neh viii 17

<sup>3</sup> 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and

thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon' —Josh x 12

<sup>4</sup> 'Fetch olive-branches, and pine-branches,  
and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and  
branches of thick trees, to make booths' —Neh  
viii 15

<sup>5</sup> 'And the priests that bare the ark of the  
covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground  
in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites  
passed over on dry ground —Josh iii 17

## WAR AGAINST BABYLON

(AIR —NOVELLO)

<p>'WAR against Babylon' shout we around,<sup>1</sup>          Be our banner, though earth unfurl'd,          Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the          sound—<sup>2</sup>          'Wai against Babylon' shout          through the world'<sup>3</sup>          Oh thou that dwellest on many waters,<sup>4</sup>          Thy day of pride is ended now,          And the dark curse of Israel's daughters          Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy          brow'<sup>5</sup>          Wai, war, wai against Babylon'</p>	<p>Make bright the arrows, and gather the          shields,<sup>6</sup>          Set the standard of God on high,          Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,          'Zion' our watchword, and 'ven-          geance' our cry'<sup>7</sup>          Woe' woe'—the time of thy visitation<sup>8</sup>          Is come, proud Land, thy doom is          cast—          And the black surge of desolation          Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last'<sup>9</sup>          War, war, war against Babylon'</p>
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## THE SUMMER FÊTE

TO THE

HONOURABLE MRS NORTON

FOR the groundwork of the following Poem I am indebted to a memorable Fête, given some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald in commemoration of that evening—of which the lady to whom these pages are inscribed was, I well recollect, one of the most distinguished ornaments—I was induced at the time to write some verses, which were afterwards, however, thrown aside unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet,<sup>1</sup> whose playful and happy *jeu-d'esprit* on the subject has since been published. It was but lately, that, on finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of founding on them such a description of an imaginary Fête as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music.

Such is the origin and object of the following Poem, and to Mrs NORTON it is, with every feeling of admiration and regard, inscribed by her father's warmly attached friend,

Sloperton Cottage, November, 1831

THOMAS MOORE

## THE SUMMER FÊTE

'WHERE are ye now, ye summer days,  
 That once inspir'd the poet's lays'  
 Blest time 'ere England's nymphs and  
 swains,  
 For lack of sunbeams, took to coals—  
 Summers of light, undimm'd by rains,  
 Whose only mocking trace remains  
 In watering-pots and parasols'

<sup>1</sup> 'Shout against her round about'—Jer 1  
 15

<sup>2</sup> 'Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the  
 trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations  
 against her, call together against her the king-  
 doms,' &c &c—Jer 1 27

<sup>3</sup> 'Oh thou that dwellest upon many waters,

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,  
 As, on the morning of that Fête  
 Which bards unborn shall celebrate, re  
 She backward drew her curtain's shade,  
 And, closing one half-dazzled eye,  
 Peep'd with the other at the sky—  
 Th' important sky, whose light or gloom  
 Was to decide, this day, the doom

thine end is come'—Jer 1 13

<sup>4</sup> 'Make bright the arrows, gather the shields  
 set up the standard upon the walls of  
 Babylon'—Jer 1 11, 12

<sup>5</sup> 'Woe unto them' for their day is come,  
 the time of their visitation'—Jer 1 27

<sup>6</sup> Lord Francis Egerton

Of some few hundred beauties, wits,  
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exquisites

Faint were her hopes, for June had now  
Set in with all his usual rigour !  
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how  
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough, 21

But Eurys in perpetual vigour,  
And, such the biting summer air,  
That she, thenymph now nestling there—  
Snug as her own bright gems recline,  
At night, within their cotton shrine—  
Had, more than once, been caught of late

Kneeling before her blazing grate,  
Like a young worshipper of fire,  
With hands uplifted to the flame, 30  
Whose glow, as if to woo them nigher,  
Through the white fingers flushing came

But oh ! the light, th' unhop'd-for light !  
That now illum'd this morning's  
heaven !

Up sprung Ianthe at the sight,  
Though—hark !—the clocks but strike  
eleven,

And rarely did the nymph surprise  
Mankind so early with her eyes

Who now will say that England's sun  
(Like England's self, these spend-  
thrif days) 40

His stock of wealth hath near outrun,  
And must retrench his golden rays—  
Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,  
And to mere moonshine come at last !

' Calumnious thought ! ' Ianthe cries,  
While coming mirth lit up each glance,  
And, prescient of the ball, her eyes  
Already had begun to dance

For brighter sun than that which now  
Sparkled o'er London's spires and  
towers, 50

Had never bent from heaven his brow  
To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers  
What must it be—if thus so fair  
Mid the smok'd grove of Grosvenor  
Square—

What must it be where Thames is seen  
Gliding between his banks of green,  
While rival villas, on each side,  
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,  
And, like a Turk between two rows  
Of Harem beauties, on he goes— 60

A lover, lov'd for ev'n the grace  
With which he slides from their embrace

In one of those enchanted domes,  
One, the most flow'ry, cool, and bright  
Of all by which that river roams,  
The Fête is to be held to-night—

That Fête already link'd to fame,  
Whose cards, in many a fair one's sight  
(When look'd for long, at last they came,)  
Seem'd circled with a fairy light, — 70  
That Fête to which the cull, the flower  
Of England's beauty, rank and power,  
From the young spinster just come out,  
To the old Premier, too long in—

From legs of far-descended gout,  
To the last new-mustachio'd chin—  
All were convoked by Fashion's spells  
To the small circle where she dwells,  
Collecting nightly, to allure us,  
Live atoms, which, together hurl'd, 80  
She, like another Epicurus,  
Sets dancing thus, and calls ' the  
World '

Behold how busy in those bowers  
(Like May-flies, in and out of flowers,)  
The countless menials swarming run,  
To furnish forth, ere set of sun,  
The banquet-table richly laid  
Beneath yon awning's lengthen'd shade,  
Where fruits shall tempt, and wines  
entice, 89

And Luxury's self, at Gunter's call,  
Breathe from her summer-throne of ice  
A spirit of coolness over all

And now th' important hour drew nigh,  
When, 'neath the flush of evening's sky,  
The west end ' world ' for mirth let loose,  
And mov'd, as he of Syracuse !  
Ne'er dreamt of moving worlds, by force  
Of four-horse power, had all combin'd  
Through Grosvenor Gate to speed their  
course,

Leaving that portion of mankind, 100  
Whom they call ' Nobody,' behind,—  
No star for London's feasts to day,  
No moon of beauty, new this May,  
To lend the night her crescent ray,—  
Nothing, in short, for ear or eye,  
But veteran belles, and wits gone by,  
The relics of a past beau-monde,  
A world, like Cuvier's, long dethron'd !

<sup>1</sup> Archimedes.



Ev'n Parliament this evening nods  
Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,

On half its usual opiate's share, 111  
The great dispensers of repose,  
The first-rate furnishers of prose  
Being all call'd to—prose elsewhere

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly  
square—<sup>1</sup>

That last impregnable redoubt,  
Where, guarded with Patrician care,  
Primeval Error still holds out—  
Where never gleam of gas must dare  
'Gainst ancient Darkness to revolt,  
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare 121

The dowagers one single jolt,—  
Where, far too stately and sublime  
To profit by the lights of time,  
Let Intellect march how it will,  
They stick to oil and watchmen still —  
Soon as through that illustrious square

The first epistolary bell,  
Sounding by fits upon the air,

Of parting pennies rung the knell, 130  
Warn'd by that telltale of the hours,  
And by the daylight's westering beam,

The young Lanthé, who, with flowers  
Half crown'd, had sat in idle dream

Before her glass, scarce knowing where  
Her fingers ro'v'd through that bighthan,

While, all capriciously, she now  
Dislodg'd some curl from her white

brow,  
And now again replac'd it there,—  
As though her task was meant to be 140

One endless change of ministry—  
A routing-up of Loves and Graces,  
But to plant others in their places

Meanwhile—what strain is that which  
floats

Through the small boudoir near—like  
notes

Of some young bird, its task repeating  
For the next linnét music-meeting?

A voice it was, whose gentle sounds  
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,  
Nor yet had ventur'd to exalt 150

Its rash ambition to *B alt*,

<sup>1</sup> I am not certain whether the Dowagers of  
this Square have yet yielded to the innovations

of Gas and Police but, at the time when the  
above lines were written, they still obstinately

persevered in their old *regime*, and would not  
suffer themselves to be either well guarded or

well lighted

That point towards which when ladies  
rise,

The wise man takes his hat and—flies  
Tones of a harp, too, gently play'd,

Came with this youthful voice com-  
muning,

Tones true, for once, without the aid  
Of that infictive process, tuning—

A process which must oft have given  
Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound,

So pleas'd, among the joys of Heav'n,  
He specifies 'harps *ever tun'd*'<sup>2</sup> 161

She who now sung this gentle strain  
Was our young nymph's still younger

sister—  
Scarce ready yet for Fashion's train

In their light legions to enlist her,  
But counted on, as sure to bring

Her force into the field next spring

The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,  
Gave forth 'so sweetly and so well,'  
Was one in Morning Post much fam'd,

From a *divine* collection, nam'd, 171  
'Songs of the toilet'—every Lay

Taking for subject of its Muse,  
Some branch of feminine array,

Some item, with full scope, to choose,  
From diamonds down to dancing shoes,

From the last hat that Herbault's hands  
Bequeath'd to an admiring world,

Down to the latest flounce that stands  
Like Jacob's Ladder—or expands 180

Fa forth, tempestuously unfurl'd

Speaking of one of these new Lays,  
The Morning Post thus sweetly says —

'Not all that breathes from Bishop's  
lyre,

That Barnett dreams, or Cooke con-  
ceives,

Can match for sweetness, strength, or fire,  
This fine Cantata upon Sleeves

The very notes themselves reveal  
The cut of each new sleeve so well,

A *flat* betrays the *Imbécilles*,<sup>3</sup> 190  
Light fugues the flying lappets tell,

While rich cathedral chords awake  
Our homage for the *Manches d'Erêque*'

<sup>2</sup> ——— 'their golden harps they took—  
Harps *ever tun'd*' *Paradise Lost*, book iii

<sup>3</sup> — The name given to those large sleeves that  
hang loosely

'Twas the first op'ning song—the Lay  
Of all least deep in toilet-lore,  
That the young nymph, to while away  
The tiring hour, thus warbled o'er —

## SONG

ARRAY thee, love, array thee, love,  
In all thy best array thee,  
The sun's below—the moon's above—  
And Night and Bliss obey thee 201  
Put on thee all that's bright and rare,  
The zone, the wreath, the gem,  
Not so much gracing charms so fair,  
As borrowing grace from them  
Array thee, love, array thee, love,  
In all that's bright array thee,  
The sun's below—the moon's above—  
And Night and Bliss obey thee

Put on the plumes thy lover gave. 210  
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,  
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,  
Victorious eyes advancing  
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of  
heaven  
From thee derives such light  
That Iris would give all her seven  
To boast but *one* so bright  
Array thee, love, array thee, love, 218  
&c &c &c

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,  
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,  
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,  
Will beat, when they come nigh thee  
Thy every word shall be a spell,  
Thy every look a ray,  
And tracks of wond'ring eyes shall tell,  
The glory of thy way!  
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,  
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,  
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,  
Shall beat when they come nigh thee

Now in his Palace of the West, 232  
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,  
Like a tir'd monarch fann'd to rest,  
Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;  
While round his couch's golden rim  
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers,  
crept—  
Struggling each other's light to dim,  
And catch his last smile e'er he slept

How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames 240  
The golden eve its lustre pour'd,  
Shone out the high-born knights and  
dames

Now group'd around that festal board,  
A living mass of plumes and flowers,  
As though they'd robb'd both birds and  
bowers—

A peopled rainbow, swarming through  
With habitants of every hue,  
While, as the sparkling juice of France  
High in the crystal brimmers flow'd,  
Each sunset ray that mix'd by chance  
With the wine's sparkles, show'd 251  
How sunbeams may be taught to  
dance

If not in written form exprest,  
'Twas known, at least, to every guest,  
That, though not bidden to parade  
Their scenic powers in masquerade,  
(A pastime little found to thrive

In the bleak fog of England's skies,  
Where wit's the thing we best contrive,  
As masqueraders, to *disguise*,) 260  
It yet was hop'd—and well that hope  
Was answer'd by the young and gay—  
That, in the toilet's task to day,  
Fancy should take her wildest scope,—  
That the rapt milliner should be  
Let loose through fields of poesy.

The tailor, in inventive trance,  
Up to the heights of Epic clamber,  
And all the regions of Romance  
Be ransack'd by the *femme-de chambre*

Accordingly, with gay Sultanas, 271  
Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas—  
Circassian slaves whom Love would pay  
Half his maternal realms to ransom,—  
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay  
In looking most profanely hand-  
some,—

Muses in muslin—pastoral maids  
With hats from the *Arcade* van shades,  
And fortune-tellers, rich, 'twas plain,  
As fortune-hunters form'd their train 280

With these, and more such female  
groups,

Were mix'd no less fantastic troops  
Of male exhibitors—all willing  
To look, ev'n more than usual, killing,—  
Beau tyrants, smock-fac'd braggadocios,  
And brigands, charmingly ferocious,—

M P's turn'd Turks, good Moslems then.

Who, last night, voted for the Greeks,  
And Friars, staunch No-Popery men,  
In close confab with Whig Caciques

But where is she—the nymph, whom  
late 291

We left before her glass delaying,  
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,  
In the clear wave her charms surveying,  
And saw in that first glassy mirror  
The first fair face that lur'd to error  
'Where is she,' ask'st thou?—watch all  
looks

As cent'ring to one point they bear,  
Like sun-flowers by the sides of brooks,  
Turn'd to the sun—and she is there  
Ev'n in disguise, oh never doubt 301  
By her own light you'd track her out  
As when the moon, close shaw'd in fog,  
Steals as she thinks, through heaven  
*incog.*

Though hid herself, some sidelong ray,  
At every step, detects her way

But not in dark disguise to night  
Hath our young heroine veil'd her  
light,—

For see, she walks the earth, Love's own,  
His wedded bride, by holiest row 310  
Pledg'd in Olympus, and made known

To mortals by the type which now  
Hangs glitt'ring on her snowy brow,  
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,  
Which means the Soul (tho' few would  
think it),

And sparkling thus on brow so white,  
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night!

But hark! some song hath caught her  
ears—

And, lo, how pleas'd, as though she'd  
ne'er 319

Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,  
Her goddess-ship approves the air,

And to a mere terrestrial strain,  
Inspir'd by nought but pink champagne,

Her butterfly as gaily nods  
As though she sat with all her train

At some great Concert of the Gods,  
With Phœbus, leader—Jove, director,  
And half the audience drunk with nectar

From a male group the carol came—

A few gay youths, whom round the  
board 330

The last-tried flask's superior fame

Had lur'd to taste the tide it pour'd,  
And one, who, from his youth and lyre,

Seem'd grandson to the Teian sire,  
Thus gaily sung, while, to his song,

Replied in chorus the gay throng —

### SONG

SOME mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,

As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see,

But, as I'm not particular—wit, love, and wine,

Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me

Nay—humble and strange as my tastes may appear—

If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank Heaven,

To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,

And such wine as we're sipping, six days out of seven

So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound

May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan

But as we are *not* sages, why—send the cup round—

We must only be happy the best way we can

A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're told,

To whome'er could invent a new bliss for mankind,

But talk of *new* pleasures!—give me but the old

And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find

Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,

Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,

Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this.

And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!

340

350

In the meantime, a bumper—your Angels, on high,  
 May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span,  
 But, as we are *not* Angels, why—let the flask fly—  
 We must only be happy *all* ways that we can

360

Now nearly fled was sunset's light,  
 Leaving but so much of its beam  
 As gave to objects, late so bright,  
 The colouring of a shadowy dream,  
 And there was still where Day had set  
 A flush that spoke him loth to die—  
 A last link of his glory yet,  
 Binding together earth and sky  
 Say, why is it that twilight best  
 Becomes even brows the lovehest ? 370  
 That dimness, with its soft'ning touch,  
 Can bring out grace, unfelt before,  
 And charms we ne'er can see too much,  
 When seen but half enchant the more ?  
 Alas, it is that every joy  
 In fulness finds its worst alloy,  
 And half a bliss, but hop'd or guess'd,  
 Is sweeter than the whole possess'd,—  
 That Beauty, when least shone upon,  
 A creature most ideal grows, 380  
 And there's no light from moon or sun  
 Like that Imagination throws,—  
 It is, alas, that Fancy shrinks  
 Ev'n from a bright reality,  
 And turning inly, feels and thinks  
 Far heav'nlier things than e'er will be  
 Such was th' effect of twilight's hour  
 On the fair groups that, round and  
 round,  
 From glade to grot, from bank to bow'r,  
 Now wander'd through this fairy  
 ground, 390  
 And thus did Fancy—and champagne—  
 Work on the sight then dazzling spells,  
 Till nymphs that look'd, at noon day,  
 plain,  
 Now brighten'd, in the gloom, to  
 belles,  
 And the brief interval of time,  
 'Twixt after dinner and before,  
 To dowagers brought back their prime,  
 And shed a halo round two-score  
 Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,  
 The ear, the fancy, quick succeed,  
 And now along the waters fly 401  
 Light gondoles, of Venetian breed,  
 With knights and dames, who, calm  
 reclin'd,

Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide—  
 Astonishing old Thames to find  
 Such doings on his moral tide  
 So bright was still that tranquil river,  
 With the last shaft from Daylight's  
 quiver,  
 That many a group, in turn, were seen  
 Embarking on its wave serene, 410  
 And, 'mong the rest, in chorus gay,  
 A band of mariners, from th' isles  
 Of sunny Greece, all song and smiles,  
 As smooth they floated, to the play  
 Of their oar's cadence, sung this lay —

## TRIO

OUR home is on the sea, boy,  
 Our home is on the sea,  
 When Nature gave  
 The ocean-wave,  
 She mark'd it for the Free 420  
 Whatever storms befall, boy,  
 Whatever storms befall,  
 The island bairn  
 Is Freedom's aik,  
 And floats her safe through all  
 Behold yon sea of isles, boy,  
 Behold yon sea of isles,  
 Where ev'ry shore  
 Is sparkling o'er  
 With Beauty's richest smiles 430  
 For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,  
 For us hath Freedom claim'd  
 Those ocean-nests  
 Where Valour rests  
 His eagle wing untam'd  
 And shall the Moslem dare, boy,  
 And shall the Moslem dare,  
 While Grecian hand  
 Can wield a brand,  
 To plant his Ciescent there ? 440  
 No—by our fathers' no, boy,  
 No, by the Cross we show—  
 From Mana's rills  
 To Thracia's hills  
 All Greece re-echoes 'No !'

Like pleasant thoughts that o'er the  
mind —

A minute come, and go again,  
Ev'n so, by snatches, in the wind,  
Was caught and lost that choral strain,  
Now full, now faint upon the ear, 450  
As the bark floated far or near  
At length when, lost, the closing note  
Had down the waters died along,  
Forth from another ivory boat,  
Freighted with music, came this  
song —

## SONG

SMOOTHLY flowing through verdant vales  
Gentle river, thy current runs,  
Shelter'd safe from winter gales,  
Shaded cool from summer suns 459  
Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide,  
Fenc'd with flow'ry shelter round,  
No rude tempest wakes the tide,  
All its path is fairy ground

But, fair river, the day will come,  
When, woo'd by whisp'ring groves in  
vain,  
Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded  
home,  
To mingle with the stormy main  
And thou, sweet Youth, too soon wilt  
pass  
Into the world's unshelter'd sea,  
Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas,  
All hope of peace is lost for thee 471

Next turn we to the gay saloon  
Resplendent as a summer noon,  
Where, 'neath a pendent wreath of  
lights,  
A Zodiac of flowers and tapers—  
(Such as in Russian ball rooms sheds  
Its glory o'er young dancers' heads)—  
Quadrille performs her mazy rites,  
And reigns supreme o'er slides and  
capers,—  
Working to death each opera strain, 480  
As, with a foot that ne'er reposes,  
She jigs through sacred and profane,  
From 'Maid and Magpie' up to  
'Moses,'—

Wearing out tunes as fast as shoes,  
Till fagg'd Rossini scarce respites,  
Till Mayerbeer for mercy sues,  
And Weber at her feet expires

And now the set hath ceas'd—the bows  
Of fiddlers taste a brief repose,  
While light along the painted floor, 490  
Arm within arm, the couples stray,  
Talking their stock of nothings o'er,  
Till—nothing's left, at last, to say  
When, lo!—most opportunely sent—  
Two Exquisites, a he and she,  
Just brought from Dandyland, and  
meant

For Fashion's grand Menagerie,  
Enter'd the room—and scarce were there  
When all flock'd round them, glad to stare  
At any monsters, any where 500

Some thought them perfect, to their  
tastes,

While others hinted that the waists  
(That in particular of the *he* thing)  
Left far too ample room for breathing  
Whereas, to meet these critics' wishes,  
The isthmus there should be so small,  
That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,  
Must manage not to breathe at all  
The female (these same critics said),  
Though orthodox from toe to chin,  
Yet lack'd that spacious width of head  
To hat of toadstool much akin— 512  
That build of bonnet, whose extent  
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,  
Puzzle church-doors to let it in

However—sad as 'twas, no doubt,  
That nymph so smart should go about,  
With head unconscious of the place  
It *ought* to fill in Infinite Space—  
Yet all allow'd that, of *her kind*, 520  
A prettier show 'twas hard to find,  
While of that doubtful genus, 'dressy  
men,'

The male was thought a first-rate speci-  
men

Such *Savans*, too, as wish'd to trace  
The manners, habits, of this race—  
To know what rank (if rank at all)  
'Mong teasing things to them should  
fall—

<sup>1</sup> In England the *partition* of this opera of Rossini was transferred to the story of Peter the Hermit, by which means the indecorum of

giving such names as 'Moise,' 'Pharaon,' &c to the dances selected from it (as was done in Paris) has been avoided

What sort of notions heaven imparts  
To high-built heads and tight-lac'd  
hearts, 529  
And how far Soul, which, Plato says,  
Abhors restraint, can act in stays—  
Might now, if gifted with discerning,  
Find opportunities of learning  
As these two creatures—from their pout  
And frown, 'twas plain—had just fall'n  
out,  
And all their little thoughts, of course,  
Were stirring in full fret and force,—  
Like mites, through microscope espied,  
A world of nothings magnified

But mild the vent such beings seek, 540  
The tempest of their souls to speak  
As Opera swains to fiddles sigh,  
To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,  
Even so this tender couple set  
Their well-bred woes to a Duet

WALTZ DUET<sup>1</sup>

HE

Long as I waltz'd with only thee,  
Each blissful Wednesday that went by,  
Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee  
Adorn'd a youth so blest as I  
Oh ' ah ' ah ' oh ' 550  
Those happy days are gone—  
heigho !

SHE

Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground,  
Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,  
No blither nymph tetotum'd round  
To Collinet's immortal strain  
Oh ' ah ' &c  
Those happy days are gone—  
heigho !

HE

With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,  
I know no bounds of time or breath,  
And, should the charmer's head hold out,  
My heart and heels are hers till death  
Oh ' ah ' &c 561  
Still round and round through life  
we'll go

SHE

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,  
A youth renown'd for waistcoats  
smart,

<sup>1</sup> It is hardly necessary to remind the reader  
that this Duet is a parody of the often-trans-

I now have given (excuse the pun)  
A vested interest in my heart  
Oh ' ah ' &c  
Still round and round with him  
I'll go

HE

What if, by fond remembrance led  
Again to wear our mutual chain, 570  
For me thou cut'st Fitznoodle dead,  
And I *levant* from Lady Jane  
Oh ' ah ' &c  
Still round and round again we'll go

SHE

Though he the Noodle honours give,  
And thine, dear youth, are not so high,  
With thee in endless waltz I'd live,  
With thee, to Weber's Stop-Waltz,  
die !  
Oh ' ah ' &c  
Thus round and round through life  
we'll go 580  
[*Exeunt waltzing*]

While thus, like notes that dance away  
Existence in a summer ray,  
These gay things, born but to quadrille,  
The circle of their doom fulfil—  
(That dancing doom, whose law decrees  
That they should live, on the alert toe,  
A life of ups-and-downs, like keys  
Of Broadwood's in a long concerto —)  
While thus the fiddle's spell, *within*, 589  
Calls up its realm of restless sprites,  
*Without*, as if some Mandarin  
Were holding there his Feast of Lights,  
Lamps of all hues, from walks and  
bowers,  
Broke on the eye, like kindling flowers,  
Till, budding into light, each tree  
Bore its full fruit of brilliancy

Here shone a garden—lamps all o'er,  
As though the Spirits of the Air  
Had tak'n it in their heads to pour  
A shower of summer meteors there,—  
While here a lighted shrubb'ry led 601  
To a small lake that sleeping lay,  
Cradled in foliage, but, o'er-head,  
Open to heaven's sweet breath and  
ray,

lated and parodied ode of Horace, 'Donec  
gatus eriam tibi,' &c

While round its rim there burning stood  
Lamps with young flowers beside  
them bedded,  
That shrunk from such warm neighbourhood,  
And, looking bashful in the flood,  
Blush'd to behold themselves so  
wedded

Hither, to this embower'd retreat, 610  
Fit but for nights so still and sweet,  
Nights, such as Eden's calm recall  
In its first lonely hour, when all  
So silent is, below, on high.

That if a star falls down the sky,  
You almost think you hear it fall—  
Hither, to this recess, a few,  
To shun the dancers' wild ring noise,  
And give an hour, ere night-time flew,  
To Music's more ethereal joys, 620  
Came with their voices—ready all  
As Echo, waiting for a call—  
In hymn or ballad, dirge or glee,  
To weave their mingling minstrelsy

And, first, a dark-ey'd nymph, array'd—  
Like her, whom Art hath deathless made,  
Bright Mona Lisa<sup>1</sup>—with that braid  
Of hair across the brow, and one  
Small gem that in the centre shone—  
With face, too, in its form resembling  
Da Vinci's Beauties—the dark eyes,  
Now lucid, as though crystal trembling,  
Now soft, as if suffus'd with sighs—  
Her lute, that hung beside her, took,  
And, bending o'er it with shy look,  
More beautiful, in shadow thus,  
Than when with life most luminous,  
Pass'd her light finger o'er the chords,  
And sung to them these mournful  
words —

## SONG

BRING hither, bring thy lute, while day  
is dying— 640  
Here will I lay me, and list to thysong,  
Should tones of other days mix with its  
sighing,

Tones of a light heart, now banish'd  
so long,  
Chase them away—they bring but pain,  
And let thy theme be woe again

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated portrait by Leonardo da Vinci, which he is said to have occupied four years in painting — *Vasari*, vol vii

Sing on, thou mournful lute—day is fast  
going,  
Soon will its light from thy chords die  
away,  
One little gleam in the west is still  
glowing,  
When that hath vanish'd, farewell to  
thy lay  
Mark, how it fades!—see, it is fled! 650  
Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead

The group, that late, in garb of Greeks,  
Sung their light chorus o'er the tide—  
Forms, such as up the wooded creeks  
Of Helle's shore at noon-day glide,  
Or, nightly, on her ghst'ning sea,  
Woo the bright waves with melody—  
Now link'd their triple league again  
Of voices sweet, and sung a strain,  
Such as, had Sappho's tuneful ear 660  
But caught it, on the fatal steep,  
She would have paus'd, entranc'd, to  
hear,  
And, for that day, deferr'd her leap

## SONG AND TRIO

Or one of those sweet nights that oft  
Their lustre o'er the th' Aegean fling,  
Beneath my casement, low and soft,  
I heard a Lesbian lover sing,  
And, list'ning both with ear and thought  
These sounds upon the night-breeze  
caught—  
'Oh, happy as the gods is he, 670  
Who gazes at this hour on thee!'

The song was one by Sappho sung,  
In the first love-dreams of her lyre,  
When words of passion from her tongue  
Fell like a shower of living fire  
And still, at close of ev'ry strain,  
I heard these burning words again—  
'Oh, happy as the gods is he,  
Who listens at this hour to thee!'

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd 680  
Each asking eye—nor turn'd in vain,  
Though the quick, transient blush that  
buin'd  
Bright o'er her cheek, and died again,  
Show'd with what inly shame and fear  
Was utter'd what all lov'd to hear

Yet not to sorrow's languid lay  
 Did she her lute song now devote,  
 But thus, with voice that, like a ray  
 Of southern sunshine seem'd to  
 float—  
 So rich with climate was each note—  
 Call'd up in every heart a dream 691  
 Of Italy, with this soft theme —

## SONG

Oh, where art thou dreaming,  
 On land, or on sea ?  
 In my lattice is gleaming  
 The watch-light for thee .  
 And this fond heart is glowing  
 To welcome thee home,  
 And the night is fast going,  
 But thou art not come 700  
 No, thou com'st not !  
 'Tis the time when night-flowers  
 Should wake from their rest ,  
 'Tis the hour of all hours,  
 When the lute singeth best  
 But the flowers are half sleeping  
 Till *thy* glance they see '  
 And the hush'd lute is keeping  
 Its music for thee  
 Yet, thou com'st not ! 710

Scarce had the last word left her lip,  
 When a light, boyish form, with trip  
 Fantastic, up the green walk came,  
 Frank'd in gay vest, to which the flame  
 Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,  
 Or green, or crimson, lent its hue ,  
 As though a live cameleon's skin  
 He had despoil'd to robe him in  
 A zone he wore of clatt'ring shells, 719  
 And from his lofty cap, where shone  
 A peacock's plume, there dangled bells  
 That rung as he came dancing on  
 Close after him, a page—in dress  
 And shape, his miniature express—  
 An ample basket, fill'd with store  
 Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore ,  
 Till, having reach'd this verdant seat,  
 He laid it at his master's feet,  
 Who, half in speech and half in song,  
 Chaunted this invoice to the throng —

## SONG

WHO'LL buy ?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll  
 buy ?— 731  
 We've toys to suit all ranks and ages ,

Besides our usual fools' supply.  
 We've lots of playthings, too, for  
 sages  
 For reasoners, here's a juggle's cup,  
 That fullest seems when nothing's  
 in it,  
 And nine pins set, like systems, up,  
 To be knock'd down the following  
 minute  
 Who'll buy ?—'tis Folly's shop,  
 who'll buy ?

Gay caps we here of foolscap make, 740  
 For bards to wear in dog-day weather,  
 Or bards the bells alone may take,  
 And leave to wits the cap and feather  
 Teetotums we've for patriots got,  
 Whocourt the mob with antics humble,  
 Like theirs the patriot's dizzy lot,  
 A glorious spin, and then—a tumble  
 Who'll buy, &c &c

Here, wealthy misers to inter, 749  
 We've shrouds of neat post-obit paper,  
 While, for their heirs, we've *quicksilver*,  
 That, fast as they can wish, will caper  
 For aldermen we've dials true,  
 That tell no hour but that of dinner ,  
 For courtly parsons sermons new,  
 That suit alike both saint and sinner  
 Who'll buy, &c &c

No time we've now to name our terms,  
 But, whatsoe'er the whims that seize  
 you,  
 This oldest of all mortal firms, 760  
 Folly and Co, will try to please you  
 Or, should you wish a darker hue  
 Of goods than *we* can recommend you.  
 Why then (as we with lawyers do)  
 To Knavery's shop next door we'll  
 send you

Who'll buy, &c &c

While thus the blissful moments roll'd,  
 Moments of rare and fleeting light,  
 That show themselves, like grains of  
 gold  
 In the mine's refuse, few and bright ,  
 Behold where, opening far away, 771  
 The long Conservatory's range,  
 Stripp'd of the flowers it wore all day,  
 But gaining lovelier in exchange,  
 Presents, on Dresden's costliest ware,  
 A supper such as Gods might share



Ah much-lov'd Supper '—blithe repast  
 Of other times, now dwindling fast,  
 Since Dinner far into the night  
 Advanc'd the march of appetite, 780  
 Deploy'd his never ending forces  
 Of various vintage and three courses,  
 And, like those Goths who play'd the  
     dickens  
 With Rome and all her sacred chickens,  
 Put Supper and her fowls so white,  
 Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight  
 Now wak'd once more by wine—whose  
     tide

Is the true Hippocrene, where glide  
 The Muse's swans with happiest wing,  
 Dipping their bills, before they sing—  
 The minstrels of the table greet 791  
 The list'ning ear with descant sweet —

## SONG AND TRIO

THE LEVÉE AND COUCHEE

CALL the Loves around,  
 Let the whispering sound  
 Of their wings be heard alone,  
 Till soft to rest  
 My Lady blest  
 At this bright hour hath gone.  
 Let Fancy's beams  
 Play o'er her dreams, 800  
 Till, touch'd with light all through,  
 Her spirit be  
 Like a summer sea,  
 Shining and slumb'ring too  
 And, while thus hush'd she lies,  
 Let the whisper'd chorus rise—  
 'Good evening, good evening, to our  
     Lady's bright eyes'

But the day-beam breaks,  
 See, our Lady wakes '  
 Call the Loves around once more, 811  
 Like stars that wait  
 At Morning's gate,  
 Her first steps to adore  
 Let the veil of night  
 From her dawning sight  
 All gently pass away,  
 Like mists that flee  
 From a summer sea,  
 Leaving it full of day  
 And, while her last dream flies, 820  
 Let the whisper'd chorus rise—  
 'Good morning, good morning, to our  
     Lady's bright eyes'

## SONG

If to see thee be to love thee,  
 If to love thee be to prize  
 Nought of earth or heav'n above thee,  
 Nor to live but for those eyes  
 If such love to mortal given  
 Be wrong to earth, be wrong to heav'n,  
 'Tis not for thee the fault to blame, 829  
 For from those eyes the madness came  
 Forgive but thou the crime of loving,  
 In this heart more pride 'twill raise  
 To be thus wrong, with thee approving,  
 Than right, with all a world to praise !

But say, while light these songs resound,  
 What means that buz of whispering  
     round,

From lip to lip—as if the Power  
 Of Mystery, in this gay hour,  
 Had thrown some secret (as we fling  
 Nuts among children) to that ring 840  
 Of rosy, restless lips, to be  
 Thus scrambled for so wantonly ?  
 And, mark ye, still as each reveals  
 The mystic news, her hearer steals  
 A look tow'rd's yon enchanted chair,  
 Where, like the Lady of the Masque,  
 A nymph, as exquisitely fair  
 As Love himself for bride could ask,  
 Sits blushing deep, as if aware  
 Of the wing'd secret circling there 850  
 Who is this nymph ? and what, oh  
     Muse,

What, in the name of all odd things  
 That woman's restless brain pursues,  
 What mean these mystic whisperings ?

Thus runs the tale —yon blushing maid,  
 Who sits in beauty's light array'd,  
 While o'er her leans a tall young Dervise,  
 (Who from her eyes, as all observe, is  
 Learning by heart the Marriage Service.)  
 Is the bright heroine of our song,— 860  
 The Love-wed Psyche, whom so long  
 We've miss'd among this mortal train,  
 We thought her wing'd to heaven again

But no—earth still demands her smile ;  
 Her friends, the Gods, must wait awhile  
 And if, for maid of heavenly birth,

A young Duke's proffer'd heart and  
     hand  
 Be things worth waiting for on earth,  
 Both are, this hour, at her command

To-night, in yonder half-lit shade, 870  
For love concerns expressly meant,  
The fond proposal first was made,

And love and silence blush'd consent  
Parents and friends (all here, as Jews,  
Enchanters, housemaids, Turks, Hin-  
doos,)

Have heard, approv'd, and blest the tie,  
And now, hadst thou a poet's eye,  
Thou might'st behold, in th' air, above  
That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,  
Holding, as if to drop it down 880

Gently upon her curls, a crown  
Of Ducal shape—but, oh, such gems '  
Pilfer'd from Peri diadems,  
And set in gold like that which shines  
To deck the Fairy of the Mines  
In short, a crown all glorious—such as  
Love orders when he makes a Duchess

But see, 'tis morn in heaven, the Sun  
Up the bright orient hath begun

Tc canter his immortal team, 890  
And, though not yet arriv'd in sight,

His leader's nostrils send a steam  
Of radiance forth, so rosy bright  
As makes their onward path all light  
What's to be done ? if Sol will be  
So deuced early, so must we,  
And when the day thus shines outright,  
Ev'n dearest friends must bid good  
night

So, farewell, scene of mirth and masking,  
Now almost a by-gone tale, 900

Beauties, late in lamp-light basking,

Now, by daylight, dim and pale,

Harpers, yawning o'er your harps,

Scarcely knowing flats from sharps,

Mothers who, while bor'd you keep

Time by nodding, nod to sleep,

Heads of air, that stood last night

*Crepé*, crispy, and upright,

But have now, alas, one sees, a

Leaning like the tower of Pisa, 910

Fare ye well—thus sinks away

All that's mighty, all that's bright,

Tyre and Sidon had their day,

And ev'n a Ball—has but its night !

## EVENINGS IN GREECE

In thus connecting together a series of Songs by a thread of poetical narrative, my chief object has been to combine Recitation with Music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to join in the performance, by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel willing or competent to take a part as singers

The Island of Zea, where the scene is laid, was called by the ancients Ceos, and was the birthplace of Simonides, Bacchylides, and other eminent persons. An account of its present state may be found in the Travels of Dr Clarke, who says that 'it appeared to him to be the best cultivated of any of the Grecian Isles'—  
Vol vi p 174

T M

### FIRST EVENING

'THE sky is bright—the breeze is fair,  
And the mainsail flowing, full and  
free—

Our farewell word is woman's pray'<sup>1</sup>,  
And the hope before us—Liberty '  
Farewell, farewell

To Greece we give our shining blades,  
And our hearts to you, young Zean  
Maids '

'The moon is in the heavens above,  
And the wind is on the foaming sea—

Thus shines the star of woman's love 10  
On the glorious strife of Liberty '  
Farewell, farewell

To Greece we give our shining blades,  
And our hearts to you, young Zean  
Maids '

Thus sung they from the bark, that  
now

Turn'd to the sea its gallant prow,  
Bearing within it hearts as brave,  
As e'er sought Freedom o'er the wave,

And leaving on that islet's shore, 19  
Where still the farewell beacons burn,  
Friends, that shall many a day look o'er  
The long, dim sea for their return

Virgin of Heaven ' speed their way—  
Oh, speed their way,—the chosen  
flow'r

Of Zea's youth, the hope and stay  
Of parents in their wintry hour,  
The love of maidens, and the pride  
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,  
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died—  
All, all are in that precious bark, 30  
Which now, alas, no more is seen—  
Though every eye still turns to mark  
The moonlight spot where it had been

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,  
And mothers, you belov'd are gone!—  
Now may you quench those signal fires,  
Whose light they long look'd back  
upon

From their dark deck—watching the  
flame  
As fast it faded from their view,  
With thoughts, that, but for manly  
shame, 40  
Had made them droop and weep like  
you

Home to your chambers' home, and pay  
For the bright coming of that day,  
When, bless'd by heaven, the Cross shall  
sweep

The Crescent from the Aegean deep,  
And your brave warriors, hast'ning back  
Will bring such glories in their track,  
As shall, for many an age to come,  
Shed light around their name and home

There is a Fount on Zea's isle, 50  
Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile  
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,  
On which the sun of Greece looks  
down,

Pleas'd as a lover on the crown  
His mistress for her brow hath twin'd,  
When he beholds each flow'ret there,  
Himself had wish'd her most to wear,

<sup>1</sup> 'Nerium Oleander In Cyprus it retains its ancient name, Rhododaphne, and the Cypriots adorn their churches with the flowers on feast-days.'—*Journal of Dr Sibthorp, Walpole's Turkey*

<sup>2</sup> Id

<sup>3</sup> *Lonicera Caprifolium*, used by the girls of Patmos for garlands.

Here bloom'd the laurel rose,<sup>1</sup> whose  
wreath

Hangs radiant round the Cypriot  
shrines,

And here those bramble-flowers, that  
breathe 60

Their odour into Zante's wines —<sup>2</sup>  
The splendid woodbine, that, at eve,

To grace their floral diadems,  
The lovely maids of Patmos weave —<sup>3</sup>

And that fair plant, whose tangled  
stems

Shine like a Nereid's hair,<sup>4</sup> when spread,  
Dishevell'd, o'er her azure bed, —

All these bright children of the clime,  
(Each at its own most genial time,

The summer, or the year's sweet prime,)  
Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn 71

The Valley, where that Fount is born  
While round, to grace its cradle green,

Groups of Velani oaks are seen,  
Tow'ring on every verdant height—

Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,  
Like Genii, set to watch the birth

Of some enchanted child of earth—  
Fair oaks, that over Zea's vales,

Stand with their leafy pride unfurl'd,  
While Commerce, from her thousandsails,

Scatters their fruit throughout the  
world! 82

'Twas here—as soon as prayer and sleep  
(Those truest friends to all who weep)

Had lighten'd every heart, and made  
Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade—

'Twas here, in this secluded spot,  
Amid whose breathings calm and sweet

Grief might be sooth'd, if not forgot,  
The Zean nymphs resolv'd to meet 90

Each evening now, by the same light  
That saw their farewell tears that night,

And try, if sound of lute and song,  
If wand'ring 'mid the moonlight

flowers  
In various talk, could charm along

With lighter step, the ling'ring hours,  
Till tidings of that Bark should come,

Or Victory wait their warrios home!

<sup>4</sup> *Cuscuta europaea* 'From the twisting and twining of the stems, it is compared by the Greeks to the dishevelled hair of the Nereids'—*Walpole's Turkey*

<sup>5</sup> 'The produce of the island in these acorns alone amounts annually to fifteen thousand quintals'—*Clarke's Travels*.

When first they met—the wonted smile  
Of greeting having gleam'd awhile— 100  
'Twould touch ev'n Moslem heart to see  
The sadness that came suddenly  
O'er their young brows, when they look'd  
round

Upon that bright, enchanted ground,  
And thought, how many a time, with  
those

Who now were gone to the rude wars  
They there had met, at evening's close,  
And danc'd till morn outshone the  
stars! 108

But seldom long doth hang th' eclipse—  
Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts—  
The breath from her own blushing lips,  
That on the maiden's mirror rests,  
Not swifter, lighter from the glass,  
Than sadness from her brow doth pass  
Soon did they now as round the Well

They sat, beneath the rising moon—  
And some, with voice of awe, would tell  
Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell  
In holyfounts—while some would tune  
Their idle lutes, that now had lain, 120  
For days, without a single strain,—  
And others, from the rest apart,  
With laugh that told the lighten'd heart,

Sat, whispering in each other's ear  
Secrets, that all in turn would hear,—  
Soon did they find this thoughtless play  
So swiftly steal their griefs away,

That many a nymph, though pleas'd  
the while,

Reproach'd her own forgetful smile,  
And sigh'd to think she *could* be gay 130

Among these maidens there was one,  
Who to Leucadia<sup>1</sup> late had been—  
Had stood, beneath the evening sun,

On its white tow'ring cliffs, and seen  
The very spot where Sappho sung  
Her swan-like music, ere she sprang  
(Still holding, in that fearful leap,  
By her lov'd lyre,) into the deep  
And dying quench'd the fatal fire,  
At once, of both her heart and lyre 140

<sup>1</sup> Now Santa Maura—the island, from whose  
cliffs Sappho leaped into the sea

<sup>2</sup> The precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is  
about one hundred and fourteen feet from the  
water, which is of a profound depth, as appears  
from the dark-blue colour and the eddy that  
plays round the pointed and projecting rocks!  
—Goodisson's *Ionian Isles*

Mutely they listen'd all—and well  
Did the young travell'd maiden tell  
Of the dead height to which that steep  
Beetles above the eddying deep—<sup>2</sup>  
Of the lone sea birds, wheeling round  
The dizzy edge with mournful sound—  
And of those scented lilies<sup>3</sup> found  
Still blooming on that fearful place—  
As if call'd up by Love, to grace 149  
Th' immortal spot, o'er which the last  
Bright footsteps of his martyr pass'd!

While fresh to ev'ry listener's thought  
These legends of Leucadia brought  
All that of Sappho's hapless flame  
Is kept alive, still watch'd by Fame—  
The maiden, tuning her soft lute,  
While all the rest stood round her, mute,  
Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,  
That o'er the tender Lesbian stole,  
And, in a voice whose thrilling tone 160  
Fancy might deem the Lesbian's own,  
One of those few fragments gave,  
Which still,—like sparkles of Greek

Fire,  
Undying, ev'n beneath the wave,—  
Burn on through Time, and ne'er  
expire

## SONG

As o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid  
In love-sick languor hung her head,  
Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,  
She weeping turn'd away, and said,  
'Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—  
I cannot weave, as once I wove—  
So wilder'd is my heart and brain 172  
With thinking of that youth I love!'<sup>4</sup>

Again the web she tried to trace,  
But tears fell o'er each tangled  
thread,

While, looking in her mother's face,  
Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said  
'Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—  
I cannot weave, as once I wove—  
So wilder'd is my heart and brain 180  
With thinking of that youth I love!'

<sup>3</sup> See Mr Goodisson's very interesting de-  
scription of all these circumstances

<sup>4</sup> I have attempted, in these four lines, to  
give some idea of that beautiful fragment of  
Sappho, beginning *Γλυκεῖα μήτερ*, which repre-  
sents so truly (as Walton remarks) 'the languor  
and listlessness of a person deeply in love'

A silence follow'd this sweet air,  
 As each in tender musing stood,  
 Thinking, with lips that mov'd in pray'r,  
 Of Sappho and that fearful flood  
 While some, who ne'er till now had  
 known

How much their hearts resembled  
 hers,

Felt as they made her griefs their own,  
 That *they*, too, were Love's worshippers

At length a murmur, all but mute, 190

So faint it was, came from the lute

Of a young melancholy maid,

Whose fingers, all uncertain play'd

From chord to chord, as if in chase

Of some lost melody, some strain

Of other times, whose faded trace

She sought among those chords again

Slowly the half-forgotten theme

(Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)

Came to her memory—as a beam 200

Falls broken o'er some shaded spot,—

And while her lute's sad symphony

Fil'd up each sighing pause between,

And Love himself might weep to see

What ruin comes where he hath been

As wither'd still the grass is found

Where fays have danc'd their merry

round—

Thus simply to the list'ning throng

She breath'd her melancholy song —

### SONG

WEeping for thee, my love, through the  
 long day, 210

Lonely and wearily life wears away

Weeping for thee, my love, through the  
 long night—

No rest in darkness, no joy in light !

Nought left but Memory, whose dreary  
 tread

Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where  
 all lies dead—

Wakening the echoes of joy long fled !

Of many a stanza, this alone

Had scaped oblivion—like the one

Stray fragment of a wreck, which thrown,

<sup>1</sup> This word is defrauded here, I suspect of  
 a syllable Dr Clarke, if I recollect right, makes  
 it 'Balalaika'

<sup>2</sup> I saw above thirty parties engaged in

With the lost vessel's name, ashore, 220  
 Tells who they were that live no more

When thus the heart is in a vein  
 Of tender thought, the simplest strain

Can touch it with peculiar power,

As when the air is warm, the scent

Of the most wild and rustic flower

Can fill the whole rich element—

And, in such moods, the homeliest tone

That's link'd with feelings, once our  
 own—

With friends or joys gone by—will be  
 Worth choirs of loftiest harmony ! 231

But some there were, among the group

Of damsels there, too light of heart

To let their spirits longer droop,

Ev'n under music's melting art,

And one upspringing, with a bound,

From a low bank of flowers, look'd  
 round

With eyes that, though so full of light,

Had still a trembling tear within,

And, while her fingers, in swift flight, 240

Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,

Thus sung the song her lover late

Had sung to her—the eve before

That joyous night, when, as of yore,

All Zea met, to celebrate

The Feast of May on the sea-shore

### SONG

WHEN the Balaika <sup>1</sup>

Is heard o'er the sea,

I'll dance the Romaika

By moonlight with thee 250

If waves then, advancing,

Should steal on our play,

Thy white feet, in dancing,

Shall chase them away <sup>2</sup>

When the Balaika

Is heard o'er the sea,

Thou'lt dance the Romaika,

My own love, with me

Then, at the closing

Of each merry lay, 260

How sweet 'tis, reposing,

Beneath the night ray !

dancing the Romaika upon the sand, in some  
 of those groups, the gal who led them chased  
 the retreating wave — Douglas on the Modern  
 Greeks

Or if, dechning,  
The moon leave the skies,  
We'll talk by the shining  
Of each other's eyes

Oh then, how featly  
The dance we'll renew,  
Treading so fleetly  
Its light mazes through <sup>1</sup> 270  
Till stars, looking o'er us  
From heaven's high bow'rs,  
Would change their bright chorus  
For one dance of ours  
When the Balaika  
Is heard o'er the sea,  
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,  
My own love, with me

How changingly for ever veers  
The heart of youth, 'twixt smiles and  
tears <sup>1</sup> 280

Ev'n as in April, the light vane  
Now points to sunshine, now to rain  
Instant this lively lay dispell'd  
The shadow from each blooming brow  
And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held  
Full empire o'er each fancy now

But say—*what* shall the measure be ?  
' Shall we the old Romaika tread,  
(Some eager ask'd) as anciently  
'Twas by the maids of Delos led, 290  
When, slow at first, then circling fast,  
As the gay spirits rose—at last,  
With hand in hand, like links, enlock'd,  
Through the light air they seem'd to flit  
In labyrinthine maze, that mock'd  
The dazzled eye that follow'd it ?  
Some call'd aloud 'the Fountain  
Dance' !—

While one young, dark-ey'd Amazon,  
Whose step was air-like, and whose glance  
Flash'd, like a sabre in the sun, 300  
Sportively said, 'Shame on these soft  
And languid strains we hear so oft

<sup>1</sup> 'In dancing the Romaika (says Mr Douglas) they begin in slow and solemn step till they have gained the time, but by degrees the air becomes more sprightly, the conductress of the dance sometimes setting to her partner, sometimes dating before the rest, and leading them through the most rapid revolutions, sometimes crossing under the hands, which are held up to let her pass, and giving as much liveliness and intricacy as she can to the figures, into which she conducts her companions, while their business is to follow her in all her move-

Daughters of Freedom ' have not we  
Learn'd from our lovers and our sires  
The Dance of Greece, while Greece was  
free—

That Dance, where neither flutes nor  
lyres,  
But sword and shield clash on the ear  
A music tyrants quake to hear ?<sup>2</sup>  
Heroines of Zea, arm with me,  
And dance the dance of Victory !<sup>3</sup> 310

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,  
Loos'd the wide hat, that o'er her face  
(From Anatolia<sup>4</sup> came the maid)  
Hung, shadowing each sunny charm,  
And, with a fair young armourer's aid,  
Fixing it on her rounded arm,  
A mimic shield with pride display'd,  
Then, springing tow'rd's a grove that  
spread

Its canopy of foliage near, 319  
Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,  
'To arms, to arms !' while o'er her head  
She wav'd the light branch, as a spear

Promptly the laughing maidens all  
Obey'd their Chief's heroic call,—  
Round the shield-arm of each was tied  
Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be,  
The grove, their verdant armoury,  
Falchion and lance<sup>4</sup> alike supplied,  
And as then glossy locks, let free,  
Fell down their shoulders carelessly,  
You might have dream'd you saw a  
throng 331

Of youthful Thyads, by the beam  
Of a May moon, bounding along  
Peneus' silver-eddied<sup>5</sup> stream !

And now they stepp'd, with measur'd  
tread,  
Martially, o'er the shining field,  
Now, to the mimic combat led  
(A heroine at each squadron's head),  
Struck lance to lance and sword to  
shield

ments, without breaking the chain, or losing  
the measure

<sup>2</sup> For a description of the Pyrrhic Dance, see  
De Guys, &c.—It appears from Apuleius (lib. x)  
that this war-dance was, among the ancients,  
sometimes performed by females

<sup>3</sup> See the *costume* of the Greek women of  
Natolia in Castellan's *Mœurs des Ottomans*

<sup>4</sup> The sword was the weapon chiefly used in  
this dance

<sup>5</sup> Homer, *Il.* ii. 753



Whosetrembling notes stealout between  
The cluster'd leaves, herself unseen  
And, while that voice, in tones that  
more

Through feeling than through weak-  
ness err'd,  
Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er  
Th' attentive ear, this strain was  
heard — 420

## SONG

I SAW, from yonder silent cave,<sup>1</sup>  
Two Fountains running, side by side,  
The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,  
The other cold Oblivion's tide  
'Oh Love' said I, in thoughtless mood,  
As deep I drank of Lethe's stream,  
'Be all my sorrows in this flood  
Forgotten like a vanish'd dream'

But who could bear that gloomy blank,  
Where joy was lost as well as pain ?  
Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank, 431  
And brought the past all back again,  
And said, 'Oh Love' whate'er my lot,  
Still let this soul to thee be true—  
Rather than have one bliss forgot,  
Be all my pains remember'd too'

The group that stood around, to shade  
The blushes of that bashful maid,  
Had, by degrees, as came the lay  
More strongly forth, retir'd away, 440  
Like a fair shell, whose valves divide,  
To show the fairer pearl inside  
For such she was—a creature, bright  
And delicate as those day-flow'rs,  
Which, while they last, make up, in  
light

And sweetness, what they want in  
hours

So rich upon the ear had grown  
Her voice's melody—its tone  
Gath'ring new courage, as it found  
An echo in each bosom round— 450  
That, ere the nymph, with downcast eye  
Still on the chords, her lute laid by,  
'Another Song,' all lips exclaim'd,  
And each some matchless fav'ritenam'd,

While blushing, as her fingers ran  
O'er the sweet chords, she thus began —

## SONG

Oh, Memory, how coldly  
Thou paintest joy gone by  
Like rainbows, thy pictures  
But mournfully shine and die 460  
Or, if some tints thou keepest,  
That former days recall,  
As o'er each line thou weepst,  
Thy tears efface them all

But, Memory, too truly  
Thou paintest grief that's past,  
Joy's colours are fleeting,  
But those of Sorrow last  
And, while thou bring'st before us  
Dark pictures of past ill, 470  
Life's evening, closing o'er us,  
But makes them darker still

So went the moonlight hours along,  
In this sweet glade, and so, with song  
And witching sounds—not such as they,  
The cymbalists of Ossa, play'd,  
To chase the moon's eclipse away,<sup>2</sup>  
But soft and holy—did each maid  
Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,  
And win back Sorrow to a smile 480

Not far from this secluded place,  
On the sea-shore a ruin stood,—  
A relic of th' extinguish'd race,  
Who once look'd o'er that foamy flood  
When fair Iouli's,<sup>3</sup> by the light  
Of golden sunset, on the sight  
Of mariners who sail'd that sea,  
Rose, like a city of chrysolite,  
Call'd from the wave by witchery  
This ruin—now by barb'rous hands 490  
Debas'd into a motley shed,  
Where the once splendid column stands  
Inverted on its leafy head—  
Form'd, as they tell, in times of old,  
The dwelling of that bard, whose lay  
Could melt to tears the stern and cold,  
And sadden, 'mid their mirth, the  
gay—

exists also, as Pietro della Valle tells us, among  
the Persians

<sup>2</sup> An ancient city of Zea, the walls of which  
were of marble. Its remains (says Clarke)  
'extend from the shore, quite into a valley  
watered by the streams of a fountain, whence  
Iouli's received its name'

<sup>1</sup> 'This morning we paid our visit to the Cave  
of Thoponius, and the Fountains of Memory  
and Oblivion, just upon the water of Heicyna,  
which flows through stupendous rocks'—  
Williams's *Travels in Greece*

<sup>2</sup> This superstitious custom of the Thessalians



Simonides,<sup>1</sup> whose fame, through years  
And ages past, still bright appears—  
Like Hesperus, a star of tears ' 500

'Twas hither now—to catch a view  
Of the white waters, as they play'd  
Silently in the light—a few  
Of the more restless damsels stray'd,  
And some would linger 'mid the scent  
Of hanging foliage, that perfum'd  
The ruin'd walls, while others went,  
Culling whatever flow'ret bloom'd  
In the lone leafy space between, 509  
Where gilded chambers once had been,  
Or, turning sadly to the sea,  
Sent o'er the wave a sigh unblest  
To some brave champion of the Free—  
Thinking, alas, how cold might be,  
At that still hour, his place of rest '

Meanwhile there came a sound of song  
From the dark ruins—a faint strain,  
As if some echo, that among  
Those minstrel halls had slumber'd  
long,

Were murmur'ing into life again 520

But, no—the nymphs knew well the  
tone—

A maiden of their train, who lov'd,  
Like the night-bird, to sing alone,  
Had deep into those ruins rov'd,  
And there, all other thoughts forgot,  
Was warbling o'er, in lone delight,  
A lay that, on that very spot,  
Her loversung one moonlight night.—

### SONG

Αἶ' where are they, who heard, in  
former hours,  
The voice of Song in these neglected  
bow'rs ' 530  
They are gone—all gone '

The youth, who told his pain in such  
sweet tone,

That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain  
their own—

He is gone—he is gone '

And she, who, while he sung, sat list'ning  
by,

And thought, to strains like these 'twere  
sweet to die—

She is gone—she too is gone '

'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will  
say

Of her, who hears, and him, who sings  
this lay— 539

They are gone—they both are gone '

The moon was now, from Heaven's steep  
Bending to dip her silv'ry urn

Into the bright and silent deep—

And the young nymphs, on their return  
From those romantic ruins, found

Their other playmates, rang'd around

The sacred Spring, prepar'd to tune

Their parting hymn,<sup>2</sup> ere sunk the moon,  
To that fair Fountain, by whose stream

Their hearts had form'd so many a  
dream 550

Who has not read the tales, that tell  
Of old Eleusis' sacred Well,

Or heard what legend-songs recount

Of Syra, and its holy Fount,<sup>3</sup>

Gushing, at once, from the hard rock

Into the laps of living flowers—

Where village maidens lov'd to flock,

On summer-nights, and, like the hours,

Link'd in harmonious dance and song,

Charm'd the unconscious night along :

While holy pilgrims, on their way 561

To Delos' isle, stood looking on,

Enchanted with a scene so gay,

Nor sought their boats, till morning  
shone '

<sup>1</sup> Zira was the birthplace of this poet, whose verses are by Catullus called 'tears'.

<sup>2</sup> These 'Songs of the Well,' as they were called among the ancients, still exist in Greece. De Guy tells us that he has seen 'the young women in Prince's Island, assembled in the evening at a public well, suddenly strike up a dance while others sung in concert to them'.

<sup>3</sup> The inhabitants of Syra, both ancient and modern may be considered as the worshippers of water. The old fountain, at which the

nymphs of the island assembled in the earliest ages, exists in its original state, the same rendezvous as it was formerly, whether of love and gallantry, or of gossiping and tale-telling. It is near to the town, and the most limpid water gushes continually from the solid rock. It is regarded by the inhabitants with a degree of religious veneration, and they preserve a tradition, that the pilgrims of old time, in their way to Delos, resorted hither for purification'—Clarke

Such was the scene this lovely glade  
And its fair inmates now display'd,  
As round the Fount, in linked ring,  
They went, in cadence slow and light,  
And thus to that enchanted Spring 569  
Warbled their Farewell for the night —

## SONG

HERE, while the moonlight dim  
Falls on that mossy brim,  
Sing we our Fountain Hymn,  
Maidens of Zea!  
Nothing but Music's strain,  
When Lovers part in pain,  
Soothes, till they meet again,  
Oh, Maids of Zea!

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,  
Round which the nymphs of old 580  
Stood, with their locks of gold,  
Fountain of Zea!  
Not even Castaly,  
Fam'd though its streamlet be,  
Murmurs or shines like thee,  
Oh, Fount of Zea!

Thou, while our hymn we sing,  
Thy silver voice shall bring,  
Answering, answering,  
Sweet Fount of Zea! 590  
For, of all rills that run,  
Sparkling by moon or sun,  
Thou art the fairest one,  
Bright Fount of Zea!

Now, by those stars that glance  
Over heaven's still expanse,  
Weave we our mirthful dance,  
Daughters of Zea!  
Such as, in former days,  
Danc'd they, by Dian's rays, 600  
Where the Eurotas strays,<sup>1</sup>  
Oh, Maids of Zea!

But when to merry feet  
Hearts with no echo beat,  
Say, can the dance be sweet?  
Maidens of Zea!  
No, nought but Music's strain,  
When lovers part in pain,  
Soothes, till they meet again,  
Oh, Maids of Zea! 610

<sup>1</sup> 'Qualis in Eurotas ripis, aut per juga Cynthi  
Exeret Diana choros' — Virgil

## SECOND EVENING

## SONG

WHEN evening shades are falling  
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,  
To pilgrims' heart recalling  
Their home beyond the deep,  
When, rest o'er all descending,  
The shores with gladness smile,  
And lutes, then echoes blending,  
Are heard from isle to isle,  
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,<sup>2</sup>  
We pray, we pray, to thee! 10  
The noon-day tempest o'er,  
Now Ocean toils no more,  
And wings of halcyons hover,  
Where all was strife before  
Oh thus may life, in closing  
Its short tempestuous day,  
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,  
Shine all its storms away  
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
We pray, we pray, to thee! 20

On Helle's sea the light grew dim,  
As the last sounds of that sweet hymn  
Floated along its azure tide—  
Floated in light, as if the lay  
Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,  
And light and song together died  
So soft through evening's air had  
breath'd  
That choir of youthful voice, wreath'd  
In many-linked harmony,  
That boats, then hurrying o'er the sea,  
Paus'd, when they reach'd this fairy  
shore, 31  
And linger'd till the strain was o'er  
Of those young maids who've met to  
fleet  
In song and dance this evening's hours,  
Far happier now the bosoms beat,  
Than when they last adorn'd these  
bowers,  
For tidings of glad sound had come,  
At break of day, from the far isles—  
Tidings like breath of life to some—  
That Zea's sons would soon wing home,  
Crown'd with the light of Victory's  
smiles 41

<sup>2</sup> One of the titles of the Virgin — 'Maria  
illuminatrix, sive Stella Maris' — Isidor

To meet that brightest of all meeds  
That wait on high, heroic deeds,  
When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,  
Could trace the warrior's parting  
track,

Shall, like a misty morn that clears,  
When the long-absent sun appears,  
Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back

How fickle still the youthful breast !—  
More fond of change than a young  
moon, 50

No joy so new was e'er possess'd  
But Youth would leave for newer soon  
These Zean nymphs, though bright the  
spot,

Where first they held their evening  
play,

As ever fell to fairy's lot

To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,  
Had now exchang'd that shelter'd scene  
For a wide glade beside the sea—

A lawn, whose soft expanse of green  
Turn'd to the west sun smilingly, 60  
As though, in conscious beauty bright,  
It joy'd to give him light for light

And ne'er did evening more serene  
Look down from heav'n on lovelier scene  
Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,  
O'er the blue shining element,

Light barks, as if with fury feet  
That stirr'd not the hush'd waters,  
went,

Some that, ere rosy eve fell o'er  
The blushing wave, with mainsail free,  
Had put forth from the Attic shore, 71  
Or the near Isle of Ebony ;—

Some, Hydriot barks, that deep in caves  
Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,  
Had all day lurk'd, and o'er the waves  
Now shot their long and dart-like  
skiffs

Woe to the craft, however fleet,  
These sea-hawks in their course shall  
meet,

Laden with juice of Lesbian vines,  
Or rich from Naxos' emery mines, 80  
For not more sure, when owlets flee  
O'er the dark crags of Pendelee,  
Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,  
Or pounce on it more fleet than they

And what a moon now lights the glade  
Where these young island nymphs are  
met !

Full-orb'd, yet pure, as if no shade  
Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet,  
And freshly bright, as if just made  
By Love's own hands, of new-born light  
Stol'n from his mother's star to-night 91

On a bold rock, that o'er the flood  
Jutted from that soft glade, there stood  
A Chapel, fronting tow'rs the sea,—  
Built in some by-gone century,—  
Where, nightly, as the seaman's mark,  
When waves rose high or clouds were  
dark,

A lamp, bequeath'd by some kind Saint,  
Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,  
Waking in way-worn men a sigh 100  
And pray'r to heav'n, as they went by  
'Twas there, around that rock-built  
shrine,

A group of maidens and their sires  
Had stood to watch the day's decline,  
And, as the light fell o'er their lyres,  
Sung to the Queen-Star of the Sea  
That soft and holy melody

But lighter thoughts and lighter song  
Now woo the coming hours along  
For, mark, where smooth the herbage  
lies, 110

Yon gay pavilion, curtain'd deep  
With silken folds, through which, bright  
eyes,

From time to time, are seen to peep,  
While twinkling lights that, to and fro,  
Beneath those veils, like meteors, go,  
Tell of some spells at work, and keep  
Young fancies chain'd in mute suspense,  
Watching what next may shine from  
thence

Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen  
That mystic curtain backward drew  
And all, that late but shone between,

In half-caught gleams, now burst to  
view 122

A picture 'twas of the early days  
Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays  
Of rich, immortal Mind were hers  
That made mankind her worshippers ;  
While, yet unsung, her landscapes shone  
With glory lent by Heaven alone,  
Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,  
Nor Muse immortals' d her rills, 130  
Nor aught but the mute poesy  
Of sun, and stars, and shining sea  
Illum'd that land of bards to be

While, prescient of the gifted race  
That yet would realm so blest adorn,  
Nature took pains to deck the place  
Where glorious Art was to be born

Such was the scene that mimic stage  
Of Athens and her hills portray'd,  
Athens, in her first, youthful age, 140  
Ere yet the simple violet braid,<sup>1</sup>  
Which then adorn'd her, had shone down  
The glory of earth's loftiest crown  
While yet undream'd, her seeds of Art  
Lay sleeping in the marble mine—  
Sleeping till Genius bade them start  
To all but life, in shapes divine,  
Till deified the quarry shone  
And all Olympus stood in stone<sup>1</sup>

There, in the foreground of that scene,  
On a soft bank of living green, 151  
Sat a young nymph, with her lap full  
Of newly gather'd flowers, o'er which  
She graceful lean'd, intent to cull  
All that was there of hue most rich,  
To form a wreath, such as the eye  
Of her young lover, who stood by,  
With pallet mingled fresh, might choose  
To fix by Painting's rainbow hues

The wreath was form'd, the maiden  
rais'd 160  
Her speaking eyes to his, while he—  
Oh *not* upon the flowers now gaz'd,  
But on that bright look's witchery  
While, quick as if but then the thought,  
Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught  
His pencil up, and, warm and true  
As life itself, that love-look drew  
And, as his raptur'd task went on,  
And forth each kindling feature shone,  
Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,  
From lips as moonlight fresh and pure,  
Thus hail'd the bright dream passing  
there,  
And sung the Birth of Portraiture<sup>2</sup>

## SONG

As once a Grecian maiden wove  
Her garland mid the summer bow'rs,  
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,  
To watch her while she wreath'd the  
flow'rs

The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,  
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,  
Nor knew what magic hues the heart : 180  
Canshed o'er Nature's charms, till now

## CHORUS

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
All that's fair and bright below

His hand had pictur'd many a rose,  
And sketch'd the rays that light the  
brook,  
But what were these, or what were those,  
To woman's blush, to woman's look ?  
'Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,  
This, this,' he cried, 'is all my prayer,  
To paint that living light I see, 190  
And fix the soul that sparkles there'

His prayer, as soon as breath'd, was heard,  
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew  
warm,  
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd  
From lifeless flow'rs to woman's form  
Still as from tint to tint he stole,  
The fair design shone out the more,  
And there was now a life, a soul, 198  
Where only colours glow'd before

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,  
And lilies into life were brought,  
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,  
Young roses kindled into thought  
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes  
Upon the locks of Beauty threw ;  
And violets, transform'd to eyes,  
Inshrin'd a soul within their blue

## CHORUS

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
All that's fair and bright below  
Song was cold and Painting dim 210  
Till song and Painting learn'd from him

Soon as the scene had clos'd, a cheer  
Of gentle voices, old and young,  
Rose from the groups that stood to hear  
This tale of yore so aptly sung,  
And while some nymphs, in haste to tell  
The workers of that fairy spell  
How crown'd with praise their task had  
been,  
Stole in behind the curtain'd scene, 219

Pliny's account of the artist Pausias and his  
mistress Glycera, lib xxxv c 40

<sup>1</sup> 'Violet-crowned Athens'—Pindar

<sup>2</sup> The whole of this scene was suggested by

The rest, in happy converse stray'd—  
 Talking that ancient love-tale o'er—  
 Some, to the groves that skirt the glade,  
 Some, to the chapel by the shore,  
 To look what lights were on the sea,  
 And think of th' absent silently

But soon that summons, known so well  
 Through bow'r and hall, in Eastern  
 lands,

Whose sound, more sure than gong or  
 bell, 228

Lovers and slaves alike commands,—  
 The clapping of young female hands,  
 Calls back the groups from rock and field  
 To some new form'd scene reveal'd,—  
 And fleet and eager, down the slopes  
 Of the green glade, like antelopes,  
 When, in their thirst, they hear the  
 sound

Of distant rills, the light nymphs bound

Far different now the scene—a waste  
 Of Libyan sands, by moonlight's ray,  
 An ancient well, whereon were trac'd

The warning words, for such as stray  
 Unarmed there, 'Drink and away!'<sup>1</sup>  
 While, near it, from the night-ray  
 screen'd, 242

And like his bells, in hush'd repose,  
 A camel slept—young as if wear'd  
 When last the star, Canopus, rose<sup>2</sup>

Such was the background's silent scene,—  
 While nearer lay, fast slumb'ring too,  
 In a rude tent, with brow serene,

A youth whose cheeks of way-worn hue  
 And pilgrim-bonnet, told the tale 250  
 That he had been to Mecca's Vale:  
 Haply in pleasant dreams, ev'n now

Thinking the long wish'd hour is come  
 When, o'er the well-known porch at  
 home,

<sup>1</sup> The traveller Shaw mentions a beautiful rill in Barbary, which is received into a large basin called *Shrub wee krub*, 'Drink and away,'—there being great danger of meeting with thieves and assassins in such places

<sup>2</sup> The Arabian shepherd has a peculiar ceremony in weaning the young camel when the proper time arrives, he turns the camel towards the rising star, Canopus, and says, 'Do you see Canopus? from this moment you taste not another drop of milk'—Richardson

<sup>3</sup> 'Whoever returns from a pilgrimage to Mecca hangs this plant (the mitre-shaped Aloe) over his street door, as a token of his having performed this holy journey'—Hasselquist

His hand shall hang the aloe bough—  
 Trophy of his accomplish'd vow<sup>3</sup>  
 But brief his dream—for now the call  
 Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,  
 'Bind on your burdens,'<sup>4</sup> wakes up all  
 The widely slumb'ring caravan, 260  
 And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear  
 Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,  
 The song of one who, ling'ring near,  
 Had watch'd his slumber, cheerly  
 breaks

### SONG

Up and march! the timbrel's sound  
 Wakes the slumb'ring camp around,  
 Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,  
 Armed sleeper, up, and on!  
 Long and weary is our way  
 O'er the burning sands to-day, 270  
 But to pilgrim's homeward feet  
 Ev'n the desert's path is sweet

When we lie at dead of night,  
 Looking up to heaven's light,  
 Hearing but the watchman's tone  
 Faintly chaunting 'God is one,'<sup>5</sup>  
 Oh what thoughts then o'er us come  
 Of our distant village home,  
 Where that chaunt, when ev'ning sets,  
 Sounds from all the minarets 280

Cheer thee!—soon shall signal lights,  
 Kindling o'er the Red Sea heights,  
 Kindling quick from man to man,  
 Hail our coming caravan<sup>6</sup>  
 Think what bliss that hour will be!  
 Looks of home again to see,  
 And our names again to hear  
 Murmur'd out by voices dear

So pass'd the desert dream away,  
 Fleeting as his who heard this lay 290

<sup>4</sup> This form of notice to the caravans to prepare for marching was applied by Hafiz to the necessity of relinquishing the pleasures of this world, and preparing for death.—'For me what room is there for pleasure in the bowels of Beauty, when every moment the bell makes proclamation, "Bind on your burdens?"'

<sup>5</sup> The watchmen, in the camp of the caravans, go their rounds, crying one after another, 'God is one,' &c &c

<sup>6</sup> 'It was customary,' says Irwin, 'to light up fires on the mountains, within view of Cosseir, to give notice of the approach of the caravans that came from the Nile'

Nor long the pause between, nor mov'd  
The spell-bound audience from that  
spot,

While still, as usual, Fancy rov'd  
On to the joy that yet was not,—  
Fancy, who hath no present home,  
But builds her bower in scenes to come,  
Walking for ever in a light  
That flows from regions out of sight

But see, by gradual dawn descried,  
A mountain realm—rugged as e'er 300  
Uprais'd to heav'n its summits bare,  
Or told to earth, with frown of pride,  
That Freedom's falcon nest was there,  
Too high for hand of lord or king  
To hood her brow, or chain her wing

'Tis Manna's land—her ancient hills,  
The abode of nymphs<sup>1</sup>—her countless  
rills

And torrents, in their downward dash,  
Shining, like silver, through the shade  
Of the sea-pine and flow'ring ash— 310  
All with a truth so fresh portray'd

As wants but touch of life to be  
A world of warm reality

And now, light bounding forth, a band  
Of mountaineers, all smiles, advance—  
Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,  
Link'd in the Ariadne dance,<sup>2</sup>

And while, apart from that gay throng,  
A minstrel youth, in varied song,  
Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills 320  
Of these wild children of the hills,  
The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,  
As war or sport inspires the lay,  
Follow each change that wakes the  
strings,

And act what thus the lyrist sings —

### SONG

No life is like the mountaineer's,  
His home is near the sky,  
Where, thron'd above this world, he  
hears

Its strife at distance die  
Or, should the sound of hostile drum 330  
Proclaim below, 'We come—we come,'  
Each crag that tow'rs in air  
Gives answer, 'Come who dare!'

<sup>1</sup> ——— virginibus bacchata Lacænis  
Taygeta Virg

While, like bees, from dell and dingle,  
Swift the swarming warriors mingle,  
And their cry 'Hurra!' will be,  
'Hurra, to victory!'

Then, when battle's hour is over,  
See the happy mountain lover,  
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,  
Seated blushing by his side,— 341  
Every shadow of his lot

In her sunny smile forgot  
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,  
His home is near the sky,  
Where, thron'd above this world, he  
hears

Its strife at distance die  
Nor only thus through summer suns  
His blithe existence cheery runs—  
Ev'n winter, bleak and dim, 350  
Brings joyous hours to him,  
When, his rifle behind him flinging,  
He watches the roe-buck springing,  
And away, o'er the hills away  
Re-echoes his glad 'hurra'

Then how blest, when night is closing,  
By the kindled hearth reposing,  
To his rebeck's drowsy song,  
He beguiles the hour along,  
Or, provok'd by merry glances, 360  
To a brisker movement dances,  
Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,  
He dreams o'er chase and dance again,  
Dreams, dreams them o'er again

As slow that minstrel, at the close,  
Sunk, while he sung, to feign'd repose,  
Aptly did they, whose mimic art  
Follow'd the changes of his lay,  
Portray the lull, the nod, the start, 369  
Through which, as faintly died away  
His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd,  
Till voice and lute lay hush'd at last

But now far other song came o'er  
Their startled ears—song that, at first,  
As solemnly the night-wind bore  
Across the wave its mournful burst,  
Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge  
Of some lone Spirit of the Sea,  
Singing o'er Helle's ancient surge 379  
The requiem of her Brave and Free

<sup>2</sup> See, for an account of this dance, De Guy's  
Travels

Sudden, amid their pastime, pause  
The sound'ring nymphs, and, as the  
sound

Of that strange music nearer draws,  
With mute enquiring eye look round,  
Asking each other what can be  
The source of this sad minstrelsy ?

Nor longer can they doubt, the song  
Comes from some island-bark, which  
now 388

Courses the bright waves swift along,  
And soon, perhaps, beneath the brow  
Of the Saint's Rock will shoot its prow

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd  
'Twixt fear's and fancy's influence,  
Flew to the rock, and saw from thence

A red-sail'd pinnace tow'rd's them glide,  
Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,  
Scatter'd the moonlight's smiles away

Soon as the mariners saw that throng  
From the cliff gazing, young and old,  
Sudden they slack'd their sail and song.  
And, while their pinnace idly roll'd  
On the light surge, these tidings told —

'Twas from an isle of mournful name,  
From Missolonghi, last they came— 404  
Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing yet  
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame

That e'er in life's young glory set !—  
And now were on their mournful way,  
Wafting the news through Helle's  
isles,—

News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's  
ray, 410

And sadden Vict'ry 'mid her smiles  
Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,  
Out spread the galliot's wings again,  
And, as she sped her swift career,  
Again that Hymn rose on the ear—  
'Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !'

As oft 'twas sung, in ages flown,  
Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed  
A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own

### SONG

'Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !'  
No, dearest Harmodius, no 421

Thy soul, to realms above us fled,  
Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,  
Still lights this world below

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !  
No, dearest Harmodius, no

Through isles of light, where heroes tread  
And flow'r's ethereal blow,

Thy god-like Spirit now is led,  
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed, 430  
Forgets all taste of woe  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !  
No, dearest Harmodius, no

The myrtle, round that falchion spread  
Which struck the immortal blow,  
Throughout all time, with leaves un-  
shed—

The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread—  
Round Freedom's shrine shall grow  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !  
No, dearest Harmodius, no 440

Where hearts like thine have broke or  
bled,

Though quench'd the vital glow,  
Their mem'ry lights a flame, instead,  
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed  
Of death its beams shall throw  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !  
No, dearest Harmodius, no

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,  
From age to age shall go,  
Long as the oak and ivy wed, 450  
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,  
Or Helle's waters flow,  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !  
No dearest Harmodius, no

'Mong those who linger'd list'ning  
there,—

Last'ning, with ear and eye, as long  
As breath of night could tow'rd's them  
bear

A murmur of that mournful song,—  
A few there were, in whom the lay  
Had call'd up feelings far too sad 460  
To pass with the brief strain away,  
Or turn at once to theme more glad,  
And who, in mood untun'd to meet  
The light laugh of the happier train,  
Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat  
Where they might rest, in converse  
sweet,

Till vanish'd smiles should come again  
And seldom e'er hath noon of night  
To sadness lent more soothing light  
On one side, in the dark blue sky, 470  
Lonely and radiant, was the eye

<sup>1</sup> Φιλτάτ' Ἀρμόδι' οὐπω τεθνηκας.

Of Jove himself, while, on the other,  
 'Mong tiny stars that round her  
 gleam'd,  
 The youngmoon, like the Roman mother  
 Among her living 'jewels,' beam'd  
 Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,  
 A pensive maid—one who, though  
 young,  
 Had known what 'twas to see un-  
 wound  
 The ties by which her heart had  
 clung—  
 Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound, 480  
 And to its faint accords thus sung —

## SONG

CALM as, beneath its mother's eyes,  
 In sleep the smiling infant lies,  
 So, watch'd by all the stars of night,  
 Yon landscape sleeps in light  
 And while the night-breeze dies away,  
 Like relics of some faded strain,  
 Lov'd voices, lost for many a day,  
 Seem whisp'ring round again  
 Oh youth! oh Love! ye dreams, that  
 shed 490  
 Such glory once—where are ye fled?  
 Pure ray of light that, down the sky,  
 Art pointing, like an angel's wand,  
 As if to guide to realms that lie  
 In that bright sea beyond.  
 Who knows but, in some brighter  
 deep  
 Than ev'n that tranquil, moon-lit  
 man,  
 Some land may lie, where those who  
 weep  
 Shall wake to smile again!

With cheeks that had regain'd their  
 power 500  
 And play of smiles,—and each bright  
 eye,  
 Like violets after morning's shower,  
 The brighter for the tears gone by,  
 Back to the scene such smiles should  
 grace  
 These wand'ring nymphs their path  
 retrace,  
 And reach the spot, with rapture new,  
 Just as the veils asunder flew,  
 And a fresh vision burst to view

There, by her own bright Attic flood,  
 The blue-ey'd Queen of Wisdom stood,—  
 Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,  
 With brow unveil'd, divine, severe,  
 But soften'd, as on bards she beams,  
 When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,  
 A music, not her own, she brings,  
 And, through the veil which Fancy flings  
 O'er her stern features, gently sings

But who is he—that urchin nigh,  
 With quiver on the rose-trees hung,  
 Who seems just dropp'd from yonder  
 sky, 520  
 And stands to watch that maid, with  
 eye

So full of thought, for one so young?  
 That child—but, silence! lend thine ear,  
 And thus in song the tale thou'lt hear —

## SONG

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,  
 Who should he see, at that soft hour,  
 But young Minerva, gravely playing  
 Her flute within an olive bow'r  
 I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion  
 That, grave or merry, good or ill, 530  
 The sex all bow to his dominion,  
 As woman will be woman still

Though seldom yet the boy hath giv'n  
 To learned dames his smiles or sighs,  
 So handsome Pallas look'd, that ev'n,  
 Love quite forgot the maid was wise  
 Besides, a youth of his discerning  
 Knew well that, by a shady rill,  
 At sunset hour whate'er her learning,  
 A woman will be woman still 540

Her flute he prais'd in terms ecstatic,—  
 Wishing it dumb, nor car'd how soon,—  
 For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,  
 To Love seem always out of tune  
 But long as he found face to flatter,  
 The nymph found breath to shake and  
 thrill,

As, weak or wise—it doesn't matter—  
 Woman, at heart, is woman still

Love chang'd his plan, with warmth  
 exclaiming,

'How rosy was her lip's soft dye!'  
 And much that flute, the flatt'rer,  
 blaming, 551  
 For twisting lips so sweet awry.



The nymph look'd down, beheld her features

Reflected in the passing rill,  
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!

Ev'n when divine, you're women still,

Quick from the lips it made so odious,  
That graceless flute the Goddess took,  
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,

Flung it into the glassy brook, 560  
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting

Adown the current, faint and shrill,  
'Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating,  
'Woman, alas, vain woman still!'

An interval of dark repose—

Such as the summer lightning knows,  
'Twixt flash and flash, as still more bright

The quick revelation comes and goes,  
Op'ning each time the veils of night,  
To show, within, a world of light— 570  
Such pause, so brief, now pass'd between  
This last gay vision and the scene,

Which now its depth of light discloses

A bow'r it seem'd, an Indian bow'r,  
Within whose shade a nymph repos'd,

Sleeping away noon's sunny hour—  
Lovely as she, the Sprite, who weaves  
Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves,  
And there, as Indian legends say,  
Dreams the long summer hours away  
And mark, how charm'd this sleeper seems 581

With some hid fancy—she, too, dreams!  
Oh for a wizard's art to tell

The wonders that now bless her sight!  
'Tis done—a truer, holier spell

Than e'er from wizard's lip yet fell  
Thus brings her vision all to light —

### SONG

'Who comes so gracefully  
Gliding along,  
While the blue rivulet  
Sleeps to her song;  
Song, richly vying  
With the faint sighing  
Which swans, in dying,  
Sweetly prolong?'

590

So sung the shepherd-boy

By the stream's side,

Watching that fairy boat

Down the flood glide,

Like a bird winging, 600

Through the waves bringing

That Syren, singing

To the hush'd tide

'Stay,' said the shepherd-boy,

'Fairy-boat, stay,

Linger, sweet minstrelsy,

Linger, a day'

But vain his pleading,

Past him, unheeding,

Song and boat, speeding, 610

Glided away

So to our youthful eyes

Joy and hope shone,

So, while we gaz'd on them,

Fast they flew on,—

Like flow'rs, declining

Ev'n in the twining,

One moment shining,

And, the next, gone!

Soon as the imagin'd dream went by,

Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye

Turn'd to the clouds, as though some boon 622

Shewaited from that sun-bright dome,

And marvel'd that it came not soon

As her young thoughts would have it come

But joy is in her glance!—the wing

Of a white bird is seen above,

And oh, if round his neck he bring

The long-wish'd tidings from her love,

Not half so precious in her eyes 630

Ev'n that high-omen'd bird!—would be,

Who dooms the brow o'er which he flies

To wear a crown of Royalty

She had, herself, last evening, sent

A winged messenger, whose flight

Through the clear, roseate element,

She watch'd tall, less'ning out of sight,

Far to the golden West it went,

Wafting to him, her distant love,

A missive in that language wrought

Which flow'rs can speak, when aptly

wove, 641

Each hue a word, each leaf a thought

1 The Huma

And now—oh speed of pinion, known  
To Love's light messengers alone!—  
Ere yet another ev'ning takes  
Its farewell of the golden lakes,  
She sees another envoy fly,  
With the wish'd answer, through the sky

## SONG

WELCOME, sweet bird, through the  
sunny air winging,  
Swift hast thou come o'er the far-  
shining sea, 650  
Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck  
bringing  
Love's written vows from my lover  
to me  
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I  
number!—  
Saying oft, 'Idle bird how could he  
rest?'  
But thou art come at last, take now thy  
slumber,  
And lull thee in dreams of all thou  
lov'st best  
Yet dost thou droop—even now while  
I utter  
Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies  
away,  
Cheer thee, my bird—were it life's  
ebbing flutter,  
This fondling bosom should woo it to  
stay 660  
But no—thou'rt dying—thy last task is  
over—  
Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and to  
me!  
The smiles thou hast waken'd by news  
from my lover,  
Will now all be turn'd into weeping  
for thee

While thus the scene of song (their last  
For the sweet summer season) pass'd,  
A few presiding nymphs, whose care  
Watch'd over all, invisibly,  
As do those guardian sprites of air, 669  
Whose watch we feel, but cannot see,  
Had from the circle—scarcely miss'd,  
Ere they were sparkling there again—  
Glided, like fairies, to assist  
Their handmaids on the moonlight  
plain,

Where, hid by intercepting shade  
From the stray glance of curious eyes,  
A feast of fruits and wines was laid—  
Soon to shine out, a glad surprise!

And now the moon, her ark of light  
Steering through Heav'n, as though  
she bore 680  
In safety through that deep of night,  
Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,  
To some remote immortal shore,  
Had half-way sped her glorious way,  
When, round reclin'd on hillocks green,  
In groups, beneath that tranquil ray,  
The Zeans at their feast were seen  
Gay was the picture—ev'ry maid  
Whom late the lighted scene display'd,  
Still in her fancy garb array'd,— 690  
The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here  
Beside the nymph of India's sky,  
While there the Mainote mountaineer  
Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear,  
And urchin Love stood laughing by  
Meantime the elders round the board,  
By mirth and wit themselves made  
young,  
High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd,  
And, while the flask went round, thus  
sung —

## SONG

Up with the sparkling brimmer, 700  
Up to the crystal rim;  
Let not a moon beam glimmer  
'Twixt the flood and brim  
When hath the world set eyes on  
Aught to match this light,  
Which, o'er our cup's horizon,  
Dawns in bumpers bright?  
Truth in a deep well leth—  
So the wise aver  
But Truth the fact denieth— 710  
Water suits not her  
No, her abode's in brimmers,  
Like this mighty cup—  
Waiting till we, good swimmers,  
Dive to bring her up

Thus circled round the song of glee,  
And all was tuneful mirth the while,  
Save on the cheeks of some, whose  
smile,  
As fix'd they gaze upon the sea,

Turns into paleness suddenly ' 720  
What see they there ? a bright blue  
light

That, like a meteor, gliding o'er  
The distant wave, grows on the sight,  
As though 'twere wing'd to Zea's shore

To some, 'mong those who came to gaze,  
It seem'd the night-light, far away,  
Of some lone fisher, by the blaze  
Of pine torch, luring on his prey,  
While others, as, 'twixt awe and mirth,  
They breath'd the bless'd Panaya's<sup>1</sup>  
name, 730

Vow'd that such light was not of earth,  
But of that drear, ill omen'd flame,  
Which mariners see on sail or mast,  
When Death is coming in the blast  
While marv'ling thus they stood, a maid,  
Who sat apart, with downcast eye,  
Nor yet had, like the rest, survey'd  
That coming light which now was nigh,  
Soon as it met her sight, with cry 739  
Of pain-like joy, 'Tis he ! 'tis he !'  
Loud she exclaim'd, and, hurrying by  
The assembled throng, rush'd tow'rd's  
the sea

At burst so wild, alarm'd, amaz'd,  
All stood, like statues, mute, and gaz'd  
Into each other's eyes, to seek  
What meant such mood, in maid so  
meek ?

Till now, the tale was known to few,  
But now from lip to lip it flew —  
A youth, the flower of all the band, 749  
Who late had left this sunny shore,  
When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand,  
Ling'ring, to kiss it o'er and o'er,  
By his sad brow too plainly told  
Th' ill omen'd thought which cross'd  
him then,  
That once those hands should lose their  
hold,

They ne'er would meet on earth again !  
In vain his mistress, sad as he,  
But with a heart from Self as free  
As gen'rous woman's only is,  
Veil'd her own fears to banish his — 760  
With frank rebuke, but still more vain,  
Did a rough warrior, who stood by  
Call to his mind this martial strain,

<sup>1</sup> The name which the Greeks give to the  
Virgin Mary

His favourite once, ere Beauty's eye  
Had taught his soldier-heart to  
sigh —

## SONG

MARCH ! nor heed those arms that hold  
thee,

Though so fondly close they come,  
Closer still will they enfold thee,  
When thou bring'st fresh laurels  
home

Dost thou dote on woman's brow ? 770  
Dost thou live but in her breath ?

March !—one hour of victory now  
Wins thee woman's smile till death

Oh what bliss, when war is over,  
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,  
And, when wreaths our temples cover,  
Lay them shining at her feet !  
Who would not, that hour to reach,  
Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—  
Proud as waves that on the beach 780  
Lay their war-crests down, and die ?

There ! I see thy soul is burning—  
She herself, who clasps thee so,  
Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,  
And, while clasping, bids thee go  
One deep sigh, to passion given,  
One last glowing tear and then—  
March !—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven  
Brings thee to those arms again

Even then, e'er loth their hands could  
part, 790

A promise the youth gave, which bore  
Some balm unto the maiden's heart,  
That, soon as the fierce fight was o'er,  
To home he'd speed, if safe and free—  
Nay, ev'n if dying, still would come,  
So the blest word of 'Victory !'

Might be the last he'd breathe at  
home

'By day,' he cried, 'thou'lt know my  
bark.

But, should I come through midnight  
dark,

A blue light on the prow shall tell 800  
That Greece hath won, and all is well !'

Fondly the maiden, every night,  
Had stolen to seek that promis'd light,  
Nor long her eyes had now been turn'd  
From watching, when the signal burn'd

Signal of joy—for her, for all—  
Fleety the boat now nears the land,  
While voices, from the shore-edge, call  
For tidings of the long-wish'd band

Oh the blest hour, when those who've  
been 810

Through peril's paths by land or sea,  
Lock'd in our arms again are seen  
Smiling in glad security,  
When heart to heart we fondly strain,  
Questioning quickly o'er and o'er—  
Then hold them off, to gaze again,  
And ask, though answer'd oft before,  
If they, *indeed*, are ours once more ?

Such is the scene, so full of joy,  
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,  
As fathers, sisters, friends all run 821  
Bounding to meet him—all but one,  
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,  
Is yet the happiest of them all

And now behold him, circled round  
With beaming faces, at that board,  
While cups, with laurel foliage crown'd,  
Aie to the coming warriors pour'd,—  
Coming, as he, their herald, told, 829  
With blades from vict'ry scarce yet cold,  
With hearts untouch'd by Moslem steel,  
And wounds that home's sweet breath  
will heal

'Ere morn,' said he,—and, while he  
spoke,  
Turn'd to the east, where, clear, and  
pale,  
The star of dawn already broke—  
'We'll greet, on yonder wave, their  
sail !'

Then, wherefore part ? all, all agree  
To wait them here, beneath this  
bower,  
And thus, while ev'n amidst their glee,  
Each eye is turn'd to watch the sea, 840  
With song they cheer the anxious  
hour

## SONG

'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !' said the  
cup-loving boy,  
As he saw it spring bright from the earth  
And call'd the young Genn of Wit, Love,  
and Joy,  
To witness and hallow its birth

The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it  
flam'd  
Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it look'd  
pale.

'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !' ev'ry  
Spirit exclaim'd,  
'Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all  
hail !'

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons  
Wit flew, 850  
While a light on the vine-leaves there  
broke,

In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all  
knew

'Twas the light from his lips as he  
spoke

'Bright tree ! let thy nectar but cheer  
me,' he cried,

'And the fount of Wit never can  
fail '

'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !' hills and  
valleys reply,

Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail !'

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant  
to admire

Each tendril and cluster it wore,  
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath  
of desire, 860

As made the tree tremble all o'er  
Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or  
sky,

Such a soul-giving odour inhale  
'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !' all  
re-echo the cry,

Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all  
hail !'

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and  
Wit die,

Came to crown the bright hour with  
his ray,

And scarce had that mirth-waking tree  
met his eye,

When a laugh spoke what Joy could  
not say,—

A laugh of the heart, which was echoed  
around 870

Till, like music, it swell'd on the  
gale,

'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !' laughing  
myriads resound,

'Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail !'

# LEGENDARY BALLADS

TO

## THE MISS FEILDINGS

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE VOICE

It came o'er her sleep, like a voice of those days,  
When love, only love, was the light of her ways,  
And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,  
It whisper'd her name from the garden below

'Alas,' sigh'd the maiden, 'how fancy can cheat'  
The world once had lips that could whisper thus sweet,  
But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,  
Where, oh that beside them this heart too could sleep'

She sunk on her pillow—but no, 'twas in vain  
To chase the illusion, that Voice came again'  
She flew to the casement—but, hush'd as the grave,  
In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave

'Oh sleep, come and shield me,' in anguish she said,  
'From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead'  
And sleep came around her—but, starting, she woke,  
For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke'

'I come,' she exclaim'd, 'be thy home where it may,  
On earth or in heaven, that call I obey,'  
Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast  
And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past

Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone,  
And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on,  
But whither she wander'd, by wave or by shore,  
None ever could tell, for she came back no more

No, ne'er came she back,—but the watchman who stood,  
That night in the tow'r which o'ershadows the flood,  
Saw dimly, 'tis said, o'er the moon-lighted spray,  
A youth on a steed bear the maiden away

### CUPID AND PSYCHE

THEY told her that he, to whose vows she had listen'd  
Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit unblest,—  
Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten'd,  
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest

'When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,  
Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies,  
And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,  
Thou'lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs!'

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,  
When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light,  
And saw—such a vision!—no image, appearing  
To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright

A youth, but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,  
While round him still linger'd its innocent ray,  
Though gleams, from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning  
Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,  
While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,  
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it  
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine

Entranc'd stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,  
What late was but love is idolatry now,  
But, ah—in her terror the fatal lamp raising—  
A sparkle flew from it and dropp'd on his brow

All's lost—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,  
The Spirit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire,  
Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,  
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire

'Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken!  
Thus ever Affection's fond vision is crost,  
Dissolv'd are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,  
And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost!'

#### HERO AND LEANDER

'THE night-wind is moaning with mournful sigh,  
There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,  
No star over Helle's sea,  
Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,  
One love-kindled star through the deep of night,  
To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee!'

Thus saying, he plung'd in the foamy stream  
Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam  
No eye but a lover's could see;  
And still, as the surge swept over his head,  
'To-night,' he said tenderly, 'living or dead,  
Sweet Hero, I'll rest with thee!'

But fiercer around him the wild waves speed,  
Oh, Love! in that hour of thy votary's need,  
Where, where could thy Spirit be?  
He struggles—he sinks—while the hurricane's breath  
Bears rudely away his last farewell in death—  
'Sweet Hero, I die for thee!'

## THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN

'TELL me, kind Seer, I pray thee,  
So may the stars obey thee,  
So may each airy  
Moon elf and fairy  
Nightly then homage pay thee '  
Say, by what spell, above, below,  
In stars that wink or flow'rs that  
blow,

I may discover,  
Ere night is over,  
Whether my love loves me or no,  
Whether my love loves me '

'Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee  
Hath charms no gold could buy thee,  
Its stem enchanted,  
By moon-elves planted,  
Will all thou seek'st supply thee  
Climb to yon boughs that highest  
grow,

Bring thence their fairest leaf below,  
And thou'lt discover,  
Ere night is over,  
Whether thy love loves thee or no,  
Whether thy love loves thee '

'See, up the dark tree going,  
With blossoms round me blowing,  
From thence, oh Father,  
This leaf I gather,  
Fairest that there is growing  
Say, by what sign I now shall know  
If in this leaf he bliss or woe,  
And thus discover,  
Ere night is over,

Whether my love loves me or no,  
Whether my love loves me '

'Fly to yon fount that's welling,  
Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,  
Dip in its water  
That leaf, oh Daughter,  
And mark the tale 'tis telling, '<sup>1</sup>  
Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,  
Last thou, the while, that fountain's  
flow,

<sup>1</sup> The ancients had a mode of divination somewhat similar to this, and we find the Emperor Adrian, when he went to consult the Fountain of Castalia, plucking a bay leaf and dipping it into the sacred water

And thou'lt discover  
Whether thy lover,  
Lov'd as he is, loves thee or no,  
Lov'd as he is, loves thee '

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,  
To seek that fount bighted,  
But, scarce a minute  
The leaf lay in it,  
When, lo, its bloom was blighted!  
And as she ask'd, with voice of woe—  
Last'ning, the while, that fountain's  
flow—  
'Shall I recover  
My truant lover? '  
The fountain seem'd to answer, 'No,'  
The fountain answer'd, 'No'

## CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS

A HUNTER once in that grove reclin'd,  
To shun the noon's bright eye,  
And oft he woo'd the wandering wind,  
To cool his brow with its sigh  
While mute lay ev'n the wild bee's  
hum,  
Nor breath could stir the aspen's  
hair,  
His song was still 'Sweet air, oh  
come! '  
While Echo answer'd, 'Come, sweet  
Air! '

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket  
rise!  
What meaneth that rustling spray?  
'Tis the white-horn'd doe,' the Hunter  
cries,  
'I have sought since break of day'  
Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,  
The arrow flies from his sounding  
bow,  
'Hilliho—hilliho! ' he gaily sings,  
While Echo sighs forth 'Hilliho! '

Alas, 'twas not the white-horned doe  
He saw in the rustling grove,  
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,  
Of his own young wedded love  
And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,  
For pale at his feet he sees her lie,—  
'I die, I die,' was all she said,  
While Echo murmur'd, 'I die, I die! '

YOUTH AND AGE<sup>1</sup>

'TELL me, what's Love ' said Youth,  
 one day,  
 To drooping Age, who crost his way —  
 'It is a sunny hour of play,  
 For which repentance dear doth pay,  
 Repentance! Repentance!  
 And this is Love, as wise men say'  
 'Tell me, what's Love?' said Youth  
 once more,  
 Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore —  
 'Soft as a passing summer's wind  
 Would'st know the blight it leaves  
 behind?  
 Repentance! Repentance!  
 And this is Love—when love is o'er'  
 'Tell me, what's Love?' said Youth again,  
 Trusting the bliss, but not the pain  
 'Sweet as a May tree's scented air—  
 Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear,  
 Repentance! Repentance!  
 Thus, this is Love—sweet Youth, beware'  
 Just then, young Love himself came by,  
 And cast on Youth a smiling eye,  
 Who could resist that glance's ray?  
 In vain did Age his warning say,  
 'Repentance! Repentance!'  
 Youth laughing went with Love away

THE DYING WARRIOR

A WOUNDED Chieftain, lying  
 By the Danube's leafy side,  
 Thus faintly said, in dying,  
 'Oh' bear, thou foaming tide,  
 This gift to my lady-bride'  
 'Twas then, in life's last quiver,  
 He flung the scarf he wore  
 Into the foaming river,  
 Which, ah too quickly, bore  
 That pledge of one no more'  
 With fond impatience burning,  
 The Chieftain's lady stood,  
 To watch her love returning  
 In triumph down the flood,  
 From that day's field of blood  
 But, field, alas, ill-fated!  
 The lady saw, instead  
 Of the bark whose speed she waited,  
 Her hero's scarf, all red  
 With the drops his heart had shed  
 One shriek—and all was over—  
 Her life-pulse ceas'd to beat,  
 The gloomy waves now cover  
 That bridal-flower so sweet,  
 And the scarf is her winding sheet!

THE MAGIC MIRROR

'COME, if thy magic Glass have pow'r  
 To call up forms we sigh to see,  
 Show me my love, in that rosy bow'r,  
 Where last she pledg'd her truth to me'  
 The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,  
 Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay,  
 'True-hearted maid,' said the happy Knight,  
 'She's thinking of one, who is far away'  
 But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,  
 Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;  
 'Tis,' said the Knight, 'the same bright boy,  
 Who used to guide me to my dear'  
 The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,  
 Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flow'r,  
 'Such,' he exclaim'd, 'was the gift that she  
 Each morning sent me from that bow'r!'

<sup>1</sup> The air, to which I have adapted these words, was composed by Mrs Arkwright to some old verses, 'Tell me what's love, kind shepherd, pray?' and it has been my object to retain as much of the structure and phraseology of the original words as possible



She gives her page the blooming rose,  
 With looks that say, 'Like lightning, fly!'  
 'Thus,' thought the Knight, 'she soothes her woes,  
 By fancying, still, her true-love nigh'

But the page returns, and—oh, what a sight,  
 For trusting lover's eyes to see!—  
 Leads to that bow'r another Knight,  
 As young and, alas, as lov'd as he!

'Such,' quoth the Youth, 'is Woman's love!'  
 Then, darting forth, with furious bound,  
 Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,  
 And strew'd it all in fragments round

## MORAL

Such ills would never have come to pass,  
 Had he ne'er sought that fatal view,  
 The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,  
 And the Knight still thought his Lady true

## THE PILGRIM

STILL thus, when twilight gleam'd,  
 Far off his Castle seem'd,  
 Trac'd on the sky,  
 And still, as fancy bore him  
 To those dim tow'rs before him,  
 He gaz'd, with wishful eye,  
 And thought his home was nigh

'Hall of my Sires!' he said,  
 'How long, with weary tread,  
 Must I toil on?'  
 Each eye, as thus I wander,  
 Thy tow'rs seem rising yonder,  
 But, scarce hath daylight shone,  
 When, like a dream, thou'rt gone!'

So went the Pilgrim still,  
 Down dale and over hill,  
 Day after day,  
 That glimpse of home, so cheering,  
 At twilight still appearing,  
 But still, with morning's ray,  
 Melting, like mist, away!

Where rests the Pilgrim now?  
 Here, by this cypress bough,  
 Clos'd his career,  
 That dream, of Fancy's weaving,  
 No more his steps deceiving,  
 Alike past hope and fear,  
 The Pilgrim's home is here

## THE HIGH BORN LADY

IN vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,  
 Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she,  
 Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her,  
 But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye

'Whomsoever I wed,' said this maid, so excell'g,  
 'That Knight must the conqueror of conquerors be,  
 He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in,—  
 None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!'

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her  
 On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree,  
 Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,  
 And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo her,  
 With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea,  
 His vizor was down—but, with voice that thrill'd through her,  
 He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye

'Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,  
 In me the great conqueror of conquerors see;  
 Enthron'd in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,  
 And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!'

The maiden she smil'd, and in jewels array'd her,  
 Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she,  
 And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her  
 In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye

'But whither,' she, starting, exclaims, 'have you led me?  
 Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;  
 Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?'  
 With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

'Tis the home,' he replied, 'of earth's loftiest creatures'  
 Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see,  
 But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features,  
 And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!

### THE INDIAN BOAT

'Twas midnight dark,  
 The seaman's bark,  
 Swift o'er the waters bore him,  
 When, through the night,  
 He spied a light  
 Shoot o'er the wave before him  
 'A sail! a sail!' he cries,  
 'She comes from the Indian shore,  
 And to-night shall be our prize,  
 With her freight of golden ore.  
 Sail on! sail on!  
 When morning shone  
 He saw the gold still clearer,  
 But, though so fast  
 The waves he pass'd,  
 That boat seem'd never the nearer

Bright daylight came,  
 And still the same  
 Rich bark before him floated,  
 While on the prize  
 His wishful eyes  
 Like any young lover's doated  
 'More sail! more sail!' he cries,  
 While the waves o'ertop the mast,

And his bounding galley flies,  
 Like an arrow before the blast.  
 Thus on, and on,  
 Till day was gone,  
 And the moon through heav'n did hie her,  
 He swept the main,  
 But all in vain,  
 That boat seem'd never the nigher

And many a day  
 To night gave way,  
 And many a morn succeeded  
 While still his fight,  
 Through day and night,  
 That restless mariner speeded  
 Who knows—who knows what seas  
 He is now careering o'er?  
 Behind, the eternal breeze,  
 And that mocking bark, before!  
 For, oh, till sky  
 And earth shall die,  
 And their death leave none to rue it,  
 That boat must flee  
 O'er the boundless sea,  
 And that ship in vain pursue it

## THE STRANGER

COME list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger  
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground,  
Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger  
Hears soft fairy music re-echo around

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady,  
Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand,  
But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady,  
Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,  
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears,  
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,  
Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us,—  
But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,  
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,  
All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,  
For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue,  
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,  
And light from another already shines through

Then her eyes, when she sung—oh, but once to have seen them—  
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart,  
While her looks and her voice made a language between them,  
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore her—  
Whate'er was her sorrow, its run came fast,  
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,  
That song of past days on her lips to the last

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing—  
Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb,  
For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,  
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom

# A MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC

## ADVERTISEMENT

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste, and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I certainly should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using 'the outlandish term, *monopoly*' But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, 'If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.' To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by 'Melologue,' I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the *Athalie* of Racine.

T. M.

## MELOLOGUE

### A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA

There breathes a language, known and felt  
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone,  
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,  
That language of the soul is felt and known  
From those meridian plains,  
Where oft, of old, on some high tow'r,  
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,  
And call'd his distant love with such sweet pow'r,  
That, when she heard the lonely lay,  
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away<sup>1</sup>  
To the bleak climes of polar night,  
Where blithe, beneath a sunless sky,  
The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,  
And sings along the length'ning waste of snow,  
Gaily as if the blessed light  
Of vernal Phoebus burn'd upon his brow,

10

<sup>1</sup> 'A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, "For God's sake, Sir, let me go, for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons, for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband."—Garcilasso de la Vega, in *Su Paul Rycius's translation*

Oh Music ! thy celestial claim  
 Is still resistless, still the same ,  
 And, faithful as the mighty sea  
 To the pale star that o'er its realm presides, 20  
 The spell-bound tides  
 Of human passion rise and fall for thee !

## GREEK AIR

Last ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,  
 While, from Ilissus' silv'ry springs,  
 She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn ;  
 And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,  
 Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,  
 Dreams of bright days that never can return ;  
 When Athens nurs'd her olive bough, 30  
 With hands by tyrant pow'r unchain'd ;  
 And branded for the muse's brow  
 A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd  
 When heroes trod each classic field  
 Where coward feet now faintly falter ;  
 When ev'ry arm was Freedom's shield,  
 And ev'ry heart was Freedom's altar !

## FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS

Hark, 'tis the sound that charms  
 The war-steed's wak'ning ears !—  
 Oh ! many a mother folds her arms 40  
 Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears,  
 And, though her fond heart sink with fears,  
 Is proud to feel his young pulse bound  
 With valour's fever at the sound  
 See, from his native hills afar  
 The rude Helvetian flies to war,  
 Careless for what, for whom he fights,  
 For slave or despot, wrongs or rights,  
 A conqueror oft—a hero never—  
 Yet lavish of his life blood still,  
 As if 'twere like his mountain rill, 50  
 And gush'd for ever !

Yes, Music, here, even here,  
 Amid this thoughtless, vague career,  
 Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous pow'r —  
 There's a wild air which oft, among the rocks  
 Of his own loved land, at ev'ning hour,  
 Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks,  
 Whose every note hath power to thrill his mind  
 With tend'ring thoughts, to bring around his knees  
 The rosy children whom he left behind, 60  
 And fill each little angel eye  
 With speaking tears, that ask him why  
 He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these

Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar,  
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears,  
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,  
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears

## SWISS AIR — 'RANZ DES VACHES'

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,  
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men '  
Oh War, when Truth thy arm employs, 70  
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,  
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,  
And, like Heaven's light'ning, sacredly destroys  
Nor, Music, through thy breathing sphere,  
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear  
Of Him who made all harmony,  
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,  
And the first hymn that man, awaking  
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

## SPANISH CHORUS

Hark ! from Spain, indignant Spain, 80  
Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,  
Like morning's music on the air,  
And seems, in every note, to swear  
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,  
By brave Gerona's deathful story,  
That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,  
That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory

## SPANISH AIR — 'YA DESPERTO'

But ah ! if vain the patriot's zeal,  
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light  
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal, 90  
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—  
What song shall then in sadness tell  
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,  
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,  
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded ?  
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,  
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine ?  
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave ?  
Oh Erin, Thine !

# SET OF GLEES

MUSIC BY MOORE

## THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone,  
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,  
Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,  
Some sunny morn a sail to meet

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,  
'Ship ahoy ' ship ahoy ' our joyful cry ;  
While answering back the sounds we hear  
'Ship ahoy ' ship ahoy ' what cheer ? what cheer ?'

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,  
Kind words are said of friends and home,  
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,  
To sail o'er silent seas again

## HIP, HIP, HURRA '

COME, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,  
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him,  
'Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye of what hue,  
Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true'

Charge ' (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra '

Come, charge high again, boys, nor let the full wine  
Leave a space in the brimmer, where daylight may shine,  
'Here's the friends of our youth—though of some we're bereft  
May the links that are lost but endear what are left '

Charge ' (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra '

Once more fill a bumper—ne'er talk of the hour ;  
On hearts thus united old Time has no pow'r  
'May our lives, tho', alas ' like the wine of to-night  
They must soon have an end, to the last flow as bright '

Charge ' (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra '

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass will run  
Ev'n faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one,  
'Here's the poet who sings—here's the warrior who fights—  
Here's the statesman who speaks, in the cause of men's rights !'

Charge ' (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra '

Come, once more, a bumper '—then drink as you please,  
Tho', who could fill half-way to toast such as these ?  
'Here's our next joyous meeting—and oh when we meet,  
May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet '

Charge ' (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra '

## HUSH, HUSH !

'HUSH, hush !'—how well  
That sweet word sounds,  
When Love, the little sentinel,  
Walks his night-rounds,  
Then, if a foot but dare  
One rose-leaf crush,  
Myriads of voices in the air  
Whisper, 'Hush, hush !'

'Hark, hark, 'tis he !'  
The night-elves cry,  
And hush their fairy harmony,  
While he steals by,  
But if his silv'ry feet  
One dew-drop crush,  
Voices are heard in chorus sweet,  
Whisp'ring, 'Hush, hush !'

THE PARTING BEFORE THE  
BATTLE

HE

On to the field, our doom is seal'd,  
To conquer or be slaves  
This sun shall see our nation free,  
Or set upon our graves

SHE

Farewell, oh farewell, my love,  
May Heav'n thy guardian be,  
And send bright angels from above  
To bring thee back to me

HE

On to the field, the battle-field,  
Where Freedom's standard waves,  
This sun shall see our tyrant yield,  
Or shine upon our graves

## THE WATCHMAN

A TRIO

WATCHMAN

Past twelve o'clock—past twelve

Good night, good night, my dearest—  
How fast the moments fly !  
'Tis time to part, thou hearest  
That hateful watchman's cry

WATCHMAN

Past one o'clock—past one

Yet stay a moment longer—  
Alas ! why is it so,  
The wish to stay grows stronger,  
The more 'tis time to go ?

WATCHMAN

Past two o'clock—past two.

Now wrap thy cloak about thee—  
The hours must sure go wrong,  
For when they're pass'd without thee,  
They're, oh, ten times as long

WATCHMAN

Past three o'clock—past three

Again that dreadful warning !  
Had ever time such flight ?  
And see the sky, 'tis morning—  
So now, *indeed*, good night

WATCHMAN

Past three o'clock—past three.

Good night, good night

## SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE ?

Say, what shall we dance ?  
Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,  
To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain ?  
Say, what shall we dance ?  
Shall we, like those who rove  
Through bright Grenada's grove,  
To the light Bolero's measures move ?  
Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,  
And thus to its sound die away ?

Strike the gay chords,  
Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore  
That music haunts, or young feet wander  
o'er  
Hark ! 'tis the light march, to whose  
measured time,  
The Polish lady, by her lover led,  
Delights through gay saloons with step  
untired to tread,  
Or sweeter still, through moonlight walks,  
Whose shadows serve to hide  
The blush that's rais'd by him who talks  
Of love the while by her side ;  
Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose  
floating sound  
Like dreams we go gliding around,  
Say, which shall we dance ? which shall  
we dance ?



## THE EVENING GUN

REMEMB'REST thou that setting sun,  
 The last I saw with thee,  
 When loud we heard the ev'ning gun  
 Peal o'er the twilight sea ?  
 Boom '—the sounds appear'd to sweep  
 Far o'er the verge of day,  
 Till, into realms beyond the deep,  
 They seem'd to die away

Of, when the toils of day are done,  
 In pensive dreams of thee,  
 I sit to hear that ev'ning gun,  
 Peal o'er the stormy sea  
 Boom '—and while, o'er billows curl'd,  
 The distant sounds decay,  
 I weep and wish, from this rough world,  
 Like them, to die away

## BALLADS, SONGS, MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, ETC.

## TO-DAY, DEAREST ! IS OURS

TO-DAY, dearest ! is ours,  
 Why should Love carelessly lose it ?  
 This life shines or lowers  
 Just as we, weak mortals, use it  
 'Tis time enough, when its flow'rs  
 decay,  
 To think of the thorns of Sorrow,  
 And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,  
 May wither before to-morrow

Then why, dearest ! so long  
 Let the sweet moments fly over ?  
 Though now, blooming and young,  
 Thou hast me devoutly thy lover  
 Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,  
 Some treasure may steal or borrow,  
 Thy charms may be less in bloom,  
 perhaps,  
 Or I less in love to-morrow

## WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS

WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,  
 As if 'twould linger there for ever,  
 When eyes would give the world to gaze,  
 Yet still look down, and venture never,  
 When, though with fairest nymphs we  
 rove,  
 There's one we dream of more than  
 any—  
 If all this is not real love,  
 'Tis something wond'rous like it,  
 Fanny !  
 To think and ponder, when apart,  
 On all we've got to say at meeting,  
 And yet when near, with heart to heart,  
 Sit mute, and listen to their beating

To see but one bright object move,  
 The only moon, where stars are  
 many—  
 If all this is not downright love,  
 I prithee say what is, my Fanny !  
 When Hope foretells the brightest, best,  
 Though Reason on the darkest reckons,  
 When Passion drives us to the west,  
 Though Prudence to the eastward  
 beckons,  
 When all turns round, below, above,  
 And our own heads the most of  
 any—  
 If this is not stark, staring love,  
 Then you and I are sages, Fanny

## HERE, TAKE MY HEART

HERE, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,  
 While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea,  
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,  
 What need I care, so my heart is with thee ?

If, in the race we are destin'd to run, love,  
 They who have light hearts the happiest be,  
 Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,  
 And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee

It matters not where I may now be a rover,  
 I care not how many bright eyes I may see,  
 Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,  
 I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is with thee

And there let it be, growing fonder and fonder—  
 For, even should Fortune turn truant to me,  
 Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,  
 As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee !

OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER  
 NAME

OH, call it by some better name,  
 For Friendship sounds too cold,  
 While Love is now a worldly flame,  
 Whose shrine must be of gold,  
 And Passion, like the sun at noon,  
 That burns o'er all he sees,  
 Awhile as warm, will set as soon—  
 Then, call it none of these

Imagine something purer far,  
 More free from stain of clay  
 Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,  
 Yet human still as they  
 And if thy lip, for love like this,  
 No mortal word can frame,  
 Go, ask of angels what it is,  
 And call it by that name !

POOR WOUNDED HEART

Poor wounded heart, farewell !  
 Thy hour of rest is come,  
 Thou soon wilt reach thy home,  
 Poor wounded heart, farewell !  
 The pain thou'lt feel in breaking  
 Less bitter far will be,  
 Than that long, deadly aching,  
 Thus life has been to thee

There—broken heart, farewell !  
 The pang is o'er—  
 The parting pang is o'er,  
 Thou now wilt bleed no more,  
 Poor broken heart, farewell !

No rest for thee but dying—  
 Like waves, whose strife is past,  
 On death's cold shore thus lying,  
 Thou sleep'st in peace at last—  
 Poor broken heart, farewell !

THE EAST INDIAN

COME, May, with all thy flowers,  
 Thy sweetly-scented thorn,  
 Thy cooling ev'ning showers,  
 Thy fragrant breath at morn  
 When May-flies haunt the willow,  
 When May-buds tempt the bee,  
 Then o'er the shining billow  
 My love will come to me

From Eastern Isles she's winging  
 Through wat'ry wilds her way,  
 And on her cheek is bringing  
 The bright sun's orient ray :  
 Oh, come and court her hither,  
 Ye breezes mild and warm—  
 One winter's gale would wither  
 So soft, so pure a form

The fields where she was straying  
 Are blest with endless light,  
 With zephyrs always playing  
 Through gardens always bright  
 Then now, sweet May ! be sweeter  
 Than e'er thou'st been before,  
 Let sighs from roses meet her  
 When she comes near our shore

## POOR BROKEN FLOWER

Poor broken flow'r ! what art can now recover thee ?  
 Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath—  
     In vain the sun-beams seek  
     To warm that faded cheek,  
 The dews of heav'n, that once like balm fell over thee,  
     Now are but tears, to weep thy early death  
 So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her,—  
     Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou,  
     In vain the smiles of all  
     Like sun-beams round her fall,  
 The only smile that could from death awaken her,  
     That smile, alas ! is gone to others now

## THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE

BEING weary of love,  
 I flew to the grove,  
 And chose me a tree of the fairest,  
     Saying, ' Pretty Rose-tree,  
     Thou my mistress shalt be,  
 And I'll worship each bud thou bearest  
 For the hearts of this world are hollow,  
 And fickle the smiles we follow,  
     And 'tis sweet, when all  
     Their witch'ries pall,  
 To have a pure love to fly to  
     So, my pretty Rose-tree,  
     Thou my mistress shalt be,  
 And the only one now I shall sigh to '

When the beautiful hue  
 Of thy cheek through the dew  
 Of morning is bashfully peeping,  
     'Sweet tears,' I shall say  
     (As I brush them away),  
 'At least there's no art in this weeping'  
 Although thou should'st die to-morrow,  
 'Twill not be from pain or sorrow,  
     And the thorns of thy stem  
     Are not like them  
 With which men wound each other  
     So my pretty Rose-tree,  
     Thou my mistress shalt be,  
 And I'll ne'er again sigh to another

## SHINE OUT, STARS !

SHINE out, Stars ! let Heav'n assemble  
 Round us ev'ry festal ray,  
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,  
 All to grace this Eve of May

Let the flow'r-beds all lie waking,  
 And the odours shut up there,  
 From their downy prisons breaking,  
 Fly abroad through sea and air  
 And would Love, too, bring his sweetness,  
 With our other joys to weave,  
 Oh what glory, what completeness,  
     Then would crown this bright May Eve !  
 Shine out, Stars ! let night assemble  
 Round us every festal ray,  
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,  
 To adorn this Eve of May

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF  
GRENADA

Oh, the joys of our ev'ning posada,  
 Where, resting at close of day,  
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada,  
 Sit and sing the sunshine away ;  
 So merry, that even the slumbers,  
 That round us hung, seem gone ;  
 Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers  
 Again beguile them on  
     Oh the joys, &c  
 Then as each to his loved sultana  
 In sleep still breathes the sigh,  
 The name of some black-eyed Tirana  
 Escapes our lips as we lie  
 Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,  
 Again we're up and gone—  
 While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle  
 Beguiles the rough way on  
 Oh the joys of our merry posada,  
 Where, resting at close of day,  
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada,  
 Thus sing the gay moments away.

TELL HER, OH, TELL HER

TELL her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying  
 Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there,  
 And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,  
 But not a soft whisper replies to their prayer.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going,  
 Beside the green arbour she playfully set,  
 As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,  
 And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from it yet

So while away from that arbour forsaken,  
 The maiden is wandering, still let her be  
 As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,  
 And blooming for ever, unchang'd as the tree.

NIGHTS OF MUSIC

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,  
 Lost too soon, remember'd long,  
 When we went by moonlight roving,  
 Hearts all love and lips all song  
 When this faithful lute recorded  
 All my spirit felt to thee,  
 And that smile the song rewarded—  
 Worth whole years of fame to me !  
 Nights of song, and nights of splendour,  
 Fill'd with joys too sweet to last—  
 Joys that, like the star-light, tender,  
 While they shone, no shadow cast  
 Though all other happy hours  
 From my fading mem'ry fly,  
 Of that star-light, of those bowers,  
 Not a beam, a leaf shall die !

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE

OUR first young love resembles  
 That short but brilliant ray,  
 Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles  
 Through April's earliest day  
 And not all life before us,  
 Howe'er its lights may play,  
 Can shed a lustre o'er us  
 Like that first April ray  
 Our summer sun may squander  
 A blaze serener, grander,  
 Our autumn beam  
 May, like a dream  
 Of heav'n, die calm away,  
 But, no—let life before us  
 Bring all the light it may,  
 'Twill ne'er shed lustre o'er us  
 Like that first youthful ray

BLACK AND BLUE EYES

THE brilliant black eye  
 May in triumph let fly  
 All its darts without caring who feels  
 'em,  
 But the soft eye of blue,  
 Though it scatter wounds too,  
 Is much better pleas'd when it heals  
 'em—

Dear Fanny !  
 But the soft eye of blue,  
 Though it scatter wounds too,  
 Is much better pleas'd when it heals  
 'em

The black eye may say,  
 'Come and worship my ray—  
 By adoring, perhaps, you may move  
 me !  
 But the blue eye, half hid,  
 Says, from under its lid,  
 'I love, and am yours, if you love me !'  
 Yes, Fanny !  
 The blue eye, half hid,  
 Says, from under its lid,  
 'I love, and am yours, if you love  
 me !'

Come tell me, then, why,  
 In that lovely blue eye,  
 Not a charm of its tint I discover,  
 Oh, why should you wear  
 The only blue pair  
 That ever said 'No' to a lover ?  
 Dear Fanny !  
 Oh, why should you wear  
 The only blue pair  
 That ever said 'No' to a lover ?

## DEAR FANNY

'SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;  
She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so.'

Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,  
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,

Dear Fanny,

'Tis not the first time I have thought so

'She is lovely; then love her, nor let the bliss fly;

'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season.'

Thus Love has advis'd me, and who will deny  
That Love reasons much better than Reason,

Dear Fanny?

Love reasons much better than Reason

## FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM

FROM life without freedom, say, who would not fly?  
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?  
Hark!—hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,  
The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave  
Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste to her aid,  
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—  
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.  
On, on to the combat, the heroes that bleed  
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed  
And oh, ev'n if Freedom from *this* world be driven,  
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven

## HERE'S THE BOWER

HERE's the bower she lov'd so much,  
And the tree she planted,  
Here's the harp she used to touch—  
Oh, how that touch enchanted!  
Roses now unheeded sigh,  
Where's the hand to wreath them?  
Songs around neglected lie,  
Where's the lip to breathe them?  
Here's the bower, &c

Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd  
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness,  
Time, that once so fleetly mov'd,  
Now hath lost its fleetness  
Years were days, when here she stray'd,  
Days were moments near her,  
Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,  
Nor Pity wept a dearer!  
Here's the bower, &c

## I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR

## A FINLAND LOVE SONG

I SAW the moon rise clear  
O'er hills and vales of snow,  
Nor told my fleet rein-deer  
The track I wish'd to go  
Yet quick he bounded forth,  
For well my rein-deer knew  
I've but one path on earth—  
The path which leads to you

The gloom that winter cast  
How soon the heart forgets,  
When Summer brings, at last,  
Her sun that never sets!  
So dawn'd my love for you;  
So, fix'd through joy and pain,  
Than summer sun more true,  
'Twill never set again

## LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,  
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd,  
'Why thus in darkness he,' whisper'd young Love;  
'Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move',  
'I ne'er,' said the Dial, 'have seen the warm sun,  
So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one'

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,  
And placed her where Heav'n's beam warmly play'd  
There she reclin'd, beneath Love's gazing eye,  
While, mark'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by  
'Oh, how,' said the Dial, 'can any fair maid,  
That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?'

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,  
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more  
Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds  
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds  
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,—  
Then left the remainder to darkness and showers'

## LOVE AND TIME

'Tis said—but whether true or not  
Let bards declare who've seen 'em—  
That Love and Time have only got  
One pair of wings between 'em  
In courtship's first delicious hour,  
The boy full oft can spare 'em,  
So, loit'ring in his lady's bower,  
He lets the grey-beard wear 'em  
Then is Time's hour of play,  
Oh, how he flies, flies away'  
But short the moments, short as bright,  
When he the wings can borrow,  
If Time to-day has had his flight,  
Love takes his turn to-morrow  
Ah! Time and Love, your change is then  
The saddest and most trying,

When one begins to limp again,  
And t'other takes to flying  
Then is Love's hour to stray,  
Oh, how he flies, flies away'  
But there's a nymph, whose chains I  
feel,  
And bless the silken fetter,  
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal  
With Love and Time much better  
So well she checks their wanderings,  
So peacefully she pairs 'em,  
That Love with her ne'er thinks of  
wings,  
And Time for ever wears 'em  
This is Time's holiday,  
Oh, how he flies, flies away

## LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—  
Youth may wither, but feeling will last,  
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,  
Love's light summer cloud only shall cast  
Oh, if to love thee more  
Each hour I number o'er  
If this a passion be  
Worthy of thee,  
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee  
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last  
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,  
Love's light summer cloud sweetly shall cast

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,  
 Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal,  
 Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,  
 Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel  
 Oh, if there be a charm  
 In love, to banish harm—  
 If pleasure's truest spell  
 Be to love well,  
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee  
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:  
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,  
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast

### LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze    And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,  
 Of my beloved's hair,    His heart was close confin'd,  
 Trac'd every lock with fond delays,    For, every ringlet was a tie—  
 And, doting, linger'd there    A chain by beauty twin'd

### MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH

#### THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,  
 Merrily, oh '  
 Where the song of Freedom soundeth,  
 Merrily, oh '  
 There the warrior's arms  
 Shed more splendour,  
 There the maiden's charms  
 Shine more tender,  
 Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth,  
 Merrily, oh ' merrily, oh !  
 Wearily every bosom pineth,  
 Wearily, oh '  
 Where the bond of slavery twineth  
 Wearily, oh '  
 There the warrior's dart

Hath no fleetness,  
 There the maiden's heart  
 Hath no sweetness—  
 Ev'ry flow'r of life declineth,  
 Wearily, oh ' wearily, oh '  
 Cheerily then from hill and valley,  
 Cheerily, oh '  
 Like your native fountains sally,  
 Cheerily, oh '  
 If a glorious death,  
 Won by bravery,  
 Sweeter be than breath  
 Sigh'd in slavery,  
 Round the flag of Freedom rally,  
 Cheerily, oh ' cheerily, oh '

### REMEMBER THE TIME

#### THE CASTILIAN MAID

REMEMBER the time, in La Mancha's shades,  
 When our moments so blissfully flew,  
 When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,  
 And I blush'd to be call'd so by you,  
 When I taught you to warble the gay seguidilla,  
 And to dance to the light castanet,  
 Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,  
 The delight of those moments forget

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle  
 Every hour a new passion can feel,  
 And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,  
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile  
 But they know not how brave in the battle you are,  
 Or they never could think you would rove,  
 For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war  
 That is fondest and truest in love

## OH, SOON RETURN

OUR white sail caught the ev'ning ray,  
 The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,  
 When all the weeping maid could say  
 Was, 'Oh, soon return !'  
 Through many a clime our ship was  
 driven,  
 O'er many a billow rudely thrown,  
 Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,  
 Now sunn'd in summer's zone  
 And still, where'er we bent our way,  
 When evening bid the west wave burn  
 I fancied still I heard her say,  
 'Oh, soon return !'

If ever yet my bosom found  
 Its thoughts one moment turn'd from  
 thee,  
 'Twas when the combat rag'd around,  
 And brave men look'd to me  
 But though the war-field's wild alarm  
 For gentle Love was all unmeet,  
 He lent to Glory's brow the charm,  
 Which made even danger sweet  
 And still, when vict'ry's calm came o'er  
 The hearts where rage had ceas'd to  
 burn,  
 Those parting words I heard once more,  
 'Oh, soon return !—Oh, soon return !'

## LOVE THEE ?

Love thee ?—so well, so tenderly  
 Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,  
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,  
 Were worthless without thee  
 Though brimm'd with blessings, pure  
 and rare,  
 Life's cup before me lay,  
 Unless thy love were mingled there,  
 I'd spurn the draught away

Love thee ?—so well, so tenderly  
 Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,  
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,  
 Are worthless without thee

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot  
 To me were dark and lone,  
 While, *with* it, ev'n the humblest cot  
 Were brighter than his throne  
 Those worlds, for which the conqueror  
 sighs,  
 For me would have no charms,  
 My only world thy gentle eyes—  
 My throne thy circling arms !  
 Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly  
 Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,  
 Whole realms of light and liberty  
 Were worthless without thee.

## ONE DEAR SMILE

COULDST thou look as dear as when  
 First I sigh'd for thee,  
 Couldst thou make me feel again  
 Every wish I breath'd thee then,  
 Oh, how blissful life would be !  
 Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,  
 Joys, that lie in slumber cold—  
 All would wake, couldst thou but give  
 me  
 One dear smile like those of old

No—there's nothing left us now,  
 But to mourn the past,  
 Vain was every ardent vow—  
 Never yet did heaven allow  
 Love so warm, so wild, to last  
 Not even hope could now deceive  
 me—  
 Life itself looks dark and cold  
 Oh, thou never more canst give me  
 One dear smile like those of old



## YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM

YES, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,  
 He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay,  
 And, though Time may take from him the wings he once wore,  
 The charms that remain will be bright as before,  
 And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,  
 That Friendship our last happy moments will crown.  
 Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,  
 While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,  
 Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down

## THE DAY OF LOVE

THE beam of morning trembling  
 Stole o'er the mountain brook,  
 With timid ray resembling  
 Affection's early look  
 Thus love begins—sweet morn of love !

The noon-tide ray ascended,  
 And o'er the valley's stream  
 Diffus'd a glow as splendid

As passion's riper dream  
 Thus love expands—warm noon of  
 love !

But evening came, o'ershading  
 The glories of the sky,  
 Like faith and fondness fading  
 From passion's alter'd eye  
 Thus love declines—cold eve of love !

## LUSITANIAN WAR SONG

THE song of war shall echo through our  
 mountains,  
 Till not one hateful link remains  
 Of slavery's lingering chains,  
 Till not one tyrant tread our plains,  
 Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains  
 No ! never till that glorious day  
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,  
 Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome  
 lay  
 Resounding through her sunny moun-  
 tains

The song of war shall echo through our  
 mountains,  
 Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,  
 ' Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,  
 And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,  
 To gild your vines and light your foun-  
 tains '  
 Oh, never till that glorious day  
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,  
 Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay  
 Resounding through her sunny moun-  
 tains

## THE YOUNG ROSE

THE young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,  
 Was the flow' ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,  
 Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung,  
 And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be  
 Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee ;  
 For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,  
 She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET

WHEN midst the gay I meet  
That gentle smile of thine,  
Though still on me it turns most sweet,  
I scarce can call it mine  
But when to me alone  
Your secret tears you show,  
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,  
And claim them while they flow  
Then still with bright looks bless  
The gay, the cold, the free,  
Give smiles to those who love you less,  
But keep your tears for me

The snow on Jura's steep  
Can smile in many a beam,  
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,  
How bright so'er it seem  
But, when some deep-felt ray,  
Whose touch is fire, appears,  
Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,  
And, melting, turns to tears  
Then still with bright looks bless  
The gay, the cold, the free,  
Give smiles to those who love you less,  
But keep your tears for me

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS

WHEN twilight dew's are falling soft  
Upon the rosy sea, love,  
I watch the star, whose beam so oft  
Has lighted me to thee, love  
And thou too, on that orb so dear,  
Dost often gaze at even,  
And think, though lost for ever here,  
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven

There's not a garden walk I tread,  
There's not a flow'r I see, love,  
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,  
Some joy that's gone with thee, love  
And still I wish that hour was near,  
When, friends and foes forgiven,  
The pains, the ills we've wept through  
here,  
May turn to smiles in heaven

YOUNG JESSICA

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,  
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts  
pining,  
Her needle bright beside her lay,  
So active once!—now idly shining

Ah, Jessie, 'tis in idle hearts  
That love and mischief are most  
nimble,  
The safest shield against the darts  
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble

The child, who with a magnet plays,  
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,  
The tempter near a needle lays,  
And laughing says, 'We'll steal it  
slyly'

The needle, having nought to do,  
Is pleas'd to let the magnet wheedle;  
Till closer, closer come the two,  
And—off, at length, elopes the needle

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye  
To some gay reticule's construc-  
tion,  
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,  
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction  
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet  
hearts,  
Your snowy fingers must be nimble,  
The safest shield against the darts  
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble

HOW HAPPY, ONCE

How happy, once, though wing'd with  
sighs,  
My moments flew along,  
While looking on those smiling eyes,  
And hst'ning to thy magic song!  
But vanish'd now, like summer dreams,  
Those moments smile no more,  
For me that eye no longer beams,  
That song for me is o'er  
Mine the cold brow,  
That speaks thy alter'd vow,  
While others feel thy sunshine now

Oh, could I change my love like  
thee,  
One hope might yet be mine—  
Some other eyes as bright to see,  
And hear a voice as sweet as thine:  
But never, never can this heart  
Be wak'd to life again;  
With thee it lost its vital part,  
And wither'd then!  
Cold its pulse lies,  
And mute are ev'n its sighs,  
All other griefs it now defies.

## I LOVE BUT THEE

If, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,  
 And think this heart to other loves will stray,  
 If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me ;  
 By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt away,  
 By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near me,  
 I love but thee—I love but thee !

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,  
 Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,  
 And by those lips, which give whate'er thou'rt saying,  
 Or grave or gay, a music of its own,  
 A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,  
 I love but thee—I love but thee !

By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,  
 As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,  
 And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses  
 A hue too bright to bless this world below,  
 And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,  
 I love but thee—I love but thee :

## LET JOY ALONE BE REMEMBER'D NOW

Let thy joys alone be remember'd now,  
 Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile ,  
 Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy  
 brow,  
 Let Love light it up with his smile  
 For thus to meet, and thus to find,  
 That Time, whose touch can chill  
 Each flower of form, each grace of mind,  
 Hath left thee blooming still,—  
 Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,  
 Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ,  
 Or, should thought's dark cloud come  
 o'er thy brow,  
 Let Love light it up with his smile

When the flowers of life's sweet garden  
 fade,  
 If but *one* bright leaf remain,  
 Of the many that once its glory made,  
 It is not for us to complain  
 But thus to meet and thus to wake  
 In all Love's early bliss ,  
 Oh, Time all other gifts may take,  
 So he but leaves us this !  
 Then let joy alone be remember'd now,  
 Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ,  
 Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy  
 brow,  
 Let Love light it up with his smile !

## LOVE THEE, DEAREST ? LOVE THEE ?

Love thee, dearest ? love thee ?  
 Yes, by yonder star I swear,  
 Which through tears above thee  
 Shines so sadly fair ,  
 Though often dim,  
 With tears, like him,  
 Like him my truth will shine,  
 And—love thee, dearest ? love thee ?  
 Yes, till death I'm thine

Leave thee, dearest ? leave thee ?  
 No, that star is not more true ;  
 When my vows deceive thee,  
 He will wander too  
 A cloud of night  
 May veil his light,  
 And death shall darken mine—  
 But—leave thee, dearest ? leave thee ?  
 No, till death I'm thine.

## MY HEART AND LUTE

I give thee all—I can no more—  
 Though poor the off'ring be ,  
 My heart and lute are all the store  
 That I can bring to thee,

A lute whose gentle song reveals  
 The soul of love full well ,  
 And, better far, a heart that feels  
 Much more than lute could tell

Though love and song may fail, alas !  
 To keep life's clouds away,  
 At least 'twill make them lighter pass  
 Or gild them if they stay  
 And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings  
 A discord o'er life's happy strain,  
 Let love but gently touch the strings,  
 'Twill all be sweet again !

PEACE, PEACE TO HIM THAT'S  
 GONE !

WHEN I am dead  
 Then lay my head  
 In some lone, distant dell,  
 Where voices ne'er  
 Shall stir the air,  
 Or break its silent spell

If any sound  
 Be heard around,  
 Let the sweet bird alone,  
 That weeps in song  
 Sing all night long,  
 'Peace, peace, to him that's gone !'  
 Yet, oh, were mine  
 One sigh of thine,  
 One pitying word from thee,  
 Like gleams of heav'n,  
 To sinners giv'n,  
 Would be that word to me  
 Howe'er unblest,  
 My shade would rest  
 While list'ning to that tone ;—  
 Enough 'twould be  
 To hear from thee,  
 'Peace, peace, to him that's gone !'

ROSE OF THE DESERT

ROSE of the Desert ! thou, whose blushing ray,  
 Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away,  
 No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh,—  
 In vestal silence left to live and die,—  
 Rose of the Desert ! thus should woman be,  
 Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom !  
 Destin'd for others, not thyself, to bloom,  
 Cull'd ere thy beauty lives through half its day,  
 A moment cherish'd, and then cast away,  
 Rose of the Garden ! such is woman's lot,—  
 Worshipp'd, while blooming—when she fades, forgot

'TIS ALL FOR THEE

If life for me hath joy or light,  
 'Tis all from thee,  
 My thoughts by day, my dreams by  
 night,  
 Are but of thee, of only thee  
 Whate'er of hope or peace I know,  
 My zest in joy, my balm in woe,  
 To those dear eyes of thine I owe,  
 'Tis all from thee  
 My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,  
 Seem'd doom'd to thee,  
 Kept pure till then from other ties,  
 'Twas all for thee, for only thee

Like plants that sleep, till sunny May  
 Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,  
 Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,  
 It liv'd for thee, it liv'd for thee  
 When Fame would call me to her heights,  
 She speaks by thee,  
 And dim would shine her proudest lights,  
 Unshar'd by thee, unshar'd by thee  
 Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine,  
 Where Bards have hung their wreaths  
 divine,  
 And wish those wreaths of glory mine,  
 'Tis all for thee, for only thee

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME <sup>1</sup>

THERE's a song of the olden time,  
 Falling sad o'er the ear,  
 Like the dream of some village chime,  
 Which in youth we lov'd to hear  
 And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,  
 When Music tries her gentlest art,  
 I never hear so sweet a lay,  
 Or one that hangs so round my heart,  
 As that song of the olden time,  
 Falling sad o'er the ear,  
 Like the dream of some village chime,  
 Which in youth we lov'd to hear  
 And when all of this life is gone,—  
 Ev'n the hope, ling'ring now,  
 Like the last of the leaves left on  
 Autumn's sere and faded bough,—  
 'Twill seem as still those friends were  
 near,  
 Who lov'd me in youth's early day,  
 If in that parting hour I hear  
 The same sweet notes, and die away,—  
 To that song of the olden time,  
 Breath'd, like Hope's farewell strain,  
 To say, in some brighter clime,  
 Life and youth will shine again !

## WAKE THEE, MY DEAR

WAKE thee, my dear—thy dreaming  
 Till darker hours will keep,  
 While such a moon is beaming,  
 'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep  
 Moments there are we number,  
 Moments of pain and care,  
 Which to oblivious slumber  
 Gladly the wretch would spare  
 But now—who'd think of dreaming  
 When Love his watch should keep ?  
 While such a moon is beaming,  
 'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep

If e'er the Fates should sever  
 My life and hopes from thee, love,  
 The sleep that lasts for ever  
 Would then be sweet to me, love,  
 But now,—away with dreaming !  
 Till darker hours 'twill keep,  
 While such a moon is beaming,  
 'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep

## THE BOY OF THE ALPS

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,  
 Tread the mountains over,  
 Rude is the path thou'st yet to go,  
 Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,  
 Fields of ice before thee,  
 While the hid torrent moans below  
 Hark, the deep thunder,  
 Through the vales yonder !  
 'Tis the huge avalanche downward cast,  
 From rock to rock  
 Rebounds the shock  
 But courage, boy ! the danger's past  
 Onward, youthful rover,  
 Tread the glacier over,  
 Safe shalt thou reach thy home at  
 last  
 On, ere light forsake thee,  
 Soon will dusk o'ertake thee  
 O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way !  
 Now, for the risk prepare thee ;  
 Safe it yet may bear thee,  
 Though 'twill melt in morning's ray  
 Hark, that dread howling !  
 'Tis the wolf prowling,—  
 Scent of thy track the foe hath got ;  
 And cliff and shore  
 Resound his roar  
 But courage, boy,—the danger's past !  
 Watching eyes have found thee,  
 Loving arms are round thee,  
 Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot

## FOR THEE ALONE

FOR thee alone I brave the boundless deep,  
 Those eyes my light through ev'ry distant sea ;  
 My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds my sleep,  
 The noon-tide rev'rie, all are giv'n to thee,  
 To thee alone, to thee alone

<sup>1</sup> In this song, which is one of the many set to music by myself, the occasional lawlessness of the metre arises, I need hardly say, from the peculiar structure of the air

Though future scenes present to Fancy's eye  
 Fair forms of light that crowd the distant air,  
 When nearer view'd, the fairy phantoms fly,  
 The crowds dissolve, and thou alone art there,  
 Thou, thou alone

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to shore,  
 While Hope's sweet voice is heard in every blast,  
 Still whisp'ring on, that when some years are o'er,  
 One bright reward shall crown my toil at last,  
 Thy smile alone, thy smile alone

Oh place beside the transport of that hour  
 All earth can boast of fair, of rich, and bright,  
 Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones of power,—  
 Then ask where first thy lover's choice would light ?  
 On thee alone, on thee alone

#### HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING

HER last words, at parting, how *can* I forget ?  
 Deep treasur'd through life, in my heart they shall stay,  
 Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,  
 When its sounds from the ear have long melted away  
 Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain,  
 Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be,—  
 'Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,  
 There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee'

From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must hie,  
 Never more of that fresh-spunging fountain to taste,  
 He hath still of its bright drops a treasur'd supply,  
 Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste  
 So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,  
 These words shall my well in the wilderness be,—  
 'Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,  
 There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee'

#### LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE

Let's take this world as some wide scene, Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat, With skies now dark and now serene, Together thou and I must float, Beholding oft, on either shore, Bright spots where we should love to stay, But Time ples swift his flying oar, And away we speed, away, away	Should chilling winds and rains come on, We'll raise our awning 'gainst the show'r, Sit closer till the storm is gone, And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour And if that summer hour should shine, We'll know its brightness cannot stay, But happy, while 'tis thine and mine, Complain not when it fades away
---	---

So shall we reach at last that Fall  
 Down which life's currents all must  
 go,—  
 The dark, the brilliant, destin'd all  
 To sink into the void below  
 Norev'n that hour shall want its charms,  
 If, side by side, still fond we keep,  
 And calmly, in each other's arms  
 Together link'd, go down the steep

### LOVE'S VICTORY

SING to Love—for, oh, 'twas he  
 Who won the glorious day,  
 Strew the wreaths of victory  
 Along the conqu'ror's way  
 Yoke the Muses to his car,  
 Let them sing each trophy won,  
 While his mother's joyous star  
 Shall light the triumph on

Hail to Love, to mighty Love,  
 Let spirits sing around,  
 While the hill, the dale, and grove,  
 With 'mighty Love' resound,  
 Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal  
 Amid the sounds thus echo'd o'er,  
 'Twill but teach the god to feel  
 His victories the more

See his wings, like amethyst  
 Of sunny Ind their hue,  
 Bright as when, by Psyche kist,  
 They trembled through and through  
 Flowers spring beneath his feet,  
 Angel forms beside him run,  
 While unnumber'd lips repeat  
 'Love's victory is won'<sup>1</sup>  
 Hail to Love, to mighty Love, &c

### SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER<sup>1</sup>

'I've been, oh, sweet daughter,  
 To fountain and sea,  
 To seek in their water  
 Some bright gem for thee  
 Where diamonds were sleeping,  
 Their sparkle I sought,  
 Where crystal was weeping,  
 Its tears I have caught

<sup>1</sup> Founded on the fable reported by Arrian  
 (an Indicus) of Hercules having searched the

'The sea-nymph I've courted  
 In rich coral halls,  
 With Naiads have sported  
 By bright waterfalls  
 But sportive or tender,  
 Still sought I, around,  
 That gem, with whose splendour  
 Thou yet shalt be crown'd

'And see, while I'm speaking,  
 Yon soft light afar,—  
 The pearl I've been seeking  
 There floats like a star'  
 In the deep Indian Ocean  
 I see the gem shine,  
 And quick as light's motion,  
 Its wealth shall be thine'

Then eastward, like lightning,  
 The hero-god flew,  
 His sunny looks bright'ning  
 The air he went through  
 And sweet was the duty,  
 And hallow'd the hour,  
 Which saw thus young Beauty  
 Embellish'd by Power

### THE DREAM OF HOME

Who has not felt how sadly sweet  
 The dream of home, the dream of  
 home,  
 Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,  
 When far o'er sea or land we roam?  
 Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,  
 To greener shores our bark may come,  
 But far more bright, more dear than all,  
 That dream of home, that dream of  
 home

Ask of the sailor youth when far  
 His light bark bounds o'er ocean's  
 foam,  
 What charms him most, when ev'ning's  
 star  
 Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of  
 home  
 Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves  
 At that sweet hour around him come,  
 His heart's best joy where'er he roves,  
 That dream of home, that dream of  
 home

Indian Ocean, to find the pearl with which he  
 adorned his daughter Pandaëa

THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE  
FAVOUR'D GUEST<sup>1</sup>

THEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest  
Of every fair and brilliant throng,  
No wit like thine to wake the jest,  
No voice like thine to breathe the song,  
And none could guess, so gay thou art,  
That thou and I are far apart

Alas! alas! how different flows  
With thee and me the time away!  
Not that I wish thee sad—heav'n  
knows—

Still if thou can'st, be light and gay,  
I only know, that without thee  
The sun himself is dark to me

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,  
Among the proud and gay to shine?  
Or deck my hair with gem and flower,  
To flatter other eyes than thine?  
Ah, no, with me love's smiles are past,  
Thou hadst the first, thou hadst the last

THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID

THERE came a nymph dancing  
Gracefully, gracefully,  
Her eye a light glancing  
Like the blue sea,  
And while all this gladness  
Around her steps hung,  
Such sweet notes of sadness  
Her gentle lips sung,  
That ne'er while I live from my mem'ry  
shall fade  
The song, or the look, of that young  
Indian maid

Her zone of bells ringing  
Cheerily, cheerily,  
Chimed to her singing  
Light echoes of glee,  
But in vain did she borrow  
Of mirth the gay tone,  
Her voice spoke of sorrow,  
And sorrow alone  
Nor e'er while I live from my mem'ry  
shall fade  
The song, or the look, of that young  
Indian maid

THE HOMEWARD MARCH

Be still, my heart I hear them come  
Those sounds announce my love! near  
The march that brings our warriors home  
Proclaims he'll soon be here

Hark, the distant tread,  
O'er the mountain's head,  
While hills and dales repeat the sound,  
And the forest deer  
Stand still to hear,  
As those echoing steps ring round

Be still, my heart, I hear them come,  
Those sounds that speak my soldier  
near,  
Those joyous steps seem wing'd for  
home,—  
Rest, rest, he'll soon be here

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,  
And now they wind to distant glades  
Not here their home,—alas, they go  
To gladden happier mads!

Like sounds in a dream,  
The footsteps seem,  
As down the hills they die away;  
And the march, whose song  
So peal'd along,  
Now fades like a funeral lay

'Tis past, 'tis o'er,—hush, heart, thy  
pain!  
And though not here, alas, they come,  
Rejoice for those, to whom that strain  
Brings sons and lovers home

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY

WAKE up, sweet melody!  
Now is the hour  
When young and loving hearts  
Feel most thy pow'r  
One note of music, by moonlight's soft  
ray—  
Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly by  
day  
Then wake up, sweet melody!  
Now is the hour  
When young and loving hearts  
Feel most thy pow'r

<sup>1</sup> Part of a translation of some Latin verses, supposed to have been addressed by Hippolyta Taurella to her husband, during his absence at

the gay court of Leo the Tenth. The verses may be found in the Appendix to Roscoe's Work



Ask the fond nightingale,  
 When his sweet flow'r  
 Loves most to hear his song,  
 In her green bow'r ?  
 Oh, he will tell thee, through summer-  
 nights long,  
 Fondest she lends her whole soul to his  
 song  
 Then wake up, sweet melody !  
 Now is the hour  
 When young and loving hearts  
 Feel most thy pow'r

### CALM BE THY SLEEP

CALM be thy sleep as infants' slumbers !  
 Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams !  
 May ev'ry joy this bright world numbers  
 Shed o'er thee their mingled beams !  
 Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glided,  
 There ever must some pang remain,  
 Still be thy lot with me divided,—  
 Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain !  
 Day and night my thoughts shall hover  
 Round thy steps where'er they stray,  
 As, ev'n when clouds his idol cover,  
 Fondly the Persian tracks its ray  
 If this be wrong, if Heav'n offended  
 By worship to its creature be,  
 Then let my vows to both be blended,  
 Half breath'd to Heav'n and half to  
 thee

### THE EXILE

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star  
 Saddens with light the ghimm'ring sea,  
 Whose waves shall soon to realms afar  
 Waft me from hope, from love, and  
 thee  
 Coldly the beam from yonder sky  
 Look so'er the waves that onward stray,  
 But colder still the stranger's eye  
 To him whose home is far away  
 Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,  
 Let thoughts of me come o'er thy  
 breast ;  
 But of the lost one think and speak,  
 When summer suns sink calm to rest  
 So, as I wander, Fancy's dream  
 Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,  
 Thy look, in ev'ry melting beam,  
 Thy whisper, in each dying breeze

### THE FANCY FAIR

COME, maids and youths, for here we sell  
 All wondrous things of earth and air,  
 Whatever wild romancers tell,  
 Or poets sing, or lovers swear,  
 You'll find at this our Fancy Fair

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,  
 And kept, for years, in such repair,  
 That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,  
 They'll hardly look the worse for  
 wear,  
 If bought at this our Fancy Fair

We've lots of tears for bards to show'r,  
 And hearts that such ill usage bear,  
 That, though they're broken ev'ry hour,  
 They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking  
 bear,  
 If purchas'd at our Fancy Fair

As fashions change in ev'ry thing,  
 We've goods to suit each season's an,  
 Eternal friendships for the spring,  
 And endless loves for summer wear,—  
 All sold at this our Fancy Fair

We've reputations white as snow,  
 That long will last, if us'd with care,  
 Nay, safe through all life's journey go,  
 If pack'd and mak'd as 'brittle  
 ware,'—  
 Just purchas'd at the Fancy Fair

### IF THOU WOULD'ST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY

If thou wouldst have me sing and play,  
 As once I play'd and sung,  
 First take this time-worn lute away,  
 And bring one freshly strung  
 Call back the time when pleasure's sigh  
 First breath'd among the strings,  
 And Time himself, in fitting by,  
 Made music with his wings

But how is this ? though new the lute,  
 And shining fresh the chords,  
 Beneath this hand they slumber mute,  
 Or speak but dreamy words  
 In vain I seek the soul that dwelt  
 Within that once sweet shell,  
 Which told so warmly what it felt,  
 And felt what nought could tell

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,  
 From lyre so coldly strung,  
 With this I ne'er can sing or play,  
 As once I play'd and sang  
 No, bring that long-lov'd lute again,—  
 Though chill'd by years it be,  
 If thou wilt call the slumbering strain,  
 'Twill wake again for thee

Though time have froz'n the tuneful  
 stream  
 Of thoughts that gush'd along,  
 One look from thee, like summer's  
 beam,  
 Will thaw them into song  
 Then give, oh give, that wak'ning ray,  
 And once more blithe and young,  
 Thy bard again will sing and play,  
 As once he play'd and sung

### STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT

STILL when daylight o'er the wave  
 Bright and soft its farewell gave,  
 I us'd to hear, while light was falling,  
 O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,  
 Mournfully at distance calling

Ah! once how blest that maid would  
 come,  
 To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home,  
 And through the night those sounds  
 repeating,  
 Hail his bark with joyous greeting,  
 Joyously his light bark greeting

But, one sad night, when winds were  
 high,  
 Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her  
 cry,  
 She saw his boat come tossing over  
 Midnight's wave,—but not her lover!  
 No, never more her lover

And still that sad dream loth to leave,  
 She comes with wand'ring mind at  
 eve,  
 And oft we hear, when night is falling,  
 Faint her voice through twilight calling,  
 Mournfully at twilight calling

### THE SUMMER WEBS

THE summer webs that float and shine,  
 The summer dewes that fall,  
 Though light they be, this heart of mine  
 Is lighter still than all  
 It tells me every cloud is past  
 Which lately seem'd to lour,  
 That Hope hath wed young Joy at  
 last,  
 And now's their nuptial hour!

With light thus round, within, above,  
 With nought to wake one sigh,  
 Except the wish, that all we love  
 Were at this moment nigh,—  
 It seems as if life's brilliant sun  
 Had stopp'd in full career,  
 To make this hour its brightest one,  
 And rest in radiance here

### MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT

MIND not though daylight around us is breaking,—  
 Who'd think now of sleeping when morn's but just waking?  
 Sound the merry viol, and daylight or not,  
 Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot

See young Aurora, up heaven's hill advancing,  
 Though fresh from her pillow, ev'n she too is dancing.  
 While thus all creation, earth, heaven, and sea,  
 Are dancing around us, oh, why should not we?

Who'll say that moments we use thus are wasted?  
 Such sweet drops of time only flow to be tasted,  
 While hearts are high beating, and harps full in tune,  
 The fault is all morning's for coming so soon

## THEY MET BUT ONCE

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,  
 And never since that day  
 Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r  
 To chase that dream away  
 They've seen the suns of other skies,  
 On other shores have sought delight,  
 But never more, to bless their eyes,  
 Can come a dream so bright !  
 They met but once,—a day was all  
 Of Love's young hopes they knew,  
 And still their hearts that day recall,  
 As fresh as then it flew  
 Sweet dream of youth ! oh, ne'er again  
 Let either meet the brow  
 They left so smooth and smiling then,  
 Or see what it is now  
 For, Youth, the spell was only thine,  
 From thee alone th' enchantment  
 flows,  
 That makes the world around thee  
 shine  
 With light thyself bestows  
 They met but once,—oh, ne'er again  
 Let either meet the brow  
 They left so smooth and smiling then,  
 Or see what it is now

## WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING

WITH moonlight beaming  
 Thus o'er the deep,  
 Who'd linger dreaming  
 In idle sleep !  
 Leave joyless souls to live by day,—  
 Our life begins with yonder ray,  
 And while thus brightly  
 The moments flee,  
 Our barks skim lightly  
 The shining sea  
 To halls of splendour  
 Let great ones hie,  
 Through light more tender  
 Our pathways lie  
 While round, from banks of brook or  
 lake,  
 Our company blithe echoes make,  
 And, as we lend 'em  
 Sweet word or strain,  
 Still back they send 'em,  
 More sweet, again

## CHILD'S SONG FROM A MASQUE

I HAVE a garden of my own,  
 Shining with flow'rs of ev'ry hue,  
 I lov'd it dearly while alone,  
 But I shall love it more with you  
 And there the golden bees shall come,  
 In summer-time at break of morn,  
 And wake us with their busy hum  
 Around the Siha's fragrant thorn  
 I have a fawn from Aden's land,  
 On leafy buds and berries nurst,  
 And you shall feed him from your hand,  
 Though he may start with fear at first  
 And I will lead you where he lies  
 For shelter in the noontide heat,  
 And you may touch his sleeping eyes,  
 And feel his little silv'ry feet

THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER  
OCEAN

THE halcyon hangs o'er ocean,  
 The sea-lark skims the brine,  
 This bright world's all in motion,  
 No heart seems sad but mine  
 To walk through sun-bright places,  
 With heart all cold the while,  
 To look in smiling faces,  
 When we no more can smile,  
 To feel, while earth and heaven  
 Around thee shine with bliss,  
 To thee no light is given,—  
 Oh, what a doom is this !

## THE WORLD WAS HUSH'D

THE world was hush'd, the moon above  
 Sail'd through ether slowly,  
 When, near the casement of my love,  
 Thus I whisper'd lowly,—  
 'Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep ?  
 The field I seek to-morrow  
 Is one where man hath fame to reap,  
 And woman gleans but sorrow'  
 'Let battle's field be what it may,'  
 Thus spoke a voice replying,  
 'Think not thy love, while thou'rt away,  
 Will here sit idly sighing  
 No—woman's soul, if not for fame,  
 For love can brave all danger !'  
 Then forth from out the casement came  
 A plum'd and armed stranger

A stranger ? No, 'twas she, the maid,  
Herself before me beaming,  
With casque array'd, and falchion blade  
Beneath her girdle gleaming !  
Close side by side, in freedom's fight,  
That blessed morning found us,  
In Vict'ry's light we stood ere night,  
And Love, the morrow, crown'd us !

### THE TWO LOVES

THERE are two Loves, the poet sings,  
Both born of Beauty at a birth  
The one, akin to heaven, hath wings,  
The other, earthly, walks on earth  
With *this* through bowers below we play,  
With *that* through clouds above we  
soar,  
With both, perchance, may lose our  
way —

Then, tell me which,  
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The one, when tempted down from air,  
At Pleasure's fount to lave his lip,  
Nor lingers long, nor oft will dare  
His wing within the wave to dip  
While, plunging deep and long beneath,  
The other bathes him o'er and o'er  
In that sweet current, ev'n to death —

Then, tell me which,  
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The boy of heav'n, even while he lies  
In Beauty's lap, recalls his home,  
And when most happy, only sighs  
For something happier still to come  
While he of earth, too fully blest  
With this bright world to dream of  
more,  
Sees all his heav'n on Beauty's breast —  
Then, tell me which,  
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The maid who heard the poet sing  
These twin-desires of earth and sky,  
And saw, while one inspir'd his string,  
The other glisten'd in his eye,—  
To name the earthlier boy asham'd,  
To choose the other fondly loath,  
At length, all blushing, she exclaim'd,—  
Ask not which,

Oh, ask not which—we'll worship both  
'Th' extremes of each thus taught to  
shun,  
With hearts and souls between them  
given,  
When weary of this earth with one,  
We'll with the other wing to heaven '  
Thus pledg'd the maid her vow of bliss,  
And while *one* Love wrote down the  
oath,  
The other seal'd it with a kiss ;  
And Heav'n look'd on,  
Heav'n look'd on, and hallow'd both.

### THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY

WOULDEST know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,  
Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,  
Who wing through air from the camp to the court,  
From king to clown, and of all make sport,  
Singing, I am the Sprite  
Of the merry midnight,  
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight.

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept  
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept,  
Chunk, chunk o'er his pillow like money I rang,  
And he waked to catch—but away I sprang,  
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,  
She was waiting her love at that starlight hour.  
'Hist—hist !' quoth I, with an amorous sigh,  
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,  
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c

While a baid sat inditing an ode to his love,  
 Like a pair of blue meteors I star'd from above,  
 And he swoon'd—for he thought 'twas the ghost, poor man!  
 Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,  
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c

### BEAUTY AND SONG

Down in yon summer vale,  
 Where the rill flows,  
 Thus said a Nightingale  
 To his lov'd Rose —  
 'Though rich the pleasures  
 Of song's sweet measures,  
 Vain were its melody,  
 Rose, without thee'  
 Then from the green recess  
 Of her night-bow<sup>1</sup>,  
 Beaming with bashfulness,  
 Spoke the bright flow'r —  
 'Though morn should lend her  
 Its sunniest splendour,  
 What would the Rose be,  
 Unsung by thee?'

Thus still let Song attend  
 Woman's bright way,  
 Thus still let woman lend  
 Light to the lay  
 Like stars, through heaven's sea,  
 Floating in harmony,  
 Beauty shall glide along,  
 Circled by Song

### WHEN THOU ART NIGH

WHEN thou art nigh, it seems  
 A new creation round,  
 The sun hath fairer beams,  
 The lute a softer sound  
 Though thee alone I see,  
 And hear alone thy sigh,  
 'Tis light, 'tis song to me,  
 'Tis all—when thou art nigh

When thou art nigh, no thought  
 Of grief comes o'er my heart,  
 I only think—could aught  
 But joy be where thou art?

<sup>1</sup> On the Tower of the Winds, at Athens, there is a conch shell placed in the hands of Boreas—See Stuart's *Antiquities*. 'The north wind,' says Herodotus, in speaking of the Hyperboreans, 'never blows with them'.

<sup>2</sup> 'Sub ipso siderum cardine jacent'—  
 Pompon Mela

Life seems a waste of breath,  
 When far from thee I sigh,  
 And death—ay, even death  
 Were sweet, if thou wert nigh

### SONG OF A HYPERBOREAN

I COME from a land in the sun-bright  
 deep,  
 Where golden gardens grow,  
 Where the winds of the north, becalm'd  
 in sleep,  
 Their conch-shells never blow<sup>1</sup>  
 Haste to that holy Isle with me,  
 Haste—haste!

So near the track of the stars are we,<sup>2</sup>  
 That oft, on night's pale beams,  
 The distant sounds of their harmony  
 Come to our ears, like dreams  
 Then, haste to that holy Isle with  
 me, &c &c

The Moon, too, brings her world so nigh,<sup>3</sup>  
 That when the night seer looks  
 To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,  
 He can number its hills and brooks  
 Then, haste, &c &c

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres<sup>4</sup>  
 By day, by night, belong,  
 And the breath we draw from his living  
 fires,  
 We give him back in song  
 Then, haste, &c. &c

From us descends the maid who brings  
 To Delos gifts divine,  
 And our wild bees lend their rainbow  
 wings

To glitter on Delphi's shrine<sup>5</sup>  
 Then, haste to that holy Isle with  
 me,

Haste—haste!

<sup>3</sup> 'They can show the moon very near'—  
 Diodor Sicul

<sup>4</sup> Hecataeus tells us, that this Hyperborean island was dedicated to Apollo, and most of the inhabitants were either priests or songsters

<sup>5</sup> Pausanias

THOU BIDST ME SING

THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee  
 In other days, ere joy had left this brow,  
 But think, though still unchang'd the notes may be,  
 How diff'rent feels the heart that breathes them now !  
 The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same  
*We saw this morning on its stem so gay,*  
 But, ah ! that dew of dawn, that breath which came  
 Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd away  
 Since first that music touch'd thy heart and mine,  
 How many a joy and pain o'er both have past,—  
 The joy, a light too precious long to shine,  
 The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last  
 And though\*that lay would like the voice of home  
 Breathe o'er our ear, 'twould waken now a sigh—  
 Ah ! not, as then, for fancied woes to come,  
 But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by

CUPID ARMED

<p>PLACE the helm on thy brow,              In thy hand take the spear,              Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,              And thy battle-hour is near              March on ! march on ! thy shaft and bow              Were weak against such charms,              March on ! march on ! so proud a foe              Scorns all but martial arms              See the darts in her eyes,              Tipt with scorn, how they shine !</p>	<p>Ev'ry shaft, as it flies,              Mocking proudly at thine              March on ! march on ! thy feather'd              darts              Soft bosoms soon might move,              But ruder arms to ruder hearts              Must teach what 'tis to love              Place the helm on thy brow,              In thy hand take the spear,—              Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,              And thy battle-hour is near</p>
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ROUND THE WORLD GOES

<p>ROUND the world goes, by day and              night              While with it also round go we,              And in the flight of one day's light              An image of all life's course we see              Round, round, while thus we go round,              The best thing a man can do,              Is to make it, at least, a merry go-              round,              By—sending the wine round too              Our first gay stage of life is when              Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye—              Season of bliss ! Oh, who wouldn't then              Wish to cry, 'Stop !' to earth and              sky ?</p>	<p>But, round, round, both boy and girl              Are whisk'd through that sky of blue,              And much would their hearts enjoy the              whirl,              If—their heads didn't whirl round too              Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,              Thinking all life a life of light,              But shadows come on, 'tis evening soon,              And, ere we can say, 'How short !'—              'tis night              Round, round, still all goes round,              Ev'n while I'm thus singing to you ;              And the best way to make it a merry-go-              round,              Is to—chorus my song round too</p>
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## OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST

OH, do not look so bright and blest,  
 For still there comes a fear,  
 When brow like thine looks happiest,  
 That grief is then most near  
 There lurks a dread in all delight,  
 A shadow near each ray,  
 That warns us then to fear their flight,  
 When most we wish their stay  
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,  
 For ah ! there comes a fear,  
 When brow like thine looks happiest,  
 That grief is then most near

Why is it thus that fairest things  
 The soonest fleet and die —  
 That when most light is on their wings,  
 They're then but spread to fly !  
 And, sadder still, the pain will stay—  
 The bliss no more appears ,  
 As rainbows take their light away,  
 And leave us but the tears !  
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,  
 For ah ! there comes a fear,  
 When brow like thine looks happiest,  
 That grief is then most near

## THE MUSICAL BOX

'Look here,' said Rose, with laughing  
 eyes,  
 'Within this box, by magic hid,  
 A tuneful Sprite imprison'd lies,  
 Who sings to me whenever he's bid  
 Though roving once his voice and wing,  
 He'll now lie still the whole day long,  
 Till thus I touch the magic spring—  
 Then hark, how sweet and blithe his  
 song !'  
 (A symphony)  
 'Ah, Rose,' I cried, 'the poet's lay  
 Must never in Beauty's slave become,  
 Through earth and air his song may stray,  
 If all the while his heart's at home

And though in Freedom's air he dwell,  
 Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,  
 Touch but the spring thou know'st so  
 well,  
 And—hark, how sweet the love-song  
 flows !'  
 (A symphony)  
 Thus pleaded I for Freedom's right,  
 But when young Beauty takes the field,  
 And wise men seek defence in fight,  
 The doom of poets is to yield  
 No more my heart to enchantress braves,  
 I'm now in Beauty's prison hid,  
 The Sprite and I are fellow slaves,  
 And I, too, sing whenever I'm bid

## WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN

WHEN to sad Music silent you listen,  
 And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,  
 Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as they glisten  
 A sweet holy charm that mirth never knew  
 But when some lively strain resounding  
 Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,  
 Then the young rein-deer o'er the hills bounding  
 Was never in its mirth so graceful as thou

When on the skies at midnight thou gazest,  
 A lustre so pure thy features then wear,  
 That, when to some star that bright eye thou raisest,  
 We feel 'tis thy home thou'rt looking for there  
 But, when the word for the gay dance is given,  
 So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,  
 Oh then we exclaim, 'Never leave earth for heaven,  
 But linger still here, to make heaven of earth'

## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

FLY swift, my light gazelle,  
 To her who now lies waking,  
 To hear thy silver bell  
 The midnight silence breaking  
 And, when thou com'st, with glad some  
 feet,  
 Beneath her lattice springing,  
 Ah, well she'll know how sweet  
 The words of love thou'rt bringing  
 Yet, no—not words, for they  
 But half can tell love's feeling,  
 Sweet flowers alone can say  
 What passion fears revealing

A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,  
 A tow'ring lily broken,—  
 Oh these may paint a grief  
 No words could e'er have spoken

Not such, my gay gazelle,  
 The wreath thou speedest over  
 Yon moonlight dale, to tell  
 My lady how I love her  
 And, what to her will sweeter be  
 Than gems the richest, rarest,  
 From Truth's immortal tree<sup>1</sup>  
 One fadeless leaf thou bearest

## THE DAWN IS BREAKING O'ER US

THE dawn is breaking o'er us,  
 See, heaven hath caught its hue<sup>1</sup>  
 We've day's long light before us,  
 What sport shall we pursue  
 The hunt o'er hill and lea<sup>2</sup>  
 The sail o'er summer sea<sup>3</sup>  
 Oh let not hour so sweet  
 Unwing'd by pleasure fleet  
 The dawn is breaking o'er us,  
 See, heaven hath caught its hue<sup>1</sup>  
 We've day's long light before us,  
 What sport shall we pursue<sup>2</sup>  
 But see, while we're deciding,  
 What morning sport to play,  
 The dial's hand is gliding,  
 And morn hath pass'd away<sup>1</sup>  
 Ah, who'd have thought that noon  
 Would o'er us steal so soon,—

That morn's sweet hour of prime  
 Would last so short a time<sup>1</sup>  
 But come, we've day before us,  
 Still heaven looks bright and blue,  
 Quick, quick, ere eve comes o'er us,  
 What sport shall we pursue<sup>2</sup>  
 Alas<sup>1</sup> why thus delaying?  
 We're now at evening's hour,  
 Its farewell beam is playing  
 O'er hill and wave and bower  
 That light we thought would last,  
 Behold, ev'n now, 'tis past,  
 And all our morning dreams  
 Have vanish'd with its beams<sup>1</sup>  
 But come! 'twere vain to borrow  
 Sad lessons from this lay,  
 For man will be to morrow—  
 Just what he's been to day

<sup>1</sup> The tree, called in the East, Amrita, or the Immortal



# SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

## HERE AT THY TOMB<sup>1</sup>

BY MELEAGER

HERE, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,  
Tears, which though vainly now they  
roll,  
Are all love hath to give the dead,  
And wept o'er thee with all love's  
soul,—

Wept in remembrance of that light,  
Which nought on earth, without thee,  
gives,

Hope of my heart<sup>1</sup> now quench'd in  
night,  
But dearer, dead, than aught that  
lives

Where is she<sup>2</sup> where the blooming bough  
That once my life's sole lustre made<sup>2</sup>  
Torn off by death, 'tis with'ring now,  
And all its flow'rs in dust are laid

Oh earth<sup>1</sup> that to thy matron breast  
Hast taken all those angel charms,  
Gently, I pray thee, let her rest,—  
Gently, as in a mother's arms

## SALE OF CUPID<sup>2</sup>

BY MELEAGER

WHO'LL buy a little boy<sup>2</sup> Look, yonder is he,  
Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's knee,  
So bold a young imp 'tisn't safe to keep,  
So I'll part with him now, while he's sound asleep  
See his arch little nose, how sharp 'tis curl'd,  
His wings, too, ev'n in sleep unfurl'd,  
And those fingers, which still ever ready are found  
For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or wound

He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,  
But never you mind—he's laughing all the while,  
For little he cares, so he has his own whim,  
And weeping or laughing are all one to him  
His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,  
His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash,  
And so savage is he, that his own dear mother  
Is scarce more safe in his hands than another

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,  
He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways,  
And if any one wants such an imp to employ,  
He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy  
But see, the boy wakes—his bright tears flow—  
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him<sup>2</sup> oh no,  
Sweet child, no, no—though so naughty you be,  
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me

<sup>1</sup> Δακρυα σοι και νερε δια χθονος, Ηλιοδωρα  
Ap Brunch

<sup>2</sup> Πωλεισθω, και ματρος εγ' ει κολποισι καθευδων  
Ap Brunch *Analect* Δεν

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR  
THE ROSE<sup>1</sup>

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY

To weave a garland for the rose,  
And think thus crown'd 'twould  
lovelier be,  
Were far less vain than to suppose  
That silks and gems add grace to thee  
Where is the pearl whose orient lustre  
Would not, beside thee, look less  
bright?  
What gold could match the glossy  
cluster  
Of those young ringlets full of light?

Bring from the land, where fresh it  
gleams,

The bright blue gem of India's mine,  
And see how soon, though bright its  
beams,

'Twill pale before one glance of thine  
Those lips, too, when their sounds have  
blest us

With some divine, mellifluous air,  
Who would not say that Beauty's cestus  
Had let loose all its witch'ries there?<sup>2</sup>

Here, to this conqu'ring host of charms  
I now give up my spell-bound heart,  
Nor blush to yield ev'n Reason's arms,  
When thou her bright-ey'd conqu'ror  
art

Thus to the wind all fears are given,  
Henceforth those eyes alone I see,  
Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,  
Sits beck'ning me to bliss and thee!

WHY DOES SHE SO LONG  
DELAY?<sup>3</sup>

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY

Why does she so long delay?  
Night is waning fast away,  
Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,  
Watching here in solitude

<sup>1</sup> Ουτε ροδων στεφανων επιδενσαι, ουτε συ  
πεπλων Ap Brunch xvii

<sup>2</sup> — και η μελιφυρτος κεινη  
Ηθεος αρμονη, κειτος εφν Παφης

<sup>3</sup> Δηθυνη Κλεοφανης  
Ap Brunch xxviii.

Where can she so long delay?  
Where, so long delay?

Vainly now have two lamps shone;  
See the third is nearly gone<sup>4</sup>  
Oh that Love would, like the ray  
Of that weary lamp, decay!  
But no, alas, it burns still on,  
Still, still, burns on

Gods, how oft the traitress dear  
Swore, by Venus she'd be here!  
But to one so false as she  
What is man or deity?  
Neither doth this proud one fear,—  
No, neither doth she fear

TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY  
WREATH THY BROW?<sup>5</sup>

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY

Twin'st thou with lofty wreath thy  
brow?

Such glory then thy beauty sheds,  
I almost think, while aw'd I bow,  
'Tis Rhea's self before me treads  
Be what thou wilt,—this heart  
Adores whate'er thou art!

Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,  
Like sunny waves to wander free?  
Then, such a chain of charms they  
weave,

As draws my inmost soul from me  
Do what thou wilt,—I must  
Be charm'd by all thou dost!

Ev'n when, enwrapp'd in silv'ry veils,<sup>6</sup>  
Those sunny locks elude the sight,—  
Oh, not ev'n then their glory fails  
To haunt me with its unseen light  
Change as thy beauty may,  
It charms in every way

For, thee the Graces still attend,  
Presiding o'er each new attire,  
And lending ev'ry dart they send  
Some new, peculiar touch of fire  
Be what thou wilt,—this heart  
Adores whate'er thou art!

<sup>4</sup> ο δε τριτος αρχεται ηδε

Λυχρος υποκλαζειν

<sup>5</sup> Κεκρυφαλοι σφιγγουσι την τριχα,  
Ap Brunch

<sup>6</sup> Αργεναις οδονησι κατηγορα βοστρυχα κενυεις, iv

WHEN THE SAD WORD <sup>1</sup>

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY

WHEN the sad word, 'Adieu,' from my  
lip is nigh falling,  
And with it, Hope passes away,  
Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my  
fond heart recalling  
That fatal farewell, bids me stay  
For oh 'tis a penance so weary  
One hour from thy presence to be,  
That death to this soul were less  
dreary,  
Less dark than long absence from  
thee

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world  
breaking,  
Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,  
And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness  
waking  
Made light what was darkness before  
But mute is the Day's sunny glory,  
While thine hath a voice,<sup>2</sup> on whose  
breath,  
More sweet than the Syren's sweet story,<sup>3</sup>  
My hopes hang, through life and  
through death <sup>4</sup>

## MY MOPSA IS LITTLE

BY PHILODEMUS

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,  
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,  
And, for blushing, no rose can come near her,  
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,  
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part,—  
Unless I can find one that's dearer  
Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,  
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,  
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her,  
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,  
And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—  
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter  
But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,  
'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone  
From the depths of the grave could revive one  
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,  
I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb—  
Unless I could meet with a live one

STILL, LIKE DEW IN SILENCE FALLING<sup>5</sup>

BY MELBAGER

STILL, like dew in silence falling,  
Drops for thee the nightly tear,  
Still that voice the past recalling  
Dwells, like echo, on my ear,  
Still, still !  
Day and night the spell hangs o'er  
me,  
Here for ever fix'd thou art ,

As thy form first shone before me,  
So 'tis graven on this heart,  
Deep, deep !  
Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,  
Dooms me to this lasting pain,  
Thou who cam'st with so much fleetness,  
Why so slow to go again ?<sup>6</sup>  
Why ? why ?

<sup>1</sup> Σωζο σοι μελλων ενεπει  
Ap Brunck xxxix

<sup>2</sup> Ηματι γαρ σο φεγγος ομοιον αλλα το μεν του  
Αφρογγοι

<sup>3</sup> Σν δ' εμοι και το λαλημα φερεις  
λειο, το Σειριων γλυκερωτερον

<sup>4</sup> Μικκη και μελανυσα Φιλινιον  
Ap Brunck x

<sup>5</sup> Αιει μοι δυνει μεν εν ουσαιν ηγος Ερωτος  
Ap Brunck liii

<sup>6</sup> Ω π-ανοι, μη και ποτ' επιπτασθαι μεν, Ερωτες,  
Οιδαι', αποστηναι δ ουδ' οσον ισχυετε

## UP, SAILOR BOY, 'TIS DAY

UP, sailor boy, 'tis day '  
 The west wind blowing,  
 The spring tide flowing,  
 Summon thee hence away  
 Didst thou not hear yon soaring swallow  
 sing '  
 Chirp, chirp,—in every note he seem'd  
 to say  
 'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring  
 Up, boy, away,—  
 Who'd stay on land to day ?  
 The very flowers  
 Would from their bowers  
 Delight to wing away ' .

Leave languid youths to pine  
 On silken pillows  
 But be the billows  
 Of the great deep thine  
 Hark, to the sail the breeze sings,  
 ' Let us fly, '  
 While soft the sail, replying to the  
 breeze,  
 Says, with a yielding sigh,  
 ' Yes, where you please  
 Up, boy ! the wind, the ray,  
 The blue sky o'er thee,  
 The deep before thee,  
 All cry aloud, ' Away ! '

## IN MYRTLE WREATHS

BY ALCAEUS

IN myrtle wreaths my votive sword I'll  
 cover,  
 Like them of old whose one immortal  
 blow  
 Struck off the galling fetters that hung  
 over  
 Their own bright land, and laid her  
 tyrant low  
 Yes, lov'd Harmodius, thou'lt undying,  
 Still midst the brave and free,  
 In isles, o'er ocean lying,  
 Thy home shall ever be

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its  
 lightning,  
 Like his, the youth, whose ever-  
 glorious blade  
 Leap'd forth like flame, the midnight  
 banquet bright'ning,  
 And in the dust a despot victim laid  
 Blest youths, how bright in Freedom's  
 story  
 You wedded names shall be,  
 A tyrant's death your glory,  
 Your meed, a nation free !

## UNPUBLISHED SONGS, ETC.

## ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE

ASK not if still I love,  
 Too plain these eyes have told thee,  
 Too well their tears must prove  
 How near and dear I hold thee  
 If, where the brightest shine,  
 To see no form but thine,  
 To feel that earth can show  
 No bliss above thee,—  
 If this be love, then know  
 That thus, that thus, I love thee  
 'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour  
 That thou canst know affection's  
 pow'r  
 No, try its strength in grief or pain,  
 Attempt, as now, its bonds to  
 sever,  
 Thou'lt find true love's a chain  
 That binds for ever !

## DEAR ? YES

DEAR ? yes, though mine no more,  
 Ev'n this but makes thee dearer,  
 And love, since hope is o'er,  
 But draws thee nearer  
 Change as thou wilt to me,  
 The same thy charm must be,  
 New loves may come to weave  
 Their witch'ry o'er thee,  
 Yet still, though false, believe  
 That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.  
 Think'st thou that aught but death could  
 end  
 A tie not falsehood's self can rend ?  
 No, when alone, far off I die,  
 No more to see, no more caress thee,  
 Ev'n then, my life's last sigh  
 Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless  
 thee,

## UNBIND THEE, LOVE

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,  
From those dark ties unbind thee,  
Though fairest hand the chain hath  
wove,

Too long its links have twin'd thee  
Away from earth '—thy wings were  
made

In yon mid-sky to hover,  
With earth beneath their dove-like  
shade,

And heav'n all radiant over

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,

Too long thy soul is sleeping,  
And thou may'st from this minute's joy  
Wake to eternal weeping

Oh, think, this world is not for thee,  
Though hard its links to sever,  
Though sweet and bright and dear they  
be,  
Break, or thou'rt lost for ever.

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE  
(A BURFO SONG)

THERE'S something strange, I know not  
what,

Come o'er me,  
Some phantom I've for ever got  
Before me

I look on high, and in the sky  
'Tis shining,  
On earth, its light with all things bright  
Seems twining

In vain I try this goblin's spells  
To sever,

Go where I will, it round me dwells  
For ever

And then what tricks by day and night  
It plays me,

In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite  
Waylays me

Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue  
'Tis glancing,

Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,  
Comes dancing

By whispers round of every sort  
I'm taunted

Never was mortal man, in short,  
So haunted

## NOT FROM THEE

Not from thee the wound should come,  
No, not from thee

I care not what, or whence, my doom,  
So not from thee!

Cold triumph! first to make

This heart thy own,

And then the mirror break

Where fix'd thou shin'st alone

Not from thee the wound should come,

Oh, not from thee

I care not what, or whence, my doom,  
So not from thee

Yet no—my lips that wish recall,

From thee, from thee—

If ruin o'er this head must fall,

'Twill welcome be

Here to the blade I bare

This faithful heart,  
Wound deep—thou'lt find that there

In every pulse thou art

Yes, from thee I'll bear it all

If ruin be

The doom that o'er this heart must  
fall,

'Twere sweet from thee

## GUESS, GUESS

I LOVE a maid, a mystic maid,  
Whose form no eyes but mine can  
see,

She comes in light, she comes in shade,  
And beautiful in both is she

Her shape in dreams I oft behold,

And oft she whispers in my ear

Such words as when to others told,

Awake the sigh, or wring the tear,—

Then guess, guess, who she,

The lady of my love, may be

I find the lustre of her brow

Come o'er me in my darkest ways,

And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,

Were echoing far off my lays

There is no scene of joy or woe

But she doth gild with influence  
bright,

And shed o'er all so rich a glow,

As makes ev'ry tear seem full of light

Then guess, guess, who she,

The lady of my love, may be

## WHEN LOVE, WHO RUL'D

WHEN Love, who rul'd as Admiral o'er  
 His rosy mother's isles of light,  
 Was cruising off the Paphian shore,  
 A sail at sunset hove in sight  
 'A chase, a chase' my Cupids all,  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

Aloft the winged sailors sprung,  
 And, swarming up the mast like bees,  
 The snow-white sails expanding flung,  
 Like broad magnolias to the breeze  
 'Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all'  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

The chase was o'er—the bark was caught,  
 The winged crew her freight explor'd,  
 And found 'twas just as Love had  
 thought,

For all was contraband aboard  
 'A prize, a prize, my Cupids all'  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

Safe stow'd in many a package there,  
 And labell'd slyly o'er, as 'Glass,'  
 Were lots of all th' illegal ware,  
 Love's Custom-House forbids to pass  
 'O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,'  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

False curls they found, of every hue,  
 With rosy blushes ready made,  
 And teeth of ivory, good as new,  
 For veterans in the smiling trade  
 'Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,'  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,  
 Like breezes bought of Laplandseers,—  
 Lay ready here to be let loose,  
 When wanted, in young spinster's ears  
 'Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,'  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

False papers next on board were found,  
 Sham invoices of flames and darts,  
 Professedly for Paphos bound,  
 But meant for Hymen's golden marts  
 'For shame, for shame, my Cupids all'  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

Nay, still to every fraud awake,  
 Those pirates all Love's signals knew,  
 And hoisted off his flag, to make  
 Rich wards and herresses *bring-to*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'To BRING to, to check the course of a ship'—Falconer

'A foe, a foe, my Cupids all'  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

'This must not be,' the boy exclaims,  
 'In vain I rule the Paphian seas,  
 If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names  
 Are lent to cover frauds like these  
 Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all'  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

Each Cupid stood with lighted match—  
 A broadside struck the smuggling foe,  
 And swept the whole unhallow'd batch  
 Of falsehood to the depths below  
 'Huzza, huzza' my Cupids all'  
 Said Love, the little Admiral

## STILL THOU FLIEST

STILL thou fleest, and still I woo thee,  
 Lovely phantom,—all in vain;  
 Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,  
 Fleeting ever, thou mock'st their pain  
 Such doom, of old, that youth betided,  
 Who woo'd, he thought, some angel's  
 charms,  
 But found a cloud that from him glided,—  
 As thou dost from these out-stretch'd  
 arms

Scarce I've said, 'How fair thou shinest,'  
 Ere thy light hath vanish'd by,  
 And 'tis when thou look'st divinest  
 Thou art still more sure to fly  
 Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing  
 The clouds of night, saith, 'Look on  
 me,'  
 Then flits again, its splendour hiding,—  
 Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.

## THEN FIRST FROM LOVE

THEN first from Love, in Nature's bow'rs,  
 Did Painting learn her fairy skill,  
 And cull the hues of loveliest flowers,  
 To picture woman lovelier still  
 For vain was every radiant hue,  
 Till Passion lent a soul to art,  
 And taught the painter, ere he drew,  
 To fix the model in his heart

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,  
 Till, lo, one touch his art defies;  
 The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,  
 But who could dare to paint those  
 eyes?

'Twas all in vain the painter strove,  
 So turning to that boy divine,  
 'Here take,' he said, 'the pencil, Love,  
 No hand should paint such eyes, but  
 thine'

### HUSH, SWEET LUTE

HUSH, sweet Lute, thy songs remind  
 me  
 Of past joys, now turn'd to pain,  
 Of ties that long have ceas'd to bind  
 me,  
 But whose burning marks remain

In each tone, some echo falleth  
 On my ear of joys gone by,  
 Ev'ry note some dream recalleth  
 Of bright hopes but born to die

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,  
 Once more let thy numbers thrill,  
 Though death were in the strain they  
 sing me,  
 I must woo its anguish still  
 Since no time can e'er recover  
 Love's sweet light when once 'tis set,—  
 Better to weep such pleasures over,  
 Than smile o'er any left us yet

### BRIGHT MOON

BRIGHT moon, that high in heav'n art shining,  
 All smiles, as if within thy bower to night  
 Thy own Endymion lay reclining,  
 And thou would'st wake him with a kiss of light !—  
 By all the bliss thy beam discovers,  
 By all those visions far too bright for day,  
 Which dreaming bards and waking lovers  
 Behold, this night, beneath thy ling'ring ray,—

I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,  
 Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,  
 Till Anthe, in this bow'r, hath given  
 Beneath thy beam, her long vow'd kiss to me  
 Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,  
 Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;  
 Let Love but in this bow'r be lighted,  
 Then shroud in darkness all the world beside

### LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D

LONG years have pass'd, old friend, since  
 we  
 First met in life's young day,  
 And friends long lov'd by thee and me,  
 Since then have dropp'd away,—  
 But enough remain to cheer us on,  
 And sweeten, when thus we're met,  
 The glass we fill to the many gone,  
 And the few who're left us yet

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,  
 And some hang white and chill,  
 While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's  
 snow,  
 Retain youth's colour still

And so, in our hearts, though one by  
 one,  
 Youth's sunny hopes have set,  
 Thank heav'n, not all their light is  
 gone,—  
 We've some to cheer us yet

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long  
 May thou and I thus meet,  
 To brighten still with wine and song  
 This short life, ere it fleet  
 And still as death comes stealing on,  
 Let's never, old friend, forget,  
 Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone  
 How many are left us yet

## DREAMING FOR EVER

DREAMING for ever, vainly dreaming,  
 Life to the last pursues its flight ;  
 Day hath its visions fairly beaming,  
 But false as those of night  
 The one illusion, the other real,  
 But both the same brief dreams at  
 last,  
 And when we grasp the bliss ideal,  
 Soon as it shines, 'tis past

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,  
 Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom  
 Flit o'er its face till night is closing—  
 Emblem of life's short doom !  
 But though, by turns, thus dark and  
 shining,  
 'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,  
 Whose light returns not, once declining,  
 Whose cloud, once come, will stay

## THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG I SING

## A SONG OF THE ALPS

THOUGH lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,  
 Though like the lark's its soaring music be,  
 Thou'lt find ev'n here some mournful note that tells  
 How near such April joy to weeping dwells  
 'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal  
 Those sadd'ning thoughts we fear, yet love to feel ;  
 And music never half so sweet appears,  
 As when her mirth forgets itself in tears

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay—  
 It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,  
 Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath  
 Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath  
 The very beam in which the snow wreath wears  
 Its gayest smile is that which wins its tears,—  
 And passion's pow'r can never lend the glow  
 Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe

## THE RUSSIAN LOVER

FLEETLY o'er the moonlight snows  
 Speed we to my lady's bow'r  
 Swift our sledge as lightning goes,  
 Nor shall stop till morning's hour  
 Bright, my steed, the northern star  
 Lights us from yon jewell'd skies,  
 But, to greet us, brighter far,  
 Morn shall bring my lady's eyes  
 Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,  
 Sleeping out their dream of time,  
 Know not half the bliss that's ours,  
 In this snowy, icy clime

Like yon star that livelier gleams  
 From the frosty heavens around,  
 Love himself the keener beams  
 When with snows of coyness crown'd  
 Fleet then on, my merry steed,  
 Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale,—  
 What can match a lover's speed ?  
 See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale !  
 Brightly hath the northern star  
 Lit us from yon radiant skies,  
 But, behold, how brighter far  
 Yonder shine my lady's eyes !



# LALLA ROOKH

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

THIS EASTERN ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

May 19, 1817

THOMAS MOORE

## LALLA ROOKH

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet, and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia.<sup>1</sup> During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, LALLA ROOKH<sup>2</sup>,—a Princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila,<sup>3</sup> Shirine,<sup>4</sup> Dewilde,<sup>5</sup> or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere, where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of LALLA ROOKH's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry, hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses<sup>6</sup>, till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her, and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those

<sup>1</sup> These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in Dow's *History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 392.

<sup>2</sup> Tulip cheek.

<sup>3</sup> The mistress of Majnoun, upon whose story so many Romances in all the languages of the East are founded.

<sup>4</sup> For the loves of this celebrated beauty with

Khosrou and with Feihad, see D'Herbelot, Gibbon, *Oriental Collections*, &c.

<sup>5</sup> 'The history of the loves of Dewilde and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero — *Ferishtah*.

<sup>6</sup> Gul Reazee

insignia of the Emperor's favour,<sup>1</sup> the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rim'd kettle drums at the bows of their saddles, —the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan,<sup>2</sup> in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold, —the glittering of the gilt pine-apples<sup>3</sup> on the tops of the palankeens, —the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay as it were enshrined, —the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter,<sup>4</sup> at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing<sup>5</sup>, —and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses, —all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of every thing, —from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature, from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, —'Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars' —And his zeal for religion, of which Arungzebe was a munificent protector,<sup>6</sup> was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettledrum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end' —Fryer's *Travels*.

<sup>2</sup> 'Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles' —Elphinstone's *Account of Cabul*.

<sup>3</sup> 'Khedai Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turkestan, beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poets, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled' —Richardson's Dissertation prefixed to his *Dictionary*.

<sup>4</sup> 'The Kubbeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin' —Scott's *Notes on the Bakardunush*.

<sup>5</sup> 'In the Poem of Zohari, in the *Moallakat*, there is the following lively description of 'a company of maidens seated on camels'.

'They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils,

the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood

'When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety

'Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion'

<sup>6</sup> See Bernier's description of the attendants on Rahanaiia-Begum, in her progress to Cashmere

<sup>7</sup> Thus hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues —

'He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar, and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high priest at the consecration of this temple, and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakier. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations' —*History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 335. See also the curious letter of Arungzebe, given in the *Oriental Collection*, vol. i. p. 320.

<sup>8</sup> 'The idol at Jaghernath has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the idol.' —Tavernier

During the first days of their journey, LALLA ROOKH, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi,<sup>1</sup> found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind, and delight her imagination, and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl<sup>2</sup>, sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes, and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West,<sup>3</sup> as ‘places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves’,—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But LALLA ROOKH was young, and the young love variety, nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palanquin. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra,<sup>4</sup> the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahvei,<sup>5</sup> not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.<sup>6</sup> At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets<sup>7</sup> was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he

<sup>1</sup> See a description of these royal Gardens in ‘An Account of the present state of Delhi, by Lieut W Franklin’—*Asiatic Research* vol iv p 417.

<sup>2</sup> ‘In the neighbourhood is Notté Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water’—Pennant’s *Hindostan*.

<sup>3</sup> Nasir Jung, encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoori, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talah, ‘the Lake of Pearls,’ which it still retains.—Wilks’s *South of India*.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I to Jehanguir.

<sup>5</sup> ‘The romance Wamak weazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet’—*Note on the Oriental Tales*.

<sup>6</sup> Then amour is recounted in the Shah-Namah of Ferdousi and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahvei sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side.—See Champion’s translation.

<sup>7</sup> Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Dæve, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol ii p 45.—Near the city of Shiraz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat-e Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gazophiliacum Persicum*, p 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—See Ouseley’s *Persian Miscellanies*.

<sup>7</sup> ‘The women of the Idol, or dancing girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices’—Maurice’s *Indian Antiquities*.

‘The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them.—See Calmet’s *Dictionary*, art Bells.

might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, FADLADEEN elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium<sup>1</sup> which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Krishna,<sup>2</sup>—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness, and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply.<sup>3</sup> Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence,—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics, who, however they might give way to FADLADEEN upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar,—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,<sup>4</sup> who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began—

#### THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN<sup>5</sup>

In that delightful Province of the Sun,  
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,  
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,  
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over ev'ry stream,<sup>6</sup>  
And, fairest of all streams, the MURGA roves  
Among MEROU'S<sup>7</sup> bright palaces and groves,—  
There on that throne, to which the blind belief  
Of millions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief,  
The Great MOKANNA. O'er his features hung  
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung

10

<sup>1</sup> 'Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaïde, ou il croit beaucoup de pivot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium.'—D'Herbelot

<sup>2</sup> The Indian Apollo.—He and the three Ramas are described as youths of perfect beauty, and the princesses of Hindustan were all passionately in love with Krishna, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women.—Sir W. Jones, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India

<sup>3</sup> See Turner's *Embassy* for a description of this animal, 'the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats.' The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found

next the skin

<sup>4</sup> For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Hasehem, and who was called Mokanna from the veil of silver gauze (oi, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see D'Herbelot

<sup>5</sup> Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun.—Sir W. Jones

<sup>6</sup> 'The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place, and one cannot see in any other city such palaces with groves, and streams, and gardens.'—Ebn Hukl's *Geography*

<sup>7</sup> One of the royal cities of Khorassan

In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight  
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light  
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,  
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed  
O'er Moussa's<sup>1</sup> cheek,<sup>2</sup> when down the Mount he trod,  
All glowing from the presence of his God<sup>1</sup>

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,  
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands,  
Young fire-ey'd disputants, who deem their swords,  
On points of faith, more eloquent than words, 20  
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand  
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,  
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,  
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!  
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,<sup>3</sup>  
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white,  
Their weapons various—some equipp'd, for speed,  
With javelins of the light Katharian reed,<sup>4</sup>  
Or bows of buffalo horn and shining quivers  
Fill'd with the stems<sup>5</sup> that bloom on IRAN's rivers,<sup>6</sup> 30  
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,  
Wield the huge mace and pond'rous battle-axe,  
And as they wave aloft in morning's beam  
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem  
Like a chenar-tree grove<sup>7</sup> when winter throws  
O'er all its tufted heads his feath'ring snows

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold  
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,  
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,  
Where through the silken network, glancing eyes, 40  
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow  
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below —  
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare  
To hint that aught but Heav'n hath plac'd you there?  
Or that the loves of this light world could bind,  
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?  
No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from above  
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,  
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes  
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise,) 50

<sup>1</sup> Moses

<sup>2</sup> 'Ses disciples assumoient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoient par l'éclat de son visage comme Moïse'—D'Herbelot

<sup>3</sup> Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards—'Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coiffures et des étendards des Khalifes Abbassides étant la noire, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une que lui fût plus opposée'—D'Herbelot

<sup>4</sup> 'Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Khathrian reeds, slender and delicate'—*Poem of Annu*

<sup>5</sup> Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians

<sup>6</sup> The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes was made of it—'Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias'—Sir W. Jones, *Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants*

<sup>7</sup> The oriental plane 'The chenar is a delightful tree, its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark, and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green'—Morier's *Travels*

There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,  
 And crown the' Elect with bliss that never fades—  
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done,  
 And ev'ry beauteous race beneath the sun,  
 From those who kneel at BRAHMA's burning founts,<sup>1</sup>  
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN's mounts;  
 From PERSIA's eyes of full and fawn like ray,  
 To the small, half-shut glances of KATHA,<sup>2</sup>  
 And GEORGIA's bloom, and AZAB's darker smiles,  
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles,  
 All, all are there,—each Land its flower hath given,  
 To form that fair young Nursery for Heav'n!

60

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?  
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day  
 With turban'd heads, of ev'ry hue and race,  
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,  
 Like tulip-beds,<sup>3</sup> of different shape and dyes,  
 Bending beneath the' invisible West wind's sighs!  
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,  
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,  
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power  
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?

70

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud,  
 Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,  
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,  
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,<sup>4</sup>  
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,  
 Like war's wild planet in a summer sky,  
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes  
 Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords,—  
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,  
 The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief

80

Though few his years, the West already knows  
 Young AZIM's fame,—beyond the' Olympian snows  
 Ere manhood daiken'd o'er his downy cheek,  
 O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the Greek,<sup>5</sup>  
 He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd his chains,—  
 Oh, who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains  
 Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise  
 Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,  
 Could walk where liberty had been, nor see  
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,  
 Nor feel those godlike breathings in the air,  
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there?

90

<sup>1</sup> The burning fountains of Braham near Chittagong, esteemed as holy—Turner

<sup>2</sup> China

<sup>3</sup> The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban.—Beckmann's *History of Inventions*

<sup>4</sup> The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish

fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaffans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body.—*Account of Independent Tartary*, in Pinkerton's *Collection*

<sup>5</sup> In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which vide Gibbon, vol. 2.

Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well  
 For his soul's quiet work'd the' awak'ning spell,  
 And now, returning to his own dear land,  
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,  
 Haunt the young heart,—proud views of human kind,  
 Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd,— 100  
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,  
 Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet '—  
 Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd  
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd  
 On the white flag, MOKANNA's host unfurl'd,  
 Those words of sunshine, 'Freedom to the World,'  
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd  
 The' inspiring summons, every chosen blade  
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text  
 Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next, 110  
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind  
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,  
 In virtue's cause,—never was soul inspir'd  
 With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,  
 Than his, the' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale  
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,  
 Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,  
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free  
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,  
 And bring its primal glories back again ' 120

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd  
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,  
 With shouts of 'ALLA!' echoing long and loud,  
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,  
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,  
 Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan  
 The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN<sup>1</sup>  
 Then thus he spoke —'Stranger, though new the frame  
 Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame 130  
 For many an age,<sup>2</sup> in ev'ry chance and change  
 Of that existence, through whose varied range,—  
 As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand  
 The flying youths transmit their shining brand,  
 From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul  
 Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal'

'Nor think 'tis only the gross Spirits, warm'd  
 With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,

<sup>1</sup> This wonderful Throne was called The Star of the Geni. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS entitled 'The History of Jerusalem' *Oriental Collections*, vol 1 p 235 — When Soliman travelled, the eastern writers say, 'He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing them-

selves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left, and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased, the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun — Sale's *Koran*, vol 11 p 214, note

<sup>2</sup> The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines — Vide D'Herbelot

That run this course —Beings, the most divine,  
 Thus deign through dark mortality to shine  
 Such was the Essence that in ADAM dwelt, 140  
 To which all Heav'n, except the Proud One, knelt :<sup>1</sup>  
 Such the refin'd Intelligence that glow'd  
 In MOUSSA'S<sup>2</sup> frame,—and, thence descending, flow'd  
 Through many a Prophet's breast<sup>3</sup>,—in ISSA<sup>4</sup> shone,  
 And in MOHAMMED burn'd, till, hast'ning on,  
 (As a bright river that, from fall to fall  
 In many a maze descending, bright through all,  
 Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,  
 In one full lake of light it rests at last,)  
 That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free 150  
 From lapse or shadow, centers all in me !<sup>5</sup>

Again, throughout the' assembly at these words,  
 Thousands of voices rung. the warners' swords  
 Were pointed up to heaven, a sudden wind  
 In the' open banners play'd, and from behind  
 Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen  
 The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen  
 Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave  
 A perfume forth—like those the Houris wave  
 When beck'ning to their bow'is the' immortal Brave 160

'But these,' pursued the Chief, 'are truths sublime,  
 That claim a holier mood and calmer time  
 Than earth allows us now,—this sword must first  
 The darking prison-house of Mankind burst,  
 Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in  
 Her wakening daylight on a world of sin  
 But then,—celestial warners, then, when all  
 Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall ;  
 When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down  
 His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown, 170  
 The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,  
 And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath  
 Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze  
 That whole dark pile of human mockeries,—  
 Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,  
 And starting fresh as from a second birth,  
 Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,  
 Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing !  
 Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow  
 Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendours now, 180  
 And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,  
 Bask in the glories of this countenance !

<sup>1</sup> 'And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused.—*The Koran*, chap. 11

<sup>2</sup> Moses

<sup>3</sup> This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna —'Sa doctrine étoit, que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine, depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges

d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu'après la mort d'Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophetes, et autres grands hommes qu'il avoit choisis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem, Prince de Khoassan lequel professoit l'erreur de la Tenassukhiyah ou Métépsychose, et qu'après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne '<sup>4</sup> Jésus



'For thee, young warrior, welcome'—thou hast yet  
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,  
Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave,—  
But, once my own, mine all till in the grave'

The pomp is at an end—the crowds are gone—  
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone  
Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like ALLA'S own '  
The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances, 190  
The glitt'ring throne, and Haram's half-caught glances,  
The Old deep pond'ring on the promis'd reign  
Or peace and truth and all the female train  
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze  
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze'

But there was one, among the chosen mads,  
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,  
One, to whose soul the pageant of to day  
Has been like death —you saw her pale dismay,  
Ye wond'ring sisterhood, and heard the burst 200  
Of exclamation from her lips, when first  
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,  
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne

Ah ZELICA ' there *was* a time, when bliss  
Shone o'er thy heart from ev'ry look of his,  
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air  
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer,  
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,  
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well  
Too happy days ' when, if he touch'd a flow'r 210  
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour,  
When thou didst study him till every tone  
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—  
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face  
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,  
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught  
With twice the' aerial sweetness it had brought '  
Yet now he comes,—brighter than even he  
Ere beam'd before,—but, ah ' not bright for thee,  
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant 220  
From the' other world, he comes as if to haunt  
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,  
Long lost to all but mem'ry's aching sight —  
Sad dreams ' as when the Spirit of our Youth  
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth  
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,  
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track  
Of our young life, and points out every ray  
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way'

Once happy pair '—In proud BOKHARA'S groves, 230  
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves'

Born by that ancient flood,<sup>1</sup> which from its spring  
 In the dark Mountains swiftly wandering,  
 Enrich'd by ev'ry pilgrim brook that shines  
 With relics from BUCHARIA'S ruby mines,  
 And, lending to the CASPIAN half its strength,  
 In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length,—  
 There, on the banks of that bright river born,  
 The flow'rs that hung above its wave at morn,  
 Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by, 240  
 With hoher scent and lustre, than the sigh  
 And virgin glance of first affection cast  
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd '  
 But war disturb'd this vision.—far away  
 From her fond eyes summon'd to join the' array  
 Of PERSIA'S warriors on the hills of THRACE,  
 The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling-place  
 For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash,  
 His ZELICA'S sweet glances for the flash  
 Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains 250  
 For bleeding bondage on BIZANTIUM'S plains

Month after month, in widowhood of soul  
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll  
 Their suns away—but, ah, how cold and dim  
 Ev'n summer suns, when not beheld with him '  
 From time to time ill omen'd rumours came,  
 Like spirit tongues, mutt'ring the sick man's name,  
 Just ere he dies—at length those sounds of dread  
 Fell with'ring on her soul, 'AZIM is dead '  
 Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate 260  
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
 In the wide world, without that only tie  
 For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die,—  
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken '

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,  
 Ev'n reason sunk,—blighted beneath its touch,  
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose  
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,  
 Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain 270  
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again  
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,  
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray,—  
 A wand'ring bark, upon whose pathway shone  
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding one '  
 Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,  
 But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild,  
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,  
 'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,  
 The bulbul<sup>2</sup> utters, ere her soul depart, 280

<sup>1</sup> The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other  
 of Dark Mountains, and running nearly from into Aïri Nahi, or the Lake of Eagles  
 east to west, splits into two branches, one of <sup>2</sup> The nightingale

When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's pow'rful art,  
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart !

Such was the mood in which that mission found  
Young ZELICA,—that mission, which around  
The Eastern world, in every region blest  
With woman's smile, sought out its lovehest,  
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes  
Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies.—  
And such quick welcome as a spark receives  
Dropp'd on a bed of Autumn's wither'd leaves, 290  
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find  
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind  
All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught,—  
Elect of Paradise ! blest, rapturous thought !  
Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,  
Of some brave youth—ha ! durst they say 'of some' ?  
No—of the one, one only object trac'd  
In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd ;  
The one whose mem'ry, fresh as life, is twin'd  
With every broken link of her lost mind ; 300  
Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wreck'd,  
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect !

Alas, poor ZELICA ! it needed all  
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,  
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids  
A sainted colony for Eden's shades,  
Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame  
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came  
From Paradise, to people its pure sphere  
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here ! 310  
No—had not reason's light totally set,  
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet  
In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,  
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,  
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,  
That purity, whose fading is love's death !—  
But lost, inflam'd,—a restless zeal took place  
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace,  
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first  
In zeal and charms,—too well the Impostor nurs'd 320  
Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,  
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,  
He saw more potent sorceries to bind  
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,  
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd  
No art was spar'd, no witch'ry,—all the skill  
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill  
Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—  
That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer burns,  
That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness  
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness ! 330

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound  
Of poesy and music breath'd around,

Together picturing to her mind and ear  
 The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,  
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay  
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,  
 And, realizing more than youthful love  
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove  
 Through fields of fragrance by her AZIM's side,  
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride '— 340  
 'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,  
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,  
 To the dim charnel-house,—through all its steams  
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams  
 Which foul Corruption lights, as with design  
 To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine—  
 And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,  
 Which to the maiden, doubly craz'd by dread,  
 Seem'd, through the blush death light round them cast, 350  
 To move their lips in mutt'rings as she pass'd—  
 There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd  
 And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,  
 Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl  
 Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul  
 By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,  
 Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,  
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,  
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,  
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever — 360  
 She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, 'Never, never!'

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly giv'n  
 To him and—she believ'd, lost maid '—to heav'n,  
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd,  
 How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd  
 The Priestess of the Faith '—how flash'd her eyes  
 With light, alas, that was not of the skies,  
 When round, in trances, only less than hers,  
 She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers  
 Well might MOKANNA think that form alone 370  
 Had spells enough to make the world his own —  
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play  
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,  
 When from its stem the small bird wings away:  
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd,  
 The soul was lost, and blushes, swift and wild  
 As are the momentary meteors sent  
 Across the' uncalm, but beauteous firmament  
 And then her look—oh! where's the heart so wise  
 Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes? 380  
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
 Like those of angels, just before their fall,  
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now crost  
 By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart had lost,  
 In ev'ry glance there broke, without controul,  
 The flashes of a bright, but troubled soul,

Where sensibility still wildly play'd,  
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made !

And such was now young ZELICA—so chang'd  
From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd 390  
The almond groves that shade BOKHARA'S tide,  
All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side !  
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,  
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,  
The vision of that Youth whom she had lov'd,  
Had wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd,—  
When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track  
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back  
Again to earth, glist'ning with Eden's light—  
Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight 400

O Reason ! who shall say what spells renew,  
When least we look for it, thy broken clew !  
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain  
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again,  
And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win  
Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within,  
One clear idea, waken'd in the breast  
By mem'ry's magic, lets in all the rest  
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee !  
But though light came, it came but partially, 41  
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense  
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence,  
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,  
But not to point the harbour which might save  
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,  
With that dead form came rushing o'er her mind,  
But, oh ! to think how deep her soul had gone  
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone,  
And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,  
And, shudd'ring, back she sunk into her chain 420  
Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee  
From light, whose every glimpse was agony !  
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years  
Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of tears  
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills  
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,  
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,  
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost

Sad and subdu'd, for the first time her frame  
Trembled with horror, when the summons came 430  
(A summons proud and rare, which all but she,  
And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy,  
To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,  
A garden oratory, cool and fair,  
By the stream's side, where still at close of day  
The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray,  
Sometimes alone—but, oft'ner far, with one,  
One chosen nymph to share his orison

Of late none found such favour in his sight  
 As the young Priestess, and though, since that night 440  
 When the death-caverns echo'd every tone  
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,  
 The' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,  
 Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise.  
 And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous things,  
 As ev'n across the desprate wanderings  
 Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,  
 Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt,—  
 Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,  
 The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow, 450  
 Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,  
 Would soon, proud triumph ' be to her reveal'd,  
 To her alone,—and then the hope, most dear,  
 Most wild of all, that her transgression here  
 Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,  
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,  
 Ev'n purer than before,—as perfumes rise  
 Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—  
 And that when AZM's fond, divine embrace  
 Should circle her in heav'n, no dark'ning trace 460  
 Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,  
 But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again '—  
 These were the wild'ring dreams, whose curst deceit  
 Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,  
 And made her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet  
 But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,  
 That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true '  
 Which came across her frenzy's full career  
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,  
 As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark, 470  
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,  
 And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,  
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep,—  
 So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,  
 And waking up each long-lull'd image there,  
 But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair '

Wan and dejected, through the ev'ning dusk,  
 She now went slowly to that small kiosk,  
 Where, pond'ring alone his impious schemes  
 MOKANNA waited her—too wrapt in dreams 480  
 Of the fair-rip'ning future's rich success,  
 To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,  
 That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,  
 Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now  
 From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light boun-  
 Came like a spirit's o'er the' unechoing ground,—  
 From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance  
 Was thrilling fire, whose ev'ry thought a trance '

Upon his couch the Veil'd MOKANNA lay,  
 While lamps around—not such as lend their ray, 490  
 Glimm'ring and cold, to those who nightly pray

In holy KOOM,<sup>1</sup> or MECCA's dim arcades,—  
 But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids  
 Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow  
 Upon his mystic Veil's white glitt'ring flow  
 Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of pray'r,  
 Which the world fondly thought he mus'd on there,  
 Stood Vases, fill'd with KRISHNĒ's<sup>2</sup> golden wine,  
 And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine,  
 Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught  
 Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,  
 Like ZEMZEM's Spring of Holiness,<sup>3</sup> had pow'r  
 To freshen the soul's virtues into flow'r!<sup>1</sup>  
 And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see  
 The' approaching maid, so deep his reverie.  
 At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke  
 From EBLIS at the Fall of Man, he spoke —  
 'Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,  
 Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heav'n  
 God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he  
 Whom INDIA serves, the monkey deity,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,  
 To whom if LUCIFER, as grandams say  
 Refus'd, though at the forfeit of heaven's light,  
 To bend in worship, LUCIFER was right!<sup>5</sup>—  
 Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck  
 Of your foul race, and without fear or check,  
 Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,  
 My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name!  
 Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce  
 As hooded falcons, through the universe  
 I'll sweep my dark'ning, desolating way,  
 Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!  
 'Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on  
 By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,  
 Like superstitious thieves, who think the light  
 From dead men's marrow guides them best at night<sup>6</sup>—

500

510

520

<sup>1</sup> The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the Saints of Peisia — Chardin

<sup>2</sup> An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine

<sup>3</sup> The miraculous well at Mecca, so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters

<sup>4</sup> The god Hannaman — 'Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race' — Pennant's *Hindostan*

See a curious account, in Stephen's *Persia*, of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan

<sup>5</sup> This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Ma-

hometan tradition, thus adopted — 'The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years, the angels, in the mean time, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest, but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung, and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such' — Sale on the *Koran*

<sup>6</sup> A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

Ye shall have honours—wealth—yes, Sages, yes—  
 I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;  
 Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,  
 But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here  
 How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,  
 In lying speech, and still more lying song,  
 By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng,  
 Then wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,  
 A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

530

'Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,  
 Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds,  
 Who, bolder ev'n than NEMROD, think to rise,  
 By nonsense heap'd on nonsense, to the skies,  
 Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,  
 Seen, heard, attested, ev'ry thing—but true  
 Your preaching zealots, too inspir'd to seek  
 One grace of meaning for the things they speak,  
 Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,  
 For truths too heav'nly to be understood,  
 And your State Priests, sole vendors of the lore,  
 That works salvation—as, on AVA's shore,  
 Where none but priests are privileg'd to trade  
 In that best marble of which Gods are made,<sup>1</sup>  
 They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff,  
 For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough;  
 Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave.  
 Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,  
 While craftier feign belief, till they believe  
 A Heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—  
 A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must  
 That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,  
 Who finds not heav'ns to suit the tastes of all;  
 Hours for boys, omniscience for sages,  
 And wings and glories for all ranks and ages  
 Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,  
 The heav'n of each is but what each desires,  
 And, soul or sense, whatever the object be,  
 Man would be man to all eternity!  
 So let him—EBLIS!—grant this crowning curse,  
 But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse!

540

550

560

'Oh my lost soul!' exclaim'd the shudd'ring maid,  
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said—  
 MOKANNA started—not abash'd, afraid,—  
 He knew no more of fear than one who dwells  
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!  
 But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,  
 'Oh my lost soul!' there was a sound so drear  
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,  
 In which the legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,

570

<sup>1</sup> The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) are made, is held sacred to buy figures of the Deity ready made.—  
 'Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged  
 to buy figures of the Deity ready made'—  
 Syme's *Aia*, vol. 11, p. 376



That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could dim  
Or sink till now, it startled even him

'Ha, my fair Priestess'—thus, with ready wile,  
The Impostor turn'd to greet her—'thou, whose smile 580  
Hath inspiration in its lonesome beam  
Beyond the Enthusiast's hope or Prophet's dream,  
Light of the Faith' who twin'st religion's zeal  
So close with love's, men know not which they feel,  
Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,  
The heav'n thou preachest or the heav'n thou art'  
What should I be without thee? without thee  
How dull were power, how joyless victory!  
Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine  
Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine 590  
But—why so mournful, child? those eyes, that shone  
All life last night—what!—is their glory gone?  
Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,  
They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail  
Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,  
From light's own fount supplies of brilliancy  
Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,  
But the pure waters of that upper sphere,  
Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,  
Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go 600  
Nightly my Genn come and fill these urns—  
Nay, drink—in ev'ry drop life's essence burns,  
'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—  
Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night  
There is a youth—why start?—thou saw'st him then,  
Look'd he not nobly? such the godlike men  
Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bow'rs above,—  
Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,  
Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss  
The world calls virtue—we must conquer this, 610  
Nay, shrink not, pretty sage! 'tis not for thee  
To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery  
The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield  
Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield  
Thus very night I mean to try the art  
Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart  
All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,  
Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,  
Shall tempt the boy,—young MIRZALA's blue eyes,  
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies, 620  
AROUYA's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,  
And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,  
Have magic in their pressure, ZERA's lute,  
And LILLA's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot  
Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep—  
All shall combine their witching powers to steep  
My convert's spirit in that soft'ning trance,  
From which to heav'n is but the next advance,—  
That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,

On which Religion stamps her image best  
 But hear me, Priestess!—though each nymph of these 630  
 Hath some peculiar, practis'd pow'r to please,  
 Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,  
 First charms herself, then all the world beside,  
 There still wants *one*, to make the vict'ry sure,  
 One who in every look joins every lure,  
 Through whom all beauty's beams concentred pass,  
*Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning glass;*  
 Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,  
 Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are ador'd, 640  
 Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,  
 Which our faith takes for granted are divine!  
 Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,  
 To crown the rich temptations of to-night,  
 Such the refin'd enchantress that must be  
 This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she!'

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale.  
 The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil  
 From which these words, like south winds through a fence  
 Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came fill'd with pestilence,<sup>1</sup> 650  
 So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread  
 Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,  
 And the wretch felt assur'd that, once plung'd in,  
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream  
 Se'd all he said nor could her mind, whose beam  
 As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme  
 But when, at length, he utter'd, 'Thou art she!'  
 All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,  
 'Oh not for worlds!' she cried—'Great God! to whom 660  
 I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?  
 Are all my dreams, my hopes of heav'nly bliss,  
 My purity, my pride, then come to this,—  
 To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be  
 The pander of his guilt—oh infamy!  
 And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep  
 In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!  
 Others—ha! yes—that youth who came to-day—  
 Not him I lov'd—not him—oh! do but say,  
 But swear to me this moment 'tis not he, 670  
 And I will serve, dark fiend, will worship even thee!'

'Beware, young raving thing,—in time beware,  
 Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,  
 Ev'n from *thy* lips Go—thy thy lute, thy voice,  
 The boy must feel their magic,—I rejoice  
 To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,  
 Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes,  
 And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,  
*Indeed* resemble thy dead lover's form,

<sup>1</sup> 'It is commonly said in Persia, that if a June or July passes over that flower (the man breathe in the hot south wind, which in Kerzrah), it will kill him'—Thevenot

So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom, 680  
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,  
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb  
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet!—those eyes were made  
 For love, not anger—I must be obey'd  
 'Obey'd'—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—  
 'On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall  
 Too heavily—but AZIM, brave and true  
 And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too?  
 Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven  
 A renegade like me from Love and Heaven? 690  
 Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me,  
 No—he's all truth and strength and purity!  
 Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,  
 Its witch'ry, fiends, will have no charm for him  
 Let loose your glowing wantons from their bow'rs,  
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!  
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign  
 Pure as when first we met, without a stain!  
 Though ruin'd—lost—my mem'ry, like a charm  
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm 700  
 Oh! never let him know how deep the blow  
 He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now,—  
 Ne'er tell him how debas'd, how sunk is she,  
 Whom once he lov'd—once—*still* loves dotingly  
 Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what!—thou'lt brand my name?  
 Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—  
 He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky  
 Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I  
 But this is past—though worse than death my lot,  
 Than hell—'tis nothing while *he* knows it not 710  
 Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,  
 Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die,  
 Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,  
 But I may fade and fall without a name  
 And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,  
 Who found'st this burning plague spot in my heart,  
 And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—through soul and frame,  
 With more than demon's art, till I became  
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!  
 If, when I'm gone—  
 'Hold, fearless maniac, hold, 720  
 Nor tempt my rage—by Heaven, not half so bold  
 The puny bird, that dares with teasing hum  
 Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come,<sup>1</sup>  
 And so thou'lt fly, forsooth?—what!—give up all  
 Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,  
 Where now to Love and now to ALLA given,  
 Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even

<sup>1</sup> The humming bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is related of the lapwing, as a fact to which he was witness, by Paul Lucas, *Voyage fait en 1714*

The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java—Barrow's *Cochin-China*

As doth MEDINA'S tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven '  
 Thou'lt fly ?—as easily may reptiles run,  
 The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon,  
 As easily, when caught, the prey may be  
 Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me  
 No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,  
 Thou'rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA'S bride!  
 Hast thou forgot thy oath ?—

730

At this dread word,  
 The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd  
 Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,  
 That burst and lighten'd even through her despair—  
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath  
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd pale as death

740

' Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bow'rs  
 Their bridal place—the charnel vault was ours '  
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me  
 Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality,  
 Gay, flick'ring death-lights shone while we were wed,  
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead,  
 (Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,)  
 From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out '  
 That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat—  
 That cup—thou shudd'rest, Lady,—was it sweet ?  
 That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest wine,  
 Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all mine,  
 Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst  
 No matter now, not hell itself shall burst '  
 Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,  
 Look wild, look—any thing but sad, yet stay—  
 One moment more—from what this night hath pass'd,  
 I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last  
 Ha' ha' and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,  
 And that I love mankind ?—I do, I do—  
 As victims, love them, as the sea-dog doats  
 Upon the small, sweet fy that round him floats,  
 Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives  
 That rank and venomous food on which she lives ?—<sup>1</sup>

750

760

' And, now thou seest my *soul's* angelic hue,  
 'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd too,—  
 This brow, whose light—oh rare celestial light '  
 Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight,  
 These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might  
 Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—  
 Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings for his sake '  
 But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,  
 That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,  
 Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose muth  
 Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth,

770

<sup>1</sup> Cum eadem ripis (Nili, viz) ales est | simamque ex his escam nidis suis refert—  
 This Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratis | Solinus.

And on that race who, though more vile they be  
Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!  
Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,  
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!—

He rais'd his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,  
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground!

780

ON their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all around illuminated, some artists of Yamtcheou<sup>1</sup> having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work<sup>2</sup> were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton.—Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

LALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of ZELICA and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.<sup>3</sup>

Without a moment's delay, young FERAMORZ was introduced, and FADLADEEN, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sunni, when LALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded.—

PREPARE thy soul, young AZIM!—thou hast brav'd  
The bands of GREECE, still mighty though enslav'd,  
Hast fac'd her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,  
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;  
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,  
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—  
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes  
From every land where woman smiles or sighs,

<sup>1</sup> 'The feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than anywhere else and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees, and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence.—

*The Present State of China*, p. 156.

<sup>2</sup> See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alce in the *Asiatic Annual Register* of 1804.

<sup>3</sup> 'The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous Mandarin, whose daughter, walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day, they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom.—*The Present State of China*.

Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise  
 His black or azure banner in their blaze, 10  
 And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash  
 That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,  
 To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,  
 Like swords half sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid,—  
 Such, AZIM, is the lovely, luminous host  
 Now led against thee, and, let conquerors boast  
 Their fields of fame, he who in virtue aims  
 A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,  
 Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,  
 Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all 20

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights  
 And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites,—  
 From room to room the ready handmaids hie,  
 Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,  
 Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,  
 O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,  
 Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,  
 Like SEBA'S Queen could vanquish with that one.—<sup>1</sup>  
 While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue  
 The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,<sup>2</sup> 30  
 So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem  
 Like tips of coral branches in the stream  
 And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,  
 To give that long, dark languish to the eye,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull  
 From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful  
 All is in motion, rings and plumes and pearls  
 Are shining ev'ry where —some younger girls  
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,  
 To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads,— 40  
 Gay creatures' sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see  
 How each prefers a garland from that tree  
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day  
 And the dear fields and friendships far away  
 The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold  
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,<sup>4</sup>  
 Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES' flood,  
 Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud

<sup>1</sup> 'Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes'—Sol Song

<sup>2</sup> 'They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral'—'Story of Prince Futtun' in *Bukharistanush*

<sup>3</sup> 'The women blacken the inside of their eyelids, with a powder named the black Kohol' Russel

<sup>4</sup> 'None of these ladies,' says Shaw, 'take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tinged their hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it after-

wards through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer iv 30) may be supposed to mean by *rending the eyes with painting*. This practice is no doubt of great antiquity, for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings ix 30) to have painted her face, the original words are, *she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore*—Shaw's *Travels*

<sup>4</sup> 'The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Champac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions'—See *Asiatic Researches*, vol 1v

Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam  
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream,  
 While the young Arab, haunted by the smell  
 Of her own mountain flow'rs, as by a spell,—  
 The sweet Elcaya,<sup>1</sup> and that courteous tree  
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,  
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents,  
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,  
 And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again!

50

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,  
 Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls  
 Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound  
 From many a jasper fount, is heard around,  
 Young AZIM roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess  
 What means this maze of light and loneliness  
 Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors  
 Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,  
 Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,  
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns,  
 And spicy rods, such as illumine at night  
 The bow'rs of TIBET,<sup>3</sup> send forth odorous light,  
 Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road  
 For some pure Spirit to its blest abode —  
 And here, at once, the glittering saloon  
 Buists on his sight, boundless and bright as noon,  
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays  
 In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays  
 High as the enamell'd cupola, which tow'rs  
 All rich with Arabesques of gold and flow'rs.  
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through  
 The sprinkling of that fountain's silv'ry dew,  
 Like the wet, glistening shells, of ev'ry dye,  
 That on the margin of the Red Sea lie

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Here too he traces the kind visitings  
 Of woman's love in those fair, living things  
 Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown  
 For their weak loveliness—is like her own!  
 On one side gleaming with a sudden grace  
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase  
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,  
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine,—  
 While, on the other, lattic'd lightly in  
 With odoniferous woods of COMORIN,<sup>4</sup>  
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen,—  
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between

90

<sup>1</sup> A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen Niebuhr

<sup>2</sup> Of the genus mimosa, 'which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade'—Ibid

<sup>3</sup> 'Cloves are a principal ingredient in the

composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence'—Turner's *Tibet*

<sup>4</sup> 'C'est d'ou vient le bois d'aloes, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantite'—D Herbelot

The crimson blossoms of the coral tree <sup>1</sup>  
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea  
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,<sup>2</sup> and the thrush  
 Of Hindostan,<sup>3</sup> whose holy warblings gush,  
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top,—  
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop 100  
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food <sup>4</sup>  
 Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood, <sup>5</sup>  
 And those that under Araby's soft sun  
 Build their high nests of budding cinnamon, <sup>6</sup>  
 In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly  
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie  
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds <sup>7</sup> that dwell  
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel'

So on, through scenes past all imagining,  
 More like the luxuries of that impious King,<sup>8</sup> 110  
 Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,  
 Struck down and blasted ev'n in Pleasure's porch,  
 Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,  
 Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement—  
 Young AZIM wander'd, looking steinly round,  
 His simple garb and wai boots' clanking sound  
 But ill according with the pomp and grace  
 And silent lull of that voluptuous place

'Is this, then,' thought the youth, 'is this the way  
 To free man's spirit from the dead'ning sway 120  
 Of worldly sloth,—to teach him while he lives,  
 To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,  
 And when he dies, to leave his lofty name  
 A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame?  
 It was not so, Land of the generous thought  
 And daring deed, thy godlike sages taught,  
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,  
 Thy Freedom nurs'd her sacred energies,  
 Oh! not beneath the enfeebling, with'ring glow  
 Of such dull lux'ry did those myrtles grow, 130  
 With which she wreath'd her sword, when she would dare  
 Immortal deeds, but in the bracing air  
 Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,  
 Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe  
 Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath

<sup>1</sup> 'Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral-trees'—Barrow

<sup>2</sup> 'In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill'—Pitt's *Account of the Mahometans*

<sup>3</sup> 'The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choisters of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song'—Pennant's *Hindostan*

<sup>4</sup> Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the cormorants come and eat off their legs, and that hence it is they are said to have no feet

<sup>5</sup> Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg

season, come in flights from the southern isles to India, and 'the strength of the nutmeg', says Tavernier, 'so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth'

<sup>6</sup> 'That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon'—Brown's *Vulgar Errors*

<sup>7</sup> 'The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds'—Gibbon, vol. ix, p. 421

<sup>8</sup> Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Iram, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them



Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,—  
 This speck of life in time's great wilderness,  
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
 The past, the future, two eternities '—  
 Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare, 140  
 When he might build him a proud temple there,  
 A name, that long shall hallow all its space,  
 And be each purer soul's high resting-place  
 But no—it cannot be, that one, whom God  
 Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—  
 A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws  
 Its lights from Heav'n, should thus profane its cause  
 With the world's vulgar pomps,—no, no,—I see—  
 He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury  
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze 150  
 Of my young soul—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze!'

So thought the youth,—but, ev'n while he defied  
 This witching scene, he felt its witch'ry glide  
 Through ev'ry sense The perfume breathing round,  
 Like a pervading spirit,—the still sound  
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song  
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng  
 Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep  
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep,<sup>1</sup> 160  
 And music, too—dear music! that can touch  
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—  
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem  
 Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream,  
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss,  
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this,  
 Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave  
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave  
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid.  
 He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,  
 And of the time when, full of blissful sighs, 170  
 They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,  
 Silent and happy—as if God had giv'n  
 Nought else worth looking at on this side heav'n

'Oh, my lov'd mistress, thou, whose spirit still  
 Is with me, round me, wander where I will—  
 It is for thee, for thee alone I seek  
 The paths of glory, to light up thy cheek  
 With warm approval—in that gentle look,  
 To read my praise, as in an angel's book,  
 And think all toils rewarded, when from thee 180  
 I gain a smile worth immortality!  
 How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd  
 To that young heart where I alone am Lord,  
 Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best  
 Alone deserve to be the happiest —

<sup>1</sup> 'My Pandits assure me that the plant named because the bees are supposed to sleep before us (the Nilica) is then Sephalica, thus | on its blossoms.'—Sir W Jones

When from those lips, unbreath'd upon for years,  
I shall again kiss oft the soul-felt tears,  
And find those tears warm as when last they started,  
Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted  
O my own life!—why should a single day,  
A moment keep me from those arms away ?

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While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze  
Come those delicious, dream like harmonies,  
Each note of which but adds new, downy links  
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks  
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and far away  
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play  
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day  
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,  
So long the path, its light so tremulous,—  
He sees a group of female forms advance,  
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance  
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bow'rs,  
As they were captives to the King of Flow'rs,<sup>1</sup>  
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,  
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,  
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight  
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night,  
While others wak'd, as gracefully along  
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song  
From psalt'ry, pipe, and lutes of heav'nly thrill,  
Or their own youthful voices, heav'nly still  
And now they come, now pass before his eye,  
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie  
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things  
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings  
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,  
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide  
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—  
Till silently dispersing, one by one,  
Through many a path, that from the chamber leads  
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,  
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,  
And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—  
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,  
And she is left in all that light alone,  
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,  
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now,  
But a light golden chain-work round her hair,<sup>2</sup>  
Such as the maids of YEZD<sup>3</sup> and SHIRAZ wear,  
From which, on either side, gracefully hung  
A golden amulet, in the Arab tongue,

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<sup>1</sup> 'They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage.'  
—*The Bahar danush*

<sup>2</sup> 'One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian

prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear.'—*Hunwavy Travels*

<sup>3</sup> 'Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz.'—*Tavernier*

Engraven o'er with some immortal line  
 From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine,  
 While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,  
 Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,  
 Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,  
 Then took her trembling fingers off again  
 But when at length a timid glance she stole  
 At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul  
 She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,  
 And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,  
 Though shrinking still, she came,—then sat her down  
 Upon a musnud's<sup>1</sup> edge, and, bolder grown,  
 In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN<sup>2</sup>  
 Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began —

240

There's a bower of roses by BENDMEER'S<sup>3</sup> stream,  
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long,  
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,  
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song

250

That bower and its music I never forget,  
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?  
 Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDMEER?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,  
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,  
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave  
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
 An essence that breathes of it many a year,  
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,  
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDMEER!

260

'Poor maiden!' thought the youth, 'if thou wert sent,  
 With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,  
 To wake unholy wishes in this heart,  
 Or tempt its troth, thou little know'st the art  
 For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,  
 Those vestal eyes would disavow its song  
 But thou hast breath'd such purity, thy lay  
 Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,  
 And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence  
 So gently back to its first innocence,  
 That I would sooner stop the unchain'd dove,  
 When swift returning to its home of love,  
 And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,  
 Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!

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Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through  
 The gently open'd curtains of light blue

<sup>1</sup> Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction

<sup>2</sup> The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or *Peidas* by the names of

different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c

<sup>3</sup> A river which flows near the ruins of Chulminai

That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,  
 Peeping like stars through the blue ev'ning skies, 280  
 Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pain  
 That sat so still and melancholy there —  
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in  
 From the cool air, 'mid show'rs of jessamine  
 Which those without fling after them in play,  
 Two lightsome maidens spring,—lightsome as they  
 Who live in the' air on odours,—and around  
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,  
 Chase one another, in a varying dance  
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance, 290  
 Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit —  
 While she, who sung so gently to the lute  
 Her dream of home, steals timidly away,  
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—  
 But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh,  
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by  
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,  
 Creatures of light we never see again !

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danc'd  
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd 300  
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er  
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore,<sup>1</sup>  
 While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall  
 Of curls descending, bells as musical  
 As those that, on the golden-shafted trees  
 Of EDEN, shake in the eternal breeze,<sup>2</sup>  
 Rung round their steps, at ev'ry bound more sweet,  
 As 'twere the' ecstatic language of their feet.  
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd  
 Within each other's arms, while soft there breath'd 310  
 Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs  
 Of moonlight flow'rs, music that seem'd to rise  
 From some still lake, so liquidly it rose,  
 And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,  
 The ear could track through all that maze of chords  
 And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh  
 Is burning now through earth and air,  
 Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,  
 Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there ! 320  
 His breath is the soul of flow'rs like these,  
 And his floating eyes—oh ! they resemble<sup>3</sup>  
 Blue water-lilies,<sup>4</sup> when the breeze  
 Is making the stream around them tremble

<sup>1</sup> 'To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku,) was a mountain, which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds'—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746

<sup>2</sup> 'To which will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put

in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music'—*Sile*

<sup>3</sup> 'Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by the breeze'—*Layalata*

<sup>4</sup> The blue lotus, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling pow'r !  
 Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss !  
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this

By the fair and brave  
 Who blushing unite,  
 Like the sun and wave,  
 When they meet at night ;

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By the tear that shows  
 When passion is nigh,  
 As the rain-drop flows  
 From the heat of the sky ;

By the first love-beat  
 Of the youthful heart,  
 By the bliss to meet,  
 And the pain to part ,

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By all that thou hast  
 To mortals given,  
 Which—oh, could it last,  
 This earth were heaven !

We call thee hither, entrancing Power !  
 Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !  
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this

Impatient of a scene, whose lux'ries stole,  
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul  
 And where, midst all that the young heart loves most,  
 Flow'rs, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,  
 The youth had started up, and turn'd away  
 From the light nymphs, and their luxurious lay,  
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—<sup>1</sup>  
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,  
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground  
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense —  
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence  
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,  
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there ,  
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art  
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part ,  
 Which knows ev'n Beauty when half-veil'd is best,—  
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,  
 Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest <sup>2</sup>  
 There hung the history of the Genn-King,  
 Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering

350

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<sup>1</sup> It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals, but Toderini shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the

introduction of figures into painting

<sup>2</sup> This is not quite astronomically true 'Dr. Hadley (says Keil) has shown that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun and that then but *only* a fourth part of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth'

With her from SABA's bowers, in whose bright eyes  
 He read that to be blest is to be wise,—<sup>1</sup>  
*Here fond ZULEIKA* <sup>2</sup> woos with open arms  
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,  
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,  
 Wishes that Heav'n and she could *both* be won,  
 And here MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,  
 Forgets the Koran in his MARY's smile —  
 Then beckons some kind angel from above  
 With a new text to consecrate their love <sup>3</sup>

370

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and hng'ring eye,  
 Did the youth pass these pictur'd stories by,  
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light  
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright  
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still  
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill  
 Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,  
 Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,  
 As though the distance, and that heav'nly ray  
 Through which the sounds came floating, took away  
 All that had been too earthly in the lay

380

Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,  
 And by that light—nor dream of her he lov'd?  
 Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st,  
 'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste  
 Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,  
 Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart  
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,  
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast,  
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting giv'n.  
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in Heav'n  
 Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,  
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,  
 Yet shrin'd in solitude—thine all, thine only,  
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely  
 Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,  
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

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400

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,  
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone,—

<sup>1</sup> For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see D'Herbelot, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2

<sup>2</sup> In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming. This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koian has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. 'It was said unto her, "Enter the palace." And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water, and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Where-

upon Solomon said to her, "Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass."—Chap. 27

<sup>3</sup> The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals

The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much-esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Iusef van Zuleika*, by *Noureddin Jami*, the manuscript copy of which, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is supposed to be the finest in the whole world. — *Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafez*

<sup>4</sup> The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in Gagnier's *Notes upon Abulfida*, p. 151

Alone ?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,  
 That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—  
 Whose could it be ?—alas ! is misery found 410  
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground ?  
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,  
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,  
 Against a pillar near,—not ghitt'ring o'er  
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,  
 But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress,<sup>1</sup>  
 BOKHARA'S maidens wear in mindfulness  
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away,—  
 And such as ZELICA had on that day  
 He left her—when, with heart too full to speak, 420  
 He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more  
 Than mere compassion ever wak'd before,  
 Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she  
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,  
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,  
 Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground,—  
 Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his knees—  
 'Tis she herself !—'tis ZELICA he sees !  
 But, ah, so pale, so chang'd—none but a lover 430  
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover  
 The once-ador'd divinity—ev'n he  
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly  
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd  
 Upon those lids, where once such lustre blaz'd,  
 Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,  
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known  
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both,  
 Who, ev'n when grief was heaviest—when loth  
 He left her for the wars—in that worst hour 440  
 Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flow'r,<sup>2</sup>  
 When darkness brings its weeping glories out,  
 And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

'Look up, my ZELICA—one moment show  
 Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know  
 Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,  
 But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone  
 Come, look upon thy AZIM—one dear glance,  
 Like those of old, were heav'n ! whatever chance  
 Hath brought thee here, oh, 'twas a blessed one ! 450  
 There—my lov'd lips—they move—that kiss hath run  
 Like the first shoot of life through every vein,  
 And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again  
 Oh the delight—now, in this very hour,  
 When had the whole rich world been in my pow'r,

<sup>1</sup> 'Deep blue is their mourning colour'—Hanway | <sup>2</sup> The sorrowful nyct-anthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset

I should have singled out thee, only thee,  
From the whole world's collected treasury—  
To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er  
My own, best, purest ZEPHYRUS once more!

It was indeed the touch of those fond lips 460  
Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse  
And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven's breath,  
Melts off and shows the azure flow'rs beneath,  
Her lids unclos'd, and the bright eyes were seen  
Gazing on his—not, as they late had been,  
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene,  
As if to lie, ev'n for that tranced minute,  
So near his heart, had consolation in it,  
And thus to wake in his lov'd caress  
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness 470  
But, when she heard him call her good and pure,  
Oh, 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure!  
Shudd'ring she broke away from his embrace,  
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face  
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riv'n  
A heart of very marble, 'Pure!—oh Heaven!—'

That tone—those looks so chang'd—the withering blight,  
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light,  
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,  
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise, 480  
He would have seen himself too happy boy,  
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy,  
And then the place,—that bright unholy place,  
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace  
And charm of lux'ry, as the viper weaves  
Its wily cov'ring of sweet balsam leaves,—<sup>1</sup>  
All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold  
As death itself,—it needs not to be told—  
No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand  
Of burning shame can mark—whatever the hand, 490  
That could from Heaven and him such brightness sever,  
'Tis done—to Heaven and him she's lost for ever!  
It was a dreadful moment, not the tears,  
The ling'ring, lasting misery of years  
Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst  
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst  
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,  
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate

'Oh! curse me not,' she cried, as wild he toss'd  
His despairing hand towards Heaven—'though I am lost, 500  
Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,  
No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!  
Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath ceas'd—  
I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,

<sup>1</sup> 'Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says | very particular inquiry, several were brought  
were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made | me alive both to Yumbo and Jidda'—Bucc



That every spark of reason's light must be  
 Quench'd in thrs brain, ere I could stray from thee  
 They told me thou wert dead—why, *Azim*, why  
 Did we not, both of us, that instant die  
 When we were parted ? oh ! couldst thou but know  
 With what a deep devotedness of woe  
 I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again  
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,  
 And mem'ry, like a drop that, night and day,  
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away  
 Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,  
 My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,  
 And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,  
 Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—  
 Oh God ! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,  
 When every hope was all at once o'ercast,  
 When I heard frightful voices round me say  
*Azim is dead* !—this wretched brain gave way,  
 And I became a wreck, at random driven,  
 Without one glimpse of reason or of Heav'n—  
 All wild—and even this quenchless love within  
 Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin !—  
 Thou pitiest me—I knew thou would'st—that sky  
 Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I  
 The fiend, who lur'd me hither—hast ! come near,  
 Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—  
 Told me such things—oh ! with such dev'lish art,  
 As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier heart—  
 Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,  
 Where bless'd at length, if I but serv'd *him* here,  
 I should for ever live in thy dear sight,  
 And drink from those pure eyes eternal light  
 Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,  
 To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee !  
 Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh, that I durst  
 Kiss off that tear ! but, no—these lips are curst,  
 They must not touch thee,—one divine caress,  
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness  
 I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,  
 Shrin'd in my soul's deep mem'ry till I die,  
 The last of joy's last relics here below,  
 The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,  
 My heart has treasur'd from affection's spring,  
 To soothe and cool its deadly withering !  
 But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go,  
 This place is not for thee—for thee ! oh no  
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur'd brain  
 Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again !  
 Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts, once good,  
 Now tainted, chill'd, and broken, are his food—  
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls  
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,  
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee  
 As hell from heav'n, to all eternity !

'ZELICA, ZELICA' the youth exclaim'd,  
 In all the tortures of a mind inflam'd 560  
 Almost to madness—' by that sacred Heav'n,  
 Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'lt be forgiv'n,  
 As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,  
 All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art '  
 By the remembrance of our once pure love,  
 Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above  
 The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee  
 Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me '  
 I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—  
 If thou hast yet one spark of innocence, 570  
 Fly with me from this place—'

'With thee' oh bliss '  
 'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this  
 What' take the lost one with thee '—let her rove  
 By thy dear side, as in those days of love,  
 When we were both so happy, both so pure—  
 Too heav'nly dream ' if there's on earth a cure  
 For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day  
 To be the blest companion of thy way,  
 To hear thy angel eloquence—to see  
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me , 580  
 And, in their light re-chasten'd silently,  
 Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,  
 Grow pure by being purely shone upon '  
 And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—  
 At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt  
 Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,  
 Full of sweet tears, unto the dark'ning skies,  
 And plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare  
 To fix my own weak, sinful glances there,  
 Till the good angels, when they see me cling 590  
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,  
 Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiv'n,  
 And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heav'n '  
 Oh yes, I'll fly with thee—'

Scarce had she said  
 These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread  
 As that of MONKIE, waking up the dead  
 From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—  
 Rung through the casement near, 'Thy oath' thy oath '  
 Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that Maid's look '  
 'Tis he, faintly she cried, while terror shook 600  
 Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,  
 Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies  
 And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—  
 'Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—  
 Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—  
 My oath, my oath, oh God ' tis all too true,  
 True as the worm in this cold heart it is—  
 I am MOKANN's bride—his, AZIM, his—  
 The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,  
 Then blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now ' 610

Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that bowl,  
 'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!  
 And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hust! I've seen to-night  
 What angels know not of—so foul a sight,  
 So horrible—oh! never may'st thou see  
 What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!  
 But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,  
 Nor Heav'n's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—  
 Hold me not—ha! think'st thou the fiends that sever  
 Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!'

620

With all that strength, which madness lends the weak,  
 She flung away his aim, and, with a shriek,  
 Whose sound, though he should linger out more years  
 Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears—  
 Flew up through that long avenue of light,  
 Fleetly as some dark, ominous bird of night,  
 Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon FERAMORZ. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that AZIM must have been just such a youth as FERAMORZ, just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar,<sup>1</sup> is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank,<sup>2</sup> whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. LALLA ROOKH was all curiosity,—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton Tala, or Sea of Stars,<sup>3</sup>) informed the Princess that it was the usual way, in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous, but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded, and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy, which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror, nor was it till she heard the lute of FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the

<sup>1</sup> 'In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour.'—Ebn Hukal.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of this ceremony, see Grandpré's *Voyage in the Indian Ocean*.

<sup>3</sup> 'The place where the Whangho, a river of Thibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars, whence it is called Hotun-noi, that is, the Sea of Stars'—*Description of Thibet*, in Pinkerton.

revere in which she had been wandering Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from FADLADEN upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued —

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,  
Where all was waste and silent yesterday '  
This City of War which, in a few short hours,  
Hath sprung up here,<sup>1</sup> as if the magic powers  
Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,  
Built the high pillar'd halls of CHILMINAR,<sup>2</sup>  
Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,  
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright armory —  
Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold  
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold — 10  
Steads, with their housings of rich silver spun,  
Their chains and pottrels glitt'ring in the sun,  
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,<sup>3</sup>  
Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells ' 1

But yester-eve, so motionless around,  
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound  
But the far torrent, or the locust bird <sup>4</sup>  
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard, —  
Yet hark ' what discords now, of ev'ry kind,  
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the wind, 20  
The neigh of cavalry, — the tinkling throngs  
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs, — <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'The Lescar or Imperial Camp is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents' — *Dow's Hindostan*

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment — 'His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive inclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents, by ragged clothes or blankets stretched over sticks or branches palm-leaves hastily spread over similar supports, handsome tents and splendid canopies, horses, oxen, elephants, and camels, all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these

masses, the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair' — *Historical Sketches of the South of India*

<sup>2</sup> The edifices of Chilminar und Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genni, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam

<sup>3</sup> 'A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells' — *Ali Bey*

<sup>4</sup> A native of Khoiassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried

<sup>5</sup> 'Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully' — *Pitt's Account of the Mahometans*

'The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe, the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music' — *Tavernier*

Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze  
 Of streamers from ten thousand canopies,—  
 War-music, bursting out from time to time,  
 With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime,—  
 Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,  
 The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,  
 That far off, broken by the eagle note  
 Of the Abyssinian trumpet,<sup>1</sup> swell and float

30

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye 'who?'  
 And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,  
 The Night and Shadow,<sup>2</sup> over yonder tent?—  
 It is the CALIPH's glorious armament  
 Rous'd in his Palace by the dread alarms,  
 That hourly came, of the false Prophet's aims,  
 And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd  
 Defiance fierce at Islam<sup>3</sup> and the world,—  
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind  
 The veils of his bright Palace calm reclin'd,  
 Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,  
 Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign,  
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave<sup>4</sup>  
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave  
 His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,  
 And with an army, nurs'd in victories,  
 Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run  
 His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun

40

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display  
 Such pomp before,—not ev'n when on his way  
 To MECCA's Temple, when both land and sea  
 Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury,<sup>5</sup>  
 When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw  
 Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,  
 And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow  
 Of MECCA's sun, with urns of Persian snow—<sup>6</sup>  
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that  
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphate  
 First, in the van, the People of the Rock,<sup>7</sup>  
 On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock<sup>8</sup>  
 Then, chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see  
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry,—<sup>9</sup>

50

60

<sup>1</sup> 'This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinia, *nesser cane*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle'—Vote of Bruce's Editor

<sup>2</sup> The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, The Night and The Shadow—See Gibbon

<sup>3</sup> The Mahometan religion

<sup>4</sup> 'The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shih Besade, who is buried at Cashin, and when one desires another to asseverate a matter he will ask him, if he dare swear by the Holy Grave'—Sitiy

<sup>5</sup> Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca,

expended six millions of dinars of gold

<sup>6</sup> *Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam*—Abulfeda

<sup>7</sup> The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petraea, called by an Eastern writer 'The People of the Rock'—Ebn Haukal

<sup>8</sup> Those horses, called by the Arabians *Kochiani*, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds—Niebuhr

<sup>9</sup> 'Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems.'—*Asiat. Misc.* v 1

Men, from the regions near the VOLGA's mouth,  
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South,  
And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,  
From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK's sacred banks,  
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,<sup>1</sup>  
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-sea islander

Nor less in number, though more new and rude  
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude  
That, fir'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd, 70  
Round the white standard of the impostor throng'd  
Beside his thousands of Believers—blind,  
Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind—  
Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel  
The bloody Islamite's converting steel,  
Flock'd to his banner,—Chiefs of the' UZBEK race,  
Waving their heron crests with martial grace,<sup>2</sup>  
TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth  
From the' aromatic pastures of the North, 80  
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,<sup>3</sup>—and those  
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows  
Of HINDOO KOSH,<sup>4</sup> in stormy freedom bred,  
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed  
But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,  
Rush'd to that battle field with bolder hand,  
Or sterner hate, than IRAN's outlaw'd men,<sup>5</sup>  
Her Worshipers of Fire—all panting then  
For vengeance on the' accursed Saracen,  
Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd, 90  
Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'er-turn'd  
From YEZD's<sup>6</sup> eternal Mansion of the Fire,  
Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire  
From BADEU, and those fountains of blue flame  
That burn into the CASPIAN,<sup>7</sup> hence they came,  
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,  
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,  
That high in air their motley banners tost  
Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent 100  
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,  
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,  
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Arab or Saba

<sup>2</sup> 'The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans'—*Account of Independent Turkey*

<sup>3</sup> In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khoiassan) they find turquoises—Fbn Haukal

<sup>4</sup> For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see Elphinstone's *Cambul*

<sup>5</sup> The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad

<sup>6</sup> 'Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, about 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd called Ater Qudrah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain'—Stephen's *Persia*

<sup>7</sup> 'When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naphthi (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naphthi often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible'—Hanway on the *Everlasting Fire at Baku*

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,  
 And risen again, and found them grappling yet,  
 While streams of carnage in his noontide blaze,  
 Smoke up to Heav'n—hot as that crimson haze,  
 By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad  
 'On, Swords of God!' the panting CALIPH calls,— 110  
 'Thrones for the living—Heav'n for him who falls'—  
 'On, brave avengers, on,' MOKANNA cries,  
 'And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies!'  
 Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—  
 They clash—they strive—the CALIPH's troops give way!  
 MOKANNA's self plucks the black Banner down,  
 And now the Orient World's Imperial crown  
 Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout!  
 Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's rout,  
 And now they turn, they rally—at their head 120  
 A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,  
 In glorious panoply of Heav'n's own mail,  
 The Champions of the Faith through BEDER's vale,)<sup>2</sup>  
 Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,  
 Turns on the fierce pursuer's blades, and drives  
 At once the multitudinous torrent back—  
 While hope and courage kindle in his track,  
 And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes  
 Terrible vistas through which vict'ry breaks!  
 In vain MOKANNA, midst the general flight, 130  
 Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,  
 Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,  
 Leave only her unshaken in the sky—  
 In vain he yells his desperate curses out,  
 Deals death promiscuously to all about,  
 To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,  
 And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy  
 The panic spreads—'A miracle!' throughout  
 The Moslem ranks, 'a miracle!' they shout,  
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems 140  
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams,  
 And ev'ry sword, true as o'er billows dim  
 The needle tracks the load-star, following him!

Right tow'ards MOKANNA now he cleaves his path,  
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath  
 He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst  
 From weaker heads, and souls but half way curst,  
 To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst!  
 But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,  
 Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood, 150

<sup>1</sup> Savary says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, 'Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller, surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil,

and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it.'

<sup>2</sup> In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Bedei, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum.—See The Koran and its Commentators

With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,  
 MOKANNA's soul would have defied them all,  
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong  
 For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along  
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array  
 Of flying thousands—he is borne away,  
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,  
 In this forc'd flight, is—murd'ring as he goes!  
 As a grim tiger, whom the torient's might  
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night, 160  
 Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks,  
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,  
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,  
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay

'Alla ulla Alla'—the glad shout renew—  
 'Alla Akbar'—the Caliph's in MEROU  
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,  
 And light your shrines and chaunt your ziralets:<sup>2</sup>  
 The Swords of God have triumph'd—on his throne  
 Your Caliph sits, and the veil'd Chief hath frown 170  
 Who does not envy that young warrior now,  
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,  
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,  
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?  
 Who doth not wonder, when, amidst the' acclaim  
 Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—  
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,  
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,  
 Like music round a planet as it rolls,—  
 He turns away—coldly, as if some gloom 180  
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine,—  
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze  
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays  
 Yes, wretched AZIM<sup>1</sup> thine is such a grief,  
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief,  
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,  
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,<sup>3</sup>  
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed  
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead—  
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe 190  
 Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow,  
 But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee  
 It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy,  
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past  
 Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last—  
 'Twas then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,  
 This mortal blight of misery came down,  
 Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart  
 Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start--

<sup>1</sup> The Teebur, or cry of the Arabs 'Alla Akbar' says Ockley, means, 'God is most mighty' women of the East sing upon joyful occasions —Russel

<sup>2</sup> The ziralet is a kind of chorus, which the animal not vegetable life

<sup>3</sup> The Dead Sea, which contains neither



And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang, 200  
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang

One sole desire, one passion now remains  
To keep life's fever still within his veins,  
Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast  
O'er him and all he lov'd that rumous blast  
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight  
Far, far away, after that fatal night,—  
Rumours of armies, thronging to the' attack  
Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back, 210  
Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,  
And, when all hope seem'd desprate, wildly hurl'd  
Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world  
For this he still lives on, careless of all  
The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall,  
For this alone exists—like lightning-fire,  
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives,  
With a small band of desprate fugitives,  
The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriv'n,  
Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heav'n, 220  
He gain'd MEROV—breath'd a short curse of blood  
O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the JIHON'S flood,<sup>1</sup>  
And gath'ring all, whose madness of belief  
Still saw a Saviour in then down fall'n Chief,  
Rais'd the white banner within NEKSHEB'S gates,<sup>2</sup>  
And there, untam'd, the' approaching conq'ror waits

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive  
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,  
He took but one, the partner of his flight,  
One—not for love—not for her beauty's light— 230  
No, ZELICA stood with'ring 'midst the gay,  
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday  
From the' Alma tree and dies, while overhead  
To-day's young flow'r is springing in its stead<sup>3</sup>  
Oh, not for love—the deepest Damn'd must be  
Touch'd with Heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he  
Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity  
But no, she is his victim,—there lie all  
Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,  
As long as hell within his heart can stir, 240  
Or one faint trace of Heaven is left in her  
To work an angel's ruin,—to behold  
As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd  
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll  
Of dawning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—  
This is his triumph, this the joy accurst,  
That ranks him among demons all but first

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Oxus

<sup>2</sup> A city of Transoxiana

<sup>3</sup> 'You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit,

and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers) others come forth in their stead,' &c &c —Nieuhoff

This gives the victim, that before him hes  
 Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,  
 A light like that with which hell-fire illumes 250  
 The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes !

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need  
 All the deep daringness of thought and deed  
 With which the Dives<sup>1</sup> have gited him—for mark,  
 Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,  
 Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights  
 That spangle INDIA's fields on show'ry nights,—<sup>2</sup>  
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,  
 The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,  
 Ghmm'ring along the' horizon's dusky line, 260  
 And thence in nearer circles, till they shine  
 Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town  
 In all its arm'd magnificence looks down  
 Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements  
 MOKANNA views that multitude of tents,  
 Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,  
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet,—  
 That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,  
 Ev'n thus a match for myriads such as they  
 'Oh, for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing, 270  
 Who brush'd the thousands of the' Assyrian King<sup>3</sup>  
 To darkness in a moment, that I might  
 People Hell's chambers with yon host to-night !  
 But, come what may, let who will grasp the throne,  
 Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan,  
 Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—King—  
 Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring  
 With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—  
 Sounds, that shall glad me ev'n within my grave,  
 Thus, to himself—but to the scanty train 280  
 Stall left around him, a far different strain —  
 'Glorious Defenders of the sacred Crown  
 I bear from Heav'n, whose light nor blood shall drown  
 Nor shadow of earth eclipse,—before whose gems  
 The paly pomp of this world's diadems,  
 The crown of GERASHID, the pillar'd throne  
 Of PARVIZ,<sup>4</sup> and the heron crest that shone,<sup>5</sup>  
 Magnificent, o'er ALI's beauteous eyes,<sup>6</sup>  
 Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies

<sup>1</sup> The Demons of the Persian mythology

<sup>2</sup> Carieri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season—See his *Travels*

<sup>3</sup> Sennacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussal—D Herbelot

<sup>4</sup> Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see Gibbon and D'Herbelot

<sup>5</sup> There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults filled with 'treasures so immense that some Mahometan writers tell us, then Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock,

which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou'—*Universal History*

<sup>6</sup> 'The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heiro tuft of thy turban'—From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb—See Chardin

<sup>7</sup> The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe anything as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali—Chardin

Warriors, rejoice—the port to which we've pass'd  
 O'er Destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!  
 Vict'ry's our own—'tis written in that Book  
 Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,  
 That ISLAM's sceptre shall beneath the power  
 Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,  
 When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,  
 From NEKSHEB's Holy Well portentously shall rise!  
 Now turn and see!'

290

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,  
 A sudden splendour all around them broke,  
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,  
 Rise from the Holy Well,<sup>1</sup> and cast its light  
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles,—<sup>2</sup>  
 Flung such radiance o'er the gilded tiles  
 Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret,  
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set  
 Instant from all who saw the' illusive sign  
 A murmur broke—'Miraculous' divine!  
 The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star  
 Had wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar  
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war,  
 While he of MOUSSA's creed saw, in that ray,  
 The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,  
 Had rested on the Ark,<sup>3</sup> and now again  
 Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain

300

310

'To victory!' is at once the cry of all—  
 Nor stands MOKANNA loit'ring at that call,  
 But instant the huge gates are flung aside,  
 And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide  
 Into the boundless sea, they speed their course  
 Right on into the MOSLEM's mighty force  
 The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,  
 Had paus'd, and ev'n forgot the punctual sounds  
 Of the small drum with which they count the night,<sup>4</sup>  
 To gaze upon that supernatural light,—  
 Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,  
 And in a death-groan give their last alarm  
 'On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,'<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean,

320

<sup>1</sup> We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was 'une machine, qu'il disoit être la Lune' According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Neksheb—'Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day'

<sup>2</sup> 'Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhsheb, en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles'—D'Herbelot Hence he was called Sazendémah, or the Moon-maker.

<sup>3</sup> The Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran—See Sale's *Note*, chap 11

<sup>4</sup> The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums—See Burder's *Oriental Customs*, vol 1 p 119

<sup>5</sup> The Serraporda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents—*Notes on the Bahardanush*

The tents of Princes were generally illuminated Noiden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Gurge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it—See Harmer's *Observations on Job*

*There rests the CALIPH—speed—one lucky lance*  
*May now achieve mankind's deliverance,* 330  
*Desp'rate the die—such as they only cast,*  
*Who venture for a world, and stake their last*  
*But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade*  
*Springs up to meet them thro' the glimm'ring shade,*  
*And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon*  
*Pour to the spot, like bees of KAUZEROON<sup>1</sup>*  
*To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at length,*  
*The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,*  
*And back to NEKSHEB'S gates, covering the plain*  
*With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train,* 340  
*Among the last of whom the Silver Veil*  
*Is seen glitt'ring at times, like the white sail*  
*Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,*  
*Catching the tempest's momentary light<sup>1</sup>*

*And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low ?*  
*Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring ? No*  
*Though half the wretches, whom at night he led*  
*To thrones and vict'ry, he disgrac'd and dead,*  
*Yet moaning hears him with unshrinking crest,*  
*Still vaunt of thrones, and vict'ry to the rest,—* 350  
*And they believe him !—oh, the lover may*  
*Distrust that look which steals his soul away,—*  
*The babe may cease to think that it can play*  
*With Heaven's rainbow,—alchemists may doubt*  
*The shining gold their crucible gives out,*  
*But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast*  
*To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last*

*And well the Impostor knew all lures and arts,*  
*That LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts,*  
*Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot* 360  
*Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot*  
*Ill-fated ZELICA<sup>1</sup> had reason been*  
*Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,*  
*Thou never could'st have borne it—Death had come*  
*At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home*  
*But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense*  
*Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense*  
*And passionate struggles of that fearful night,*  
*When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight*  
*And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—* 370  
*As through some dull volcano's vale of smoke*  
*Ominous flashings now and then will start,*  
*Which show the fire's still busy at its heart,*  
*Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in solemn gloom,—*  
*Not such as AZIM'S, brooding o'er its doom,*  
*And calm without, as is the brow of death,*  
*While busy worms are gnawing underneath—*

<sup>1</sup> ' From the groves of orange trees at Kauzeron the bees cull a celebrated honey —Morier's *Travels*.

But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free  
From thought or pain, a seal'd-up apathy,  
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,  
The cold, pale victim of her tort'rer's will

380

Again, as in MEROU, he had her deck'd  
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect,  
And led her glitt'ring forth before the eyes  
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice,—  
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride  
Of the fierce NILE, when, deck'd in all the pride  
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide<sup>1</sup>  
And while the wretched maid hung down her head,  
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,  
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell  
His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell  
Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance  
Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance  
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,  
Her soul were rous'd, and words of wildness came,  
Instant the bold blasphemer would translate  
Her ravings into oracles of fate,  
Would hail Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,  
And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

390

400

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen  
Gath'ring around, and famine comes to glean  
All that the sword had left unreap'd—in vain  
At morn and eve across the northern plain  
He looks impatient for the promis'd spears  
Of the wild Hordes and TARTAR mountaineers,  
They come not—while his fierce beleaguers pour  
Engines of havoc in, unknown before,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile, for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river.'—Savary

<sup>2</sup> That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from Dow's *Account of Mahmood I*. 'When he arrived at Moultan, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire.'

The *agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire.—See Wilks's *South of India*, vol. i p. 471.—And in the curious Javan poem, the *Batara*

*Pudha* given by Sir Stamford Raffles in his *History of Java*, we find, 'He aimed at the heart of Soeta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire.'

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by Ebn Fadhl, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. 'Bodies,' he says, 'in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise, then, exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn. But there are others which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way.' The historian Ben Abdalla, in speaking of the sieges of Abulualid in the year of the Hegira 712, says, 'A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel.'—See the extracts from Casiri's *Biblioth. Arab. Hispan.* in the Appendix to Berington's *Literary History of the Middle Ages*.

And horrible as new<sup>1</sup>,—javelins, that fly  
 Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the dark sky, 410  
 And red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,  
 Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount,<sup>2</sup>  
 Show'rs of consuming fire o'er all below,  
 Looking, as through the' illumin'd night they go,  
 Like those wild birds<sup>3</sup> that by the Magians oft,  
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft  
 Into the air, with blazing faggots tied  
 To their huge wings, scatt'ring combustion wide  
 All night the groans of wretches who expire,  
 In agony, beneath these darts of fire, 420  
 Ring through the city—while, descending o'er  
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore,—  
 Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths of gold,  
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd,—  
 Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets  
 Now gush with blood,—and its tall minarets,  
 That late have stood up in the ev'ning glare  
 Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer,—  
 O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame bolts fall,  
 And death and conflagration throughout all 430  
 The desolate city hold high festival'

MOKANNA sees the world is his no mote,—  
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er  
 'What' drooping now?'—thus, with unblushing cheek,  
 He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,  
 Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,  
 And by the light of blazing temples dying,—  
 'What'—drooping now?'—now, when at length we press  
 Home o'er the very threshold of success,  
 When ALLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away 440  
 Those grossest branches, that kept out his ray  
 Of favour from us, and we stand at length  
 Heirs of his light and children of his strength,  
 The chosen few, who shall survive the fall  
 Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all'  
 Have you then lost, weak murm'ers as you are,  
 All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?

<sup>1</sup> The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the emperors to their allies. 'It was,' says Gibbon, 'either launched in red hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil.'

<sup>2</sup> See Hanway's *Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Balu* (which is called by Lieutenant Pottinger, 'Joal's Mookee, or, the Flaming Mouth,' taking fire and running into the sea). Dr Cooke, in his *Journal*, mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. 'Though the weather,' he adds, 'was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring.'

Major Scott Waring says, that naphtha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell, for lamps.

many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light  
 As from a sky

<sup>3</sup> 'At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezzé, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination, and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the woods for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced.'—Richardson's *Dissertation*.

Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid  
 Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid  
 Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither  
 Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither ? 450  
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now  
 All earth shall feel the unveiling of this brow !  
 To-night—yes, sainted men ! this very night,  
 I bid you all to a fair festal rite,  
 Where—having deep refresh'd each weary limb  
 With viands, such as feast Heav'n's cherubim,  
 And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,  
 With that pure wine the Dark-ey'd Maids above  
 Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,—<sup>1</sup> 460  
 I will myself uncurtain in your sight  
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light,  
 Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse  
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe !'

Eager they listen—while each accent darts  
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts,  
 Such treach'rous life as the cool draught supplies  
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies !  
 Wildly they point their lances to the light  
 Of the fast sinking sun, and shout 'To-night !'— 470  
 'To night,' their Chief re-echoes in a voice  
 Of fiend-like mock'ry that bids hell rejoice  
 Deluded victims !—never hath this earth  
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth  
*Here*, to the few, whose iron frames had stood  
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,  
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout  
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out —  
*There*, others, lighted by the smould'ring fire,  
 Danc'd, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre, 480  
 Among the dead and dying, strew'd around,—  
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound  
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,  
 In ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head !

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause  
 Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,  
 That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,  
 Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,  
 When ZELICA—alas, poor ruin'd heart,  
 In ev'ry horror doom'd to bear its part !— 490  
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,  
 Who, while his quiv'ring lip the summons gave,  
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave  
 Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat  
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet !  
 Shudd'ring she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,  
 A presage that her own dark doom was near,

<sup>1</sup> 'The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed, the seal whereof shall be musk.' *Koran*, chap. lxxxiii

Rous'd ev'ry feeling, and brought Reason back  
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack  
 All round seem'd tranquil—ev'n the foe had ceas'd, 500  
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,  
 His tery bolts, and though the heav'n's look'd red,  
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread  
 But hark—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone '  
 'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,  
 A long death-groan comes with it —can this be  
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry '  
 She enters—Holy ALLA, what a sight  
 Was there before her! By the ghimm'ring light  
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands 510  
 That round lay burning, droop'd from lifeless hands,  
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,  
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—  
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd  
 All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught ?  
 Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,  
 With their swoll'n heads sunk black'ning on their breasts,  
 Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,  
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there  
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through, 520  
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two '  
 While some, the bravest, hardest in the train  
 Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain  
 Would have met death with transport by his side,  
 Here mute and helpless grasp'd,—but, as they died,  
 Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,  
 And clench'd the slack'ning hand at him in vain  
 Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,  
 The stony look of horror and despair,  
 Which some of these expiring victims cast 530  
 Upon their souls' tormentor to the last,—  
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose veil, now rais'd,  
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,  
 Not the long promis'd light, the brow, whose beaming  
 Was to come forth, all conqu'ring, all redeeming,  
 But features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd  
 On its own blood,—no Demon of the Waste,<sup>1</sup>  
 No church-yard Ghole, caught ling'ring in the light  
 Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight 540  
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those  
 The' Impostor now, in grinning mock'ry, shows —  
 'There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star—  
 Ye would be dupes and victims, and ye are  
 Is it enough ? or must I, while a thrill  
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still ?  
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within  
 Is but the trance with which Heav'n's joys begin ,

<sup>1</sup> 'The Afghans believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolie Beabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste.'—Elphinstone's *Cambu*



That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgrac'd  
 Ev'n monstrous man, is—after God's own taste,  
 And that—but see '—ere I have half-way said 550  
 My greetings through, the' uncourteous souls are fled  
 Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,  
 If EBLIS loves you half so well as I—  
 Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy seat,  
 Nay come—no shudd'ring—didst thou never meet  
 The Dead before?—they grac'd our wedding, sweet,  
 And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true  
 Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too  
 But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?  
 Hot lips have been before thee in the cup, 560  
 Young bride—yet stay—one precious drop remains,  
 Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins,—  
 Here, drink—and should thy lover's conqu'ring arms  
 Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,  
 Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,  
 And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

'For *me*—I too must die—but not like these  
 Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze,  
 To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,  
 With all death's grimness added to its own, 570  
 And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes  
 Of slaves, exclaiming, "There his Godship lies!"  
 No—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,  
 They've been my dupes, and *shall* be ev'n in death  
 Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd  
 With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd —<sup>1</sup>  
 There will I plunge me in that liquid flame—  
 Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame!—  
 There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—  
 Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale 580  
 So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,  
 Proclaim that Heav'n took back the Saint it gave,—  
 That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,  
 To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!  
 So shall they build me altars in their zeal,  
 Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel,  
 Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,  
 Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell  
 The sail he spreads for Heav'n with blasts from hell!  
 So shall my banner, through long ages, be 590  
 The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy,—  
 Kings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA's name,  
 And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,  
 Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,  
 And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life  
 But, hark! their batt'ring engine shakes the wall—  
 Why, let it shake—thus I can brave them all

<sup>1</sup> 'Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses membres de son corps, et que ceux qui re-  
 gens, et se jeta lui-même ensuite dans une stoient de sa secte puissent croire qu'il étoit  
 cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consu- monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver'  
 mantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les —D'Herbelot

No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,  
And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb  
Now mark how readily a wretch like me, 600  
In one bold plunge commences Deity<sup>1</sup>

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—  
Quick clos'd the burning waters o'er his head,  
And ZELICA was left—within the ring  
Of those wide walls the only living thing,  
The only wretched one, still curs'd with breath,  
In all that frightful wilderness of death<sup>1</sup>  
More like some bloodless ghost—such as, they tell,  
In the Lone Cities of the Silent<sup>1</sup> dwell,  
And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit 610  
Each by its own pale carcass, watching it

But morn<sup>1</sup> is up, and a fresh warfare stirs  
Throughout the camp of the beleaguers  
Their globes of fire (the dread artill'ry lent  
By GREECE to conqu'ring MAHADI) are spent,  
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quair sent  
From high balistas, and the shielded throng  
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,  
All speak the impatient Islamite's intent  
To try, at length, if tower and battlement 620  
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,  
Less tough to break down than the hearts within  
First in impatience and in toil is he,  
The burning AZIM—oh! could he but see  
The' Impostor once alive within his grasp,  
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,  
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace  
With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace<sup>1</sup>

Loud rings the pond'rous ram against the walls,  
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,  
But still no breach—' Once more, one mighty swing 630  
Of all your beams, together thundering '<sup>1</sup>  
There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult,  
' Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult  
Right on that spot, and NEKSHEB is our own '<sup>1</sup>  
'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,  
And the huge wall, by that stroke riv'n in two,  
Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,  
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through  
But strange<sup>1</sup> no signs of life—nought living seen 640  
Above, below—what can this stillness mean '<sup>1</sup>  
A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—  
' In through the breach,' impetuous AZIM cries,  
But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile  
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile,—

<sup>1</sup> 'They have all a great reverence for burial grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes'—Elphinstone

Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanc'd  
 Forth from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanc'd  
 A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see  
 The well-known Silver Veil—'Tis He, 'tis He,  
 MOKANNA, and alone!' they shout around, 650  
 Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground—  
 'Mine, Holy CALIPH' mine,' he cries, 'the task  
 To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask'  
 Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,  
 Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow  
 And falteringly comes, till they are near,  
 Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,  
 And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—  
 Oh!—'tis his ZELICA's life blood that flows!

'I meant not, AZIM,' soothingly she said;  
 As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,  
 And, looking in his face, saw anguish there  
 Beyond all wounds the quiv'ring flesh can bear—  
 'I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this —  
 Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss  
 Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know,  
 How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!  
 But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow,—  
 To linger on were madd'ning—and I thought 670  
 If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught  
 The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be  
 Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly  
 But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—  
 I would not change this sad, but dear caress,  
 This death within thy arms I would not give  
 For the most smiling life the happiest live!  
 All, that stood dark and drear before the eye  
 Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by,  
 A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,  
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above, 680  
 And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,  
 Angels will echo the blest words in Heav'n!  
 But live, my AZIM,—oh! to call thee mine  
 Thus once again! *my* AZIM—dream divine!  
 Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet  
 Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,  
 Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee  
 Morning and night before that Deity,  
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,  
 As thine are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain,— 690  
 And pray that He may pardon her,—may take  
 Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,  
 And, nought rememb'ring but her love to thee,  
 Make her all thine, all His, eternally!  
 Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd  
 Our youthful hearts together—every wind  
 That meets thee there, fresh from the well known flow'rs,  
 Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours

Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again  
 For thy poor ZELICA as thou didst then 700  
 So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies  
 To Heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise  
 With all love's earliest ardour to the skies '  
 And should they—but, alas, my senses fail—  
 Oh for one minute '—should thy prayers prevail—  
 If pardon'd souls may, from that World of Bliss  
 Reveal their joy to those they love in this—  
 I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—  
 Oh Heav'n—I die—dear love ' farewell, farewell '

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away, 710  
 And few of those who, on that mournful day,  
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see  
 The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,  
 Were living still—when, by a rustic grave,  
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,  
 An aged man, who had grown aged there  
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,  
 For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade  
 Of death hung dark'ning over him, there play'd 720  
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,  
 That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak  
 Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,  
 When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim  
 His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept,  
 She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept  
 So many years, had come to him, all drest  
 In angel smiles, and told him she was blest '  
 For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died —  
 And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,  
 He and his ZELICA sleep side by side 730

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear FADLADEEN'S criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.<sup>1</sup> In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain,<sup>2</sup> had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old, as to have been used under the Emperors Yan

<sup>1</sup> 'The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent-tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit season by a guard of sepoy, and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Malabar coast, to secure in abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table.'—Mrs Graham's *Journal of a Residence in India*.

<sup>2</sup> This old porcelain is found in digging, and if it is esteemed, it is not because it has

acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty, and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chün who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tung, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors' (about the year 442)—Dunn's *Collection of Curious Observations*, &c.—a bad translation of some parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* of the Missionary Jesuits.

and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days, not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

'In order,' said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, 'to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever——'—'My good FADLADEEN!' exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, 'we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition.'—'If that be all,' replied the critic, '—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about every thing, but the subject immediately before him—' if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched.' He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi), whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloë. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face, —a young lady, whose reason went and came, according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise, —and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. From such materials,' said he, 'what can be expected?—after rivaling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aqua fortis, the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last, and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story, and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling.'<sup>1</sup>

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter, —it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's<sup>2</sup> apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable. It had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi, but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired diomeday. The licences, too, in which it indulged, were unpardonable, —for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such, —

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream

<sup>1</sup> 'La lecture de ces Fables plaisoit si fort aux Arabes que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontotent étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malediction

de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples'—  
D'Herbelot

<sup>2</sup> The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia

'What critic that can count,' said FADLADEEN, 'and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities.'—He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep, while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus—'Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him.'

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome,—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet, himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere), felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient,—the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep,—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—'Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever'—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. 'It is true,' she said, 'few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth'—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever<sup>1</sup>—but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short,' continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, 'it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back'—<sup>2</sup>—FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued, and the Princess, glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

<sup>1</sup> 'The Hum, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground, it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen, and that every head it overshadows will in time wear a crown.'—Richardson.

<sup>2</sup> 'To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain.—Volney. M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains

to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions. but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument, adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts.'—Niebuhr.

<sup>3</sup> The Story of Sinbad.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor, for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before, and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Ilem, or Rose-bower of Ilem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion, has ever consecrated, from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair,<sup>1</sup> to the *Camalata*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.<sup>2</sup> As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay,<sup>3</sup> or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. 'It is,' said he, with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, 'in a lighter and humbler strain than the other'—then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his *kitai*, he thus began—

#### PARADISE AND THE PERI

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate,  
And as she listen'd to the Springs  
Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

'How happy,' exclaim'd this child of air,  
'Are the holy Spirits who wander there,  
Mid flowers that never shall fade or  
fall,  
Though mine are the gardens of earth  
and sea,  
And the stars themselves have flowers  
for me,  
One blossom of Heaven out-blooms  
them all!'

<sup>1</sup> See Nott's *Hafez*, Ode v

<sup>2</sup> 'The *Camalata* (called by Linnaeus, *Ipomaea*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers, its elegant blossoms are "celestial rosies, Love's proper hue," and have justly procured it the name of *Camalata*, or Love's Creper'—SIR W. Jones

<sup>3</sup> *Camalata* may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra, and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming *Ipomaea*—Ib

<sup>4</sup> According to Father Premate, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi

'Though sunny the Lake of cool CASH-  
MERE,

With its plane tree Isle reflected clear,<sup>4</sup>  
And sweetly the founts of that Valley  
fall,

Though bright are the waters of SING  
SU-HAY,

And the golden floods that thitherward  
stray,<sup>5</sup>

Yet—oh, 'tis only the Blest can say  
How the waters of Heaven outshine  
them all!

'Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming  
wall

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of Heaven is worth them  
all!'

was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving, and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself—*Asiat Res*

<sup>4</sup> 'Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Chai Chenaaur, from the plane trees upon it'—Foster

<sup>5</sup> 'The Altun Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it'—*Description of Tibet* in Pinkerton

The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping,  
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd <sup>30</sup>  
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd  
Within his eyelids, like the spray  
From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins  
say—

Blooms nowhere but in Paradise <sup>1</sup>

'Nymph of a fair but ending line'  
Gently he said—'One hope is thine  
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,

*The Peri yet may be forgiv'n  
Who brings to this Eternal gate  
The Gift that is most dear to Heav'n* <sup>40</sup>  
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—  
Thy sweet to let the pardon'd in'

Rapidly as comets run

To the 'embrace of the Sun,  
—Fleeter than the stately bands  
Flung at night from angel hands <sup>2</sup>  
At those dark and daring spites  
Who would climb the 'empyrean heights,  
Down the blue vault the PLAN flies, <sup>50</sup>  
And, lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse

But whither shall the Spirit go

To find this gift for Heav'n?—'I know  
The wealth,' she cries, 'of every urn,  
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,

<sup>1</sup> 'The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue campac flowers only in Paradise.'—Sir W Jones. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangkabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. 'This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower champhaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere.'—Marsden's *Sunda*.

<sup>2</sup> 'The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the heavens.'—Fryer.

<sup>3</sup> The Forty Pillars, so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genu, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—D Herbelot, Volney.  
<sup>4</sup> Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, 'sunk' (says Grandpré) 'in the abyss made by the fire beneath

Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR, <sup>3</sup>  
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,<sup>4</sup>  
Many a fathom down in the sea, <sup>60</sup>  
To the south of sun-bright ARABY, <sup>5</sup>  
I know, too, where the Genu hid  
The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID,<sup>6</sup>  
With Life's elixir sparkling high—  
But gifts like these are not for the sky  
Where was there ever a gem that shone  
Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful  
Throne'

And the Drops of Life—oh! what  
would they be  
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?'

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd  
The air of that sweet Indian land, <sup>71</sup>  
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads  
O'er coral rocks, and amber beds,<sup>7</sup>  
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam  
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem,  
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides,  
Whose sandal groves and bow'rs of spice  
Might be a Peri's Paradise'

But crimson now her rivers ran <sup>80</sup>  
With human blood—the smell of death  
Came reeking from those spicy bow'rs,  
And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath  
Upwafted from the 'innocent flow'rs  
Land of the Sun! what foot invades  
Thy P'agods and thy pillar'd shades?—

their foundations'—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean*

<sup>3</sup> The Isles of Panchaia

<sup>4</sup> 'The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis.'—Richardson

<sup>5</sup> 'It is not like the Sea of India whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergis, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Harizan aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics, where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands.'—*Travels of two Mo*  
*hammedans*

<sup>6</sup> in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters  
grow  
About the mother-trunk, a pillar'd shade,  
High over arch'd, and echoing walks be  
tween.—Milton

For a particular description of the plate of the  
Banyan tree, see Cordier's *Ceylon*.



Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,  
Thy Monarchs and their thousand  
Thrones '1

'Tis He of GAZNA <sup>2</sup>—fierce in wrath 90  
He comes, and INDIA'S diadems  
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path —  
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,  
Torn from the violated necks  
Of many a young and lov'd Sultana, <sup>3</sup>  
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,  
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,  
And choaks up with the glitt'ring wrecks  
Of golden shrines the sacred waters '1

Downward the PERI turns her gaze, 100  
And, through the war-field's bloody haze  
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,  
Alone beside his native river,—  
The red blade broken in his hand,  
And the last arrow in his quiver  
'Live,' said the Conqu'ror, 'live to share  
The trophies and the crowns I bear '1  
Silent that youthful warrior stood—  
Silent he pointed to the flood  
All crimson with his country's blood, 110  
Then sent his last remaining dart,  
For answer, to the 'Invader's heart

False flew the shaft, though pointed well,  
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell '1—  
Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,

And, when the rush of war was past,  
Swiftly descending on a ray  
Of morning light, she caught the last—  
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
Before its free-born spirit fled '1 120

'Be this,' she cried, as she wing'd her  
flight,  
My welcome gift at the Gates of Light

<sup>1</sup> 'With this immense treasure Mahmood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni.'—Ferishta

<sup>2</sup> 'Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.'—See his History in Dow and Sir J Malcolm

<sup>3</sup> 'It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls.'—*Universal History*, vol. 111

<sup>4</sup> 'The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes

Though foul are the drops that oft distil  
On the field of warfare, blood like this,  
For Liberty shed, so holy is,  
It would not stain the purest rill,  
That sparkles among the Bowers of  
Bliss '1

Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
A boon, an offering Heav'n holds dear,  
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws 130  
From the heart that bleeds and breaks  
in her cause '1

'Sweet,' said the Angel, as she gave  
The gift into his radiant hand,  
'Sweet is our welcome of the Brave  
Who die thus for their native Land —  
But see—alas!—the crystal bar  
Of Eden moves not—holier far  
Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,  
That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee '1

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted, 140  
Now among AFRIC'S lunar Mountains,<sup>4</sup>  
Far to the South, the PERI lighted,  
And sleek'd her plumage at the foun-  
tains

Of that Egyptian tide—whose birth  
Is hidden from the sons of earth  
Deep in those solitary woods,  
Where oft the Genu of the Floods  
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,  
And hail the new-born Giant's smile <sup>5</sup>  
Thence over EGYPT'S palmy groves, 150  
Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings,<sup>6</sup>

The exil'd Spirit sighing roves,  
And now hangs list'ning to the doves  
In warm ROSETTA'S vale '1—now loves  
To watch the moonlight on the wings  
Of the white pelicans that break  
The azure calm of MOERIS' Lake <sup>7</sup>

Lunae of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise '1—Bruce

'Sometimes called,' says Jackson, 'Jibbel Kumia, or the white or lunar-coloured mountains, so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse'

<sup>5</sup> 'The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant'—*Asiatic Research* vol. 1, p. 387

<sup>6</sup> See Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots, covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt

<sup>7</sup> 'The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves'—Sonnin

<sup>8</sup> Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Moeris

Tw as a fair scene—a Land more bright  
Never did mortal eye behold<sup>1</sup>

Who could have thought, that saw this  
night 160

Those valleys and their fruits of gold  
Basking in Heav'n's serenest light,—  
Those groups of lovely date trees bend-  
ing

Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,  
Like youthful maids, when sleep  
descending

Warns them to their silken beds,<sup>1</sup>—  
Those virgin lilies, all the night

Bathing their beauties in the lake,  
That they may rise more fresh and bright,

When their beloved Sun's awake,—  
Those run'd shrines and towers that seem

The relics of a splendid dream, 172  
Amid whose fairy loneliness

Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,  
Nought seen but (when the shadows,  
fitting

Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam,)  
Some purple wing'd Sultana<sup>2</sup> sitting

Upon a column, motionless  
And glitt'ring like an Idol bird<sup>1</sup>—

Who could have thought, that there,  
ev'n there, 180

Amid those scenes so still and fair,  
The Demon of the Plague hath cast

From his hot wing a deadlier blast,  
More mortal far than ever came

From the red Desert's sands of flame<sup>1</sup>  
So quick, that ev'ry living thing

Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,  
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,

At once falls black and withering<sup>1</sup>

The sun went down on many a brow, 190

Which, full of bloom and freshness then,  
Is rankling in the pest-house now.

And ne'er will feel that sun again  
And, oh! to see the unburied heaps

On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—

<sup>1</sup> 'The superb date tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep'—*Infid el Hadad*

<sup>2</sup> 'That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana'—Soncini

<sup>3</sup> Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbury, when he was there,

The very vultures turn away,  
And sicken at so foul a prey<sup>1</sup>

Only the fierce hyaena stalks<sup>3</sup>

Throughout the city's desolate walks<sup>4</sup>

At midnight, and his carnage plies —

Woe to the half-dead wretch, who  
meets 201

The glaring of those large blue eyes<sup>5</sup>  
Amid the darkness of the streets<sup>1</sup>

'Poor race of men!' said the pitying  
Spirit,

Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—  
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,

But the trail of the Serpent is over  
them all<sup>1</sup>

She wept—the air grew pure and clear  
Around her, as the bright drops ran,

For there's a magic in each tear, 210  
Such kindly Spirits weep for man<sup>1</sup>

Just then beneath some orange trees,  
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze

Were wantoning together, free,  
Like age at play with infancy—

Beneath that fresh and springing bower,  
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan

Of one who, at this silent hour,  
Had thither stol'n to die alone

One who in life where'er he mov'd, 220  
Drew after him the hearts of many,

Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,  
Dies here unseen, unwept by any<sup>1</sup>

None to watch near him—none to slake  
The fire that in his bosom lies,

With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,  
Which shines so cool before his eyes

No voice, well known through many a day,  
To speak the last, the parting word,

Which, when all other sounds decay, 230  
Is still like distant music heard,—

That tender farewell on the shore  
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,

Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark  
Puts off into the unknown Dark

says, 'The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyaenas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries' &c

<sup>4</sup> 'Gondar was full of hyaenas from the time it turned dark, till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcases, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falshta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety.—Bruce Ibid

Deserted youth<sup>1</sup> one thought alone  
 Shed joy around his soul in death—  
 That she, whom he for years had known,  
 And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,  
 Was safe from this foul midnight's  
 breath,— 240

Safe in her father's princely halls,  
 Where the cool airs from fountain falls,  
 Freshly perfum'd by many a brand  
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,  
 Were pure as she whose brow they  
 fann'd

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,<sup>1</sup>  
 This melancholy bow'r to seek,  
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,  
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight  
 dim, 250

He knew his own betrothed bride,  
 She, who would rather die with him,  
 Than live to gain the world beside!<sup>1</sup>  
 Her arms are round her lover now,  
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,  
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses  
 Ah! once, how little did he think  
 An hour would come, when he should  
 shrink

With horror from that dear embrace, 260  
 Those gentle arms, that were to him  
 Holy as is the cradling place

Of Eden's infant cherubim!  
 And now he yields—now turns away,  
 Shudd'ring as if the venom lay  
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—  
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,  
 Never until that instant came  
 Near his unask'd or without shame  
 'Oh! let me only breathe the air, 270  
 The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,  
 And, whether on its wings it bear  
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me  
 There—drink my tears, while yet they  
 fall—

Would that my bosom's blood were  
 balm,  
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
 To give thy brow one minute's calm

<sup>1</sup> This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry,—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson

<sup>2</sup> In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty ounces in his bill, which are con-

Nay, turn not from me that dear face—  
 Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—  
 The one, the chosen one, whose place  
 In life or death is by thy side? 281  
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,  
 In this dim world, from thee hath  
 shone,

Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
 That must be hers when thou art  
 gone?

That I can live, and let thee go,  
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—  
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
 Out of its heart must perish too!  
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn, 290  
 Before, like thee, I fade and burn,  
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
 The last pure life that lingers there!<sup>1</sup>  
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
 In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,  
 So quickly do his baleful sighs  
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes  
 One struggle—and his pain is past—  
 Her lover is no longer living!  
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last, 300  
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

'Sleep,' said the PERI, as softly she stole  
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,  
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's  
 breast—

'Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
 In balmer airs than ever yet stir'd  
 The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,  
 Who sings at the last his own death-lay,<sup>2</sup>  
 And in music and perfume dies away!<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus saying, from her lips she spread 310  
 Unearthly breathings through the  
 place,  
 And shook her sparkling wreath and  
 shed

Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd,  
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken  
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping,  
 While that benevolent PERI beam'd  
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
 Watch o'er them till their souls would  
 waken

tinued to his tail, and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.—Richardson

But morn is blushing in the sky, 320  
 Again the PERI soars above,  
 Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh  
 Of pure, self sacrificing love  
 High throbb'd her heart, with hope  
 elate,  
 The' Elysian palm she soon shall win,  
 For the bright Spirit at the gate  
 Smil'd as she gave that off'ring in,  
 And she already hears the trees  
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells  
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze 330  
 That from the throne of ALLA swells,  
 And she can see the starry bowls  
 That lie around that lucid lake,  
 Upon whose banks admitted Souls  
 Their first sweet draught of glory take!<sup>1</sup>

But, ah! even PERIS' hopes are vain—  
 Again the Fates forbade, again  
 The' immortal barrier clos'd—<sup>2</sup> Not yet,  
 The Angel said, as, with regret, 339  
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—  
 'True was the maiden, and her story,  
 Written in light o'er ALLA's head,  
 By seraph eyes shall long be read  
 But, PERI, see—the crystal bar  
 Of Eden moves not—holier far  
 Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be  
 That opens the Gates of Heav'n for thee'

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses  
 Softly the light of Eve reposes,  
 And, like a glory, the broad sun 350  
 Hangs over sainted LEBANON,  
 Whose head in wintry grandeur tow'rs,  
 And whitens with eternal sleet,  
 While summer, in a vale of flow'rs,  
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet

To one, who look'd from upper air  
 O'er all the enchanted regions there,  
 How beauteous must have been the glow,  
 The life, the sparkling from below!

<sup>1</sup> 'On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wine'—From Chateaubriand's Description of the Mithometa Paradise, in his *Beauties of Christianity*

<sup>2</sup> Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from SURI, a beautiful and delicate species of rose, for which that country has been always famous,—hence, SURISTAN, the Land of Roses

<sup>3</sup> 'The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec amounted to many thousands, the

Fair gardens, shining streams, with  
 ranks 360  
 Of golden melons on their banks,  
 More golden where the sun light falls,—  
 Gay lizards, glitt'ring on the walls  
 Of ruin'd shines, busy and bright  
 As they were all alive with light,  
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
 With their rich restless wings, that  
 gleam  
 Various in the crimson beam  
 Of the warm West,—as if inland 370  
 With brilliants from the mine, or made  
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
 The' unclouded skies of PERISTAN  
 And then the mingling sounds that come,  
 Of shepherd's ancient reed,<sup>4</sup> with hum  
 Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,<sup>5</sup>  
 Banqueting through the flow'ry vales,  
 And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of  
 thine,  
 And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless  
 PERI, 380  
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—  
 Joyless she sees the Sun look down  
 On that great Temple, once his own,<sup>7</sup>  
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
 Flung their shadows from on high,  
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,  
 Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd  
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,  
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd 390  
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
 With the great name of SOLOMON,  
 Which, spell'd by her illum'd eyes,  
 May teach her where beneath the moon,  
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,  
 The charm, that can restore so soon  
 An erring Spirit to the skies

ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings were covered with them'—Bruce

<sup>4</sup> 'The Syrinx or Pan pipe is still a pastoral instrument in Syria'—Russel

<sup>5</sup> 'Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Ps lxxxi), 'honey out of the stony rock'—Burde's *Oriental Customs*

<sup>6</sup> 'The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales vaile all together'—Thevenot

The Temple of the Sun at Balbec

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her  
thither,—

Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
Nor have the golden bowers of Even  
In the rich West begun to wither,— 401  
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging  
Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild flow'rs singing,

As rosy and as wild as they,  
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,<sup>1</sup>  
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
Like winged flow'rs or flying gems —  
And, near the boy, who tur'd with play  
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay, 411  
She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink  
Of a small imaret's rustic fount<sup>2</sup>

Impatient fling him down to drink  
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd

Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire, 420  
Like thunder clouds, of gloom and fire,  
In which the PERI's eye could read  
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed,  
The run'd maid—the shrine profan'd—  
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd  
With blood of guests '—there written,

all,  
Black as the damning drops that fall  
From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
Ere Mercy weeps them out again

Yet tranquil now that man of crime 430  
(As if the balmy evening time  
Softened his spirit) look'd and lay,  
Watching the rosy infant's play —  
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

<sup>1</sup> 'You behold there a considerable number of remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels'—Sonnim

<sup>2</sup> Imaret, 'hospice ou on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pèlerins pendant trois jours'—*Todeima*, translated by the Abbé de Courmand—See also Castellan's *Mœurs des Ottomans*, tom v p 145

<sup>3</sup> 'Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
As torches, that have burnt all night  
Through some impure and godless rite,  
Encounter morning's glorious rays

But, hark! the vesper calls to pray'r,  
As slow the orb of daylight sets, 441  
Is rising sweetly on the air,

From SYRIA's thousand minarets!  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flow'rs, where he had laid his head,  
And down upon the fragrant sod  
Kneels<sup>3</sup> with his forehead to the south,  
Lisp'ing the' eternal name of God

From Purty's own cherub mouth,  
And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies, 451  
Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
Just lighted on that flow'ry plain,  
And seeking for its home again  
Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that  
child—

A scene, which might have well begun'd  
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh  
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man  
Reclining there—while memory ran 460  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace  
'There *was* a time,' he said, in mild,  
Heart-humbled tones—'thou blessed  
child!

When, young and haply pure as thou,  
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—  
He hung his head—each nobler aim,  
And hope, and feeling, which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on, inasmuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile, when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *Ghell gohnnum ghell*, or, Come, dear, follow me'—Aaron Hill's *Travels*

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence ' 473  
 In whose benign, redeeming flow  
 Is felt the first, the only sense  
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know

'There's a drop,' said the PERI, 'that  
 down from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June  
 Upon EGyPT's land,<sup>1</sup> of so healing a  
 pow'r,

So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the  
 hour

That drop descends, contagion dies, 481  
 And health re-animates earth and  
 skies!—

Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
 The precious tears of repentance fall?  
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd  
 them all!'

And now—behold him kneeling there  
 By the child's side, in humble pray,<sup>1</sup>  
 While the same sunbeam shines upon,  
 The guilty and the guiltless one, 490  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through  
 Heav'n

The triumph of a Soul Forgiv'n!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,  
 There fell a light more lovely far  
 Than ever came from sun or star,  
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek

To mortal eye this light might seem  
 A northern flash or meteor beam— 500  
 But well the enraptur'd PERI knew  
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
 From Heaven's gate to hail that tear  
 Her harbinger of glory near!

'Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—  
 The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is  
 won!

Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—  
 To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and  
 sad

Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,<sup>2</sup>  
 And the fragrant bowers of AMBERA-  
 BAB!

'Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die  
 Passing away like a lover's sigh,— 512  
 My feast is now of the Tooba Tree!  
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

'Farewell, ye vanishing flowers that  
 shone

In my fairy wreath, so bright and  
 brief,—

Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have  
 blown,

To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA's  
 throne,<sup>4</sup>

Whose flowers have a soul in every  
 leaf!

Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—  
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is  
 won!'

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'AND this,' said the Great Chamberlain, 'is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree work of Zamaia beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!'  
 After this gorgeous sentence, which with a few more of the same kind FADIADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and

<sup>1</sup> The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague

<sup>2</sup> The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the Kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan

<sup>3</sup> The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in

the palace of Mahomet. See Sale's *Poem Disc*—Tooba, says D'Herbelot, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness

<sup>4</sup> Mahomet is described, in the 53rd chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel 'by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode' This tree say the commentators stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God

as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand Streams of Basra<sup>1</sup> They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success,—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence,—who, like them, flung the jereed<sup>2</sup> carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark,—‘and who,’ said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, ‘contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they allow themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who is ingenious enough to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam!’

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven, but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel’s ‘radiant hand’ he professed himself at a loss to discover, and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters ‘But, in short,’ said he, ‘it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital<sup>3</sup> for Sick Insects should undertake’

In vain did LALLA ROOKH try to soften this inexorable critic, in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them,<sup>4</sup>—that severity often extinguished every chance of the perfection which it demanded, and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit<sup>5</sup> Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN’S eyebrows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement, or even toleration, of her poet Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of FADLADEEN—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both His zeal was the same, too, in either pursuit, whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics

<sup>1</sup> ‘It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Pelal ben Abi Boredeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams—Ebn Haukal

<sup>2</sup> The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise See Castellon, *Maus des Othomans*, tom iii, p 181

<sup>3</sup> ‘This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident On my arrival, there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment, in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on Above stairs were de-

positories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects.—Parson’s *Travels*

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people—See Grandpré

<sup>4</sup> ‘A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heidwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses, when crushed, a strong odour’—Sir W Jones on the Spikenard of the Ancients

<sup>5</sup> ‘Near this is a curious hill, Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit’—Kinneir

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death appeared to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of LALLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were then making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil had fallen off in which this passion at first disguises itself, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. FERAMORZ, too—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers,—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all had tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone.<sup>1</sup> She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure, and she must only endeavour to forget the short dream of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!<sup>2</sup>

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people, while the artisans, in chariots<sup>3</sup> adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment,—particularly on the day when LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers,<sup>4</sup> and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary,—FADLADEEN felt the

<sup>1</sup> 'The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them'—

F. Vansleb, *Relat. d'Egypte*  
<sup>2</sup> See Sule's *Asiatic*, note, vol. II, p. 484

<sup>3</sup> *Oriental Tales*

<sup>4</sup> Ferishta, 'Or rather,' says Scott, upon the

passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, 'small coins, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace.'



loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory <sup>1</sup>) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,<sup>1</sup> at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere,—while the Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words—

TELL me not of joys above,  
If that world can give no bliss,  
Truer, happier than the Love  
Which enslaves our souls in this

Tell me not of Houris' eyes,—  
Far from me their dangerous glow,  
If those looks that light the skies  
Would like some that burn below

Who, that feels what Love is here,  
All its falsehood—all its pain—  
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,  
Risk the fatal dream again ?

Who, that midst a desert's heat  
Sees the waters fade away,  
Would not rather die than meet  
Streams again as false as they ?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH's heart,—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East, where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.<sup>2</sup> In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus,<sup>3</sup> while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference, and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could

<sup>1</sup> The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side. This road is 250 leagues in length. It has 'little pyramids or turrets,' says Bernier, 'erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees.'

<sup>2</sup> The Baya, or Indian Gross-beak.—SIR W. Jones

<sup>3</sup> Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus. The flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphaeas I have seen.—Mrs Graham's *Journal of a Residence in India*

speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very few minutes, made his appearance before them—looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH'S eyes, that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled thither from their Arab conquerors,<sup>1</sup> preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou, when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another, and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers,<sup>2</sup> and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLADEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan hating personage. He sat for some minutes agast, ejaculating only at intervals, 'Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!'<sup>3</sup>—while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse,—he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted, and while FADLADEEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers —

### THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS

'Tis moonlight over OMAN'S SEA, \*

Her banks of pearl and palmy isles  
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,

And her blue waters sleep in smiles

'Tis moonlight in HARMOZIA'S <sup>6</sup> walls,

And through her EMIN'S porphyry halls,

Where, some hours since, was heard the  
swell

Of trumpet and the clash of zel,<sup>7</sup>

Bidding the bright-ey'd sun farewell,—

The peaceful sun, whom better suits <sup>10</sup>

The music of the bulbul's nest,

Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,

To sing him to his golden rest

All hush'd—there's not a breeze in  
motion,

The shore is silent as the ocean

<sup>1</sup> 'On les voit persécutés par les Khalifes se retirer dans les montagnes du Kermân plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine, d'autres s'arrêterent sur les bords du Gange, l'est de Delhi.'—M. Anquetil, *Mémoires de l'Académie*, tom. xxxi, p. 34.

<sup>2</sup> 'The "Ager ai dens" described by Kämpfer, *Amoenitat. Ecot.*

<sup>3</sup> 'Cashmere (says its historians) had its own princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situated as it is within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef-Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrah's.'—Pennant

<sup>4</sup> Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy, *Les Guebres*, he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansénists. I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

<sup>5</sup> The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

<sup>6</sup> The present Gomboroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

<sup>7</sup> A Moorish instrument of music.

If zephyrs come, so light they come,  
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven,—  
The wind-tower on the EMIR's dome<sup>1</sup>  
Can hardly win a breath from heaven

Ev'n he, that tyrant Aiab, sleeps 20  
Calm, while a nation round him weeps,  
While curses load the air he breathes,  
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths  
Are starting to avenge the shame  
His race hath brought on IRAN'S<sup>2</sup>  
name

Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike  
Mid eyes that weep, and swords that  
strike,—

One of that saintly, murd'rous brood,  
To carnage and the Koran giv'n,  
Who think through unbelievers' blood 30  
Lies then directest path to heav'n,—  
One, who will pause and kneel unshod  
In the warm blood his hand hath  
pour'd,

To mutter o'er some text of God  
Engraven on his reeking sword<sup>3</sup>.—  
Nay, who can coolly note the line,  
The letter of those words divine,  
To which his blade, with searching art,  
Had sunk into its victim's heart<sup>4</sup>

Just ALLA<sup>5</sup>! what must be thy look, 40  
When such a wretch before thee stands  
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—  
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd  
hands,

And wresting from its page sublime  
His creed of lust, and hate, and crime,—  
Ev'n as those bees of TREBIZOND,  
Which, from the sunniest flow'rs that  
glad

With their pure smile the gardens round,  
Draw venom forth that drives men  
mad<sup>6</sup>

Never did fierce ARABIA send 50  
A satrap forth more direly great,  
Never was IRAN doom'd to bend  
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight

<sup>1</sup> At Gomboroon and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses.—Le Bruyn

<sup>2</sup> Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia.—*Asiatic Rev.*, Disc 5

<sup>3</sup> On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed.—Russell

<sup>4</sup> There is a kind of Rhododendros about

Her throne had fall'n—her pride was  
crush'd—

Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,  
In their own land,—no more their own,—  
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne  
Her tow'rs, where MITHRA once had  
burn'd,

To Moslem shrines—oh shame!—were  
turn'd,

Where slaves, converted by the sword,  
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd, 61  
And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd  
Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,  
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still  
With hope and vengeance,—hearts that  
yet—

Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays  
They've treasur'd from the sun that's  
set,—

Beam all the light of long-lost days!  
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow  
To second all such hearts can dare, 70  
As he shall know, well, dearly know,

Who sleeps in moonlight lux'ry there,  
Tranquil as if his spirit lay  
Becalmed in Heav'n's approving ray  
Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine  
Those waves are hush'd, those planets  
shine,

Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd  
By the white moonbeam's dazzling  
power,—

None but the loving and the lov'd  
Should be awake at this sweet hour 80

And see—where, high above those rocks  
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,  
Yon turret stands,—where ebon locks,

As glossy as a heron's wing  
Upon the turban of a king,<sup>5</sup>  
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—  
'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,  
All truth and tenderness and grace,  
Though born of such ungentele race,—  
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain  
Springing in a desolate mountain<sup>6</sup> 91

Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad.—Tournefort

<sup>5</sup> Their Kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty.—Hanway

<sup>6</sup> The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East.—Richardson

Oh what a pure and sacred thing  
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight  
Of the gross world, illumining  
One only mansion with her light '—  
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—  
The flow'rs that bloom beneath the  
sea,

Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
Hid in more chaste obscurity  
So, HINDI, have thy face and mind, too  
Like holy myst'ries, lain enshrin'd  
And oh, what transport for a lover  
To lift the veil that shades them  
O'er!—

Like those who, all at once, discover  
In the lone deep some fairy shore,  
Where mortal never trod before,  
And sleep and wake in scented airs  
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs

Beautiful are the maids that glide,  
On summer-eves, through YEMEN'S<sup>1</sup>  
dales, 110  
And bright the glancing looks they hide  
Behind their litters' roseate veils,—  
And brides, as delicate and fair  
As the white jasmine flow'rs they wear,  
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,  
Who, lull'd in cool bow'r,<sup>2</sup>  
Before their mirrors count the time,<sup>3</sup>  
And grow still lovelier ev'ry hour  
But never yet hath bride or maid  
In ARABY's gay Haram smil'd, 120  
Whose boasted brightness would not fade  
Before AL HASSAN'S blooming child

Light as the angel shapes that bless  
An infant's dream, yet not the less  
Rich in all woman's loveliness,—

With eyes so pure, that from their ray  
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,  
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze  
Upon the em'erald's virgin blaze,—  
Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,  
Mingling the meek and vestal fires 131  
Of other worlds with all the bliss,  
The fond, weak tenderness of this  
A soul, too, more than half divine,

Where, through some shades of earthly  
feeling,  
Religion's soften'd glories shine,  
Like light through summer foliage  
stealing,

Shedding a glow of such mild hue,  
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,  
As makes the very darkness there 140  
More beautiful than light elsewhere

Such is the maid who, at this hour,  
Hath risen from her restless sleep,  
And sits alone in that high bow'r,  
Watching the still and shuning deep  
Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes  
And beating heart,—she us'd to gaze  
On the magnificent earth and skies,  
In her own land, in happier days  
Why looks she now so anxious down 150  
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown  
Blackens the mirror of the deep?  
Whom waits she all this lonely night?  
Too rough the rocks, too bold the  
steep,  
For man to scale that turret's height!—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,  
When high, to catch the cool night-air,  
After the day-beam's with'ring fire,<sup>4</sup>  
He built her bow'r of freshness there,

<sup>1</sup> Arabia Felix

<sup>2</sup> In the midst of the garden is the chook, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall, large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures.—Lady M. W. Montague

<sup>3</sup> The women of the East are never without their looking glasses. 'In Barbary,' says Shaw, 'they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when after the drudgery of the day they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water.—*Travels*

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. 'Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their pucers—

"He with salute of defiance due,  
A lotus to his forehead prest,  
She rais'd her mirror to his view,  
Then turn'd it inward to her breast!"  
—*Isisitic Miscellany*, vol. II

<sup>4</sup> They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind.—Almud ben Abd alaziz, *Trialise on Jewels*

<sup>5</sup> At Gombuoon and the Isle of Oimus it is sometimes so hot that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water.—Marco Polo

And had it deck'd with costliest skill,  
And fondly thought it safe as fair —  
Think, reverend dreamer ! think so still,  
Nor wake to learn what Love can  
dare, — 163

Love, all-defying Love, who sees  
No charm in trophies won with ease, —  
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss  
Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice !  
Bolder than they, who dare not dive

For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,  
Love, in the tempest most alive, 170  
Hath ever held that pearl the best  
He finds beneath the stormiest water  
Yes—ARABY'S unrivall'd daughter,  
Though high that tow'r, that rock-way  
rude,

There's one who, but to kiss thy  
cheek,  
Would climb the' untrodden solitude  
Of ARARAT'S tremendous peak,<sup>1</sup>  
And think its steepes, though dark and  
dread,

Heav'n's pathways, if to thee they led !  
Ev'n now thou see'st the flashing spray,  
That lights his oar's impatient way, 181  
Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock  
Of his swift bark against the rock,  
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,  
As if to lift him from below !

Like her to whom, at dead of night,  
The bridegroom, with his locks of light,<sup>2</sup>  
Came, in the flush of love and pride,  
And scal'd the terrace of his bride, —  
When, as she saw him rashly spring, 190  
And midway up in danger cling,  
She flung him down her long black hair,  
Exclaiming, breathless, 'There, love,  
there !'

And scarce did manlier nerve uphold  
The hero ZAL in that fond hour,

<sup>1</sup> This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible. Struv says, 'I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true who suppose this mount to be inaccessible.' He adds, that 'the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold, and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm.'—It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it, they say, exists there still, which Struv thus gravely accounts for. 'Whereas none can remember that the ark on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten.'

Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,  
Now climbst the rocks to HINDA'S bower  
See—light as up their granite steepes  
The rock goats of ARABIA clamber,<sup>3</sup>  
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps, 200  
And now is in the maiden's chamber

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,  
Nor what his race, nor whence he  
came, —

Like one who meets, in Indian groves,  
Some beauteous bird without a name,  
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,  
From isles in the' undiscover'd seas,  
To show his plumage for a day  
To wond'ring eyes, and wing away !  
Will he thus fly—her nameless lover ?

ALLA forbid ! 'twas by a moon 211  
As fair as this, while singing over  
Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,<sup>4</sup>  
Alone, at this same witching hour,  
She first beheld his radiant eyes  
Gleam through the lattice of the bow'r,  
Where nightly now they mix their  
sighs,

And thought some spirit of the air  
(For what could waft a mortal there ?)  
Was pausing on his moonlight way 220  
To listen to her lonely lay !  
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind -

And—though, when terror's swoon  
had past,

She saw a youth, of mortal kind,  
Before her in obeisance cast,—  
Yet often since, when he hath spoken  
Strange, awful words,—and gleams have  
broken

From his dark eyes, too bight to bear,  
Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was giv'n  
To some unhallow'd child of air, 230  
Some erring Spirit cast from heav'n,

—See Carrer's *Travels*, where the doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

<sup>2</sup> In one of the books of the Shah Nâmeh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent,—he, however, manages it in a less romantic way by fixing his crook in a projecting beam—See Champion's *Ferdosi*.  
<sup>3</sup> 'On the lofty hills of Arabia Petiæa are rock goats.—Niebuhr.

<sup>4</sup> Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux, les dames en touchent dans le serail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de coco.—Toderini, translated by De Courmand.

Lake those angelic youths of old,  
Who burn'd for mads of mortal mould,  
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,  
And lost their heav'n for woman's eyes  
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he  
Who woos thy young simplicity,  
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,  
As warm in love, as fierce in ire,  
As the best heart whose current runs 240  
Full of the Day God's living fire

But quench'd to night that ardour seems,  
And pale his cheek, and sunk his  
brow,—  
Never before, but in her dreams,  
Had she beheld him pale as now  
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,  
From which 'twas joy to wake and  
weep,  
Visions, that will not be forgot,  
But sadden every waking scene,  
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot  
All wither'd where they once have  
been 251

'How sweetly,' said the trembling maid,  
Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
So long had they in silence stood,  
Looking upon that tranquil flood—  
'How sweetly does the moon-beam smile  
To-night upon yon leafy isle'  
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,  
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,  
And we, within its fairy bow'rs, 260  
Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
Where not a pulse should beat but  
ours,

And we might live, love, die alone!  
Far from the cruel and the cold,—  
Where the bright eyes of angels only  
Should come around us, to behold  
A paradise so pure and lonely  
Would this be world enough for thee?—  
Playful she turn'd, that he might see  
The passing smile her cheek put on,  
But when she mark'd how mournfully  
His eyes met hers, that smile was  
gone,  
And, bursting into heart-felt tears, 273  
'Yes, yes,' she cried, 'my hourly fears,  
My dreams have boded all too right—  
We part—for ever part—to-night!  
I knew I knew it could not last—  
'Twas bright, 'twas heav'nly, but 'tis  
past!

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay, 280  
I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,  
But 'twas the first to fade away  
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die!  
Now too—the joy most like divine  
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—  
Oh misery! must I lose *that* too? 290  
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet,—  
Those frightful rocks—that treacherous  
sea—  
No, never come again—though sweet,  
Though heav'n, it may be death to  
thee  
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,  
Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!  
Better to sit and watch that ray,  
And think thee safe, though far away,  
Than have thee near me, and in  
danger!

'Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast—'  
The youth exclaim'd—'thou little  
know'st 301  
What he can brave, who, born and nurs'd  
In Danger's paths, has dar'd her worst  
Upon whose ear the signal-word  
Of strife and death is hourly breaking,  
Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking  
Danger!—'  
'Say on—thou fear'st not then,  
And we may meet—oft meet again!'

'Oh! look not so—beneath the skies 310  
I now fear nothing but those eyes  
If aught on earth could charm or force  
My spirit from its destin'd course,—  
If aught could make this soul forget  
The bond to which its seal is set,  
'Twould be those eyes,—they, only they,  
Could melt that sacred seal away!  
But no—'tis fix'd—my awful doom  
Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb  
We meet no more.—why, why did  
Heav'n 320  
Mingle two souls that earth has mix'd,  
Has rent asunder wide as ours!  
Oh Arab maid as soon the Powers  
Of Light and Darkness may combine,  
As I be link'd with thee or thine!

Thy Father

'Holy ALLA save

His grey head from that lightning  
glance!Thou know'st him not—he loves the  
brave,Nor liv'st there under heaven's expanse  
One who would prize, would worship theeAnd thy bold spirit, more than he 331  
Oft when, in childhood, I have play'dWith the bright falchion by his side,  
I've heard him swear his lisp'ing maidIn time should be a warrior's bride.  
And still, whene'er at Haram hours,I take him cool sherbets and flow'rs,  
He tells me, when in playful mood,A hero shall my bridegroom be,  
Since maids are best in battle woo'd, 340And won with shouts of victory!  
Nay, turn not from me—thou aloneArt form'd to make both hearts thy own  
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'stThe 'unholy strife these Persians  
wage—Good Heav'n, that frown'—even now  
thou glow'stWith more than mortal warrior's rage  
Haste to the camp by morning's light,And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,  
Oh still remember, Love and I 350

Beneath its shadow trembling lie!

One vict'ry o'er those Slaves of Fire,  
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire  
Abhors—

'Hold, hold—thy words are death—'

The stranger cried, as wild he flung

His mantle back, and show'd beneath  
The Gheber belt that round himclung—<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushie or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it—Grose's *loyage* 'Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose, mais, ayant été poulé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portoit comme Ghebie,' &c &c —D Herbelot art 'Agduani' 'Pou se distinguer des Idolâtres de l'Inde, les Guébres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau' —*Encyclopédie Française*

D Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

<sup>2</sup> 'They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary'—Hanway 'As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mythras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits

'Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see  
All that thy sire abhors in me'Yes—I am of that impious race, 360  
Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and

even,

Hail their Creator's dwelling-place

Among the living lights of heaven

Yes—I am of that outcast few,

To IRAN and to vengeance true,

Who curse the hour your Arabs came

To desolate our shrines of flame,

And swear, before God's burning eye,

To break our country's chains, or die!

Thy bigot sire,—nay, tremble not,— 370

He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,

With me is sacred as the spot

From which our fires of worship rise!

But know—'twas he I sought that night,

When, from my watch-boat on the sea,

I caught this turret's glimm'ring light,

And up the rude rocks desp'rately

Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the  
rest—

I climb'd the gory vulture's nest, 379

And found a trembling dove within,—

Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—

If Love hath made one thought his own,

That Vengeance claims first—last—  
alone!

Oh! had we never, never met,

Or could this heart ev'n now forget

How link'd, how bless'd we might have  
been,

Had fate not frown'd so dark between!

Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,

In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,

Through the same fields in childhood  
play'd, 390

At the same kindling altar knelt,—

flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God, but they do not even give that luminary, all-glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man.—Grose The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, that 'calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it'

Then, then, while all those nameless ties,  
In which the charm of Country lies,  
Had round our hearts been hourly spun,  
Till IRAN'S cause and thine were one,  
While in thy lute's awak'ning sigh  
I heard the voice of days gone by,  
And saw, in every smile of thine,  
Returning hours of glory shine,—  
While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land  
Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs  
through thee,— 401

God ! who could then this sword with-  
stand ?

Its very flash were victory !  
But now—estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,  
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever,  
Our only ties what love has wove.—

In faith, friends, country, sunder'd  
wide,

And then, then only, true to love  
When false to all that's dear beside !

Thy father IRAN'S deadliest foe— 410  
Thyself, perhaps, ev'n now—but no—  
Hate never look'd so lovingly yet !

No—sacred to thy soul will be  
The land of him who could forget

All but that bleeding land for thee  
When other eyes shall see, unmov'd,

Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,  
Thou'lt think how well one Gheber

lov'd,  
And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all !

But look—— !

With sudden start he turn'd 420  
And pointed to the distant wave,  
Where lights, like chameleons, burn'd  
Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave

And fiery darts, at intervals,¹

Flew up all sparkling from the main,  
As if each star that nightly falls,  
Were shooting back to heav'n again

' My signal lights !—I must away—

Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay

Farewell—sweet life ! thou cling'st in  
vain— 430

Now, Vengeance, I am thine again !

Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,  
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd

Down mid the pointed crags beneath,  
As if he fled from love to death

While pale and mute young HIND stood,  
Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood

A momentary plunge below  
Startled her from her trance of woe,—

Shrieking she to the lattice flew, 440  
' I come—I come—if in that tide

Thou sleep'st to night, I'll sleep there  
too,

In death's cold wedlock, by thy side  
Oh ! I would ask no happier bed

Than the chill wave my love lies  
under —

Sweeter to rest together dead,  
Far sweeter, than to live asunder !

But no—their hour is not yet come—  
Again she sees his pinnace fly,

Wafting him fleetly to his home, 450  
Where'er that ill starr'd home may

lie,  
And calm and smooth it seem'd to win

Its moonlight way before the wind,  
As if it bore all peace within,

Nor left one breaking heart behind !

THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wish'd that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story, as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme, for, whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sen.²

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country,—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the

¹ 'The Mamelukes that were in the other boat, when it was dark used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars'—Baumgarten

² 'Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (it is Gujior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sen, a musician of incom-

parable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice'—*Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzen*, by W. Hunter, Esq.



awful signal of the bamboo staff,<sup>1</sup> with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that, in that very spot, the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath this spacious shade, some pious hands had erected a row of pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain,<sup>2</sup> which now supplanted the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story —

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,

And o'er the Green Sea<sup>3</sup> palely shines,  
Revealing BAHREIN's<sup>4</sup> groves of palm,

And lighting KISHMA's<sup>5</sup> amber vines  
Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,  
While breezes from the Indian Sea

Blow round SELAMA's<sup>6</sup> sainted cape,  
And curl the shining flood beneath,—  
Whose waves are rich with many a  
grape,

And cocoa-nut and flow'ry wreath, 10  
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,  
Had tow'd that holy headland cast—  
Oblations to the Genu there

For gentle skies and breezes fair!  
The nightingale now bends her flight<sup>7</sup>  
From the high trees, where all the night

She sung so sweet, with none to listen,  
And hides her from the morning star

Where thickets of pomegranate glisten  
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er 20

With dew, whose night-drops would  
not stain

The best and brightest scimitar<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension'—*Oriental Field Sports*, vol. II

<sup>2</sup> 'The *Ficus Indica* is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils, the first, from the idols placed under its shade, the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies, in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved, and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors'—Pennant

That ever youthful Sultan wore  
On the first morning of his reign

And see—the Sun himself '—on wings  
Of glory up the East he springs  
Angel of Light' who from the time  
Those heavens began their march sub-  
lime,

Hath first of all the starry choir  
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire' 30  
Where are the days, thou wondrous  
sphere,

When IRAN, like a sun-flow'r, turn'd  
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd '—

When, from the banks of BENDEMEER  
To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND,  
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?  
Where are they? ask the shades of  
them

Who on CADESSIA's<sup>9</sup> bloody plains,  
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem  
From IRAN's broken diadem, 40

And bind her ancient faith in chains —  
Ask the poor exile, cast alone  
On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,

<sup>3</sup> The Persian Gulf — 'To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf'—Sir W Jones

<sup>4</sup> Islands in the Gulf

<sup>5</sup> Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. 'The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoanuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage'—Morer

<sup>6</sup> 'The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time and from the loftiest trees at night'—Russel's *Aleppo*

<sup>7</sup> In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Franklin says, 'The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust'

<sup>8</sup> The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed

Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,<sup>1</sup>  
Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,  
Far from his beauteous land of dates,  
Her jasmine bow'rs and sunny foun-  
tains

Yet happier so than if he trod  
His own belov'd, but blighted, sod,  
Beneath a despot stranger's nod '— 50  
Oh, he would rather houseless roam

Where Freedom and his God may lead,  
Than be the sleekest slave at home  
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!

Is IRAN's pride then gone for ever,  
Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA's  
caves ?—

No—she has sons, that never—never—  
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,  
While heav'n has light or earth has  
graves,—

Spirits of fire, that brood not long, 60  
But flash resentment back for wrong,  
And hearts where, slow but deep, the  
seeds

Of vengeance ripen into deeds,  
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,  
They burst, like ZEILAN's giant palm,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose buds fly open with a sound  
That shakes the pigmy forests round !

Yes, EMIR ! he, who seal'd that tow'r,  
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering  
breast,

Had taught thee, in a Gheber's pow'r 70  
How safe ev'n tyrant heads may rest—

Is one of many, brave as he,  
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee,  
Who, though they know the strife is vain,  
Who, though they know the riven chain  
Snaps but to enter in the heart  
Of him who rends its links apart,  
Yet dare the issue,—blest to be  
Ev'n for one bleeding moment free,

And die in pangs of liberty ! 80  
Thou know'st them well—'tis some  
moons since

Thy turban'd troops and blood-red  
flags,

Thou satrap of a bigot Prince,

Have swarm'd among these Green Sea  
craggs,

Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred band  
Ay, in the portal of that land  
Thou, Aiab, dar'st to call thy own,  
Thine spears across thy path have thrown;  
Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee  
o'er—

Rebellion blaw'd thee from the shore 90

Rebellion ! foul, dishonouring word,  
Whose wrongful blight so oft has  
stain'd

The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd

How many a spirit, born to bless,  
Hath sunk beneath that with'ring  
name,

Whom but a day's, an hour's success  
Had wafted to eternal fame !

As exhalations, when they burst  
From the warm earth, it chill'd at first,  
If check'd in soaring from the plain, 101  
Darken to fogs and sink again,—  
But, if they once triumphant spread  
Their wings above the mountain head  
Become enthron'd in upper air,  
And turn to sun-bright glories there !

And who is he, that wields the might  
Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,  
Before whose sabre's dazzling light<sup>3</sup>

The eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink ?  
Who comes, embowen'd in the spears  
Of KERMAN's hardy mountaineers ?—  
Those mountaineers that truest, last

Cling to their country's ancient rites,  
As if that God, whose eyelids cast 115

Their closing gleam on IRAN's heights,  
Among her snowy mountains threw  
The last light of his worship too !

'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound  
Chills like the mutt'ring of a charm !—  
Shout but that awful name around, 121

And palsy shakes the manliest arm  
'Tis HAFED, most accurs'd and dire  
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)  
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire,

bursting forth from its leafy summit  
The sheath which then envelops the flower, is very  
large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion  
like the report of a cannon"—Thunberg

<sup>3</sup> 'When the bright cimitars make the eyes  
of our heroes wink'—*The Maallakat*, Poem of  
Amu

<sup>1</sup> Deibend — 'Les Turcs appellent cette ville  
Demur Capı, Porte de Fer — ce sont les Cispae  
Porte des anciens'—D Heibelot

<sup>2</sup> The Talpot or Talipot tree 'This beautiful  
palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the  
forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees,  
and becomes still higher when on the point of

Of whose malign, tremendous power  
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,  
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,  
That each affrighted sentinel  
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes, 130  
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise !  
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,  
A mingled race of flame and earth,  
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings, 1

Who in their fairy helms, of yore,  
A feather from the mystic wings  
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore,  
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire, 138  
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,  
With charms that, all in vain withstood,  
Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales, that won belief,  
And such the colouring Fancy gave  
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—

One who, no more than mortal brave,  
Fought for the land his soul ador'd,

For happy homes and altars free,  
His only talisman, the sword,

His only spell-word, Liberty !  
One of that ancient hero line, 150

Along whose glorious current shine  
Names, that have sanctified their blood,

As LEBANON'S small mountain-flood  
Is render'd holy by the ranks

Of sainted cedars on its banks 2  
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee

Tamely to Moslem tyranny,  
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast

In the bright mould of ages past,  
Whose melancholy spirit, fed 160

With all the glories of the dead,  
Though fram'd for IRAN'S happiest

years,  
Was born among her chains and tears !—

<sup>1</sup> Tahmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia, whose adventures in Fairy land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

<sup>2</sup> This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the 'cedar-saints' among which it rises.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. 'In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the

'Twas not for him to swell the crowd  
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd  
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,  
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—  
No—far he fled—indignant fled

The pageant of his country's shame,  
While every tear her children shed 170

Fell on his soul like drops of flame;  
And, as a lover hails the dawn

Of a first smile, so welcom'd he  
The sparkle of the first sword drawn

For vengeance and for liberty !

But vain was valour—vain the flow'r  
Of KERMAN, in that deathful hour,

Against AL HASSAN'S whelming pow'r,—  
In vain they met him, helm to helm,

Upon the threshold of that realm 180  
He came in bigot pomp to sway,

And with their corpses block'd his  
way—

In vain—for every lance they rais'd,  
Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd,

For every arm that lin'd their shore,  
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—

A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,  
Before whose swarm as fast they

bow'd  
As dates beneath the locust cloud

There stood—but one short league away  
From old HARMOZIA'S sultry bay— 191

A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea  
Of OMAN beetling awfully, 3

A last and solitary link  
Of those stupendous chains that reach

From the broad Caspian's reedy brink  
Down winding to the Green Sea

beach.

Around its base the bare rocks stood,  
Like naked giants, in the flood,

river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River'—See Châteaubriand's *Beautifuls of Christianity*

<sup>3</sup> This mountain is my own creation, as the 'stupendous chain,' of which I suppose it a link, does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. 'This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomberoon (Harmoza) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sindh'—Kinnier's *Persian Empire*

As if to guard the Gulf across, 200  
While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,  
A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high

That oft the sleeping albatross<sup>1</sup>  
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,  
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering  
Started—to find man's dwelling there  
In her own silent fields of air!  
Beneath, terrific caverns gave  
Dark welcome to each stormy wave  
That dash'd, like midnight revellers,  
in,— 210

And such the strange, mysterious din  
At times throughout those caverns  
roll'd,—

And such the fearful wonders told  
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,  
That bold were Moslem, who would  
dare,

At twilight hour, to steer his skiff  
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff<sup>2</sup>

On the land side those tow'rs sublime,  
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,  
Were sever'd from the haunts of men 220  
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,  
So fathomless so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between  
It seem'd a place where Gholes might  
come

With their foul banquets from the tomb,  
And in its caverns feed unseen

Like distant thunder, from below,  
The sound of many torrents came,

Too deep for eye or ear to know  
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow, 230  
Or floods of ever-restless flame  
For, each ravine, each rocky spire  
Of that vast mountain stood on fire,<sup>3</sup>  
And, though for ever past the days  
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze  
That from its lofty altar shone,—

<sup>1</sup> These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

<sup>2</sup> There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood called Kohé Guhr, or the Gheber's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it.—Pottinger's *Baloochistan*.

<sup>3</sup> The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

Though fled the priests, the vot'ries gone,  
Still did the mighty flame burn on,<sup>4</sup>  
Through chance and change, through  
good and ill,

Like its own God's eternal will, 240  
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable<sup>1</sup>

Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led  
His little army's last remains,—  
'Welcome, terrific glen!' he said,  
'Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,  
Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains'  
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known  
To him and to his Chiefs alone,  
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the  
tow'rs,— 249

'This home,' he cried, 'at least is ours,  
Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns  
Of Moslem triumph o'er our head,  
Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs  
To quiver to the Moslem's tread  
Stretch'd on this rock while vultures'  
beaks

Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,  
Here—happy that no tyrant's eye  
Gloats on our torments—we may die!'<sup>2</sup>—

'Twas night when to those towers they  
came,

And gloomily the fitful flame, 260  
That from the ruin'd altar broke,  
Glared on his features, as he spoke —  
'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've  
done—

If IRAN will look tamely on,  
And see her priests, her warriors driv'n  
Before a sensual bigot's nod,  
A wretch who shrines his lust in heav'n,  
And makes a pander of his God, 268  
If her proud sons, her high born souls,  
Men, in whose veins—oh last disgrace!  
The blood of ZAL and RUSTAM<sup>3</sup> rolls,—  
If they will court this upstart race,

<sup>4</sup> 'At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Dai'ib Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Ghebers are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city, but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man.—Pottinger's *Baloochistan*.

<sup>1</sup> Ancient heroes of Persia. 'Among the Ghebers there are some, who boast their descent from Rustam.'—Stephen's *Persia*.

And turn from MITHRA'S ancient ray,  
To kneel at shrines of yesterday,  
If they *will* crouch to IRAN'S foes,

Why, let them—till the land's despair  
Cries out to Heav'n, and bondage  
grows

Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear!  
Till shame at last, long hidden, burns  
Their inmost core, and conscience turns  
Each coward tear the slave lets fall 281  
Back on his heart in drops of gall  
But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,  
And souls that thralldom never stain'd,—

This spot, at least, no foot of slave  
Or satrap ever yet profaned,  
And though but few—though fast the  
wave

Of life is ebbing from our veins,  
Enough for vengeance still remains.  
As panthers, after set of sun, 290  
Rush from the roots of LEBANON  
Across the dark-sea robber's way,<sup>1</sup>  
We'll bound upon our startled prey,  
And when some hearts that proudest  
swell

Have felt our falchion's last farewell,  
When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,  
And ev'n Despair can prompt no more,  
This spot shall be the sacred grave  
Of the last few who, vainly brave,  
Die for the land they cannot save! 300

His Chiefs stood round—each shining  
blade

Upon the broken altar laid—  
And though so wild and desolate  
Those courts, where once the Mighty  
sate,

Nor longer on those mould'ring tow'rs  
Was seen the feast of fruits and flow'rs,  
With which of old the Magi fed  
The wand'ring Spirits of their dead, 2

<sup>1</sup> See Russel's account of the panther's attacking travellers in the night on the seashore about the roots of Lebanon

<sup>2</sup> 'Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves'—Richardson

<sup>3</sup> In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, 'the Daroo,' he says, 'giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness'

<sup>4</sup> 'Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay

Though neither priest nor rites were  
there,

Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate, 3  
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air, 310  
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd  
planet, 4

Yet the same God that heard their sires  
Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires  
They swore 5 the latest, holiest deed  
Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,  
Should be, in IRAN'S injur'd name,  
To die upon that Mount of Flame—  
The last of all her patriot line,  
Before her last untrampled Shrine! 320

Brave, suffer'ing souls! they little knew  
How many a tear their injuries drew  
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,  
Whom love first touch'd with others'  
woe—

Whose life, as free from thought as sin,  
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in  
His talisman, and woke the tide,  
And spread its trembling circles wide  
Once, EMIR! thy unheeding child,  
Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd,—  
Tranquil as on some battle plain 331

The Persian lily shines and tow'rs, 6  
Before the combat's redd'ning stain  
Hath fall'n upon her golden flow'rs  
Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,  
While Heav'n but spar'd the sire she  
lov'd,

Once at thy evening tales of blood  
Unlist'ning and aloof she stood—  
And oft, when thou hast pac'd along

Thy Haram halls with furious heat, 340  
Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,

That came across thee, calm and sweet,  
Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near  
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can  
hear!

their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise They have every one a censor in their hands, and offer incense to the sun'—Rabbi Benjamin

<sup>5</sup> 'Nul d'entre eux oseroit se parjurer, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur'—*Encyclop. Française*

<sup>6</sup> 'A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour'—Russel's *Aleppo*

Far other feelings Love hath brought—  
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,  
She now has but the one dear thought,  
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!

Off doth her sinking heart recall  
His words—'for my sake weep for all,'  
And bitterly, as day on day 351

Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,  
She weeps a lover snatch'd away

In ev'ry Gheber wretch that bleeds  
There's not a sabre meets her eye,

But with his life-blood seems to swim,  
There's not an arrow wings the sky,

But fancy turns its point to him  
No more she brings with footstep light

AL HASSAN'S falchion for the fight, 360  
And—had he look'd with clearer sight,  
Had not the mists, that ever rise

From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—  
He would have mark'd her shudd'ring

frame,  
When from the field of blood he came,  
The falt'ring speech—the look estrang'd—

Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd—  
He would have mark'd all this, and known

Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the Love, that should have  
bless'd 370

So young, so innocent a breast,  
Not the pure, open, prosp'rous Love,

That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,  
Grows in the world's approving eyes,

Infriendship's smile and home's scares,  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties

Into one knot of happiness!  
No, HINDA, no,—thy fatal flame

Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame,—  
A passion, without hope or pleasure,

In thy soul's darkness buried deep, 381  
It lies like some ill-gotten treasure,—  
Some idol, without shrine or name,

O'er which its pale-ey'd vot'ries keep  
Unholy watch, while others sleep

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN'S sea,  
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,

She saw his light oar rapidly  
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—

And still she goes, at midnight hour, 390  
To weep alone in that high bow'r,  
And watch, and look along the deep

For him whose smiles first made her  
weep,—  
But watching, weeping, all was vain,  
She never saw his bark again

The owl's solitary cry,  
The night hawk, flitting darkly by,  
And oft the hateful carrion bird,

Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,  
Which reek'd with that day's banquet-  
ing— 400  
Was all she saw, was all she heard

'Tis the eighth morn—AL HASSAN'S brow  
Is brighten'd with unusual joy—  
What mighty mischief glads him now,  
Who never smiles but to destroy?

The sparkle upon HERKEND'S Sea,  
When toss'd at midnight furiously,<sup>1</sup>  
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,  
More surely than that smiling eye!

'Up, daughter, up—the KERNAS'  
breath 410  
Has blown a blast would waken death,  
And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see  
This blessed day for Heaven and me,  
A day more rich in Pagan blood  
Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN'S flood  
Before another dawn shall shine,  
His head—heart—limbs—will all be  
mine,  
This very night his blood shall steep  
These hands all over ere I sleep!'

'His blood!' she faintly scream'd—her  
mind 420  
Still singing one from all mankind—  
'Yes—spite of his ravines and tow'rs,  
HAFED, my child, this night is ours  
Thanks to all-conqu'ring treachery,  
Without whose aid the links accus'd,  
That bind these impious slaves, would be  
Too strong for ALLA'S self to burst!  
That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread  
My path with piles of Moslem dead,  
Whose baffling spells had almost driv'n  
Back from their course the Swords of  
Heav'n, 431

<sup>1</sup> 'It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire.—*Travels of Two Mohammedans*

<sup>2</sup> A kind of trumpet—it was that used by Timur, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles.—*Rich'dson*

This night, with all his band, shall know  
How deep an Arab's steel can go,  
When God and Vengeance speed the  
blow

And—Prophet<sup>1</sup> by that holy wreath  
Thou wor'st on OHOD's field of death,<sup>1</sup>  
I swear, for ev'ry sob that parts  
In anguish from these heathen hearts,  
A gem from PERSIA's plunder'd mines  
Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines 440  
But, ha!—she sinks—that look so  
wild—

Those livid lips—my child, my child,  
This life of blood befits not thee,  
And thou must back to ARABY

Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex  
In scenes that man himself might dread,  
Had I not hop'd our ev'ry tread

Would be on prostrate Persiannocks—  
Curst race, they offer swords instead<sup>1</sup>  
But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that  
now 450

Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,  
To-day shall waft thee from the shore,  
And, ere a drop of this night's gore  
Have time to chill in yonder tow'rs,  
Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bow'rs<sup>1</sup>

His bloody boast was all too true,  
There lurk'd one wretch among the  
few

Whom HAFED's eagle eye could count  
Around him on that Fiery Mount,—  
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd 460  
The pathway through the valley's shade  
To those high tow'rs, where Freedom  
stood

In her last hold of flame and blood

Left on the field last dreadful night,  
When, sailing from their Sacred height,  
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,  
He lay—but died not with the brave,  
That sun, which should have gilt his  
grave,

Saw him a traitor and a slave,—  
And, while the few, who thence return'd  
To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd 471  
For him among the matchless dead  
They left behind on glory's bed,  
He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,  
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heav'n to  
scorn

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of might,  
May Life's unblessed cup for him 480  
Be drugg'd with treach'ries to the brim,  
With hopes, that but allure to fly,

With joys, that vanish while he sips,  
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
But turn to ashes on the lips<sup>1</sup>  
His country's curse, his children's shame,  
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,  
May he, at last, with lips of flame  
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—  
While lakes, that shone in mockery  
nigh,<sup>2</sup> 490

Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,  
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted<sup>1</sup>  
And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one  
dwell

Full in the sight of Paradise,  
Beholding heav'n, and feeling hell<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one, the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod'—*Universal History*

<sup>2</sup> 'They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes'—Thevet. The same is asserted of the oranges there, vide Witman's *Travels in Asiatic Turkey*

<sup>3</sup> 'The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water'—Klaproth's *Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea*, *Annals of Philosophy*, January, 1813, Hasselquist, how-

ever, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of *Childe Harold*,—magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even he has ever written

<sup>4</sup> 'The Suhrah or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat, and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake'—Pottinger

<sup>5</sup> 'As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing'—*Koran*, chap xxiv.

LALLA ROOKH had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just pass'd over<sup>1</sup>. She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water,<sup>2</sup> enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer—

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets,—the violet sherbets<sup>3</sup> were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava,<sup>4</sup> which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued —

THE day is low'ning—stilly black  
Sleeps the grim wave, while heav'n's rack,  
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky  
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy  
There's not a cloud in that blue plain

But tells of storm to come or past,—  
Here, flying loosely as the mane

Of a young war-horse in the blast,—  
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,  
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling<sup>1</sup>  
While some, already burst and riv'n, it  
Seem melting down the verge of heav'n,  
As though the infant storm had rent

The mighty womb that gave him birth,  
And, having swept the firmament,  
Was now in fierce career for earth

On earth 'twas yet all calm around,  
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,  
More awful than the tempest's sound  
The diver steer'd for ORMUS' bowsels, 20  
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours,  
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,  
Flew fast to land,—upon the beach  
The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance  
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse,—  
And all was boding, drear, and dark  
As her own soul, when HINDA's bark  
Went slowly from the Persian shore —  
No music tim'd her parting oar,<sup>2</sup>  
Nor friends upon the less'ning strand 30  
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,  
Or speak the farewell, heard no more,—

<sup>1</sup> 'A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name.'—The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month.—Le Bruyn

—The Bajus are of two races the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of wind and waves, as an offering to the *spirit of the Winds*, and sometimes similar offerings are made to

the spirit whom they term *the King of the Sea*. In like manner the Bajus perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it.—Dr Leyden on the *Language and Literature of the Indo Chinese Nations*

<sup>2</sup> 'The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar'—Hasselquist

<sup>3</sup> 'The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drunk by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar'—Tavernier

<sup>4</sup> 'Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers'—*Persian Tales*

<sup>5</sup> 'The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music.'—Hannier,



But lone, unheeded, from the bay  
The vessel takes its mournful way,  
Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers  
In silence through the Gate of Tears <sup>1</sup>

And where was stern AL HASSAN then ?  
Could not that saintly scourge of men  
From bloodshed and devotion spare  
One minute for a farewell there ? 40  
No—close within, in changeful fits  
Of cursing and of pray'r, he sits  
In savage loneliness to brood  
Upon the coming night of blood,—

With that keen, second-scent of death,  
By which the vulture snuffs his food

In the still warm and living breath <sup>1</sup> 2  
While o'er the wave his weeping daughter  
Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—  
As a young bird of BABYLON, <sup>3</sup>— 50  
Let loose to tell of vict'ry won,  
Flies home, with wing, ah ! not un-  
stain'd

By the red hands that held her chain'd

And does the long-left home she seeks  
Light up no gladness on her cheeks ?  
The flow'rs she nurs'd—the well-known  
groves,

Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—  
Once more to see her dear gazelles  
Come bounding with their silver bells,  
Her birds' new plumage to behold, 60

And the gay, gleaming fishes count,  
She left, all filleted with gold,

Shooting around their jasper fount, <sup>4</sup>  
Her little garden mosque to see,

And once again, at evening hour,  
To tell her ruby rosary <sup>5</sup>

In her own sweet acacia bow'r —  
Can these delights, that wait her now,  
Call up no sunshine on her brow ?  
No,—silent, from her train apart,— 70  
As even now she felt at heart

<sup>1</sup> 'The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babel-mandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished, which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean'—Richardson

<sup>2</sup> 'I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear'—Pennant

<sup>3</sup> 'They fasten some writing to the wings of

The chill of her approaching doom,—  
She sits, all lovely in her gloom  
As a pale Angel of the Grave,  
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,  
Looks, with a shudder, to those tow'rs,  
Where, in a few short awful hours,  
Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,  
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun !  
'Where art thou, glorious stranger !  
thou, 80

So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now ?  
Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er  
The' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd  
to bear,

Still glorious—still to this fond heart  
Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art !  
Yes—ALLA, dreadful ALLA ! yes—  
If there be wrong, be crime in this,  
Let the black waves that round us roll,  
Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,  
Forgetting faith—home—father—all—  
Before its earthly idol fall, 91  
Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him—  
For, oh, so wildly do I love him,  
Thy Paradise itself were dim  
And joyless, if not shar'd with him !  
Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes up-  
turn'd,

Dropping their tears like moonlight  
rain,  
And, though her lip, fond raver ! burn'd  
With words of passion, bold, profane,  
Yet was there light around her brow, 100  
A holiness in those dark eyes,  
Which show'd,—though wand'ring earth-  
ward now,—

Her spirit's home was in the skies  
Yes—for a spirit pure as hers  
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs,  
As sunshine, broken in the rill,  
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still !  
So wholly had her mind forgot  
All thoughts but one, she heeded not

a Bagdat or Babylonian pigeon'—*Travels of certain Englishmen*

<sup>4</sup> 'The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them'—Harris

<sup>5</sup> 'Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jeipos, il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres'—Toderini

The rising storm—the wave that cast 110  
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—  
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread  
Of gath'ring tumult o'er her head—  
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd  
to vie

With the rude riot of the sky —  
But, hark!—that war-whoop on the  
deck—

That crash, as if each engine there,  
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,  
Mid yells and stampings of despair!

Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be? 120  
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully  
The ship has shudder'd as she rode  
O'er mountain-waves—' Forgive me,  
God!

Forgive me!—shriek'd the maid, and  
knelt,

Trembling all over—for she felt  
As if her judgment-hour was near,  
While crouching round, half dead with  
fear,

Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor  
stirr'd—

When, hark!—a second crash—a  
thud—

And now, as if a bolt of thunder 130  
Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,  
The deck falls in—what horrors then!  
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and  
men

Come mix'd together through the  
chasm,—

Some wretches in their dying spasm  
Still fighting on— and some that call  
'For God and IRAN!' as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away  
The perils of the infuriate fray,  
And snatch'd her breathless from be-  
neath 140

This wilderment of wreck and death?  
She knew not—for a faintness came  
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame  
Amid the ruins of that hour

Lay, like a pale and scorched flow'r,  
Beneath the red volcano's shower  
But, oh! the sights and sounds of  
dread

That shock'd her ere her senses fled!

<sup>1</sup> The meteors that Pliny calls 'faces'

<sup>2</sup> 'The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European  
climates'—Bowen

The yawning deck—the crowd that strove  
Upon the tott'ring planks above— 150  
The sail, whose fragments, shiv'ring o'er  
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with  
gore,

Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash  
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash  
Upon their blades, high toss'd about  
Like meteor brands!—as if throughout

The elements one fury ran,  
One gen'ral rage, that left a doubt  
Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or  
Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be— 160

'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,  
While yet her fading eyes could see,  
High on the ruin'd deck she caught  
A glimpse of that unearthly form,

That glory of her soul,—even then,  
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,  
Shining above his fellow-men,

As, on some black and troublous night,  
The Star of Egypt,<sup>3</sup> whose proud light  
Never hath beam'd on those who rest 170

In the White Islands of the West,<sup>3</sup>  
Burns through the storm with looks of  
flame

That put Heav'n's cloudier eyes to  
shame

But no—'twas but the minute's dream—  
A fantasy—and ere the scream

Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,  
A death like swoon, a chill eclipse  
Of soul and sense its darkness spread  
Around her, and she sunk, as dead

How calm, how beautiful comes on 180

The stilly hour, when storms are gone,  
When warring winds have died away,  
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
Melt off, and leave the land and sea

Sleeping in bright tranquility,—  
Fresh as if Day again were born,  
Again upon the lap of Morn!

When the light blossoms, rudely torn  
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,  
Hang floating in the pure air still, 190

Filling it all with precious balm,  
In gratitude for this sweet calm,—  
And every drop the thunder show'rs  
Have left upon the grass and flow'rs

<sup>3</sup> See Wilford's learned *Essays on the Sacred  
Isles in the West*.

Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose liquid flame is born of them<sup>1</sup>  
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,

There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
 And each a diff'rent perfume bears,—  
 As if the loveliest plants and trees 200  
 Had vassal breezes of their own  
 To watch and wait on them alone,  
 And waft no other breath than theirs  
 When the blue waters rise and fall,  
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all,  
 And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves  
 Is like the full and silent heavens  
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,  
 Too newly to be quite at rest

Such was the golden hour that broke 210  
 Upon the world, when HINDA woke  
 From her long trance, and heard  
 around

No motion but the water's sound  
 Rippling against the vessel's side,  
 As slow it mounted o'er the tide —  
 But where is she?—her eyes are dark,  
 Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,  
 The same, that from HARMOZIA's bay  
 Bore her at morn—whose bloody way  
 The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and  
 new 220

Is all that meets her wond'ring view  
 Upon a galliot's deck she lies,  
 Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,—  
 No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,  
 Nor jasmine on her pillow laid  
 But the rude litter, roughly spread  
 With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,  
 And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,  
 For awning o'er her head are flung  
 Shudd'ring she look'd around—there lay

A group of warriors in the sun, 231  
 Resting their limbs, as for that day

Their ministry of death were done  
 Some gazing on the drowsy sea,  
 Lost in unconscious reverie,  
 And some, who seem'd but ill to brook  
 That sluggish calm, with many a look  
 To the slack sail impatient cast,  
 As loose it flagg'd around the mast

<sup>1</sup> A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Teitullin says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it, and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's *Voyages*, supposes it to be the opal.

Blest ALLA<sup>1</sup> who shall save her now?

There's not in all that warrior band  
 One Arab sword, one turban'd brow 242  
 From her own Faithful Moslem land  
 Their garb—the leathern belt<sup>2</sup> that  
 wraps

Each yellow vest<sup>3</sup>—that rebel hue—  
 The Tartar fleece upon their caps—<sup>4</sup>

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,  
 And Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,  
 Abandon'd her to HAFED's power,  
 HAFED, the Gheber<sup>1</sup>—at the thought

Her very heart's blood chills within,  
 He, whom her soul was hourly taught

To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,  
 Some minister, whom Hell had sent,  
 To spread its blast, where'er he went,  
 And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,  
 His shadow betwixt man and God<sup>1</sup>  
 And she is now his captive,—thrown  
 In his fierce hands, alive, alone,  
 His the' infuriate band she sees, 260  
 All infidels—all enemies<sup>1</sup>

What was the daring hope that then  
 Cross'd her like light'ning, as again,  
 With boldness that despair had lent,

She darted through that armed crowd  
 A look so searching, so intent,

That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd  
 Abash'd, when he her glances caught,  
 As if he guess'd whose form they sought  
 But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,  
 The vision that before her shone 271  
 Through all the maze of blood and  
 storm,

Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—  
 One of those passing, rainbow dreams,  
 Half light, half shade, which Fancy's  
 beams

Paint on the fleeting mists that roll  
 In trance or slumber round the soul

But now the bark, with livelier bound,  
 Scales the blue wave—the crew's in  
 motion, 279

The oars are out, and with light sound  
 Break the bright mirror of the ocean,  
 Scatt'ring its brilliant fragments round

<sup>2</sup> D'Herbelot, art 'Agdurni'.

<sup>3</sup> The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes<sup>1</sup>—Thevenot.

<sup>4</sup> The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary—Waring.

And now she sees—with horror sees,  
 Their course is tow'rd that mountain-  
 hold,—

Those tow'rs, that make her life-blood  
 freeze,

Where MECCA'S godless enemies  
 Lie, like beleagu'rd scorpions, roll'd  
 In their last deadly, venomous fold '1  
 Amid the' illumin'd land and flood  
 Sunless that mighty mountain stood,  
 Save where, above its awful head, 291  
 There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,  
 As 'twere the flag of destiny  
 Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewilder'd mind the pow'r  
 Of thought in this terrific hour,  
 She well might marvel where or how  
 Man's foot could scale that mountain's  
 brow,

Since ne'er had Arab heard or known  
 Of path but through the glen alone —  
 But every thought was lost in fear, 301  
 When, as their bounding bark drew near  
 The craggy base, she felt the waves  
 Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves,  
 That from the Deep in windings pass  
 Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass, —  
 And loud a voice on deck commands  
 To low'r the mast and light the brands!—  
 Instantly o'er the dashing tide  
 Within a cavern's mouth they glide, 310  
 Gloomy as that eternal Porch

Through which departed spirits go —  
 Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch  
 Its flick'ring light could further throw  
 Than the thick flood that boil'd  
 below.

Silent they floated—as if each  
 Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech  
 In that dark chasm, where even sound  
 Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around  
 The goblin echoes of the cave 320  
 Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,  
 As 'twere some secret of the grave '1

But soft—they pause—the current turns  
 Beneath them from its onward track,—  
 Some mighty, unseen barrier spurs  
 The vexed tide, all foaming, back,  
 And scarce the oars' redoubled force  
 Can stem the eddy's whirling force,  
 When, hark '1—some desp'rate foot has  
 sprung

Among the rocks—the chain is flung—

The oars are up—the grapple clings, 331  
 And the toss'd bark in moorings swings  
 Just then, a day-beam through the shade  
 Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid  
 Can see from whence the brightness  
 steals,

Upon her brow she shudd'ring feels  
 A viewless hand, that promptly ties  
 A bandage round her burning eyes,  
 While the rude litter where she lies,  
 Uplifted by the warrior throng 340  
 O'er the steep rocks is borne along

Blest power of sunshine '1—genial Day,  
 What balm, what life is in thy ray!  
 To feel thee is such real bliss,  
 That had the world no joy but this,  
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—  
 It were a world too exquisite  
 For man to leave it for the gloom,  
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb 349  
 Ev'n HINDA, though she saw not where  
 Or whither wound the perilous road,  
 Yet knew by that awak'ning air,

Which suddenly around her glow'd,  
 That they had ris'n from darkness then,  
 And breath'd the sunny world again '1  
 But soon this balmy freshness fled—  
 For now the steepy labyrinth led  
 Through damp and gloom—'mid crash  
 of boughs,

And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse  
 The leopard from his hungry sleep, 360  
 Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,  
 And long is heard, from steep to steep,  
 Chasing them down their thund'ring  
 way '1

The jackal's cry—the distant moan  
 Of the hyaena, fierce and lone—  
 And that eternal sadd'ning sound  
 Of torrents in the glen beneath,  
 As 'twere the ever-dark Profound  
 That rolls beneath the Bridge of  
 Death '1

All, all is fearful—ev'n to see, 370  
 To gaze on those terrific things  
 She now but blindly hears, would be  
 Relief to her imaginings,  
 Since never yet was shape so dread,  
 But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,  
 And by such sounds of horn or fed,  
 Could frame more dreadful of her own

But does she dream? has Fear again  
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,

Or did a voice, all music, then 380  
Come from the gloom, low whisp'ring  
near—

'Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here ''  
She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,  
She drinks the words, 'Thy Gheber's  
here'

'Twas his own voice—she could not err—  
Throughout the breathing world's extent

There was but *one* such voice for her,  
So kind, so soft, so eloquent '  
Oh, sooner shall the rose of May  
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,  
And to some meaner minstrel's lay 391  
Open her bosom's glowing veil,<sup>1</sup>  
Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,  
A breath of the beloved one '

Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think  
She has that one beloved near,  
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,  
Hath power to make even ruin dear,—  
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost  
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost 400  
How shall the ruthless HAFED brook  
That one of Gheber blood should look,  
With aught but curses in his eye,  
On her a maid of ARABY—  
A Moslem maid—the child of him,  
Whose bloody banner's dire success  
Hath left their altars cold and dim,  
And their fair land a wilderness '  
And, worse than all, that night of blood  
'Which comes so fast—Oh ' who shall  
stay 410  
The sword, that once hath tasted food  
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way ?

What arm shall then the victim cover,  
Or from her father shield her lover ?

'Save him, my God ' ' she inly cries—  
'Save him this night—and if thine eyes  
Have ever welcom'd with delight  
The sinner's tears, the sacrifice

Of sinners' hearts—guard him this  
night,

And here, before thy throne, I swear 420  
From my heart's inmost core to tear  
Love, hope, remembrance, though  
they be

Link'd with each quiv'ring life-string  
there,

And give it bleeding all to Thee '  
Let him but live,—the burning tear,  
The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,  
Which have been all too much his own,  
Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone  
Youth pass'd in penitence, and age  
In long and painful pilgrimage, 430  
Shall leave no traces of the flame  
That wastes me now—nor shall his  
name

Ere bless my lips, but when I pray  
For his dear spirit, that away  
Casting from its angelic ray  
The' eclipse of earth, he, too, may shine  
Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine '  
Think—think what victory to win  
One radiant soul like his from sin,—  
One wand'ring star of virtue back 440  
To its own native, heaven ward track '  
Let him but live, and both are Thine,  
Together thine—for, blest or crost,  
Living or dead, his doom is mine,  
And, if he perish, both are lost '

THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream, but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind,—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.<sup>2</sup>

FADLADEEN, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made

<sup>1</sup> A frequent image among the oriental poets  
'The nightingales warbled their enchanting  
notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose bud  
and the rose '—Jami

<sup>2</sup> 'Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes

give a durable colour to silk '—*Remarks on the  
Husbandry of Bengal*, p 200 Nilica is one of  
the Indian names of this flower—Sir W  
Jones The Persians call it Gul—CARRIEN

up his mind to the infliction, and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet resumed his profane and seditious story as follows —

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease  
The leafy shores and sun bright seas,  
That lay beneath that mountain's  
height,  
Had been a fair enchanting sight  
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves  
A day of storm so often leaves  
At its calm setting—when the West  
Opens her golden bowers of rest,  
And a moist radiance from the skies  
Shoots trembling down, as from the  
eyes 10

Of some meek penitent, whose last,  
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,  
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiv'n,  
Shine, as they fall, with light from  
heav'n'

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late  
Had rush'd through KERMAN's salmond  
groves,

And shaken from her bow'rs of date  
That cooling feast the traveller loves,<sup>1</sup>  
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl  
The Green Sea wave, whose waters  
gleam 20

Limpid, as if her mines of pearl  
Were melted all to form the stream  
And her fair islets, small and bright,  
With their green shores reflected  
there,  
Look like those PERI isles of light,  
That hang by spell-work in the air

But vainly did those glories burst  
On HINDA's dazzled eyes, when first  
The bandage from her brow was taken,  
And, pale and aw'd as those who waken  
In their dark tombs—when, scowling  
near, 31

The Searchers of the Grave<sup>2</sup> appear,—  
She shudd'ring turn'd to read her fate  
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around,  
And saw those towers all desolate,  
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,

<sup>1</sup> 'In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers'—Ebn Haukal

<sup>2</sup> The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called 'the Searchers of the

As if defying ev'n the smile  
Of that soft heav'n to gild their pile.  
In vain with mingled hope and fear,  
She looks for him whose voice so dear 40  
Had come, like music, to her ear—  
'Strange, mocking dream' again 'tis fled  
And oh, the shoots, the pangs of  
dread

That through her inmost bosom run,  
When voices from without proclaim  
'HAFED, the Chief'—and, one by one,  
The warriors shout that fearful name!  
Hecomes—the rock resounds his tread—  
How shall she dare to lift her head,  
Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare  
Not YEMEN's boldest sons can bear' 51  
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,  
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,  
As in those hellish fires that light  
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night  
How shall she bear that voice's tone,  
At whose loud battle-cry alone  
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,  
Scatter'd like some vast caravan,  
When, stretch'd at evening round the  
well, 60  
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell.

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast  
down,  
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,  
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow  
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now:  
And shudd'ring as she hears the tread  
Of his retiring warrior band—  
Never was pause so full of dread;  
Till HAFED with a trembling hand  
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said, 70  
'HINDA,'—that word was all he spoke,  
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke  
From her full bosom, told the rest—  
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,  
The maid but lifts her wond'ring eyes,  
To hide them on her Gheber's breast'  
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,  
The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,

Grave' in the 'Creed of the orthodox Mahometans' given by Ockley, vol. 11

<sup>3</sup> 'The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night'—Richardson

HAFED, the demon of the fight,  
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances  
blight,— 80

Is her own loved Gheber, mild  
And glorious as when first he smil'd  
In her lone tow'r, and left such beams  
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,  
That she believ'd her bower had giv'n  
Rest to some wanderer from heav'n !

Moments there are, and this was one  
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun  
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—  
Or, like those verdant spots that  
bloom 90

Around the crater's burning lips,  
Sweet'ning the very edge of doom !  
The past—the future—all that Fate  
Can bring of dark or desperate  
Around such hours, but makes them cast  
Intenser radiance while they last !

Ev'n he, this youth—though dimm'd  
and gone

Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—  
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—  
IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made 100  
A land of carcasses and slaves,  
Onedreary waste of chains and graves !—  
Himself but ling'ring, dead at heart,

To see the last, long struggling breath  
Of Liberty's great soul depart,  
Then lay him down and share her  
death—

Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,  
With doom still darker gath'ring o'er  
him,

Yet, in this moment's pure caress,  
In the mild eyes that shone before him,  
Beaming that blest assurance, worth 111  
All other transports known on earth,  
That he was lov'd—well, warmly lov'd—  
Oh ! in this precious hour he prov'd  
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow  
Of rapture, kindling out of woe,—  
How exquisite one single drop  
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top  
Of mis'ry's cup—how keenly quaff'd,  
Though death must follow on the  
draught ! 120

She, too, while gazing on those eyes  
That sink into her soul so deep,  
Forgets all fears, all miseries,  
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,

Whom fancy cheats into a smile,  
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while !  
The mighty Ruins where they stood,

Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,  
Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,  
Where lightly o'er the illumin'd surge  
Many a fair bark that, all the day, 131  
Had lurk'd in shelt'ring creek or bay,  
Now bounded on, and gave their sails,  
Yet dripping, to the ev'ning gales,  
Like eagles, when the storm is done,  
Spreading their wet wings in the sun  
The beauteous clouds, though daylight  
Star

Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,  
Were still with ling'ring glories bright,—  
As if, to grace the gorgeous West, 140  
The Spirit of departing Light  
That eve had left his sunny vest

Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight  
Never was scene so form'd for love !  
Beneath them waves of crystal move  
In silent swell—Heav'n glows above,  
And their pure hearts, to transport giv'n  
Swell like the wave, and glow like  
Heav'n

But ah ! too soon that dream is past—  
Again, again her fear returns,— 150  
Night, dreadful night, is gath'ring fast,  
More faintly the horizon burns,  
And every rosy tint that lay  
On the smooth sea hath died away  
Hastily to the dark'ning skies  
A glance she casts—then wildly cries  
'At night, he said—and, look, 'tis  
near—

Fly fly,—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—  
Soon will his murd'rous band be here,  
And I shall see thee bleed and die—  
Hush ! heard'st thou not the tramp of  
men 161  
Sounding from yonder fearful glen ?—  
Perhaps ev'n now they climb the wood—  
Fly, fly—though still the West is  
bright,

He'll come—oh ! yes—he wants thy  
blood—

I know him—he'll not wait for night !

In terrors ev'n to agony  
She clings around the wond'ring  
Chief,—

'Alas, poor wilder'd maid ! to me  
Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief

Lost as I am, nought ever grew 171  
 Beneath my shade but perish'd too—  
 My doom is like the Dead Sea air,  
 And nothing lives that enters there !  
 Why were our barks together driv'n  
 Beneath this morning's furious heav'n ?  
 Why, when I saw the prize that chance  
 Had thrown into my desp'rate arms,—  
 When, casting but a single glance  
 Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,  
 I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er  
 Thy safety through that hour's  
 alarms) 182

To meet the unmanly sight no more—  
 Why have I broke that heart-wrung  
 vow ?

Why weakly, madly met thee now ?—  
 Start not—that noise is but the shock  
 Of torrents through yon valley  
 hurl'd—

Dread nothing here—upon this rock  
 We stand above the jarring world,  
 Alike beyond its hope—its dread— 190  
 In gloomy safety, like the Dead !  
 Or, could ev'n earth and hell unite  
 In league to storm this Sacred Height,  
 Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,  
 And each o'erlooking star that dwells  
 Near God will be thy sentinels,—  
 And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,  
 Back to thy side—

'To-morrow'—no—

The maiden scream'd—'tho' it never  
 see

To-morrow's sun—death, death will be  
 The night-cry through each reeking  
 tower, 201

Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour !  
 Thou art betray'd—some wretch who  
 knew

That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—  
 Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—  
 Hath sold thee to thy vengeful sire,  
 This morning, with that smile so dire  
 He wears in joy, he told me all,  
 And stamp'd in triumph through our  
 hall,

As though thy heart already beat 210  
 Its last life-throb beneath his feet !

Good Heav'n, how little dream'd I then  
 His victim was my own lov'd youth !—

Fly—send—let some one watch the  
 glen—

By all my hopes of heav'n 'tis truth !

Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes  
 Founts, that but now in sunshine  
 play'd,

Is that congealing pang which seizes  
 The trusting bosom, when betray'd  
 He felt it—deeply felt—and stood, 220  
 As if the tale had froz'n his blood,  
 So maz'd and motionless was he,—  
 Like one whom sudden spells enchant,  
 Or some mute, marble habitant  
 Of the still Halls of ISHMONEE !<sup>1</sup>

But soon the painful chill was o'er,  
 And his great soul, herself once more,  
 Look'd from his brow in all the days  
 Of her best, happiest, grandest days  
 Never, in moment most elate, 230

Did that high spirit loftier rise,—  
 While bright, serene, determinate,  
 His looks are lifted to the skies,

As if the signal lights of Fate  
 Were shining in those awful eyes

'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom  
 In IRAN'S sacred cause is come,

And, though his life hath pass'd away  
 Like lightning on a stormy day,

Yet shall his death hour leave a track  
 Of glory, permanent and bright, 241

To which the brave of after times,  
 The suffering brave, shall long look back

With proud regret,—and by its light  
 Watch through the hours of slavery's  
 night

For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes  
 This rock, his monument aloft,

Shall speak the tale to many an age ;  
 And hither bards and heroes oft

Shall come in secret pilgrimage, 250  
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell

The wondrous boys where HAFED fell,  
 And swear them on those lone remains

Of their lost country's ancient fanes,  
 Never—while breath of life shall live

Within them—never to forgive  
 The accursed race, whose ruthless chain

Hath left on IRAN'S neck a stain  
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !

Such are the swelling thoughts that now  
 Enthrone themselves on HAFED'S brow,

<sup>1</sup> For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c to be seen to this day, see Peiry's *View of the Levant*



And ne'er did Saint of ISSA<sup>1</sup> gaze 262  
 On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,  
 More proudly than the youth surveys  
 That pile, which through the gloom  
 behind,  
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,  
 Glimmers—his destin'd funeral pyre  
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,  
 Of ev'ry wood of odorous breath,  
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it  
 stands, 270  
 Ready to fold in radiant death  
 The few still left of those who swore  
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—  
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,  
 Which rescues them from bonds and  
 shame,  
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed  
 For their own infant Prophet spread,  
 When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd  
 The death-flames that beneath him  
 burn'd!<sup>2</sup>

With watchfulness the maid attends 280  
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends—  
 Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?  
 What plans he now? what thinks or  
 dreams?

Alas! why stands he musing here,  
 When ev'ry moment teems with fear?  
 'HAFED, my own beloved Lord,'  
 She kneeling cries—'first, last ador'd!  
 If in that soul thou'st ever felt

Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,  
 Here, on my knees that never knelt 290

To any but their God before,  
 I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—  
 Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh  
 Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither  
 Can waft us o'er yon dark'ning sea,  
 East—west—alas, I care not whither,

So thou art safe, and I with thee!  
 Go where we will, this hand in thine,  
 Those eyes before me smiling thus,  
 Through good and ill, through storm and  
 shine, 300

The world's a world of love for us!

<sup>1</sup> Jesus

<sup>2</sup> The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into 'a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed'—Tavernier

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in Dion Prusaëus, Orat 36, that

On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,  
 Where 'tis no crime to love too well,—  
 Where thus to worship tenderly  
 An erring child of light like thee  
 Will not be sin—or, if it be,  
 Where we may weep our faults away,  
 Together kneeling, night and day,  
 Thou, for my sake, at ALLA's shrine,  
 And I—at any God's, for thine! 310

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—  
 Then hung her head, and wept for  
 shame,

Sobbing, as if a heart string broke  
 With every deep-heavy'd sob that  
 came

While he, young, warm—oh! wond'ring not  
 If, for a moment, pride and fame,  
 His oath—his cause—that shrine of  
 flame,

And IRAN's self are all forgot  
 For her whom at his feet he sees  
 Kneeling in speechless agonies 320

No, blame him not, if Hope awhile  
 Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile  
 O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights,  
 Wing'd with those precious, pure delights  
 Which she, who bends all beauteous  
 there,

Was born to kindle and to share  
 A tear or two, which, as he bow'd  
 To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,  
 First warn'd him of this dang'rous cloud  
 Of softness passing o'er his soul 330

Starting, he brush'd the drops away,  
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray,—  
 Like one who, on the morn of fight,  
 Shakes from his sword the dew of night,  
 That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its  
 light

Yet, though subdued the' unnerving  
 thrill,

Its warmth, its weakness, linger'd still  
 So touching in its look and tone,  
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid  
 Half counted on the flight she pray'd,  
 Half thought the hero's soul was grown  
 As soft, as yielding as her own, 342

the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him—Vide Patrick on Exod iii 2.

And smil'd and bless'd him, while he  
said,—

'Yes—if there be some happier sphere,  
Where fadeless truth like ours is dear,—  
If there be any land of rest

For those who love and ne'er forget,  
Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest

We'll meet in that calm region yet!'

Scarce had she time to ask her heart 350  
If good or ill these words impart,  
When the rous'd youth impatient flew  
To the tow'r-wall, where, high in view,  
A pond'rous sea-horn<sup>1</sup> hung, and blew  
A signal, deep and dread as those  
The storm-fiend at his rising blows —  
Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true  
Through life and death, that signal  
knew,

For 'twas the' appointed warning blast,  
The' alarm, to tell when hope was past,  
And the tremendous death-die cast!<sup>1</sup> 361  
And there, upon the mould'ring tow'r,  
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,  
Ready to sound o'er land and sea  
That dirge-note of the brave and free

They came—his Chieftains at the call  
Came slowly round, and with them all—  
Alas, how few!—the worn remains  
Of those who late o'er KERMAN's plains  
Went gaily prancing to the clash 370  
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,  
Catching new hope from every flash

Of their long lances in the sun,  
And, as their couriers charg'd the wind,  
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,<sup>2</sup>  
Looking, as if the steeds they rode  
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!  
How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan  
Each scar'd and faded visage shone  
Around the burning shrine they came,—

How deadly was the glare it cast, 381  
As mute they paus'd before the flame

To light their torches as they pass'd!  
'Twassilence all—the youth hath plann'd  
The duties of his soldier-band,  
And each determin'd brow declares  
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs

But minutes speed—night gems the  
skies—

And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes, 389  
That look from heaven, ye may behold  
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!  
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,  
The maiden sees the veteran group

Her litter silently prepare,

And lay it at her trembling feet,—  
And now the youth, with gentle care,  
Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,  
And press'd her hand—that ling'ring  
press

Of hands, that for the last time sever,  
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness, 400  
When that hold breaks, is dead for  
ever

And yet to her this sad caress

Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!

'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute  
excess—

Their happy fight's dear harbinger,  
'Twas warmth—assurance—tender-  
ness—

'Twas any thing but leaving her

'Haste, haste!' she cried, 'the clouds  
grow dark,

But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;  
And by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss! 410

With thee upon the sun-bright deep,  
Far off, I'll but remember this,

As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep,  
And thou—' but ah!—he answers  
not—

Good Heav'n!—and does she go alone?  
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,

Where, some hours since, his voice's  
tone

Had come to soothe her fears and ills,  
Sweet as the angel ISRAFI'L'S.<sup>3</sup>

When every leaf on Eden's tree 420  
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—

Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh—

'HAFED! my HAFED!—if it be

Thy will, thy doom this night to die,

Let me but stay to die with thee,

And I will bless thy loved name,

Till the last life-breath leave this frame

<sup>1</sup> 'The shell called Suankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals' it sends forth a deep and hollow sound.—Pennant

<sup>2</sup> 'The finest ornament for the horses is made

of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies'—Thevenot

<sup>3</sup> 'The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures'—Sale

Oh ! let our lips, our cheeks be laid  
But near each other while they fade -  
Let us but mix our parting breaths, 430  
And I can die ten thousand deaths !  
You too, who hurry me away  
So cruelly, one moment stay—

Oh ! stay—one moment is not much—  
He yet may come—for him I pray—  
HAFED ! dear HAFED !—all the way  
In wild lamentings, that would touch  
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name  
To the dark woods—no HAFED came —  
No—hapless pair—you've look'd your  
last — 440

Your hearts should both have broken  
then  
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—  
You'll never meet on earth again !

Alas for him, who hears her cries !  
Still half-way down the steep hestands,  
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes  
The glimmer of those burning brands,  
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,  
Light all he loves on earth away !

Hopeless as they who, far at sea, 450  
By the cold moon have just consign'd  
The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,

To the bleak flood they leave behind,  
And on the deck still ling'ring stay,  
And long look back, with sad delay,  
To watch the moonlight on the wave,  
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave

But see—he starts—what heard he  
then ? 458

That dreadful shout !—across the glen  
From the land-side it comes, and loud  
Ring through the chasm, as if the crowd  
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,  
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,  
Had all in one dread howl broke out,  
So loud, so terrible that shout !

' They come—the Moslems come ! '—he  
cries,

His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—  
' Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam  
Enfranchis'd through yon starry dome,  
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire 470  
Are on the wing to join your choir !

Hesaid—and, light as bridegrooms bound  
To their young loves, reclimb'd the steep  
And gain'd the Shrine—his Chiefs stood  
round—

Their swords, as with instinctive leap,

Together, at that cry accurst,  
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams,  
burst

And hark !—again—again it rings,  
Near and more near its echoings  
Peal through the chasm—oh ! who that  
then 480

Had seen those list'ning warrior-men,  
With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of  
flame

Turn'd on their Chiet—could doubt the  
shame,

The' indignant shame with which they  
thrill

To hear those shouts, and yet stand still ?  
He read their thoughts—they were his  
own—

' What ! while our arms can wield  
these blades,

Shall we die tamely ? die alone ?  
Without one victim to our shades

One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,  
The sabre from its toil may sleep ? 491

No—God of IRAN's burning skies !  
Thou scorn'st the' inglorious sacrifice

No—though of all earth's hope bereft,  
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left

We'll make yon valley's reeking caves  
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,

Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves  
Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen

Follow, brave hearts !—this pile remains  
Our refuge still from life and chains,

But his the best, the holiest bed, 502  
Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead !'

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,  
While vigour, more than human, strung

Each arm and heart—The' exulting foe  
Still through the dark defiles below,

Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,  
Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA's  
vale 1

The mighty serpent, in his nee, 510  
Glides on with glitt'ring, deadly trail,

No torch the Ghebers need—so well  
They know each myst'ry of the dell,

So oft have, in their wanderings,  
Cross'd the wild race that round them  
dwell,

The very tigers from their delves  
Look out, and let them pass, as things

Untam'd and fearless like themselves !

1 See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad

There was a deep ravine, that lay  
Yet darkling in the Moslem's way, 520  
Fit spot to make invaders rue  
The many fall'n before the foe  
The torrents from that morning's sky  
Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,  
And, on each side, aloft and wild,  
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were  
pil'd,—

The guards with which young Freedom  
lines

The pathways to her mountain-shrines  
Here, at this pass, the scanty band  
Of IRAN'S last avengers stand, 530  
Here wait, in silence like the dead,  
And listen for the Moslem's tread  
So anxiously, the carrion-bird  
Above them flaps his wing unheard !

They come—that plunge into the water  
Gives signal for the work of slaughter  
Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades  
Had point or prowess, prove them  
now—

Woe to the file that foremost wades !

They come—a falchion greets each  
brow, 540

And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,  
Beneath the gory waters sunk,  
Still o'er their drowning bodies press  
New victims quick and numberless,  
Till scarce an arm in HAFED'S band,

So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,  
But listless from each crimson hand  
The sword hangs, clogg'd with  
massacre

Never was horde of tyrants met  
With bloodier welcome—never yet 550  
To patriot vengeance hath the sword  
More terrible libations pour'd !

All up the dreary, long ravine,  
By the red, murky ghimmer seen  
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the  
flood

Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,  
What run glares ! what carnage swims !  
Heads, blazing turbans, quiv'ring limbs,  
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many  
a hand,

In that thick pool of slaughter stand,—

1 'In this thicket upon the banks of the  
Jord in several sorts of wild beasts are wont to  
harbour themselves, whose being washed out  
of the covert by the overflowings of the river,

Wretches who wading, half on fire 561  
From the toss'd brands that round  
them fly,

'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks ex-  
pire,—

And some who, grasp'd by those that  
die,

Sink woundless with them, smother'd  
o'er

In their dead biethren's gushing gore !

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,  
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed ;  
Countless tow'rs some flame at night  
The North's dark insects wing their  
flight, 570

And quench or perish in its light,

To this terrific spot they pour—

Till, bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,

It bears aloft their slipp'ry tread,

And o'er the dying and the dead,

Tremendous causeway ! on they pass—

Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,

What hope was left for you ? for you,

Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice

Is smoking in their vengeful eyes,— 580

Whose swords how keen, how fierce they  
knew,

And burn with shame to find how few ?

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,  
Some found then graves where first they  
stood,

While some with harder struggle died,

And still fought on by HAFED'S side,

Who, fronting to the foe, trod back

Tow'rs the high towers his gory track,

And, as a lion swept away

By sudden swell of JORDAN'S pride

From the wild covert where he lay,<sup>1</sup> 591

Long battles with the' o'erwhelming  
tide,

So fought he back with fierce delay,

And kept both foes and fate at bay

But whither now ? their track is lost,

Their prey escap'd—guide, torches  
gone—

By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,

The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—

'Curse on those tardy lights that wind,'

They panting cry, 'so far behind, 600

gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan*—Maundrell's *Aleppo*

Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,  
To track the way the Gheber went ' '  
Vain wish—confusedly along  
They rush, more desp'rate as more  
wrong

Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,  
Yet glitt'ring up those gloomy heights,  
Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,  
And down the darkling precipice  
Are dash'd into the deep abyss,  
Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks, 610  
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks  
Of rav'ning vultures,—while the dell  
Re-echoes with each horrible yell

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance  
dear,

That e'er shall ring in HAFED's ear,—  
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,  
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,  
He lay beside his reeking blade,

Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,  
Its last blood-offering amply paid, 620

And IRAN's self could claim no more  
One only thought, one ling'ring beam  
Now broke across his dizzy dream  
Of pain and weariness—'twas she,

His heart's pure planet, shining yet  
Above the waste of memory,

When all life's other lights were set  
And never to his mind before  
Her image such enchantment wore  
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,

Each fear that chill'd their loves was  
past, 631

And not one cloud of earth remain'd  
Between him and her radiance cast,—

As if to charms, before so bright,  
New grace from other worlds was  
giv'n,

And his soul saw her by the light  
Now breaking o'er itself from heav'n ' '  
A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone  
Of a lov'd friend, the only one  
Of all his warriors, left with life 640  
From that short night's tremendous  
strife—

' And must we then, my Chief, die here ?  
Foes round us, and the Shrine so near ' '  
These words have rous'd the last remains  
Of life within him—' what ' not yet  
Beyond the reach of Moslem chains ' '

The thought could make ev'n Death  
forget

His icy bondage—with a bound  
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,  
And grasps his comrade's arm, now  
grown 650

Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,  
And up the painful pathway leads,  
Death gaining on each step he treads  
Speed them, thou God, who heardest  
their vow '

They mount—they bleed—oh save them  
now—

The crags are red they've clamber'd  
o'er,

The rock-weed's dripping with their  
gore,—

Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,  
Now breaks 'beneath thy tott'ring  
strength '

Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe 660  
Come near and nearer from below—

One effort more—thank Heav'n ' 'tis  
past,

They've gain'd the topmost steep at last,  
And now they touch the temple's walls,

Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—  
When, lo'—his weak, worn comrade  
falls

Dead on the threshold of the shrine  
' Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled '

And must I leave thee with'ring here,  
The sport of every ruffian's tread, 670

The mark for every coward's spear ' '  
No, by yon altar's sacred beams ' '

He cries, and, with a strength that seems  
Not of this world, uplifts the frame

Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rd's the flame  
Bears him along,—with death-damp

hand  
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,

Then lights the consecrated brand,  
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze

Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN's Sea—  
' Now, Freedom's God ' I come to Thee, '

The youth exclaims, and with a smile  
Of triumph vaulting on the pile, 683

In that last effort, ere the fires  
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires ' '

What shriek was that on OMAN's tide ?

It came from yonder drifting bark,  
That just hath caught upon her side

The death-light—and again is dark  
It is the boat—ah, why delay'd ?— 690

That bears the wretched Moslem maid,

Confided to the watchful care  
Of a small veteran band, with whom  
Their gen'rous Chieftain would not  
share

The secret of his final doom,  
But hop'd when HINDA, safe and  
free,

Was render'd to her father's eyes,  
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be  
The ransom of so dear a prize —  
Unconscious, thus, of HAFED's fate, 700  
And proud to guard their beauteous  
freight,

Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves  
That foam around those frightful caves,  
When the curst war-whoops, known so  
well,

Came echoing from the distant dell—  
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,  
Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,  
And, driving at the current's will,  
They rock'd along the whisp'ring tide;  
While every eye, in mute dismay, 710  
Wastow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,  
When the dim altar's quiv'ring ray  
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd

Oh! 'tis not HINDA, in the pow'r  
Of Fancy's most terrific touch  
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—  
Thy silent agony—'twas such  
As those who feel could paint too well,  
But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell!

'Twas not alone the dreary state 720  
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,  
When, though no more remains to dread,  
The panic chill will not depart,—  
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,  
Her ghost still haunts the mould'ring  
heart,

No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,  
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,  
Like things, within the cold rock found  
Alive, when all's congeal'd around  
But there's a blank repose in this, 730  
A calm stagnation, that were bliss  
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,  
Now felt through all thy breast and  
brain,—

That spasm of terror, mute, intense,  
That breathless, agonis'd suspense,  
From whose hot throb, whose deadly  
aching,

The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heav'n's brilliant  
lights

Reflected dance beneath the prow,—  
Time was when, on such lovely nights,  
She who is there, so desolate now, 740  
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,  
And ask no happier joy than seeing  
That star-light o'er the waters thrown—  
No joy but that, to make her blest,  
And the fresh, buoyant sense of  
Being,

Which bounds in youth's yet careless  
breast,—

Itself a star, not borrowing light,  
But in its own glad essence bright 749  
How different now!—but, hark, again  
The yell of havoc rings—brave men!  
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand  
On the bark's edge—in vain each hand  
Half draws the falchion from its  
sheath,

All's o'er—in rust your blades may  
lie —  
He, at whose word they've scatter'd  
death,  
Ev'n now, this night, himself must  
die!

Well may ye look to yon dim tower,  
And ask, and wond'ring guess what  
means

The battle-cry at this dead hour— 760  
Ah! she could tell you—she, who  
leans

Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,  
With brow against the dew cold mast,—  
Too well she knows—her more than  
life,

Her soul's first idol and its last,  
Lies bleeding in that murd'rous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?  
Some signal!—'tis a torch's light

What bodes its solitary glare?  
In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine 770  
All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thine

Fix their last fading life-beams there  
'Twas but a moment—fierce and high  
The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,  
And far away, o'er rock and flood  
Its melancholy radiance sent,  
While HAFED, like a vision stood  
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,  
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire  
Shrin'd in its own grand element! 780

<p>'Tis he'—the shudd'ring maid ex- claims,— But, while she speaks, he's seen no more, High burst in all the funeral flames, And IRAN's hopes and hers are o'er !</p>	<p>One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave ; Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze, Where still she fix'd her dying gaze, And, gazing, sunk into the wave,— Deep, deep,—where never care or pain Shall reach her innocent heart again !</p>
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Farewell—farewell to thee, ARABY's daughter !  
(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)  
No pearl ever lay, under OMAN's green water,  
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee

Oh ! fan as the sea-flower close to thee growing,  
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,  
Like the wind of the south <sup>1</sup> o'er a summer lute blowing,  
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame !

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,  
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom 800  
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
With nought but the sea-star <sup>2</sup> to light up her tomb

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,<sup>3</sup>  
And calls to the palm groves the young and the old,  
The happiest there, from their pastime returning  
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told

The young village maid, when with flow'rs she dresses  
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,  
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away 810

Not shall IRAN, belov'd of her Hero ! forget thee—  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,  
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,  
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
With ev'ry thing beauteous that grows in the deep,  
Each flow'r of the rock and each gem of the billow  
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept, <sup>4</sup> 820  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,  
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept

<sup>1</sup> 'This wind (the Samoon) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts'—Stephen's *Persia*

<sup>2</sup> 'One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays'—Mirza Abu Taleh

<sup>3</sup> For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm groves at the end of autumn with the fruits—See Kemper, *Imogen's Foot*

<sup>4</sup> Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds—See Trevoux, Chambers

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head,  
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian<sup>1</sup> are sparkling,  
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain  
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
 They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,  
 They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave 830

THE singular placidity with which FADLADEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly, and even knew towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of regital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk<sup>2</sup> would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on *their* arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel, and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled the following evening in the pavilion, and LALLA ROOKH was expecting to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian queen,—he agreeably disappointed her, by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal, and then suddenly passed off into a panegyric, upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master, Aunungebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, FADLADEEN, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier, and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,<sup>3</sup> and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River,<sup>4</sup> beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass, and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guine, been known to wander with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal, and

<sup>1</sup> The bay Kieselake, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fine.—Stuay

<sup>2</sup> The application of whips or rods.—Dubois

<sup>3</sup> Kempter mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him 'formae corporis estimator.' His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle,

whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within proper bounds.

<sup>4</sup> The Attock.

<sup>5</sup> Albat on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden, for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river! —Dow's *Hindostan*



here would LALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Buchania and the world, for FERAMORZ and love in this sweet lonely valley. But the time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or, what was still worse, behold him with eyes whose every look belonged to another, and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment appeared an age of pleasure, she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge,<sup>1</sup> who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.<sup>2</sup>

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a much freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While FADLADEEN, in addition to the spiritual comfort derived by him from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had also opportunities of indulging, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards,<sup>3</sup> which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill,—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens,<sup>4</sup> which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to LALLA ROOKH all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, 'it was too delicious',<sup>5</sup>—and here, in listening to the sweet voice of FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal, the Light of the Haram,<sup>6</sup> who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,

<sup>1</sup> 'The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy, on this subject the Sheikh Abu-al-Kheil-Azhari has the following distich—

"Who is the man without care or sorrow,  
(tell) that I may rub my hand to him

"(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicsome with tipsiness and mirth"

<sup>2</sup> 'The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil, or Canopus, which rises over them every night'—*Extract from a Geographical Persian Manuscript called Heft Aklim, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.*

<sup>3</sup> The star Soheil, or Canopus

<sup>4</sup> 'The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declaiming the head it mimics them when they say their prayers'—Hasselquist

<sup>5</sup> For these particulars respecting Hussun Ab-

daul I am indebted to the very interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon Caubul.

<sup>6</sup> 'As you enter at that Bazar, without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent, it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious'—Thevenot. This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton—'When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, "that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays"'

<sup>7</sup> Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World

<sup>8</sup> See note <sup>1</sup>, p. 420

the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather hapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere, and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida,<sup>1</sup> which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave, and thus began —

WHO has not heard of the Vale of CASH-  
MERE,

With its roses the brightest that earth  
ever gave,<sup>2</sup>

Its temples, and grottos, and fountains  
as clear

As the love-lighted eyes that hang  
over their wave<sup>3</sup>

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm  
o'er the Lake

Its splendour at parting a summer eve  
throws,

Like a bride, full of blushes, when  
ling'ring to take

A last look of her murmur at night ere  
she goes!<sup>4</sup>

When the shrines through the foliage are  
gleaming half shown,

And each hallows the hour by some rites  
of its own<sup>5</sup>

Here the music of pray'r from a minaret  
swells,

Here the Magian his urn, full of per-  
fume, is swinging,

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet  
bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian  
dancer is ringing<sup>6</sup>

Or to see it by moonlight,—when  
mellowly shines

The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and  
shrines,

When the water-falls gleam, like a quick  
fall of stars,

And the nightingale's hymn from the  
Isle of Chenars

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of  
feet

From the cool, shining walks where the  
young people meet —<sup>20</sup>

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight  
awakes

A new wonder each minute, as slowly it  
breaks,

Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth  
every one

Out of darkness, as if but just born of the  
Sun

When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with  
the day,

From his Haram of night-flowers steal-  
ing away,

And the wind, full of wantonness, woos  
like a lover

The young aspen-trees,<sup>4</sup> till they tremble  
all over

When the East is as warm as the light of  
first hopes,

And Day, with his banner of radiance  
unfurled,<sup>30</sup>

Shines in through the mountainous  
portal<sup>5</sup> that opes,

Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to  
the world!

<sup>1</sup> 'Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abbassides, s'étant un jour brouillé, avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il aimait cependant jusqu'à l'excès, et cette méintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque temps, commença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en aperçut, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poète de ce temps là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poète exécuta l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poète, et de la douceur de la voix du musicien, qu'il alla aussitôt

tôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle! — D'Herbelot

<sup>2</sup> 'The rose of Kashmere for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour has long been proverbial in the East' — Forster

<sup>3</sup> 'Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody' — *Song of Jayadeva*

<sup>4</sup> 'The little isles in the Lake of Cashmere are set with arbutus and large-leaved aspens, slender and tall' — Bernier

<sup>5</sup> 'The Tuckt Sulman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake' — Forster

But never yet, by night or day,  
In dew of spring or summer's ray,  
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay  
As now it shines—all love and light,  
Visions by day and feasts by night !  
A happier smile illumines each brow,  
With quicker spread each heart  
uncloses,

And all is ecstasy,—for now 40

The Valley holds its Feast of Roses,<sup>1</sup>  
The joyous Time, when pleasures pour  
Profusely round and, in their shower,  
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—

The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,<sup>2</sup>  
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,  
And every leaf its balm receives

'Twas when the hour of evening came

Upon the Lake, serene and cool,  
When Day had hid his sultry flame 50  
Behind the palms of BARAMOULE,<sup>3</sup>

When maids began to lift their heads,  
Retresh'd from their embroidered beds,  
Where they had slept the sun away,  
And wak'd to moonlight and to play.

All were abroad—the busiest hive  
On BELA'S<sup>4</sup> hills is less alive,  
When saffron beds are full in flow'r,

Than look'd the Valley in that hour  
A thousand restless torches play'd 60  
Through every grove and island shade,  
A thousand sparkling lamps were set

On every dome and minaret,  
And fields and pathways, far and near,  
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,

That you could see, in wand'ring ground,  
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground

Yet did the maids and matrons leave  
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve,  
And there were glancing eyes about, 70

And cheeks, that would not dare shine  
out

<sup>1</sup> 'The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom'—See *Pietro de la Valle*

<sup>2</sup> 'Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves I believe a particular species'—*Ouseley*

<sup>3</sup> *Bernier*

<sup>4</sup> A place mentioned in the *Toozek Jehangeery*, or *Memoirs of Jehan-Guine*, where there is an account of the beds of saffron-flowers about *Cashmeir*

<sup>5</sup> 'It is the custom among the women to employ the *Maazeen* to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a zulalect or joyous chorus'—*Russell*

In open day, but thought they might  
Look lovely then, because 'twas night  
And all were free, and wandering,

And all exclaim'd to all they met,  
That never did the summer bring

So gay a Feast of Roses yet,—  
The moon had never shed a light

So clear as that which bless'd them  
there,

The roses ne'er shone half so bright, 80

Nor they themselves look'd half so  
fair

And what a wilderness of flow'rs !

It seem'd as though from all the bow'rs  
And fairest fields of all the year,

The mingled spoil were scatter'd here  
The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,

With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—  
As if a shower of fairy wreaths

Had fall'n upon it from the sky !

And then the sounds of joy,—the beat  
Of tabors and of dancing feet,— 91

The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee  
Sung from his lighted gallery,<sup>5</sup>

And answer'd by a zulalect  
From neighbouring Haram, wild and

sweet,—

The merry laughter, echoing  
From gardens, where the silken swing<sup>6</sup>

Wafts some delighted girl above  
The top leaves of the orange-grove,

Or, from those infant groups at play  
Among the tents<sup>7</sup> that line the way,

Flinging, unaw'd by slave or mother,  
Handfuls of roses at each other—

Then, the sounds from the Lake,—the  
low whisp'ring in boats,

As they shoot through the moonlight ;  
—the dipping of oars,

And the wild, airy warbling that ev'ry  
where floats,

Through the groves, round the islands,  
as if all the shores,

<sup>6</sup> 'The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates'—*Richardson*

<sup>7</sup> 'The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings'—*Thevenot*

<sup>8</sup> 'At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys, and guls, with music, dances, &c &c'—*Herbert*

Lake those of KATHAY, utter'd music,  
and gave  
An answer in song to the kiss of each  
wave<sup>1</sup>  
But the gentlest of all are those sounds,  
full of feeling, 110  
That soft from the lute of some lover  
are stealing,—  
Some lover, who knows all the heart-  
touching power  
Of a lute and asigh in this magical hour  
Oh! best of delights as it ev'ry where is  
To be near the lov'd One,—what a rap-  
ture is his  
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly  
may glide  
O'er the Lake of CASHMERE, with that  
One by his side<sup>1</sup>  
If woman can make the worst wilderness  
dear,  
Think, think what a Heav'n she must  
make of CASHMERE<sup>1</sup>  
So felt the magnificent Son of ACBAR,<sup>2</sup>  
When from pow'r and pomp and the  
trophies of war 121  
He flew to that Valley, forgetting them  
all  
With the Light of the HARAM, his young  
NOURMAHAL  
When free and uncrown'd as the Con-  
queror rovd  
By the banks of that lake, with his only  
belov'd,  
He saw, in the wreaths she would play-  
fully snatch  
From the hedges, a glory his crown could  
not match,  
And prefer'd in his heart the least  
ringlet that curl'd  
Down her exquisite neck to the throne  
of the world  
There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly  
bright, 130  
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-  
day's light,

Shining on, shining on, by no shadow  
made tender,  
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of  
splendour  
This *was* not the beauty—oh, nothing  
like this,  
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such  
magic of bliss<sup>1</sup>  
But that loveliness, ever in motion,  
which plays  
Like the light upon autumn's soft  
shadowy days,  
Now here and now there giving warmth  
as it flies  
From the lip to the cheek, from the  
cheek to the eyes,  
Now melting in mist and now breaking  
in gleams, 140  
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n  
in his dreams  
When pensive, it seem'd as if that very  
grace,  
That charm of all others, was born with  
her face<sup>1</sup>  
And when angry,—for ev'n in the tran-  
quillest chimes  
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms  
sometimes—  
The short, passing anger but seem'd to  
awaken  
New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest  
when shaken  
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of  
her eye  
At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,  
From the depth of whose shadow, like  
holy revealings 150  
From innermost shrines, came the light  
of her feelings  
Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as  
ever took wing  
From the heart with a burst, like the  
wild-bird in spring,  
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,  
Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their  
cages<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being chained with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them'—Giosci

This marvellous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Attica. 'Hujus litus, ait Capella, concentum musicum illis terrae undis

reddere, quod propter tantam ciuditionis viua puto dictum'—Ludov Vives in Augustin *de Civitat Dei*, lib. xviii. c. 8

<sup>2</sup> Jehan-Guise was the son of the Great Acbar  
<sup>3</sup> In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, 'they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours'—Richardson

While her laugh, full of life, without any  
control  
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung  
from her soul,  
And where it most sparkled no glance  
could discover,  
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd  
all over,—  
Like any fair lake that the breeze is  
upon, 160  
When it breaks into dimples and laughs  
in the sun  
Such, such were the peerless enchant-  
ments, that gave  
NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East  
for her slave  
And though bright was his Haram,—a  
living parterre  
Of the flow'rs<sup>1</sup> of this planet—though  
treasures were there,  
For which SOLIMAN'S self might have  
giv'n all the store  
That the navy from OR B E'er wing'd  
to his shore,  
Yet dim before her were the smiles of  
them all,  
And the Light of his Haram was young  
NOURMAHAL<sup>2</sup>

But where is she now, this night of  
joy, 170  
When bliss is every heart's employ ?—  
When all around her is so bright,  
So like the visions of a trance,  
That one might think, who came by  
chance  
Into the vale this happy night,  
He saw that City of Delight<sup>3</sup>  
In Fairy-land, whose streets and tow'rs  
Are made of gems and light and flow'rs<sup>4</sup>  
Where is the lov'd Sultana ? where,  
When mirth brings out the young and  
fair, 180  
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,  
In melancholy stillness now ?

Alas !—how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love !

Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied,  
That stood the storm, when waves  
were rough,

Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity ! 190  
A something, light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this hath  
shaken

And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin,  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day,  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said, 200  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetnesses of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds,—or like the  
stream,

That smiling left the mountain's brow  
As though its waters ne'er could  
sever,

Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
Breaks into floods, that part for  
ever

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,  
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
As in the Fields of Bliss above 211  
He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd  
round, 2—

Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
Nor ever let him use his wings,  
For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight  
Will rob the plumes of half their light  
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest  
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,  
Whose wings, though radiant when at  
rest,

Lose all their glory when he flies !<sup>4</sup>  
Some difference, of this dang'rous  
kind,— 221  
By which, though light, the links that  
bind

<sup>1</sup> In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

<sup>2</sup> The capital of Shadukiam See note<sup>2</sup>, p 401

<sup>3</sup> See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in Picaut's *Cerémonies Religieuses*.

<sup>4</sup> Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour.—Grosier

The fondest hearts may soon be riv'n ;  
 Someshadow in Love's summer heav'n,  
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,  
 May yet in awful thunder burst,—  
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over  
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,  
 And far hath banish'd from his sight  
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light !  
 Hence is it, on this happy night, 231  
 When Pleasure through the fields and  
 groves

Has let loose all her world of loves,  
 And every heart has found its own,  
 He wanders, joyless and alone,  
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,  
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place !

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes  
 This Eden of the Earth supplies

Come crowding round—the cheeks  
 are pale, 240  
 The eyes are dim —though rich the  
 spot

With every flow'r this earth has got,

What is it to the nightingale,  
 If there his darling rose is not ?<sup>2</sup>  
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng  
 Worship him, as he moves along,  
 He heeds them not—one smile of hers  
 Is worth a world of worshippers  
 They but the Star's adorners are, 249  
 She is the Heav'n that lights the Star !

Hence is it, too, that NOURMAHAL,

Amid the luxuries of this hour  
 Far from the joyous festival,

Sits in her own sequester'd bow'r,  
 With no one near, to soothe or aid,  
 But that inspir'd and wondrous maid,  
 NAMOUNA, the Enchantress,—one,  
 O'er whom his race the golden sun  
 For unremember'd years has run,  
 Yet never saw her blooming brow 260  
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now  
 Nay, rather,—as the west wind's sigh  
 Freshens the flow'r it passes by,—

<sup>1</sup> 'As these buds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French "les roses dormantes"'.—Dalloway

<sup>2</sup> 'You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose'.—Jami

<sup>3</sup> 'He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over

Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing  
 o'er,

To leave her lovelier than before  
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,  
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung  
 Of other worlds, there came a light  
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,  
 That all believ'd nor man nor earth  
 Were conscious of NAMOUNA's birth !

All spells and talismans she knew, 272  
 From the great *Mantra*,<sup>3</sup> which  
 around

The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,  
 To the gold gems<sup>4</sup> of AFRIC, bound  
 Upon the wand'ring Arab's arm,  
 To keep him from the Siltim's<sup>5</sup> harm  
 And she had pledg'd her pow'rful art,—  
 Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart  
 Of one who knew, though high her  
 sphere, 280

What 'twas to lose a love so dear,—  
 To find some spell that should recall  
 Her Selim's<sup>6</sup> smile to NOURMAHAL !

'Twas midnight—through the lattice,  
 wreath'd

With woodbine, many a perfume  
 breath'd

From plants that wake when others  
 sleep,

From timid jasmine buds, that keep  
 Their odour to themselves all day,  
 But, when the sun-light dies away,  
 Let the delicious secret out 290  
 To every breeze that roams about,—  
 When thus NAMOUNA—" 'Tis the hour  
 That scatters spells on herb and flow'r,  
 And garlands might be gather'd now,  
 That, twin'd around the sleeper's  
 brow,

Would make him dream of such de-  
 lights,

Such miracles and dazzling sights,  
 As Genn of the Sun behold,  
 At evening, from their tents of gold

the elements and spirits of all denominations'—Wilford

<sup>4</sup> 'The gold jewels of Jinnic, which are called by the Arabs *El Heizez*, from the supposed charm they contain.—Jackson

<sup>5</sup> 'A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c in a human shape'.—Richardson

<sup>6</sup> The name of Jehan Gueire before his accession to the throne

Upon the' horizon—where they play  
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,  
Their sunny mansions melt away  
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd  
Of buds o'er which the moon has  
breath'd,

Which worn by her, whose love has  
stray'd,

Might bring some Peri from the  
skies,

Some sprite, whose very soul is made  
Of flow'rets' breaths and lovers'  
sighs,

And who might tell——'

'For me, for me,'  
Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently,— 310  
'Oh' twine that wreath for me to-  
night'

Then, rapidly, with foot as light  
As the young musk-roe's, out she  
flew,

To cull each shining leaf that grew  
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing  
beams,

For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams  
Anemones and Seas of Gold,<sup>1</sup>

And new-blown lilies of the river,  
And those sweet flow'rets, that unfold  
Their buds on CAMADEVA'S  
quiver, <sup>2</sup>— 320

The tube-rose, with her silv'ry light,  
That in the Gardens of Malay  
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,<sup>3</sup>

So like a bride, scented and bright,  
She comes out when the sun's away,  
Amaranths, such as crown the maids  
That wander through ZAMARA'S  
shades, <sup>4</sup>—

And the white moon-flow'r, as it shows,  
On SERENDIB'S high crags, to those

<sup>1</sup> 'Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour'—Siu W Jones

<sup>2</sup> 'This tree (the Nagacesara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love'—Sir W Jones

<sup>3</sup> 'The Malaysians style the tube-rose (Polianthes tuberosa) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night'—Pennant

<sup>4</sup> 'The people of the Batta country in Sumatra of which Zamara is one of the ancient names), when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, adorned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-anthriscus, a native

Who near the isle at evening sail, 330  
Scenting her (love-trees in the gale,  
In short, all flow'rets and all plants,

From the divine Amrita tree,<sup>5</sup>  
That blesses heaven's inhabitants

With fruits of immortality,  
Down to the basil tuft,<sup>6</sup> that waves,  
Its fragrant blossom over graves,

And to the humble rosemary,  
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed  
To scent the desert' and the dead —

All in that garden bloom, and all 341  
Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,  
Who heaps her baskets with the  
flow'rs

And leaves, till they can hold no  
more, -

Then to NAMOUNA flies, and show'rs  
Upon her lap the shining store

With what delight the' Enchantress  
views

So many buds, bath'd with the dews  
And beams of that bless'd hour '—her  
glance

Spoke something, past all mortal  
pleasures, 350

As, in a kind of holy trance,  
She hung above those fragrant  
treasures,

Bending to drink their balmy airs,  
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs  
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed  
From flow'rs and scented flame, that  
fed

Her charmed life—for none had e'er  
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,  
Nor ever in aught earthly dip, 359  
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip  
Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,  
The' Enchantress now begins her spell,

of the country, mostly prevails'—Marsden

<sup>5</sup> The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu, or rose-apple) is called Amrita, or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit'—Siu W Jones

<sup>6</sup> Sweet basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in churchyards

<sup>7</sup> The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead, and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet basil—Millet, Lett 10

<sup>8</sup> 'In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary'—*Asiat Res*

Thus singing as she winds and weaves  
In mystic form the glittering leaves —

I know where the winged visions dwell  
That around the night-bed play,  
I know each herb and flow'et's bell,  
Where they hide their wings by day  
Then hasten we, maid,  
To twine our braid, 370

To-morrow the dreams and flow'rs  
will fade

The image of love, that nightly flies  
To visit the bashful maid,  
Steals from the jasmine flower, that  
sighs

Its soul, like her, in the shade  
The dream of a future, happier hour,  
That alights on misery's brow,  
Springs out of the silv'ry almond-  
flow'r,

That blooms on a leafless bough<sup>1</sup>  
Then hasten we, maid, 380  
To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers  
will fade

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes  
The glitter of mines unfold,  
Inhabit the mountain-herb,<sup>2</sup> that dyes  
The tooth of the fawn like gold  
The phantom shapes—oh touch not  
them—

That appal the murd'rer's sight,  
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,  
That shrieks, when pluck'd at night!  
Then hasten we, maid, 390  
To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers  
will fade

<sup>1</sup> 'The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches'—Hasselquist

<sup>2</sup> A herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it

Nebulr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchemists look to as a means of making gold. Most of those alchemical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb, which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Haschtschat ed dah*

Father Jerome Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,  
That smiles with the wrongs of men,  
Is found in the brus'd and wounded  
mind

Of the cinnamon, sweetest then  
Then hasten we, maid,  
To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers  
will fade 400

No sooner was the flow'ry crown  
Plac'd on her head, than sleep came  
down,

Gently as nights of summer fall,  
Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL,—  
And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,  
As full of small, rich harmonies  
As ever wind, that o'er the tents  
Of AZAB<sup>3</sup> blew, was full of scents,  
Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,

Like the first air of morning creep-  
ing 410

Into those wreathy, Red Sea shells,  
Where Love himself, of old, lay  
sleeping,<sup>4</sup>

And now a Spirit form'd, 'twould seem,  
Of music and of light,—so fair,  
So brilliantly his features beam,  
And such a sound is in the air  
Of sweetness when he waves his  
wings,—

Hovers around her, and thus sings.

From CHINDARA'S<sup>5</sup> warbling fount I  
come,

Call'd by that moonlight garland's  
spell, 420

From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy  
home,

Where in music, morn and night, I  
dwell

a silver colour, and adds, 'this confirms to me that which I observed in Candia to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour' which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground.—Dandini, *Voyage to Mount Libanus*

<sup>3</sup> The myth country

<sup>4</sup> This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nereides, one of the Cupids, as living in some shells on the shores of the Red Sea.—W. are so

<sup>5</sup> A fabulous fountain, where instead of flying are said to be constantly playing.—<sup>5</sup> produced son



Where lutes in the air are heard about,  
And voices are singing the whole  
day long,  
And every sigh the heart breathes out  
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to  
song<sup>1</sup>

Hither I come  
From my fairy home,  
And if there's a magic in Music's  
strain,

I swear by the breath 430  
Of that moonlight wreath,  
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet  
again

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are the murmur'ing, dying  
notes,

That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly —  
And the passionate strain that, deeply  
going,

Refines the bosom it trembles  
through,  
As the musk-wind, over the water  
blowing,

Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it  
too 440

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway  
The Spirits of past Delight obey, —  
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,  
And they come, like Genii, hov'ring  
round

And mine is the gentle song that bears  
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,  
As a bird, that wafts through genial  
airs

The cinnamon-seed from grove to  
grove<sup>1</sup>

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure  
The past, the present, and future of  
pleasure, 450  
When Memory links the tone that is gone

<sup>1</sup> 'The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree'—See Brown's *Illustr.*, Tab. 19

<sup>2</sup> 'The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kuzim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false of the real day break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner, active by that as the sun rises from behind the hind of the (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole among the through that mountain, and that

With the blissful tone that's still in  
the ear,  
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on  
To a note more heavenly still that is  
near

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,  
Can as downy soft and as yielding be  
As his own white plume, that high amid  
death

Through the field has shone—yet moves  
with a breath<sup>1</sup>

And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,  
When Music has reach'd her inward  
soul, 460

Like the silent stars, that wink and  
listen

While Heaven's eternal melodies roll  
So, hither I come

From my fairy home,  
And if there's a magic in Music's  
strain,

I swear by the breath  
Of that moonlight wreath,  
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,  
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,<sup>2</sup>  
As if the morn had wak'd, and then  
Shut close her lids of light again 472

And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying  
The wonders of her lute, whose  
stings—

Oh, bliss!—now murmur like the  
sighing

From that ambrosial Spirit's wings  
And then, her voice—'tis more than  
human—

Never, till now, had it been given  
To lips of any mortal woman

Toutter notes so fresh from heaven,  
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs, 481

When angel sighs are most divine —  
'Oh'! let it last till night,' she cries,  
'And he is more than ever mine'

darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kuzim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning.—Scott Waring. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,—

'Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,  
The nice morn on the Indian steep  
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep'

And hourly she renews the lay,  
So fearful lest its heav'nly sweetness  
Should, ere the evening, fade away,—  
For things so heav'nly have such  
fletness<sup>1</sup>

But, far from fading, it but grows  
Richer, diviner as it flows. 490  
Till rapt she dwells on every string,  
And pours again each sound along,  
Like echo, lost and languishing,  
In love with her own wondrous song

That evening, (trusting that his soul  
Might befromhaunting love releas'd  
By mirth, by music, and the bowl,)  
The' Imperial SELIM held a feast  
In his magnificent Shalimar<sup>1</sup>— 499  
In whose Saloons, when the first star  
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,  
The Valley's loveliest all assembled,  
All the bright creatures that, like  
dreams,  
Glide through its foliage, and drink  
beams  
Of beauty from its founts and streams,<sup>2</sup>  
And all those wand'ring minstrel-  
maids,  
Who leave—how can they leave?—  
the shades  
Of that dear Valley, and are found  
Singing in gardens of the South<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste, especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Nool Mahl, made Kashmir his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value.'—Forster

<sup>2</sup> 'The waters of Cashmir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the

Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound  
As from a young Cashmerian's  
mouth 511

There, too, the Haram's inmates  
smile,—  
Maid from the West, with sun-  
bright hair,  
And from the Garden of the NILE,  
Delicate as the roses there,<sup>4</sup>—  
Daughters of Love from CYPRUS'  
rocks,

With Paphian diamonds in their  
locks,<sup>5</sup>—  
Light PERI forms, such as they are  
On the gold meads of CANDAHAR,<sup>6</sup>  
And they, before whose sleepy eyes,  
In their own bright Kathaiban  
bow'rs, 521  
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,  
That they might fancy the rich  
flow'rs,  
That round them in the sun lay  
sighing,  
Had been by magic all set flying<sup>7</sup>

Every thing young, every thing fair  
From East and West is blushing there,  
Except—except—oh, NOURMAHAL<sup>1</sup>  
Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,  
The one, whose smile shone out alone,  
Amidst a world the only one, 531

Cashmirians are indebted for their beauty to them.'—Ali Yezdi

<sup>3</sup> 'From him I received the following little Gazzel, or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing gulls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India.'—*Persian Miscellanies*

<sup>4</sup> 'The roses of the Jin in Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace) are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon.'—Jackson

<sup>5</sup> 'On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock-crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond.'—Marti

<sup>6</sup> 'There is a part of Candahar, called Peria, or Fury Land.'—Thevenot. In some of those countries to the north of India, vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

<sup>7</sup> 'These are the butterflies which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flowers, and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens.'—Dunn

Whose light, among so many lights,  
Was like that star on starry nights,  
The seaman singles from the sky,  
To steer his bark for ever by !

Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought,  
And every thing seem'd dear  
without thee,

But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert,—and  
brought

Thy charm of song all fresh about  
thee

Mingling unnotic'd with a band 540

Of lutanists from many a land,

And veil'd by such a mask as shades  
The features of young Arab maids,<sup>1</sup>—

A mask that leaves but one eye free,  
To do its best in witchery,—

She rov'd, with beating heart, around,

And waited, trembling, for the

minute,

When she might try if still the sound

Of her lov'd lute had magic in it

The board was spread with fruits and

wine, 550

With grapes of gold, like those that

shine

On CASBIN'S hills,<sup>2</sup>—pomegranates

full

Of melting sweetness, and the pears,

And sunniest apples<sup>3</sup> that CAUBUL

In all its thousand gardens<sup>4</sup> bears,—

Plantains, the golden and the green,

MALAYA'S nectar'd mangusteen,<sup>5</sup>

Prunes of BOKHARA, and sweet nuts

From the far groves of SAMARCAND,

And BASRA dates, and apricots, 560

Seed of the Sun,<sup>6</sup> from IRAN'S land,—

<sup>1</sup> 'The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps prettily ordered'—Carreir Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation

<sup>2</sup> 'The golden grapes of Casbin'—*Description of Persia*

<sup>3</sup> 'The fruits exported from Cabul are apples, pears, pomegranates,' &c.—Elphinstone

<sup>4</sup> 'We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Meh-maundar about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account that city and its 100,000 gardens,' &c.—Id

<sup>5</sup> 'The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world, the pride of the Malay islands'—Marsden

<sup>6</sup> 'A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tohm-ek-shems, signifying sun's seed'—*Description of Persia*

<sup>7</sup> 'Sweetmeats, in a crystal cup, consisting

With rich conserve of Visna cherries,<sup>7</sup>  
Of orange flowers, and of those berries  
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles  
Feed on in ERAC'S rocky dells<sup>8</sup>

All these in richest vases smile,

In baskets of pure santal-wood,

And urns of porcelain from that isle<sup>9</sup>

Sunk underneath the Indian flood,

Whence oft the lucky diver brings 570

Vases to grace the halls of kings

Wines, too, of every clime and hue,

Around their liquid lustre threw,

Amber Rosolli,<sup>10</sup>—the bright dew

From vineyards of the Green-Sea

gushing,<sup>11</sup>

And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran

As if that jewel, large and rare,

The ruby for which KUBLAI-KHAN

Offer'd a city's wealth,<sup>12</sup> was blushing,

Melted within the goblets there !

And amply SELIM quaffs of each, 581

And seems resolv'd the flood shall

reach

His inward heart,—shedding around

A genial deluge, as they run,

That soon shall leave no spot un-

drown'd,

For Love to rest his wings upon

He little knew how well the boy

Can float upon a goblet's streams,

Lighting them with his smile of joy —

As bards have seen him in their

dreams, 590

Down the blue GANGES laughing glide

Upon a rosy lotus wreath,<sup>13</sup>

Catching new lustre from the tide

That with his image shone beneath

of rose leaves in conserve, with lemon of Visna cherry, orange flowers,' &c.—Russel

<sup>8</sup> 'Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac' The *Moallakat*, Poem of Taisafa

<sup>9</sup> 'Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan'

—See Kempfer

<sup>10</sup> *Persian Tales*

<sup>11</sup> The white wine of Kishma

<sup>12</sup> 'The king of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world'—Marco Polo

<sup>13</sup> The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphaea Nelumbo'—See Pennant.

But what are cups, without the aid  
Of song to speed them as they flow ?  
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,  
With all the bloom, the freshen'd  
glow  
Of her own country maidens' looks,  
When warm they rise from TEFILIS'  
brooks, <sup>1</sup> 600  
And with an eye, whose restless ray,  
Full, floating, dark—oh, he, who  
knows  
His heart is weak, of Heav'n should  
pray  
To guard him from such eyes as  
those !—  
With a voluptuous wildness flings  
Her snowy hand across the strings  
Of a syrinda,<sup>2</sup> and thus sings —  
Come hither, come hither—by night and  
by day,  
We linger in pleasures that never are  
gone,  
Like the waves of the summer, as one  
dies away, 610  
Another as sweet and as shining comes  
on  
And the love that is o'er, in expiring,  
gives birth  
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd  
in bliss,  
And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on  
earth,  
It is this, it is this <sup>3</sup>  
Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant  
their sigh  
As the flow'r of the Amra just op'd by  
a bee, <sup>4</sup>  
And precious their tears as that rain  
from the sky,<sup>5</sup>  
Which turns into pearls as it falls in  
the sea  
Oh ! think what the kiss and the smile  
must be worth 620  
When the sigh and the tear are so  
perfect in bliss,

And own if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this  
Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd  
by love,  
Could draw down those angels of old  
from their sphere,  
Who for wine of this earth <sup>6</sup> left the  
fountains above,  
And forgot heav'n's stars for the eyes  
we have here  
And, bless'd with the odour our goblet  
gives forth,  
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden  
would miss ?  
For, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this 631  
The Georgian's song was scarcely  
mute,  
When the same measure, sound for  
sound,  
Was caught up by another lute,  
And so divinely breath'd around,  
That all stood hush'd and wondering,  
And turn'd and look'd into the air,  
As if they thought to see the wing,  
Of ISRAFIL,<sup>7</sup> the Angel, there ;—  
So powerfully on ev'ry soul 640  
That new, enchanted measure stole  
While now a voice, sweet as the note  
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to  
float  
Along its chords, and so entwine  
Its sounds with theirs, that none  
knew whether  
The voice or lute was most divine,  
So wondrously they went to-  
gether —  
There's a bliss beyond all that the  
minstrel has told,  
When two, that are link'd in one  
heav'nly tie,  
With heart never changing, and brow  
never cold, 650  
Love on through all ills, and love on  
till they die !

<sup>1</sup> Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm  
baths—See Ebn Haukal

<sup>2</sup> The Indian Syrinda, or guitar.—Symer

<sup>3</sup> Around the exterior of the Dewan Khafs  
(a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are  
the following lines in letters of gold upon a  
ground of white marble—"If there be a paradise  
upon earth, it is this, it is this"—Franklin

<sup>4</sup> Delightful are the flowers of the Amra

trees on the mountain-tops, while the mur-  
muring bees pursue their voluptuous toil"—  
*Song of Jayadeva*

<sup>5</sup> The Nisan or drops of spring rain, which  
they believe to produce pearls if they fall into  
shells.—Richardson

<sup>6</sup> For an account of the share which wine had  
in the fall of the angels, see Maiiti

<sup>7</sup> The Angel of Music See note <sup>2</sup>, p 429

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth  
Whole ages of heartless and wand'ring  
bliss,  
And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on  
earth,

It is this, it is this

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the  
words,

But that deep magic in the chords  
And in the lips, that gave such pow'r  
As Music knew not till that hour

At once a hundred voices said, 660

'It is the mask'd Arabian maid !'  
While SELIM, who had felt the strain  
Deepest of any, and had lain  
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,

After the fairy sounds were o'er,  
Too only touch'd for utterance,

Now motion'd with his hand for  
more —

Fly to the desert, fly with me,  
Our Arab tents are rude for thee,  
But, oh ! the choice what heart can  
doubt, 670  
Of tents with love, or thrones with-  
out ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
The' acacia waves her yellow hair,  
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less  
For flow'ring in a wilderness

Our sands are bare, but down their  
slope

The silv'ry-footed antelope  
As gracefully and gaily springs  
As o'er the marble courts of kings

Then come—thy Arab maid will be  
The lov'd and lone acacia-tree, 681  
The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
With their light sound thy loneliness

Oh ! there are looks and tones that  
dart

An instant sunshine through the  
heart,—

As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had  
sought,

As if the very lips and eyes,  
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,  
And never be forgot again, 690  
Sparkled and spoke before us then !

So came thy ev'ry glance and tone  
When first on me they breath'd and  
shone,

New, as if brought from other spheres,  
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years

Then fly with me,—if thou hast  
known

No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn  
Should ever in thy heart be worn

Come, if the love thou hast for me, 700  
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—  
Fresh as the fountain under ground,  
When first 'tis by the lapwing found !

But if for me thou dost forsake  
Some other maid, and rudely break  
Her worshipp'd image from its base,  
To give to me the ruin'd place,—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake 709  
When thawing suns begin to shine,  
Than trust to love so false as thine !

There was a pathos in this lay,  
That, ev'n without enchantment's  
art,

Would instantly have found its way  
Deep into SELIM's burning heart,  
But, breathing, as it did, a tone  
To earthly lutes and lips unknown,  
With every chord fresh from the touch  
Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much !  
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—

Which, all the time of this sweet  
air,

His hand had held, untasted, up, 722  
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—  
And naming her, so long unnam'd,  
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,  
'Oh NOURMAHAL ! oh NOURMAHAL !  
Hadst thou but sung this witching  
strain,

I could forget—forgive thee all,  
And never leave those eyes again !

The mask is off—the charm is  
wrought— 730

And SELIM to his heart has caught,

<sup>1</sup> The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to  
have the power of discovering water under  
ground

In blushes, more than ever bright,  
His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light !  
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance  
The charm of every brighten'd glance,  
And dearer seems each dawning smile  
For having lost its light awhile

And, happier now for all her sighs,  
As on his arm her head reposes,  
She whispers him, with laughing  
eyes,  
'Remember, love, the Feast of  
Roses !'

741

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, 'frivolous'—'inharmonious'—'nonsensical,' he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,<sup>1</sup>—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dews, gems, &c.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers, and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm, and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine,—'being, perhaps,' said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, 'one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain,<sup>2</sup> so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it.' Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation 'and indeed,' concluded the critic, 'from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet.'

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India, and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor,<sup>3</sup> he should receive a pale and inanimate

<sup>1</sup> See p. 419

<sup>2</sup> 'The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species *Kia-tsin*, that is, *azure as put in press*, on account of the manner in which

the azure is laid on.—'They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose'—Dunn

<sup>3</sup> An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. 'I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor'—Hafiz

victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart ?

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled<sup>1</sup> But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains,—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains,<sup>2</sup> which make every spot of that region holy ground,—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers,<sup>3</sup> appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre,—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened, and grew bitterer every step she advanced

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu<sup>4</sup> Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth,—while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon, like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters,<sup>5</sup> who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly, and with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her,—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites, and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odouriferous wind<sup>6</sup> that is to blow over this earth in the last days

<sup>1</sup> Kachmire be Nazeei —Foister

<sup>2</sup> The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Beschian, and of Brama All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound —Major Rennel's *Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan*

Jehru-Guire mentions 'a fountain in Cashmere called Tin nagh, which signifies a snake, probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there' —'During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmire The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood' —Toozek Jehangeery —*Vide Asiat Musc.* vol II

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the *Ayin-Acharee*, 'who,' says Major Rennel, 'appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the valley, by his description of the holy places in it'

<sup>3</sup> 'On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully-chequered parterre' —Foister

<sup>4</sup> 'Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vivary Of the shells of these also lanterns are made' —Vincent le Blanc's *Travels*

<sup>5</sup> For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, *vide Encyclopaedia*

<sup>6</sup> This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach

Another of the signs is, 'Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place!' —Sale's *Preliminary Discourse*

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the *Shahmar*. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her Ladies came around her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming forth from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharra, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake,—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian, which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant, nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed on the way, at which her heart did not flutter with the momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell!—In the barge immediately after the princess sat FADLADEEN, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, 'concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith.'

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the *Shahmar*, and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume, while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride, and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coolburga,<sup>1</sup> on one of which sat ALIRIS, the youthful King of Bucharra, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her, but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before

<sup>1</sup> On Mahommed Shaw's return to Coolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it *Firozeh* or *Cerulean*. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne *Firozeh* in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth, made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee,

who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones, so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood, it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one crore of rons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called *Firozeh* from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels.—*Ferishta*.



her '—FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as a humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly. He was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested, and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch ALIRIS, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt, and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.

## POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL POEMS

### LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR P—RC—V—L

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,  
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend,  
We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had err'd,  
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,  
And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed,  
When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,  
And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd him, when dead

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,  
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,  
Had known what he was—and, content to be *good*,  
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspir'd to be *great*

So, left through their own little orbit to move,  
His years might have roll'd inoffensive away,  
His children might still have been bless'd with his love,  
And England would ne'er have been curs'd with his sway

Sir, *To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle*

In order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, 'FUM, *The Chinese Bird of Royalty*, is a principal ornament

I am, Sir, yours, &c

MUM

### FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, FUM,  
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, HUM,  
In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton, which is it ?)  
Where FUM had just come to pay HUM a short visit —

Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in nation  
 (The breed of the HUMS is as old as creation);  
 Both, full craw'd Legitimates—both, birds of prey,  
 Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, half way  
 'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord C—STL—GH  
 While FUM deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea, 10  
 Peers, Bishops, and Punch, HUM, are sacred to thee'  
 So congenial their tastes, that, when FUM first did light on  
 The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,  
 The lanterns and dragons, and things round the dome  
 Were so like what he left, 'Gad,' says FUM, 'I'm at home'—  
 And when, turning, he saw Bishop L GE, 'Zooks, it is,'  
 Quoth the Bird, 'Yes—I know him—a Bonze, by his phyz—  
 And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low  
 Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat Fo!'  
 It chanc'd at this moment, the' Episcopal Prig 20  
 Was imploring the P—E to dispense with his wig,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head,  
 And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage shed,  
 Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,  
 That, while FUM cried 'Oh Fo!', all the court cried 'Oh fie!'  
  
 But, a truce to digression,—these Birds of a feather  
 Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State matters together,  
 (The P—E just in bed, or about to depart for't,  
 His legs full of gout, and his arms full of H—RTE—D,)  
 'I say, HUM,' says FUM—FUM, of course, spoke Chinese, 30  
 But, bless you, that's nothing—at Brighton one sees  
 Foreign lingoos and Bishops *translated* with ease—  
 'I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now?  
 Is it *up*? is it *prime*? is it *spooney*—or how?'  
 (The Bird had just taken a flash-man's degree  
 Under B—RR—M—RE, Y—TH, and young Master L—E)  
 'As for us in Pekin'—here, a devil of a din  
 From the bed-chamber came, where that long Mandarn,  
 C—STL—GH (whom FUM calls the *Confucius* of Prose),  
 Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's repose 40  
 To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol's nose  
  
 (*Nota bene*—his Lordship and L—V—RF—L come,  
 In collateral lines, from the old Mother HUM,  
 C—STL—GH a HUM-bug—L—V—RF—L a HUM-drum)  
 The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd C—STL—GH,  
 Saddled HUM in a hurry, and, whip, spur, away,  
 Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby,  
 Ne'er paus'd, till he lighted in St Stephen's lobby

<sup>1</sup> In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, when- | ever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by his R—l H—ss

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF SH—R—D—N

Principibus placuisse viuis !—HORAT

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear  
 Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,  
 Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,  
 And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close —

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed  
 By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave,—  
 Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,  
 Like the Ghoul of the East, comes to feed at his grave

Oh ! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,  
 And spirits so mean in the great and high-born,  
 To think what a long line of titles may follow  
 The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn !

10

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array  
 Of one, whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow —  
 How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,  
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow !

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,  
 Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,  
 Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,  
 Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast —

20

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee  
 With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine,—  
 No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,  
 Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine,—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that thou hast—  
 All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd,  
 When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,  
 And which found all his wants at an end, was return'd,<sup>1</sup>

' Was *this* then the fate,'—future ages will say,  
 When *some* names shall live but in history's curse,  
 When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day  
 Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as wise,—

30

' Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,  
 The pride of the palace, the bow'r and the hall,  
 The orator,—dramatist,—minstrel,—who ran  
 Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all,—

' Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art  
 From the finest and best of all other men's pow'rs —  
 Who rul'd, like a wizard, the world of the heart,  
 And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its show'rs,—

40

' Whose humour, as gay as the fire fly's light,  
 Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd,—  
 Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
 Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade,—

<sup>1</sup> The sum was two hundred pounds—*offered* | sustenance, and declined, for him, by his  
 when Sh—l—d—n could no longer take any | friends

' Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,  
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—  
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,  
As even bore Freedom aloft on its wave '1

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate,—  
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,  
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve

50

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey  
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh, <sup>1</sup>  
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!

## EPISTLE

<sup>1</sup> FROM TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN <sup>2</sup>

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION <sup>3</sup>

' Ah! mio BEN '1'—METASTASIO <sup>4</sup>

WHAT! BEN, my old hero, is this your renown?

Is *this* the new *go*?—kick a man when he's down!  
When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then—  
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!

'Foul! foul!' all the lads of the Fancy exclaim—  
CHARLEY SHOCK is electrified—BELCHER spits flame—  
And MOLYNEUX—ay, even BLACKY <sup>5</sup> cries 'shame!'

Time was, when JOHN BULL little difference spied  
'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side  
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)

10

His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating  
But this comes, Master BEN, of your curst foreign notions,  
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace and lotions,  
Your Noyeaas, Curaçoas, and the Devil knows what—  
(One swig of *Blue Run* <sup>6</sup> is worth the whole lot!)

Your great and small *crosses*—(my eyes, what a brood!  
A *cross*-buttock from me would do some of them good!)  
Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,  
Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus*,

And (as JIM says) the only one trick, good or bad,  
Of the Fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad  
Hence it comes,—BOXIANA, disgrace to thy page!—

20

Having floor'd, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,  
Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *mill'd* us all round,  
You kick'd him, old BEN, as he gasp'd on the ground!

Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any—  
Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd* <sup>7</sup> him to Botany!

<sup>1</sup> Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there was found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them—*History of Poland*

<sup>2</sup> A nickname given, at this time, to the Prince Regent

<sup>3</sup> Written soon after Bonaparte's trans-

portation to St Helena

<sup>4</sup> Tom, I suppose, was 'assisted' to this Motto by Mr Jackson, who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going

<sup>5</sup> Names and nicknames of celebrated pugilists at that time

<sup>6</sup> Gin

<sup>7</sup> Transported

Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger* '1 you, who, alas,  
*Doubled up*, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,  
 On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,  
 When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes,  
 Look down upon BEN—see him, *dunghill* all o'er,  
 Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more '  
 Out, cowardly *spooney* '—again and again,  
 By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN  
 To *show the white feather* is many men's doom,  
 But, what of *one feather* ?—BEN shows a *whole Plume*

39

## THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS

c

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento —CASTIGLIONE

### PREFACE

IN what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr FUDGE's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C——GH, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, THOMAS REYNOLDS, Esq, he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry, but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—DM—TH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr FUDGE, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages. But much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to him, Lord S—DM—TH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret much that I have been obliged to omit Mr BOB FUDGE's Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, &c &c,—but, in consequence of some remarks upon *Marinette's* thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr KING wrote a treatise to prove that BENTLEY 'was not the author of his own book,' and a similar absurdity has been asserted of me, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people, and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag—such as it is—having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him, without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγω δ' Ὁ ΜΟΡΟΣ ἀρας  
 Εἰσαμην μεταπω

<sup>1</sup> A Life Guardsman, one of the *Fancy*, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable *set to* at Waterloo

I can only add, that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propria persona*, that I am—his, or her,

Very obedient

And very humble Servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER

April 17, 1818

## THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS

### LETTER I

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —, OF CLONKILTY, IN IRELAND

Amiens

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,

The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,

Into very bad French is, as usual, translating

His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,

I sit down to write you a line—only think '—

A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,  
How delightful ' though, would you believe it, my dear ' 10

I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here,

No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,

But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home;

And *but* for the post boy, his boots and his queue,

I might *just* as well be at Clonkilty with you ' 10

In vain, at DESSEIN'S, did I take from my trunk

That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading 'The Monk',

In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,

And remember the crust and the wallet—alas ' 20

No monks can be had now for love or for money,

(All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BONEY,)

And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive

Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive ' 20

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa *had* a touch

Of romance on the pier, which affected me much

At the sight of that spot, where our darling DIX-HUIT

Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,<sup>1</sup>

(Modell'd out so exactly, and—God bless the mark ' 30

'Tis a foot, DOLLY, worthy so *Grand a Monarque*),

He exclaim'd, ' Oh, mon Roi ' and, with tear dropping eye,

Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin, nigh,

Mutter'd out with a shrug, (what an insolent thing ')

' Ma foi, he be right—'tis de Englishman's King ; 30

And dat *gros pied de cochon*—begar, me vil say

Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way ' 30

There's the pillar, too—Lord ! I had nearly forgot—

What a charming idea '—rais'd close to the spot ;

The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,)

To build tombs over legs,<sup>2</sup> and raise pillars to toes.

<sup>1</sup> To commemorate the landing of Louis le Désiré from England, the impression of his foot is marked out on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot

<sup>2</sup> Ci git la jambe de, &c. &c

This is all that's occur'd sentimental as yet,  
 Except, indeed, some little flow'r nymphs we've met,  
 Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,  
 Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then—bawling for *sous* !  
 And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem  
 To recall the good days of the *ancien régime*,  
 All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,  
 And as thin as they were in the time of dear STERNE

40

Our party consists (in a neat Calais job)  
 Of Papa and myself, Mr CONNOR and BOB  
 You remember how sheepish BOB look'd at Kilrandy,  
 But, Lord ! he's quite alter'd—they've made him a Dandy,  
 A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and lac'd,  
 Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist  
 Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,  
 With heads, so immovably stuck in shirt-collars,  
 That seats, like our music-stools, soon must be found them,  
 To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them  
 In short, dear, 'a Dandy' describes what I mean,  
 And BOB's far the best of the *genus* I've seen  
 An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,  
 And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,  
 Whose names—think, how quick ! he already knows pat,  
*A la brasse, petits pâtés*, and—what d'ye call that  
 They inflict on potatoes ?—oh ! *maître d'hôtel*—  
 I assure you, dear DOLLY, he knows them as well  
 As if nothing else all his life he had eat,  
 Though a bit of them BOBBY has never touch'd yet,  
 But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks,  
 As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books

50

60

As to Pa, what d'ye think ?—mind, it's all *entre nous*,  
 But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you—  
 Why, he's writing a book—what ! a tale ? a romance ?  
 No, ye Gods, would it were !—but his *Travels in France*,  
 At the special desire (he let out t'other day)  
 Of his great friend and patron, my Lord C—STL—R—GH,  
 Who said, 'My dear FUDGE'—I forget the exact words,  
 And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's,  
 But 'twas something to say that, as all must allow  
 A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,  
 To expound to the world the new—thingummie—science,  
 Found out by the—what's its name—Holy Alliance,  
 And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,  
 Their freedom a joke, (which it *is*, you know, DOLLY.)  
 'There's none,' said his Lordship, 'if I may be judge,  
 Half so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE !'

70

80

The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to *the Row*  
 (The *first* stage your tourists now usually go),  
 Settles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises—  
 Starts post from the door, with his tablets—French phrases—  
 'SCOTT'S Visit,' of course—in short, ev'ry thing he has  
 An author can want, except words and ideas —

And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year,  
Is PHIL FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my dear! 90

But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd better  
Draw fast to a close —this exceeding long letter  
You owe to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*,  
Which BOBBY would have, and is hard at it yet —  
What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,  
Young CONNOR —they say he's so like BONAPARTE,  
His nose and his chin—which Papa rather dreads,  
As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all heads  
That resemble old NAP's, and who knows but their honours  
May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor CONNOR'S? 100  
*Au reste* (as we say), the young lad's well enough,  
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff,  
A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job  
(Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma),  
And for charity made private tutor to BOB,—  
*Entre nous*, too, a Papist—how lib'ral of Pa!

This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus,  
But BOB'S *déjeuner's* done, and Papa's in a fuss

B F

P S

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop  
Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop, 110  
And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it,  
Must now, DOLL, be made in a hideous low bonnet  
But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, *there* will be joy,  
And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame Le Rot! 1

## LETTER II

FROM PHIL FUDGE, ESQ TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST—R—GH

Paris

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss  
To date to you a line from this  
'Demoraliz'd' metropolis,  
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,  
The throne was turn'd quite topsy turvy,  
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,  
'Stood prostrate' at the people's feet,  
Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)  
The level of obedience *slopes*  
Upward and downward, as the stream 10  
Of hydra faction *kicks the beam* 1 2  
Where the poor Palace changes masters  
Quicker than a snake its skin,  
And LOUIS is roll'd out on castors,  
While BONEX's borne on shoulders  
in —

But where, in every change, no doubt,  
One special good your Lordship  
traces,—

That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,  
The *Ministers* still keep their places

How oft, dear Viscount C——GH, 20  
I've thought of thee upon the way,  
As in my *job* (what place could be  
More apt to wake a thought of thee?)—  
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting  
Upon my dicky, (as is fitting  
For him who writes a Tour, that he  
May more of men and manners see,)  
I've thought of thee and of thy glories,  
Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!

Thus the eloquent Counsellor B——, in describ-  
ing some hypocritical pretender to charity,  
said, 'He put his hand in his breeches pocket,  
like a crocodile, and,' &c &c

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris

<sup>2</sup> This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shows how deeply Mr Fudge must have studied his great original Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities



Reflecting how thy fame has grown 30  
 And spread, beyond man's usual share,  
 At home, abroad, till thou art known,  
 Like Major SEMPLE, every where!  
 And may'ling with what powers of  
 breath  
 Your Lordship, havingspeech'd to death  
 Some hundreds of you fellow-men,  
 Next speech'd to Sov'reigns' ears,—and  
 when  
 All Sov'reigns else were doz'd, at last  
 Speech'd down the Sov'reign<sup>1</sup> of  
 Belfast 39  
 Oh! mid the praises and the trophies  
 Thou gain'st from Morosops and Sophis,  
 Mid all the tributes to thy fame,  
 There's one thou should'st be chiefly  
 pleas'd at—  
 That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,  
 And C——GH's the thing now  
 sneez'd at!

But hold, my pen!—a truce to praising—  
 Though ev'n your Lordship will allow  
 The theme's temptations are amazing,  
 But time and ink run short, and now,  
 (As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and  
 teacher 50

In these gay metaphoric finges,  
 I must *embark* into the *feature*  
 On which this letter chiefly *hinges*,)<sup>2</sup>  
 My Book, the Book that is to prove—  
 And *will*, (so help ye Sprites above,  
 That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,  
 Watching the labours of the FUDGES!)  
 Will prove that all the world, at present,  
 Is in a state extremely pleasant,  
 That Europe—thanks to royal swords 60  
 And bay'nets, and the Duke com-  
 manding—  
 Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,  
 Passeth all human understanding

<sup>1</sup> The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his Lordship (with the 'studium immane loquendi' attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of 'The best cavalry officer in Europe—the Regent!'

<sup>2</sup> Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches—'And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges'

That Fiance prefers her go-cart King  
 To such a coward scamp as BONEY,  
 Though round, with each a leading-  
 string,

There standeth many a Royal crony,  
 For fear the chubby, tott'ring thing  
 Should fall, if left there *loney-poney*,—  
 That England, too, the more her debts,  
 The more she spends, the richer gets, 71  
 And that the Irish, grateful nation!

Remember when by *thee* reign'd over,  
 And bless thee for then flagellation,  
 As HELOISA did her lover!—<sup>3</sup>  
 That Poland, left for Russia's lunch  
 Upon the side-board, snug repose  
 While Saxony's as pleas'd as Punch,  
 And Norway 'on a bed of roses!'  
 That, as for some few million souls, 80  
 Transferr'd by contract, bless the  
 clods!

If half were strangled—Spaniards, Poles,  
 And Frenchmen—'twouldn't make  
 much odds,

So Europe's goodly Royal ones,  
 Sit easy on their sacred thrones,  
 So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,<sup>4</sup>  
 And LOUIS eats his *salmi*,<sup>5</sup> daily,  
 So time is left to Emperor SANDY  
 To be *half* Caesar and *half* Dandy;  
 And G——GE the R——G——T (who'd for  
 get 90

That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)  
 Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,  
 For dragons, after Chinese models,  
 And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo,  
 Might come and nine times knock  
 their noddles!—

All this my Quarto 'll prove—much  
 more

Than Quarto ever prov'd before  
 In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,  
 My facts the *Courier* shall supply, 99  
 My jokes V——NS——T, P——LE my sense,  
 And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

<sup>3</sup> See her *Letters*

<sup>4</sup> It would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-carrying of Aretas, to the petticoat-embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of the P——e R——t

<sup>5</sup> Οψα τε, οια εδουσι διοτρεφεις βασιλεις  
 Homer, *Odys.* 3,

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,  
 On BIDDY's back or BOBBY's shoulder,  
 (My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,  
 Who longs to be a small place-holder,)  
 Is—though I say't, that shouldn't say—  
 Extremely good, and, by the way,  
*One* extract from it—*only one*—  
 To show its spirit, and I've done  
 ' *Jul thirty-first*—Went, after snack, 110  
 To the Cathedral of St Denny,  
 Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,  
 And—gave the old Concierge a penny  
 (*Mem*—Must see *Rheims*, much fam'd,  
 'tis said,  
 For making Kings and gingerbread)  
 Was shown the tomb where lay, so  
 stately,  
 A little Bourbon, buried lately  
 Thrice high and puissant, we were told,  
 Though only twenty-four hours old '1  
 Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins 120  
 Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins!

If Royalty, but ag'd a day,  
 Can boast such high and puissant sway,  
 What impious hand its pow'r would  
 fix,  
 Full fledg'd and wigg'd <sup>2</sup> at fifty-six '1  
 The argument's quite new, you see,  
 And proves exactly Q E D  
 So now, with duty to the R—g—t,  
 I am, dear Lord,  
 Your most obedient,  
 P F.

*Hôtel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli* 130  
 Neat lodgings—rather dear for me,  
 But BIDDY said she thought 'twould  
 look  
 Genteeler thus to date my Book,  
 And BIDDY's right—besides, it curries  
 Some favour with our friends at MUR-  
 RAY'S,  
 Who scorn what any man can say,  
 That dates from Rue St -Honoré!

## LETTER III

FROM MR BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD , ESQ

OH Dick! you may talk of your writing and reading,  
 Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding,  
 And *this* is the place for it, DICKY, you dog,  
 Of all places on earth—the head-quarters of Prog!  
 Talk of England—her fam'd Magna Charta, I swear, is  
 A humbug, a flam, to the Carte <sup>4</sup> at old VÉRY'S,  
 And as for your Junes—who would not set o'er 'em  
 A Jury of Tasters, <sup>5</sup> with woodcocks before 'em?  
 Give CARTWRIGHT his Parliaments, fresh every year,  
 But those friends of *short Commons* would never do here, 10  
 And, let ROMILLY speak as he will on the question,  
 No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion!

By the by, DICK, I fatten—but *n'importe* for that,  
 'Tis the mode—your Legtimates always get fat  
 There's the R—g—t, there's LOUIS—and BONEY tried too,  
 But, though somewhat imperial in paunch, 'twouldn't do—  
 He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when he wed,  
 But he ne'er grew right royally fat *in the head*.

<sup>1</sup> So described on the coffin 'tête haute et  
 puissante Princesse, âgée d'un jour'

<sup>2</sup> There is a fulness and breadth in this  
 portrait of Royalty, which reminds us of what  
 Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great quali-  
 ties.—'nonne longè lateque Principem ostentat'

<sup>3</sup> See the *Quarterly Review* for May, 1816, where  
 Mr Hobhouse is accused of having written his

book 'in a back street of the French capital'

<sup>4</sup> The Bill of Fare—Vary, a well-known  
 Restaurant

<sup>5</sup> Mr Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to  
 the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to  
 assemble at the Hôtel of M Grimois de la  
 Reynière, and of which this modern Aiche-  
 stratus has given an account in his *Almanach  
 des Gourmands*, cinquième année, p 78

DICK, DICK, what a place is this Paris!—but stay—  
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,  
As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,  
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what

20

After dreaming some hours of the land of *Cocaigne*,<sup>1</sup>

That *Elysium* of all that is *friend* and nice,  
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,

And the skaters in winter show off on *cream-ice*,  
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,

*Macaroni au parmesan* grows in the fields,  
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,  
And the geese are all born with a liver complaint!<sup>2</sup>

30

I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—

For a lad who goes into the world, DICK, like me,  
Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—  
Almost as tight as some lads who go out of it

With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that 'hold up  
The mirror to nature'—so bright you could sup

Off the leather like china, with coat, too, that draws  
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!

With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,  
And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,

40

I strut to the old *Café Hardy*, which yet  
Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*

There, DICK, what a breakfast! oh, not like your ghost  
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast,<sup>3</sup>

But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves about,  
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out  
One *pâté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,

One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,

One's crudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,

Or one's kidneys—imagine, DICK—done with champagne!

50

Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or, mayhap,  
*Chambertin*,<sup>4</sup> which you know's the pet tippie of NAP,

<sup>1</sup> The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise*  
'Pays, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites,  
et où, comme on paille, les alouettes tombent  
toutes rôties Du Latin, coquille'—Duchât

<sup>2</sup> The process by which the liver of the un-  
fortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce  
that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of  
which such renowned *pates* are made at Stras-  
bourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the  
*Cours Gastronomique*—'On dépouille l'estomac  
des oies, on attache ensuite ces animaux aux  
chenets d'une cheminée, et on les noue  
devant le feu La captivité et la chaleur don-  
nent à ces volatiles une maladie hépatique, qui  
fait gonfler leur foie.' &c p 206

<sup>3</sup> Is Mr Bob aware that his contempt for tea  
renders him liable to a charge of *atheism*?  
Such, at least, is the opinion cited in *Christian*  
*Falster Amoenitat Philog*—'Atheum inter-  
pretabatur hominem ab herbâ The aversum'  
He would not, I think, have been so unreverent  
to this beverage of scholars, if he had read  
Peter Petit's Poem in praise of Tea, addressed  
to the learned *Huet*—or the Epigraphe which  
Pechlinus wrote for an altar he meant to dedi-

cate to this herb—or the Anacreontics of Peter  
Franciscus, in which he calls Tea

Θεαν, θεην, θεαιαν

The following passage from one of these  
Anacreontics will, I have no doubt, begatify  
ing to all true Theists

Οεοις, θεων τε πατρι,  
Εν χρυσειοις σκυφοισι  
Διδοι το νεκταρ 'Ηβη  
Σε μοι διακονοιντο  
Σκυφοις εν μυρρινοισι  
Τω καλλει προπουσαι  
Καλαις χειρεσι κουραι

Which may be thus translated —

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,  
High in heav'n her nectar hold,  
And to Jove's immortal throng  
Pour the tide in cups of gold—  
I'll not envy heaven's Princes,  
While, with snowy hands, for me,  
Kate the china tea-cup rinses,  
And pours out her best Bohea!

<sup>4</sup> The favourite wine of Napoleon

And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,  
 Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so partic'lar —  
 Your coffee comes next, by prescription and then, DICK, 's  
 The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,  
 (If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't,  
 I'd swallow ev'n W—TK—NS', for sake of the end on't,)  
 A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips  
 Just as if bottled velvet 'tipp'd over one's lips 60  
 This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd 't)

Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something so queer in 't ')—  
 The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,

And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear in't,  
 We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, DICK, the phyzzes,  
 The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!  
 Here toddles along some old figure of fun,

With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1,  
 A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul!  
 A fine ribbon and cross in his best button hole; 70  
 Just such as our PR—CE, who nor reason nor fun dreads,  
 Inflicts, without ev'n a court-martial, on hundreds<sup>2</sup>  
 Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,  
 (Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by),  
 And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,

In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.  
 There goes a French Dandy—ah, DICK 't unlike some ones  
 We've seen about WHITE'S—the Mounseers are but rum ones,  
 Such hats '—fit for monkeys—I'd back Mrs DRAPER  
 To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper 80  
 And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,  
 They'd club for old BR—MM—L, from Calais, to dress 'em!  
 The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,

That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-lobbing nation,  
 To leave there behind them a snug little place

For the head to drop into, on decapitation  
 In short, what with mountebanks, counts, and friseurs,  
 Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—  
 What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,  
 Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats, 90  
 And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,

There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards—but hearken '—yes—as I'm a sinner,  
 The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner  
 So no more at present—short time for adorning—  
 My Day must be finish'd some other fine morning  
 Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS'<sup>3</sup> larder, my boy!  
 And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy  
 Were to write 'Come and kiss me, dear BOB!' I'd not budge—  
 Not a step, DICK, as sure as my name is

R FUDGE 100

<sup>1</sup> *Velours en bouteille*

<sup>2</sup> It was said by Viquefort, more than a hundred years ago, 'Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres'

Rois de la Chrétienté ensemble '—What would he say now?

<sup>3</sup> A celebrated restaurateur

## LETTER IV

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO —

'RETURN'—no, never, while the with'ring hand  
 Of bigot power is on that hapless land,  
 While, for the faith my fathers held to God,  
 Ev'n in the fields where free those fathers trod,  
 I am proscib'd, and—like the spot left bare  
 In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair  
 Amidst their mirth, that Slav'ry had been there—<sup>1</sup>  
 On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace  
 The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!  
 No!—let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs  
 See nought but food for factions and harangues, •  
 Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,  
 And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their scores.  
 Still let your <sup>2</sup>

10

Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,  
 Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly

But whither?—everywhere the scourge pursues—  
 Turn where he will, the wretched wand'rer views,  
 In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,  
 Countless reflections of the Oppressor's face  
 Everywhere gallant hearts, and spouts true,  
 Are serv'd up victims to the vile and few,  
 While E—gl—d, everywhere—the general foe  
 Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—  
 Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow

20

Oh, E—gl—d! could such poor revenge atone  
 For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one,  
 Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate  
 The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,  
 To hear his curses on such barb'rous sway  
 Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way,—  
 Could *this* content him, every lip he meets  
 Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets,  
 Were *this* his lux'ry, never is thy name  
 Pronounc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame,  
 Hears maledictions ring from every side  
 Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,  
 Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside,  
 That low and desprate envy, which to blast  
 A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast,—  
 That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,  
 Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield,—

30

40

<sup>1</sup> 'They used to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they wrote, in large letters, either the fore-mentioned verse of the Psalmist ("If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," &c.) or the words—"The memory of the desolation."—Leo of Modena

<sup>2</sup> I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr Phelim Connor's letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousin the Fudges, to very little purpose

That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,  
 Can count the slave, can swear he shall be freed,  
 Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,  
 Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd !  
 Worthy associate of that band of Kings,  
 That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings  
 O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,  
 And fan her into dreams of promis'd good,  
 Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood !  
 If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss  
 That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than this,  
 That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,  
 Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art,  
 That, as the centaur<sup>1</sup> gave the infected vest  
 In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,  
 We sent thee C 50 OR—as heaps of dead  
 Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,  
 So hath our land breath'd out, thy fame to dim,  
 Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb,  
 Her worst infections all condens'd in him !  
60

When will the world shake off such yokes ? oh, when  
 Will that redeeming day shine out on men,  
 That shall behold them rise erect and free  
 As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be !  
 When Reason shall no longer blindly bow  
 To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,  
 Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now,  
 Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth,  
 Nor drunken Vict'ry, with a Nero's mirth,  
 Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans,—  
 But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones  
 Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—  
 Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven !  
70

When will this be ?—or, oh ! is it, in truth,  
 But one of those sweet day-break dreams of youth,  
 In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,  
 'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things !  
 And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,  
 Be all resign'd ?—and are *they* only right,  
 Who say this world of thinking souls was made  
 To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd  
 In scales that, ever since the world begun,  
 Have counted millions but as dust to one ?  
 Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn  
 The rights, the freedom to which man was born ?  
 Who  
80  
90

Who, proud to kiss each sep'rate rod of pow'r,  
 Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour,

<sup>1</sup>                   Membra et Herculeos toros  
 Urat lues Nessea  
 Ille, ille victor vincitur   Senec *Hercul Oct*

Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves  
 And take the thund'ring of his brass for JOVE'S  
 If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,  
 Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,  
 Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,  
 Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there!—  
 Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,  
 Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight  
 For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,  
 Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,  
 The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,  
 Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's land,  
 Against whole millions, panting to be free,  
 Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny  
 Instead of him, the' Athenian bard, whose blade  
 Had stood the onset which his pen portray'd,  
 Welcome

100

110

And, 'stead of ARISTIDES—woe the day  
 Such names should mingle!—welcome C———GH

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,<sup>1</sup>  
 Like priests of old, when words ill omen'd came  
 My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,  
 Thoughts that

Thoughts that—could patience hold—'twere wiser far  
 To leave still hid and burning where they are

120

## LETTER V

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —

WHAT a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad, naughty girl—  
 For, though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,—  
 Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum  
 Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em  
 But, Lord, such a place! and then, DOLLY, my dresses,  
 My gowns, so divine!—there's no language expresses,  
 Except just the *two* words 'superbe,' 'magnifique,'  
 The trimmings of that which I had home last week!  
 It is call'd—I forget—à la—something which sounded  
 Like *alcampane*—but, in truth, I'm confounded  
 And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's  
 (BOB's) cookery language, and Madame LE ROI's

10

<sup>1</sup> The late Lord C of Ireland had a curious theory about names—he held that every man with *three* names was a jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous—viz Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, &c &c, and in England, he produced as examples Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, &c &c

The Romans called a thief '*homo trium literarum*'

Tun' trium literarum homo

Me vituperas? Fui \*

Plautus, *Aulularia* Act II Scene 4

\* Dissaldeus supposes this word to be a *glossema*—that is, he thinks 'Fur' has made his escape from the margin into the text

What with filets of roses, and filets of veal,  
 Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,  
 One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,  
 And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,  
 I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,  
 Between beef *a la Psyché* and curls *a la braise* —  
 But, in short, dear, I'm truck'd out quite à la Française,  
 With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and poking,  
 Like things that are put to keep chimnies from smoking

20

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights  
 Of this Eden of milliners, monies, and sights—  
 This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting  
 But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?  
 Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!

Brother BOBBY's remark, t'other night, was a true one,—  
 'This *must* be the music,' said he, 'of the *spears*,

For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one!'  
 Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make out  
 'Twas the Jacobins brought ev'ry mischief about)

30

That this passion for loaving has come in of late,  
 Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State—  
 What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!

What a chorus, dear DOLLY, would soon be let loose of it,  
 If, when of age, every man in the realm

Had a voice like old LAIS,<sup>1</sup> and chose to make use of it!  
 No—never was known in this riotous sphere

Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear  
 So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,

40

Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic  
 For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,

And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!

But, the dancing—*ah!* *parlez-moi*, DOLLY, *de ça*—  
 There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa  
 Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance!

Fly, fly to TITANIA, and ask her if *she* has  
 One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance

Like divine BIGOTTINI and sweet FANNY BIAS!  
 FANNY BIAS in FLORA—dear creature!—you'd swear,

50

When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,  
 That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,  
 And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground  
 And when BIGOTTINI in PSYCHÉ dishevels

Her black flowing hair, and by daemons is driven,  
 Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,

That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven!  
 Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,

So divinely—oh, DOLLY! between you and I,  
 It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh

60

To make love to me then—you've a soul, and can judge  
 What a crisis 'twould be for your friend BIDDY FUDGE!

<sup>1</sup> The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera



The next place (which BOBBY has near lost his heart in)  
 They call it the Play-house—I think—of St Martin,<sup>1</sup>  
 Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly  
 To say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY,  
 Where here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,  
 The Testament turn'd into melo-dramas nightly,<sup>2</sup>  
 And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,  
 They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts  
 Here DANIEL, in pantomime,<sup>3</sup> bids bold defiance  
 To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd lions,  
 While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,  
 In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it,—  
 Here BÉGRAND,<sup>4</sup> who shines in this scriptural path,

70

As the lovely SUZANNA, without ev'n a relic  
 Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath

In a manner that, BOB says, is quite *Eve-angelic*!  
 But in short, dear, 'twould take me a month, to recite  
 All the exquisite places we're at, day and night,  
 And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad  
 Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had

80

Last night, at the Beaujon,<sup>5</sup> a place where—I doubt  
 If its charms I can paint—there are cars, that set out  
 From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,  
 And rattle you down DOLL—you hardly know where  
 These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through  
 This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*  
 Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether

You'll venture down *with* him—you smile—'tis a match,  
 In an instant you're seated, and down both together

90

Go thund'ring, as if you went post to old scratch!<sup>6</sup>  
 Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd  
 On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,  
 The impatience of some for the perilous flight,  
 The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,—  
 That there came up—imagine, dear DOLL, if you can  
 A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,  
 With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)  
 The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,

100

<sup>1</sup> The Théâtre de la Porte St -Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burnt down, in 1781 —A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *élégantes* displayed flame-coloured dresses, 'couleur de feu d'Opéra!'—Dulaure, *Curiosités de Paris*

<sup>2</sup> 'The Old Testament,' says the theatrical Critic in the *Gazette de France*, 'is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Théâtre de la Gaseté every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea.'

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-dramas at Vienna, we find 'The Voice of G—d, by M. Schwartz'

<sup>3</sup> A piece very popular last year, called

'Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions' The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these Scriptural pantomimes 'Scene 20 — La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu "Jehovah" au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'Eternel'

<sup>4</sup> Madame Bégrand, a finely-formed woman, who acts in 'Susanna and the Elders,'—'L'Amour et la Folie,' &c &c

<sup>5</sup> The Promenades Aériennes, or French Mountains —See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by 'F F Cotterel Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris,' &c &c

<sup>6</sup> According to Dr Cotterel the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour

As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or  
 A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER<sup>1</sup>  
 Up he came, DOLL to me, and, uncov'ring his head,  
 (Rather bald, but so warlike<sup>1</sup>) in bad English said,  
 'Ah' my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—  
 Just for von littel course'—though I scarce understood  
 What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would  
 Off we set—and, though faith, dear, I hardly knew whether  
 My head or my heels were the uppermost then,  
 For 'twas like heav'n and earth, DOLLY, coming together,— 110  
 Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again  
 And oh! as I gaz'd on the features and air  
 Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,  
 I could fancy almost he and I were a pair  
 Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,  
 Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a  
 Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara'

This achiev'd, through the gaidens<sup>1</sup> we saunter'd about,  
 Saw the fire works, exclaim'd 'magnifique' at each cracker,  
 And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out 120  
 With the air I *will* say, of a Prince, to our *facre*

Now, hear me—this stranger—it may be mere folly—  
 But *who* do you think we all think it is, DOLLY?  
 Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,  
 Who's here now incog<sup>2</sup>—he, who made such a fuss, you  
 Remember, in London, with BLUCHER and PLATOFF,  
 When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER's cravat off!  
 Pa says he's come here to look after his money  
 (Not taking things now as he us'd under BONER,)  
 Which suits with our friend, for BOB saw him, he swore, 130  
 Looking sharp to the silver receiv'd at the door  
 Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen  
 (Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)  
 Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,  
 Us'd three times a day with young ladies in Paris  
 Some Doctor, indeed, has declared that such grief  
 Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its folly push—  
 Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief  
 By rattling, as BOB says, 'like shot through a holly-bush'

I must now bid adieu,—only think, DOLLY, think 140  
 If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a wink  
 With imagining how it will sound in the papers  
 And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,  
 When they read that Count RUPPIN, to drive away vapours,  
 Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss BIDDY FUDGE

<sup>1</sup> In the Cafés attached to these gaidens there are to be (as Doctor Cottarel informs us) 'douze nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sobets, servis par une main bien noire, fera

d'avantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci'—p 22

<sup>2</sup> His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppín, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very frequently

*Nota Bene*—Papa's almost certain 'tis he—  
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see,  
In the way he went poisoning and manag'd to tower  
So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power*

## LETTER VI

FROM PHIL FUDGE, ESQ TO HIS BROTHER TIM FUDGE, ESQ BARRISTER AT LAW

YOURS of the 12th receiv'd just now—  
Thanks for the hint, my trusty  
brother'

'Tis truly pleasing to see how

We, FUDGES, stand by one another  
But never fear—I know my chap,  
And he knows *me* too—*verbum sap*  
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,  
Like in our ways as two young ferrets,  
Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,  
To twist into all sorts of places, — 10  
Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,  
Fond of blood and *burrow-mongering*

As to my Book in 91,

Call'd 'Down with Kings. or, Who'd  
have thought it?'

Bless you, the Book's long dead and  
gone,—

Not ev'n the Attorney-General  
bought it

And, though some few seditious tricks  
I play'd in 95 and 6,

As you remind me in your letter,  
His Lordship likes me all the better, — 20  
We proselytes, that come with news full,  
Are, as he says, so vastly useful'

REYNOLDS and I—(you know TOM  
REYNOLDS—

Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—  
Lucky the dog that first unkennels

Traitors and Luddites now-a-days,

Or who can help to *bag* a few,  
When S—D—TH wants a death or  
two,)

<sup>1</sup> Lord C's tribute to the character of his friend, Mr Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both

<sup>2</sup> This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann — 'Hæc allegorici significatum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, subauscultatores dimittere solitum, per quos, quaecunque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognosceret, nimirum illis utens aurium vice'

<sup>3</sup> Brossette, in a note on this line of Boileau, 'Midas, le Roi Midas, a des oreilles d'Ane,' tells us, that 'M Perrault le Medecin vouloit

REYNOLDS and I, and some few more,

All men, like us, of *information*, 30  
Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,

As *under saviours* of the nation—<sup>1</sup>

Have form'd a Club this season, where  
His Lordship sometimes take the chair,

And gives us many a bright oration

In praise of our sublime vocation,

Tracing it up to great King MIDAS,

Who, though in fable typified as

A royal Ass, by grace divine

And right of ears, most asinine, 40

Was yet no more, in fact historical,

Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant,

And these, his *ears*, but allegorical,

Meaning Informers, kept at high  
rent—<sup>2</sup>

Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury  
glst'ners,

Like us, for being trusty list'ners,

And picking up each tale and fragment,

For royal MIDAS's Green Bag meant

'And wherefore,' said this best of Peers,

'Should not the R—G—T too have ears, 3

To reach as far, as long and wide as 51

Those of his model, good King MIDAS'

This speech was thought extremely good,

And (rare for him) was understood—

Instant we drank 'The R—G—T's Ears,'

With three times three illustrious cheers,

Which made the room resound like  
thunder—

'The R—G—T's Ears, and may he ne'er

From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear

Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under! 4

faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi' I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion

<sup>4</sup> It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris —

OVID

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr Liston, and the P—g—t together

This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,  
Made us as merry all as grigs 62  
In short (I'll thank you not to mention

These things again), we get on gaily,  
And, thanks to pension and Suspension,

Our little Club increases daily  
CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such,  
Who don't as yet full salary touch,  
Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy  
Houses and lands, like TOM and I, 70  
Of course don't rank with us, *salvators*,<sup>1</sup>  
But merely serve the Club as waiters  
Like Knights, too, we've our *collar* days,  
(For us, I own, an awkward phrase,)  
When, in our new costume adorn'd,—  
The R—G—T's buff-and-blue coats  
*turn'd*—

We have the honour to give dinners  
To the chief Rats in upper stations, 2  
Your W—ys, V—ns,—half-fledg'd  
sinners,

Who shame us by their imitations, 80  
Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that?  
Give me the useful *peaching* Rat,  
Not things as mute as Punch, when  
bought,

Whose wooden heads are all they've  
brought,

Who false enough to shirk their friends,  
But too faint-hearted to betray,  
Are, after all their twists and bends,

But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way  
No, no, we nobler vermin are  
A *genus* useful as we're rare, 90

'Midst all the things miraculous

Of which your natural histories brag,  
The rarest must be Rats like us,

Who *let the cat out of the bag*  
Yet still these Tyros in the cause  
Deserve, I own, no small applause,

<sup>1</sup> Mr Fudge and his friends ought to go by this name—as the man, who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa*.  
<sup>2</sup> This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as it should be—'verè dulce sodalitium'

<sup>3</sup> His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career, took lessons three times a week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing

<sup>4</sup> How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that ancient people of Etruria, who, as ARISTOTLE tell us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

<sup>5</sup> This Right Hon Gentleman ought to give

And they're by us receiv'd and treated  
With all due honours—only seated

In the' inverse scale of their reward,  
The merely *promis'd* next my Lord, 100  
Small pensions then, and so on, down,

Rat after rat, they graduate  
Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,  
To Chan'clorship and Marquissate  
This serves to nurse the rattling spirit,  
The less the bribe the more the merit

Our music's good, you may be sure,  
My Lord, you know, 's an amateur—<sup>3</sup>

Takes every part with perfect ease, 109  
Though to the Base by nature suited,

And, form'd for all, as best may please,  
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,  
Turns from his victims to his glees,  
And has them both well *executed*.<sup>4</sup>

H—T—D, who, though no Rat him-  
self,

Delights in all such liberal arts,  
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,  
And superintends the *Corn* parts

While C—NN—G,<sup>5</sup> who'd be *first* by  
choice,

Consents to take an *under* voice, 120  
And GR—V—S,<sup>6</sup> who well that signal  
knows,

Watches the *Volts subitos*!

In short, as I've already hinted,

We take, of late, prodigiously,  
But as our Club is somewhat stunted

For *Gentlemen*, like TOM and me,  
We'll take it kind if you'll provide

A few *Squireens*<sup>8</sup> from t'other side,—  
Some of those loyal, cunning elves 129  
(We often tell the tale with laughter),

Who us'd to hide the pikes themselves,  
Then hang the fools who found them  
after

after

up his present alliance with Lord C, if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion—

Says Clarinda, 'though tears it may cost,  
It is time we should part, my dear Sue,  
For your character's totally lost,  
And I have not sufficient for two'

<sup>6</sup> The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous

<sup>7</sup> *Turn instantly*—a frequent direction in music-books

<sup>8</sup> The Irish diminutive of *Squire*

I doubt not you could find us, too,  
Some Orange Parsons that might do,  
Among the rest, we've heard of one,  
The Reverend—something—HAMILTON,  
Who stuff'd a figure of himself

(Delicousthought') and had it shot at,  
To bring some Papists to the shelf,  
That couldn't otherwise be got at—  
If he'll but join the' Association, 141  
We'll vote him in by acclamation

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,  
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end  
I've gone into this long detail,

Because I saw your nerves were shaken  
With anxious fears lest I should fail

In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken  
But, bless your heart! you need not  
doubt—

We, FUDGES, know what we're about  
Look round, and say if you can see  
A much more thriving family 152

There's JACK, the Doctor—night and day  
Hundreds of patients so besiege him,  
You'd swear that all the rich and gay  
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him

And while they think, the precious ninnies,  
He's counting o'er their pulses so steady,  
The rogue but counts how many guineas  
He's fobb'd, for that day's work,  
already 160

I'll ne'er forget the' old maid's alarm,  
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he  
Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,  
'Damn'd bad this morning—only  
thirty!'

Your dowagers, too, every one,  
So gen'rous are, when they call *him* in,  
That he might now retire upon

The rheumatisms of three old women  
Then, whatso'er your ailments are,  
He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—  
Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*, 171

Your headache is a *hemi-cranium* —  
His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,  
The grace with which, most mild of  
men,

He begs them to put out their tongues,  
Then bids them—put them in again  
In short, there's nothing now like  
JACK!—

Take all your doctors great and small,  
Of present times and ages back, 179  
Dear Doctor FUDGE is worth them all

So much for physic—then, in law too,  
Counsellor TIM, to thee we bow,  
Not one of us gives more eclat to  
The' immortal name of FUDGE than  
thou

Not to expatiate on the art  
With which you play'd the patriot's part,  
Till something good and snug should  
offer,—

Like one, who, by the way he acts  
The' *enlight'ning* part of candle-snuffer,  
The manager's keen eye attracts, 190  
And is promoted thence by him

To strut in robes, like thee, my TIM!—  
Who shall describe thy pow'rs of face,  
Thy well-fee'd zeal in ev'ry case,

Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer  
(As suits thy calling) in the former—  
Thy glorious, lawyer like delight

In puzzling all that's clear and right,  
Which, though conspicuous in thy  
youth, 199

Improves so with a wig and band on,  
That all thy pride's to waylay Truth,  
And leave her not a leg to stand on  
Thy patent, prime, morality,—

Thy cases, cited from the Bible—  
Thy candour, when it falls to thee  
To help in trouncing for a libel,—

'God knows, I, from my soul, profess  
To hate all bigots and benighters!  
God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,  
The sacred Freedom of the Press, 210

My only aim's to—clush the writers'  
These are the virtues, TIM, that draw  
The briefs into thy bag so fast,

And these, oh TIM—if Law be Law—  
Will raise thee to the Bench at last

I blush to see this letter's length—  
But 'twas my wish to prove to thee  
How full of hope, and wealth, and  
strength,

Aie all our precious family  
And, should affairs go on as pleasant 220  
As, thank the Fates, they do at present—  
Should we but still enjoy the sway  
Of S—DM—H and of C—GH,

I hope, ere long, to see the day  
When England's wisest statesmen,  
judges,

Lawyers, peers, will all be—FUDGES!

Good-by—my paper's out so nearly,  
I've only room for Yours sincerely

## LETTER VII

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO

BEFORE we sketch the Present—let us cast  
A few, short, rapid glances to the Past

When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,  
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length,—  
When, loos'd, as if by magic, from a chain  
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,  
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,  
The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right,—  
Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those  
Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose, 10  
And hop'd the fall of *one* great vulture's nest  
Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest  
All then was bright with promise,—Kings began  
To own a sympathy with suffering Man,  
And Man was grateful, Patriots of the South  
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,  
And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,  
Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there !

Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,  
When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime, 20  
Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd on,—  
*Who* did not hope the lust of spoil was gone,  
That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd  
The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid,  
And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,  
Would blush, and deviate into right at last ?  
But no—the hearts, that nurs'd a hope so fair,  
Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare,  
Had yet to know, of all earth's rav'ning things,  
The only *quite* untameable are Kings ! 30  
Scarcely had they met when, to its nature true,  
The instinct of their race broke out anew,  
Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,  
And 'Rapine' rapine !<sup>1</sup> was the cry again  
How quick they carv'd their victims, and how well,  
Let Saxony, let injur'd Genoa tell,—  
Let all the human stock that, day by day,  
Was, at that Royal slave-mart, truck'd away,—  
The million souls that, in the face of heaven,  
Were split to fractions,<sup>1</sup> barter'd, sold, or given 40  
To swell some despot Power, too huge before,  
And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more  
How safe the faith of Kings let France decide,—  
Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried,—

<sup>1</sup> 'Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Europe—not according to rights, natural affiances, language, habits, or laws, but by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into *souls*, *demi-souls*, and even

*fractious*, according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes which could be levied by the acquiring state,' &c.—*Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia* The words on the protocol are *ames*, *demi-ames*, &c.

Her Press enthrall'd—her Reason mock'd again  
 With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain,  
 Her crown disgrac'd by one, who dar'd to own  
 He thank'd not France but England for his throne,  
 Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,  
 Who had grown old among her bitterest foes, 50  
 And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,  
 Unblushing slaves ' to claim her heroes' fields,  
 To tread down ev'ry trophy of her fame,  
 And curse that glory which to them was shame '—  
 Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then  
 Were dai'd through Europe, cry aloud to men,  
 With voice like that of crashing ice that rings  
 Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings,  
 And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear  
 The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare 60  
 The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,  
 Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted

It could not last—these horrors *could* not last—  
 France would herself have ris'n, in might, to cast  
 The' insulters off—and oh ' that then, as now,  
 Cham'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,  
 NAPOLEON ne'er had come to force, to blight,  
 Ere half matur'd, a cause so proudly bright,—  
 To palsy patriot arts with doubt and shame,  
 And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name,— 70  
 To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,  
 And make the stake of *all* the game of *one* !  
 Then would the world have seen again what pow'r  
 A people can put forth in Freedom's hour,  
 Then would the fire of France once more have blaz'd,—  
 For every single sword, reluctant rais'd  
 In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,  
 Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own,  
 And never, never had the' unholy stain  
 Of Bourbon feet disgrac'd her shores again. 80

But fate decreed not so—the' Imperial Bird,  
 That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,  
 Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,  
 Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring,—  
 Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that made  
 His own transgressions whiten in their shade,  
 Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er  
 By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more —  
 Forth from his cage the eagle burst to light,  
 From steeple on to steeple<sup>1</sup> wing'd his flight, 90  
 With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne  
 From which a Royal craven just had flown,  
 And resting there, as in his aerie, furl'd  
 Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world !

<sup>1</sup> 'L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux toits de Notre-Dame'—Napoleon's Pious  
 exclamation on landing from Elba

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,  
 Whose feast of spoil, whose plund'ring holiday  
 Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,  
 By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic earth !  
 Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban,—  
 'Assassinate, who will—enchain, who can,  
 The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man !'  
 'Faithless'—and this from *you*—from *you*, forsooth,  
 Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,  
 Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried,  
 Whose true Swiss zeal had serv'd on every side,  
 Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,  
 Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,  
 And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see  
 Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy !  
 Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong  
 To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong —  
 The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate  
 Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state,  
 But let some upstart dare to soar so high  
 In Kingly craft, and 'outlaw' is the cry !  
 What, though long years of mutual treachery  
 Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves  
 With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves,  
 Though each by turns was knave and dupe—what then ?  
 A Holy League would set all straight again,  
 Like JUNO's virtue, which a dip or two  
 In some bless'd fountain made as good as new !<sup>1</sup>  
 Most faithful Russia—faithful to whome'er  
 Could plunder best, and give him amplest share ;  
 Who, ev'n when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,  
 For want of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*,<sup>2</sup>  
 And, deepening still by amiable gradations,  
 When foes were stupefied of all, then fleec'd relations !<sup>3</sup>  
 Most mild and saintly Prussia—steep'd to the ears  
 In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,  
 And now, with all her harpy wings outspread  
 O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head !  
 Pure Austria too—whose hist'ry nought repeats  
 But broken leagues and subsidiz'd defeats,  
 Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,  
 Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows !  
 And thou, oh England—who, though once as shy  
 As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,  
 Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to C———GH,  
 In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way !  
 Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits  
 The escape from Elba frighten'd into fits,—  
 Such were the saints, who doom'd NAPOLEON's life,  
 In virtuous frenzy to the assassin's knife

<sup>1</sup> Singulis annis in quodam Attico fonte lota  
virginitatem recuperasse fingitur

<sup>2</sup> At the peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned  
his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a poi-

tion of her territory

<sup>3</sup> The seizure of Finland from his relative of  
Sweden.



Disgusting crew '—*who* would not gladly fly  
 To open, downright, bold fac'd tyranny,  
 To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,  
 From the false, juggling craft of men like these,  
 Their canting crimes and varnish'd villainies,—  
 These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast 150  
 Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd them most,  
 From whose affection men should shrink as loath  
 As from their hate, for they'll be fleec'd by both,  
 Who, ev'n while plund'ring, forge Religion's name  
 To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,  
 Call down the Holy Trinity<sup>1</sup> to bless  
 Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness<sup>1</sup>  
 But hold—enough—soon would this swell of rage  
 O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page,—  
 So, here I pause—farewell—another day, 160  
 Return we to those Lords of pray'r and prey,  
 Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine,  
 Deserve a lash—oh<sup>1</sup> weightier far than mine!

## LETTER VIII

FROM MR BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD —, ESQ

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON'S<sup>2</sup> mending my stays,—  
 Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these days,  
 And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,  
 We lads had begun our desert with a bottle  
 Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back  
 Just to order another, by Jove I went crack!—  
 Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical phrase,  
 'D—n my eyes, BOB, in *doubling the Cape* you've *miss'd stays*'<sup>3</sup>  
 So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without them,  
 They're now at the Schneider's<sup>4</sup>—and, while he's about them, 10  
 Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop  
 Let us see—in my last I was—where did I stop?  
 Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as motley a road as  
 Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon,  
 With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,  
 Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the sun:  
 With its houses of all architectures you please,  
 From the Grecian and Gothic, DICK, down by degrees  
 To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese,  
 Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner it, 20  
 Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret  
 Then, DICK, the mixture of bonnets and bow'rs,  
 Of foliage and fripp'ry, *flacres* and flow'rs,

<sup>1</sup> The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn 'thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles,' and commanded that each of them should 'swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they

should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy woid and cross of their Saviour!'

<sup>2</sup> An English tailor at Paris

<sup>3</sup> A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking

<sup>4</sup> The dandy term for a tailor

Green-grocers, green gardens—one hardly knows whether  
 'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!  
 And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees  
 Jew clothes men, like shepherds, recln'd under trees,  
 Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's,  
 Enjoying their news and *groseille*<sup>1</sup> in those arbours,  
 While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,  
 And founts of red currant-juice<sup>2</sup> round them are purling 30

Here, Dick, arm in arm as we chattering stray,  
 And receive a few civil 'God-dems' by the way,—  
 For, 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though we've wasted our wealth

And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a phthisic,  
 To cram down their throats an old King for their health,

As we whip little children to make them take physic,—  
 Yet, spite of our good-natur'd money and slaughter,  
 They hate us as Beelzebub hates holy-water!  
 But who the deuce cares, DICK, as long as they nourish us 40

Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes—  
 Long as, by bay'nets protected, we, Natties,  
 May have our full fling at their *salmis* and *patés*?

And, truly, I always declar'd 'twould be pity  
 To burn to the ground such a choice feeding city  
 Had *Dad* but his way, he'd have long ago blown  
 The whole batch to old Nick—and the *people*, I own,  
 If for no other cause than their curst monkey looks,  
 Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn it, their Cooks!  
 As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole lineage, 50  
 For aught that *I* care, you may knock them to spinage,  
 But think, DICK, their Cooks—what a loss to mankind!  
 What a void in the world would their art leave behind!

Their chronometer spits—then intense salamanders—  
 Their ovens—their pots, that can soften old ganders,  
 All vanish'd for ever—their miracles o'er,  
 And the *Marmite Perpétuelle*<sup>3</sup> bubbling no more  
 Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies!

Take whatever ye fancy—take statues, take money—  
 But leave them, oh leave them, their *Perigueux* pies, 60  
 Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled tunny!<sup>4</sup>  
 Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,  
 Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,  
 Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us  
 Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Lemonade and *eau de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers'—See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, book vi

<sup>2</sup> These gay, portable fountains, from which the *groseille* water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris

<sup>3</sup> 'Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle, qui a donné

le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons'—Alman de Gourmands, *Quatrième Année*, p 152

<sup>4</sup> Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible *hors-d'œuvres* This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon 'La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gourmets'—*Cours Gastronomique*, p 252

<sup>5</sup> The exact number mentioned by M de la Reynière—'On connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs, sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour'

You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of 'God-dam,'  
 'Coquin Anglais,' et cæ't'ra—how gen'ious I am!  
 And now (to return, once again, to my 'Day,'  
 Which will take us all night to get through in this way,)  
 From the Boulevards we saunter through many a street,  
 Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat— 70  
 Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,  
 And find *twice* as much fun in the Signs of the Shops,—  
*Here*, a Louis Dix-huit—*there*, a Martinmas goose,  
 (Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of use)—  
 Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,  
 But saints are the most on hard duty of any —  
 St TONY, who us'd all temptations to spurn,  
*Here* hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn,  
 While *there* St VENECIA<sup>1</sup> sits hemming and frilling her 80  
 Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner,—  
 Saint AUSTIN's the 'outward and visible sign,  
 Of an inward' cheap dinner, and pint of small wine,  
 While St DENYS hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,  
 And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,<sup>2</sup>  
 Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who've got—next to none!  
 Then we stare into shops—read the evening's *affiches*—  
 Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish  
 Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,  
 As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, DICK,) 90  
 To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't—*des Panoramas*!<sup>3</sup>  
 We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as  
 Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen  
 One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen  
 We vary, of course—*petits pâtés* do one day,  
 The *next* we've our lunch with the Gaufrier Hollandais,<sup>4</sup>  
 That popular artist, who brings out, like Sc—rr,  
 His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot,  
 Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows,—  
 Divine *maresquino*, which—Lord, how one swallows! 100

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or  
 Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,  
 And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,  
 Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use  
 To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,  
 Who've laps'd into snacks—the perdition of dinners  
 And here, DICK—in answer to one of your queries,  
 About which we, Gourmands, have had much discussion—  
 I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's,  
 And think, for *digestion*,<sup>5</sup> there's none like the Russian, 110

<sup>1</sup> Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners

<sup>2</sup> St Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The *mot* of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known — 'Je le crois bien, en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte'

<sup>3</sup> Off the Boulevards Italiens

<sup>4</sup> In the Palais Royal, successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the *mouilleux* of his Gaudres

<sup>5</sup> Doctor Cottetel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon or French Mountains, and calls them 'une médecine aérienne, couleur de rose,' but I own I prefer the authority of Mr Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to

So equal the motion—so gentle, though fleet—

It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,  
That take whom you please—take old L—s D—xh—T,

And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—with stew'd lampreys<sup>1</sup>  
So wholesome these Mounts, such a *solvent* I've found them,  
That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,  
The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,  
And the regicide lampreys<sup>2</sup> be foil'd of their prey<sup>1</sup>

Such, Dick, are the classical sports that content us,  
Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous,<sup>3</sup>  
That epoch—but woa' my lad—here comes the Schneider,  
And, curse him, has made the stays three inches wider—  
Too wide by an inch and a half—what a Guy<sup>1</sup>  
But, no matter—'twill all be set right by-and-by  
As we've MASSINOT'S<sup>4</sup> eloquent *carie* to eat still up,  
An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up  
So—not to lose time, DICK—here goes for the task,  
*Au revoir*, my old boy—of the Gods I but ask,  
That my life, like 'the Leap of the German,'<sup>5</sup> may be,  
'Du lit à la table, de la table au lit'<sup>1</sup>

120

130

R. F.

## LETTER IX

FROM PHIL FUDGE, ESQ TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST—GH

My Lord, the Instructions, brought to-day,

'I shall in all my best obey'

Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly<sup>1</sup>

And—whatsoever some wags may say—

Oh' not at all incomprehensibly

I feel the inquiries in your letter

About my health and French most flattering,

have studied all these mountains very carefully —

*Memoanda*—The Swiss little notice deserves,  
While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves,

And (what'er Doctor Cott'el may write on the question)

The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion

I doubt whether Mr Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri

<sup>1</sup> A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys

<sup>2</sup> They killed Henry I of England — 'a food' (says Hume, gravely,) 'which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution'

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always a favourite dish with kings—whether from some congeniality between them and that fish, I know not, but Dio Cassius tells us that Pollio

Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,

Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering —

Nothing, of course, that can compare to With his who made the Congress stare (A certain Lord we need not name),

Who ev'n in French, would have his trope,

And talk of '*bâtir un système*

*Sur l'équilibre de l'Europe*'<sup>1</sup>

fattened his lampreys with human blood  
St Louis of France was particularly fond of them — See the anecdote of St Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon Rabelais, liv iii chap 2

<sup>3</sup> Had Mr Bob's *Dinner* Epistle been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, indeed, for all my *scientia popinae*<sup>2</sup>, I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University,—whose reading formerly lay in the *magic line*, but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authois *de re cibaria* instead, and has left Bodin, Remigius, Agrippa and his little dog Filolus, for Apicius, Nonius, and that most learned and savoury jesuit, Eulengerus

<sup>4</sup> A famous Restaurateur—now Dupont

<sup>5</sup> An old French saying,—'*Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit*,'

\* Seneca

Sweet metaphor!—and then the Epistle,  
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,—  
That tender letter to 'Mon Prince,'<sup>1</sup>  
Which show'd alike thy French and  
sense,—

Oh no, my Lord—there's none can do  
Or say *un-English* things like you, 21  
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast  
Could but a vent congenial seek,  
And use the tongue that suits them  
best,

What charming Turkish wouldst thou  
speak!

But as for me, a Frenchless grub,  
At Congress never born to stammer,  
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub  
Fall'n Monarchs, out of CHAMBAUD'S  
grammar—

Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know 30  
How far a little French will go;  
For all one's stock, one need but  
draw

On some half-dozen words like these—  
*Comme ça—par-la—la-bas—ah ha!*  
They'll take you all through France  
with ease

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps  
I sent you from my Journal lately,  
(Enveloping a few lac'd caps  
For Lady C) delight me greatly  
Her flatt'ring speech—'what pretty  
things 40

One finds in Mr FUDGE's pages!<sup>1</sup>  
Is praise which (as some poet sings)  
Would pay one for the toils of  
ages

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send  
A few more extracts by a friend,  
And I should hope they'll be no less  
Approv'd of than my last MS—  
The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,  
As BIDDY round the caps *would* pin  
them!

But these will come to hand, at least 50  
Unrump'd, for there's nothing in  
them

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated letter to Prince Haidenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see 'no moral or political objection' to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as 'not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vassals'

*Extracts from Mr Fudge's Journal,  
addressed to Lord C*

Aug 10

Went to the Mad-house—saw the man,<sup>2</sup>  
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while  
the Fiend

Of Discord here full riot ran,  
*He*, like the rest, was guillotined,—  
But that when, under BONEY's reign,  
(A more discreet, though quite as  
strong one,)

The heads were all restor'd again,  
He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one*  
Accordingly, he still cries out 60

This strange head fits him most un-  
pleasantly,  
And always runs, poor devil, about,  
Inquiring for his own incessantly!

While to his case a tear I dropt,  
And saunter'd home, thought I—ye  
Gods!

How many heads might thus be swopp'd,  
And, after all, not make much odds!  
For instance, there's V—s—TT—T's  
head—

('Tam carum'<sup>3</sup> it may well be said)  
If by some curious chance it came 70  
To settle on BILL SOAMES'S shoulders,  
The effect would turn out much the  
same

On all respectable cash-holders.  
Except that while, in its *new* socket,  
The head was planning schemes to  
win

A zig-zag way into one's pocket,  
The hands would plunge *directly* in

Good Viscount S—DM—H, too, instead  
Of his own grave, respected head,  
Might wear (for aught I see that bars) 80  
Old Lady WILHELMINA FRUMP'S—

So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,  
The head might hsp out, 'What is  
trumps?'—

The R—G—T's brains could we transfer  
To some robust man milliner,

<sup>2</sup> This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr Fudge states it, that, when the heads of those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own

<sup>3</sup> Tam cari capitis—Horace

<sup>4</sup> A celebrated pickpocket

The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon

Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on,  
And, *vice versa*, take the pains 88

To give the P—on the shopman's brains,  
One only change from thence would flow,  
*Ribbons* would not be wasted so

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord,

And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,  
I found myself, before I snor'd,

Thus chopping, swopping head for head,  
At length I thought, fantastic elf!

How such a change would suit *myself*

'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,  
With various pericraniums saddled,

At last I tried your Lordship's on, 100

And then I grew completely addled—  
Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em!

And slept, and dreamt that I was—  
BOTTOM

Aug 21

Walk'd out with daughter Bid—was  
shown

The house of Commons, and the Throne,  
Whose velvet cushion's just the same<sup>1</sup>

NAPOLEON sat on—what a shame!

Oh, can we wonder, best of speakers,

When Louis seated thus we see, 100  
That France's 'fundamental features'

Are much the same they us'd to be?

However,—God preserve the Throne,

And *cushion* too—and keep them free  
From accidents, which *have* been known

To happen ev'n to Royalty!<sup>2</sup>

Aug 28

Read, at a stall (for oft one pops

On something at these stalls and shops,  
That does to *quote*, and gives one's Book

A classical and knowing look—

Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately, 120  
A course of stalls improves me greatly)—

<sup>1</sup> The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilacs for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal, 'exitium misere apibus,' like the angry nymphs in Virgil—but *not new swarms* arise out of the victims of Legitimacy yet?

<sup>2</sup> I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor Louis le Désolé, some years since, at one of the R—g—t's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.

<sup>3</sup> The third day of the Feast the King causeth

'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,

A monarch's *fat's* a serious matter,  
And once in ev'ry year, at least,

He's weigh'd—tosee if he gets fatter<sup>3</sup>

Then, if a pound or two he be

Increas'd, there's quite a jubilee!<sup>4</sup>

Suppose, my Lord—and far from me

To treat such things with levity—

But just suppose the R—g—t's weight  
Were made thus an affair of state; 131

And, ev'ry sessions, at the close,—

'Steal of a speech, which, all can see, is

Heavy and dull enough, God knows—

We were to try how heavy *he* is

Much would it glad all hearts to hear

That, while the Nation's Revenue

Loses so many pounds a year,

The P—e, God bless him! *gains*  
a few

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices, 140

I see the Easterns weigh their Kings,—

But, for the R—g—t, my advice is,

We should throw in much *heavier*  
things.

For instance ———'s quarto volumes,

Which, though not spices, serve to  
wrap them,

*Dominie* St—dd—t's Daily columns,

'Prodigious!'—in, of course, we'd  
clap them—

Letters, that C—rtw—t's<sup>5</sup> pen in-  
dites,

In which, with logical confusion,

The *Major* like a *Minor* writes, 150

And never comes to a *Conclusion*—

Lord S—m—rs' pamphlet—or his head—

(Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead!)<sup>6</sup>

Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,

The Speeches of Sir JOHN C—x  
H—pp—sly,

That Baronet of many words,

Who loves so, in the House of Lords,

his elf to be weighed with great ease.—F  
Bernier's *Voyage to Suva*, &c

<sup>4</sup> 'I remember,' says Bernier, 'that all the Omrahs express great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding.'—Another author tells us that 'Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a superior being. To a Prince a jolter head is invaluable.'—*Oriental Field Sports*  
Major Cartwright.

To whisper Bishops—and so nigh  
 Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,  
 That you may always know him by 160

A patch of powder on his nose!—  
 If this wo'n't do, we in must cram  
 The 'Reasons' of Lord B—ck—gh—m,  
 (A Book his Lordship means to write,

Entitled 'Reasons for my Ratting')  
 Or, should these prove too small and  
 light,

His r—p's a host—we'll bundle  
*that in!*

And, *still* should all these masses fail  
 To turn the R—g—r's ponderous scale,  
 Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,

Pitch in, without reserve or stint, 171  
 The whole of R—gl—r's beauteous  
 Dame—

If *that* wo'n't raise him, devil's in it!

Aug 31

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS

About those famous spies at Rome,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—  
 Describe as much resembling us,<sup>2</sup>

Informing gentlemen, at home 178  
 But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,  
 To say Lord S—dm—th's like TIBERIUS!  
 What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,  
 Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman!—

'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to  
 All sort of spies—so doth the Peer, too  
 'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,

And deal in perjury—*ditto* TIB's  
 'Tis true, the Tyrant screen'd and hid  
 His rogues from justice—*ditto* SID

'Tis true the Peer is grave and glib  
 At moral speeches—*ditto* TIB 190

'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did  
 Were in his dotage—*ditto* SID

<sup>1</sup> The name of the first worthy who set up  
 the trade of informer at Rome (to whom our  
 Olivers and Castlesses ought to erect a statue)  
 was Romanus Hispo,—*qui formam vitæ inuit,  
 quam postea celebrem miseriae temporum et  
 audaciæ hominum fecerunt*—Tacit *Annal*  
 1 74

<sup>2</sup> They certainly possessed the same art of  
*instigating* their victims, which the Report of  
 the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sid-  
 mouth's agents—*'socrus'* (says Tacitus of one  
 of them) *'libidinum et necessitatum, quo pluri-  
 bus indicibus inligeret'*

<sup>3</sup> Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit, *quem  
 odium publicum tutorem faciebat* Nam ut quis  
 districtior accusator velut sacrosanctus erat!—

So far, I own, the parallel  
 'Twixt TIB and SID goes vastly well,  
 But there are points in TIB that strike  
 My humble mind as much more like  
 Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him,  
 Of the India Board—that soul of whim!  
 Like him, TIBERIUS lov'd his joke,<sup>5</sup>

On matters, too, where few can bear  
 one, 200

*E g* a man, cut up, or broke  
 Upon the wheel—a devilish fair one!  
 Your common fractures, wounds, and  
 fits,

Are nothing to such wholesale wits,  
 But, let the sufferer gasp for life,  
 The joke is then worth any money,  
 And, if he writhe beneath a knife,—  
 Oh dear, that's something *quite* too  
 funny

In this respect, my Lord, you see  
 The Roman wag and ours agree 210  
 Now as to *your* resemblance—mum—

This parallel we need not follow,<sup>6</sup>  
 Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some  
 Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow;  
 Whips, chains—but these are things too  
 serious

For me to mention or discuss,  
 Whene'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,  
 PHIL FUDGE's part is *Tacitus!*

Sept 2

Was thinking, had Lord S—dm—th got  
 Any good decent sort of Plot 220  
 Against the winter-time—if not,

Alas, alas, our ruin's fated;  
 All done up, and *squificated!*  
 Ministers and all their vassals,

Down from C—tl—gh to CASTLES,—  
 Unless we can kick up a riot,  
 Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!

*Annal* lib iv 36—Or, as it is translated by  
 Mr Fudge's friend, Murphy—*'This daring  
 accuser had the curses of the people, and the  
 protection of the Emperor Informers, in pro-  
 portion as they rose in guilt, became sacred  
 characters'*

<sup>4</sup> Murphy even confers upon one of his  
 speeches the epithet 'constitutional' Mr  
 Fudge might have added to his parallel, that  
 Tiberius was a *good private* character—*'egre-  
 gium vitæ famæque quoad privatus'*

<sup>5</sup> *'Iudibria serus permiscere solitus'*

<sup>6</sup> There is one point of resemblance between  
 Tiberius and Lord C which Mr Fudge *might*  
 have mentioned—*'suspensa semper et obscura  
 verba'*

What's to be done?—Spa-Fields was clever,

But even *that* brought gibes and mock-  
ings 229

Upon our heads—so, *mem*—must never  
Keep ammunition in old stockings,  
For fear some wag should in his curst  
head

Take it to say our force was *worsted*  
*Mem* too—when *SID* an army raises,  
It must not be 'incog' like *Bayes's*  
Nor must the General be a hobbling  
Professor of the art of cobbling,  
Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,  
Should say, with Jacobinic grin,  
He felt, from *soleing Wellingtons*,<sup>1</sup> 240

A *Wellington's* great soul within!  
Nor must an old Apothecary  
Go take the Tower, for lack of  
pence,

With (what these wags would call, so  
merry,)

*Physical* force and *phal-ence*!

No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be  
Next time contriv'd more skilfully  
John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing  
So troublesomely sharp and knowing,  
So wise—in short, so Jacobin— 250  
'Tis monstrous hard to take *him* in

Sept 6

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador  
In China, and was sorely nettled,  
But think, my Lord, we should not pass  
it o'er

Till all this matter's fairly settled,  
And here's the mode occurs to me —  
As none of our Nobility,  
Though for their *own* most gracious  
King

(They would kiss hands, or—any thing),  
Can be persuaded to go through 260  
This farce-like trick of the *Ko tou*,  
And as these Mandarins *wo'n't* bend,

Without some mumming exhibition,  
Suppose, my Lord, you were to send  
*GRIMALDI* to them on a mission

<sup>1</sup> Short boots, so called

<sup>2</sup> The *open countenance*, recommended by  
Lord Chesterfield

<sup>3</sup> Mr Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was  
*not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer,  
who played this part of 'Lord Morley' in the  
pantomime,—so much to the horror of the dis-

As *Legate*, *JOE* could play his part,  
And it, in diplomatic art,  
The 'volto sciolto' <sup>2</sup> 's meritorious,  
Let *JOE* but grin, he has it, glorious!

A *tile* for him's easily made, 270  
And, by-the-by, one Christmas time,  
If I remember right, he play'd  
Loid *MORLEY* in some pantomime,—<sup>3</sup>  
As Earl of M—RL—Y then gazette  
him,

If *t'other* Earl of M—RL—Y'll let him  
(And why should not the world be  
blest

With *two* such stars, for East and  
West?)

Then, when before the Yellow Screen  
He's brought—and, sure, the very  
essence

Of etiquette would be that scene 280  
Of *JOE* in the Celestial Presence!—

He thus should say —'Duke Ho and  
Soo,

'I'll play what tricks you please for  
you,

If you'll, in turn, but do for me

A few small tricks you now shall see

If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,

At least you'll do the same for *my*  
King

He then should give them nine such  
grins,

As would astound ev'n Mandarins,  
And throw such somersets before 290

The picture of King *GEORGE* (God  
bless him!)

As, should Duke Ho but try them  
o'er,

Would, by *CONFUCIUS*, much distress  
him!

I start this merely as a hint,

But think you'll find some wisdom in't,

And, should you follow up the job,

My son, my Lord (you *know* poor Bob),

Would in the suite be glad to go

And help his Excellency, *JOE*,—

At least, like noble AMH—RST's son, 300

The lad will do to *practise* on!

tinguished Earl of that name. The expostulatory  
letters of the Noble Earl to Mr H—RR—s, upon  
this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-span  
new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be  
given to the world

<sup>4</sup> See Mr Ellis's account of the Embassy



## LETTER X

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —

WELL, it *isn't* the King, after all, my dear creature!  
But *do'n't* you go laugh, now—there's nothing to quiz in't—  
For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,

He *might* be a King, DOLL, though, hang him, he isn't  
At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,  
If for no other cause but to vex Miss MALONE,—  
(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's here,  
Showing off with *such* airs, and a real Cashmere,<sup>1</sup>  
While mine's but a paltry old rabbit skin, dear!)

But Pa says, on deeply consid'ring the thing,  
'I am just as well pleas'd it should *not* be the King,  
As I think for my BRIDY, so *gentille* and *jolie*,

Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way fetch,  
That a Brandenburg'—(what *is* a Brandenburg, DOLLY?)—

'Would be, after all, no such very great catch  
If the R—G—T indeed'—added he, looking sly—  
(You remember that comical squint of his eye)

But I stopp'd him with 'La, Pa, how *can* you say so,  
When the R—G—T loves none but old women, you know!

Which is fact, my dear DOLLY—we, girls of eighteen,  
And so slim—Lord, he'd think us not fit to be seen,  
And would like us much better as old—ay, as old  
As that Countess of DESMOND, of whom I've been told  
That she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten,  
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!

What a frisky old girl! but—to come to my lover,

Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I'll swear,—  
You shall hear all that's happen'd, just briefly run over,  
Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through the air!

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes, DOLLY, yes—  
From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss,  
When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,  
Whose journey, BOB says, is so like Love and Marriage,  
'Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,  
And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!'<sup>2</sup>

Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through,  
And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,  
With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet,  
I set out with Papa, to see LOUIS DIX-HUIT  
Make his bow to some half dozen women and boys,  
Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le Roi's*—  
And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,  
Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses!  
The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we walk'd o'er 'em,  
'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,  
And daphnes, and vases, and many a statue,  
There staring, with not ev'n a stitch on them, at you!

<sup>1</sup> See Lady Morgan's *France* for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding  
<sup>2</sup> The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain

The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile on the brink  
 To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes—  
 'Love bulhon,' says merciless BOB, 'which, I think,  
 Would, if *corn'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious' <sup>1</sup> 50

But *what*, DOLLY, what, is the gay orange grove,  
 Or gold fishes, to her that's in search of her love?  
 In vain did I wildly explore every chair  
 Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sat there!  
 In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast  
 At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,  
 To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,—  
 A glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,  
 As the lock that, Pa says,<sup>2</sup> is to Mussulmen giv'n, 60  
 For the angel to hold by that 'lugs them to heav'n'  
 Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,  
 And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!  
 Disappointed, I found myself sighing out 'well-a-day,'—  
 Thought of the words of T—M M—RE's Irish Melody,  
 Something about the 'green spot of delight'<sup>3</sup>

(Which, you know, Captain MACKINTOSH sung to us one day)  
 Ah DOLLY, my 'spot' was that Saturday night,  
 And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by Sunday!  
 We din'd at a tavern—La, what do I say? 70  
 If BOB was to know!—a *Restaurateur's*, dear,  
 Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,  
 And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer.  
 Fine BOB (for he's really grown *super-fine*)  
 Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;  
 Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,  
 And in spite of my grief, love, I own I ate hearty.  
 Indeed, DOLL, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief,  
 I have always found eating a wondrous relief,

<sup>1</sup> Mr Bob need not be ashamed of his cookery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men as Cicero, St. Augustine, and that jovial bishop, Venantius Fortunatus. The pun of the great orator upon the 'jus Verinum,' which he calls bad *hog-broth*, from a play upon both the words, is well known, and the Saint's puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into salt are equally ingenious.—In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam praestitit *condemnitum*, quo sapient aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum.—*De Civitat Dei*, lib. xvi. cap. 30.—The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop Venantius, may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to Cicero's pun—

Plus *juscella* Coci quam mea *jura* valent

See his poems, *Corpus Poetar Latin* tom. ii. p. 1732.—Of the same kind was Montmaur's joke, when a dish was spilt over him—'sum-mum jus, summa injuria,' and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed

before him, said,—

Elige cui dicas, tu mihi *sola* places

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of kitchen crudition, the learned Lipsius's jokes on cutting up a cypon in his *Saturnal Sermon* lib. ii. cap. 2

<sup>2</sup> For this scrap of knowledge 'Pa' was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's ruins, a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's library, and with which Mr Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his 'Down with Kings,' &c. The note in Volney is as follows—'It is by this tuft of hair (on the crown of the head), worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise'

<sup>3</sup> The young lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude, I think, to the following lines—

Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot,  
 Which First Love trac'd,  
 Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot  
 On Memory's waste'

And BOB, who's in love, said he felt the same, *quite*— 80  
 'My sighs,' said he, 'ceas'd with the first glass I drank you,  
 The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me light,  
 And—now that all's o'er—why, I'm—pretty well, thank you!'

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late,  
 For BOBBY and Pa had a furious debate  
 About singing and cookery—BOBBY, of course,  
 Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force,  
 And Pa saying, 'God only knows which is worst,  
 The French Singers or Cooks, but I wish us well over it—  
 What with old LAIS and VÉRY, I'm curst 90  
 If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!'

'Twas dark, when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,  
 And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,  
 When, sudden it struck me—last hope of my soul—  
 That some angel might take the dear man to TORTONI'S!<sup>1</sup>  
 We enter'd—and, scarcely had BOB, with an air,  
 For a *grappe a la jardinière* call'd to the waiters,  
 When, oh DOLL! I saw him—my hero was there  
 (For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather garters),  
 A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,<sup>2</sup> 100  
 And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!

Oh DOLLY, these heroes—what creatures they are,  
 In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter!  
 As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,  
 As when safe at TORTONI'S, o'er iced currant water!  
 He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my ecstasy—  
 Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!  
 BOB wish'd to treat him with Punch *a la glace*,  
 But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grâce*,  
 And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whisks he twirl'd) 110  
 Were, to *him*, 'on de top of all Ponch in de world'—  
 How pretty!—though oft (as of course, it must be)  
 Both his French and his English are Greek, DOLL, to me  
 But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did,  
 And happier still, when 'twas fix'd, ere we parted,  
 That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,  
 We all would set off, in French buggies, together,  
 To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,  
 Is so famous for cherries and JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU  
 His card then he gave us—the *name*, rather creas'd— 120  
 But 'twas CALICOT—something—a Colonel at least!  
 After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he  
 Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,

<sup>1</sup> Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a Bacon, see his *Natural History, Receipts, &c.* and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of Mr Dugald Stewart—'Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *dulce* to be relatively pleasing, which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in

the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create.'—*Philosophical Essays*

<sup>2</sup> A fashionable *café glacé* on the Italian Boulevards

<sup>3</sup> 'You eat your ice at Tortoni's,' says Mr Scott, 'under a Grecian group'

Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw  
A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—'How do you do!'<sup>1</sup>

But, lord,—there's Papa for the post—I'm so vext—  
*Montmorency* must now, love, be kept for my next  
That dear Sunday night<sup>1</sup>—I was charmingly drest,  
And—so providential<sup>1</sup>—was looking my best,  
Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my frills, 130  
You've no notion how rich—(though Pa has by the bills)  
And you'd smile had you seen, where we sat rather near,  
Colonel CALICOT eyeing the cambric, my dear  
Then the flow'rs in my bonnet—but, la, it's in vain—  
So, good-by, my sweet DOLL—I shall soon write again

B F

*Nota bene*—our love to all neighbours about—  
Your Papa in particular—how is his gout?

*P S*—I've just open'd my letter to say,  
In your next you must tell me, (now *do*, DOLLY, pray,  
For I hate to ask BOB, he's so ready to quiz,) 140  
What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburg* is

## LETTER XI

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO —

YES, 'twas a cause, as noble and as great  
As ever hero died to vindicate—  
A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,  
And own no power but of the Nation's choice!  
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now  
Hung trembling on NAPOLEON's single brow,  
Such the sublime arbitrament, that pour'd,  
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,  
A hallowing light, which never, since the day  
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way' 10

Oh, 'twas not then the time for tame debates,  
Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates,  
When he, who late had fled your Chieftain's eye,  
As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,<sup>2</sup>  
Denounc'd against the land, that spurn'd his chain,  
Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—  
Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track  
Through your best blood his path of vengeance back;  
When Europe's Kings, that never yet combin'd  
But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd, 20  
Shed war and pestilence,) to scourge mankind,  
Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,  
Hating NAPOLEON much, but Freedom more,

<sup>1</sup> Not an unusual mistake with foreigners<sup>2</sup> See Aelian, lib v cap 29—who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Tauruswith stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles  
—διαπερνῶνται στεινωμέναις

And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see  
 The world yet left one chance for liberty '—  
 No, 'twas not *then* the time to weave a net  
 Of bondage round your Chief, to curb and fret  
 Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,  
 When every hope was in his speed and might—  
 To waste the hour of action in dispute,  
 And coolly plan how freedom's *boughs* should shoot,  
 When your Invader's axe was at the *root* ' 30  
 No, sacred Liberty ' that God, who throws,  
 Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows  
 How well I love thee, and how deeply hate  
*All* tyrants, upstart and Legitimate—  
 Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,  
 I would have follow'd, with quick heart and hand,  
 NAPOLEON, NERO—ay, no matter whom—  
 To snatch my country from that damning doom, 40  
 That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits—  
 A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates '

True, he was false—despotic—all you please—  
 Had trampled down man's holiest liberties—  
 Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things  
 Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,  
 But rais'd the hopes of men—as eaglets fly  
 With tortoises aloft into the sky—  
 To dash them down again more shatt'ringly ' 50  
 All this I own—but still <sup>1</sup>

## LETTER XII

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —

At last, DOLLY,—thanks to a potent emetic,  
 Which BOBBY and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,  
 Have swallow'd this morning to balance the bliss  
 Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'écrevisses*—  
 I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down  
 To describe you our heavenly trip out of town  
 How agog you must be for this letter, my dear ' 10  
 Lady JANE, in the novel, less languish'd to hear  
 If that elegant cornet she met at Lord NEVILLE'S  
 Was actually dying with love or—blue devils  
 But Love, DOLLY, Love is the theme I pursue,  
 With Blue Devils, thank heav'n, I have nothing to do—  
 Except, indeed, dear Colonel CALICOT spies  
 Any imps of that colour in *certain* blue eyes,  
 Which he stares at till I, DOLL, at *his* do the same,

<sup>1</sup> Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe,) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time, and the same sort of reserve I find to be necessary with respect to Mr. Connor's very plain-spoken

letters The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public

Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,  
If I knew but the French for it, 'Lord, Sir, for shame!'

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress  
For the happy occasion—the sunshine *express*—  
Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going, 20  
It scarce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.  
Though late when we started, the scent of the air  
Was like GATTIE'S rose-water,—and, bright, here and there,  
On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,  
Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbnet!  
While the birds seem'd to warble as blest on the boughs,  
As if *each* a plum'd Calicot had for her spouse,  
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,  
And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes 30  
With the creature one loves, 'tis all *couleur de rose*,  
And, ah, I shall ne'er, liv'd I ever so long, see  
A day such as, that at divine Montmorency!

There was but *one* drawback—at first when we started,  
The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted,  
How cruel—young hearts of such moment to rob!  
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with BOB;  
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know  
That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so*  
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of BONEY'S—  
Serv'd *with* him of course—nay, I'm sure they were cronies 40  
So martial his features! dear DOLL, you can trace  
Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face  
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,<sup>1</sup>  
Which the poor DUC DE B—RI must hate so to pass!  
It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—  
About English affairs an odd blunder or two  
For example—misled by the names, I dare say—  
He confounded JACK CASTLES with Lord C—CH,  
And—sure such a blunder no mortal hit ever on—  
Fancied the *present* Lord C—MD—N the *clever* one! 50

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade;  
'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made  
And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd  
Through that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd;  
And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know  
All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU!<sup>2</sup>  
'Twas there,' said he—not that his *words* I can state—  
'Twas a glibb'rish that Cupid alone could translate,—  
But 'there,' said he, (pointing where, small and remote,  
The dear Hermitage rose,) 'there his JULIE he wrote,— 60  
Upon paper gilt-edg'd,<sup>3</sup> without blot or erasure,  
Then sanded it over with silver and azure,  
And—oh, what will genius and fancy not do!—  
Tied the leaves up together with *nompaille* blue!'

<sup>1</sup> The column in the Place Vendôme

<sup>2</sup> 'Employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, séchant l'écriture avec de la poudie d'azur et d'argent, et cousant mes cahiers avec de la nonpareille bleue'—*Les Confessions*, part II, liv. 9.

What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions  
 From sand and blue ribbons are conjur'd up here!  
 Alas, that a man of such exquisite<sup>1</sup> notions  
 Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!

'Twas here, too, perhaps,' Colonel CALICOT said—  
 As down the small garden he pensively led—  
 (Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle  
 With rage not to find there the lov'd periwinkle)<sup>2</sup>  
 'Twas here he receiv'd from the fair D'EPINAY  
 (Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*,<sup>3</sup> every day.)  
 That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form  
 A waistcoat to keep the enthusiast warm!<sup>4</sup>

70

Such, DOLL, were the sweet recollections we ponder'd,  
 As, full of romance, through that valley we wander'd.  
 The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is!)  
 Led us to talk about other commodities,  
 Cambric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall forget,  
 For the sun was then hast'ning in pomp to its set,  
 And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,  
 When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—who made my gown?  
 The question confus'd me—for, DOLL, you must know,  
 And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,  
 That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ  
 That enchanting *couturière*, Madame LE ROI,  
 But am forc'd now to have VICTORINE, who—deuce take her!—  
 It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker—  
 I mean of *his party*—and, though much the smartest,  
 LE ROI is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist.  
 Think, DOLL, how confounded I look'd—so well knowing  
 The Colonel's opinion—my cheeks were quite glowing,  
 I stammer'd out something—nay, even half nam'd  
 The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,  
 'Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen  
 It was made by that Bourbonite b——h, VICTORINE!'  
 What a word for a hero!—but heroes *will* err,  
 And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they were  
 Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,  
 I assure you 'tis not *half* so shocking in French  
 But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away  
 And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,

80

90

100

<sup>1</sup> This word, 'exquisite,' is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's, and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet—

I'd fain praise your Poem—but tell me, how  
<sup>is't</sup>  
 When I cry out 'Exquisite,' Echo cries *quis*  
<sup>us?</sup>

<sup>2</sup> The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, 'Ah, voilà de la pervenche!'

<sup>3</sup> *Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle—et vous, *mon ours*, ne viendrez-vous pas aussi?—&c &c

<sup>4</sup> 'Un jour, qu'il geloit très-fort, en ouvrant

un paquet qu'elle m'envoyoit, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillée pour me vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et le jupon.'

<sup>5</sup> Miss Biddy's notions of French pronunciation may be perceived in the rhymes which she always selects for '*Le Roi*.'

<sup>6</sup> *Le Roi*, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion, and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, VICTORINE.

The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows woo us—  
 The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us—  
 That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,  
 And what BOB calls the 'Twopenny-post of the Eyes'—  
 Ah, DOLL! though I *know* you've a heart, 'tis in vain  
 To a heart so unpractic'd these things to explain 110  
 They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,  
 By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,  
 Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish—for BOB, my dear DOLLY,  
 Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,  
 Is seiz'd with a fancy for church-yard reflections,  
 And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections,  
 Is just setting off for Montmartre—'for *there* is,'  
 Said he, looking solemn, 'The tomb of the VÉRYS!'  
 Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true, 120

O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans;  
 And, to day—as my stomach is not in good cue  
 For the *flesh* of the VÉRYS—I'll visit their *bones*!  
 He insists upon *my* going with him—how teasing!  
 This letter, however, dear DOLLY, shall lie  
 Unseal'd in my draw'r, that, if any thing pleasing  
 Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—good-bye.

B F

Four o'clock

Oh, DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruin'd for ever—  
 I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never!  
 To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!  
 'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die— 130  
 My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—  
 I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!  
 Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,  
 My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,  
 This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—  
 This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!  
 'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother BOB so,  
 (You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so,)  
 For some little gift on my birth-day—September 140  
 The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—  
 That BOB to a shop kindly order'd the coach,

(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove,)  
 To bespeak me a few of those *mouchours de poche*,  
 Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love—  
 (The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the price—  
 And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)  
 Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,  
 But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should drop—  
 There he stood, my dear DOLLY—no room for a doubt— 150  
 There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,  
 With a piece of French cambic, before him roll'd out,  
 And that horrid yard-measure uprais'd in his hand!

<sup>1</sup> It is the *brother* of the present excellent Restaurateur who has entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words—  
 'Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux *arts utiles*'



Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—  
 'Twas a *shopman* he meant by a 'Brandenburgh,' dear!  
 The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,

And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,  
 As a hero had worshipp'd—vile, treacherous thing—  
 To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!

My head swam around—the wretch smil'd, I believe, 160  
 But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive—  
 I fell back on BOB—my whole heart seem'd to wither—  
 And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!

I only remember that BOB, as I caught him,  
 With cruel facetiousness said, 'Curse the Kiddy!  
 A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,  
 But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, BIDDY!'

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known  
 To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!  
 What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever! 170

What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!  
 It will spread through the country—and never, oh, never

Can BIDDY be seen at Kilrandy again!  
 Farewell—I shall do something desp'rate, I fear—  
 And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,  
 One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge  
 To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend,

BIDDY FUDGE

*Nota bene*—I am sure you will hear, with delight,  
 That we're going, all three, to see BRUNET to-night,  
 A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr COX 180  
 (Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box

# FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE

Eupe Tu Regibus alas

Vingit, Georg lib iv

— Clip the wings  
Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings  
Dryden's Translation

## TO LORD BYRON

DEAR LORD BYRON,

THOUGH this Volume should possess no other merit in your eyes, than that of reminding you of the short time we passed together at Venice, when some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am,

My dear Lord,  
Ever faithfully yours,

T B

## PREFACE

THOUGH it was the wish of the Members of the Poco-curante Society (who have lately done me the honour of electing me then Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in the 'painful pre-eminence' of being employed to transcribe their lucubrations, my claim to such a distinction in the title page is not greater than that of any other gentleman, who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and objects of our Institution, the names and characters of the different members, &c &c—but, as I am at present preparing for the press the First Volume of the 'Transactions of the Poco-curante Society,' I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject, and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our tenets, to a Song which will be found at the end of this work, and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician,) either 'Nancy Dawson' or 'He stole away the Bacon'

It may be as well also to state for the information of those critics, who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being, thereby, brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in the three words 'Non curat Hippochides,' (meaning in English, 'Hippochides does not care a fig,') which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of Poco-curantism, and have ever since been adopted as the leading *dictum* of the sect

THOMAS BROWN

## FABLE I

### THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE

A DREAM

I'VE had a dream that bodes no good  
Unto the Holy Brotherhood

I may be wrong, but I confess—

As far as it is right or lawful

For one, no conjurer, to guess—

It seems to me extremely awful

Methought, upon the Neva's flood  
A beautiful Ice Palace stood,  
A dome of frost-work, on the plan  
Of that once built by Empress Anne,<sup>1</sup> so  
Which shone by moonlight—as the tale

is—

Like an Aurora Borealis

<sup>1</sup> 'It is well known that the Empress Anne built a palace of ice on the Neva, in 1740, which was fifty-two feet in length, and when illuminated had a surprising effect'—Pinkerton

In this said Palace, furnish'd all  
And lighted as the best on land are,  
I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,  
Given by the Emperor Alexander,  
To entertain with all due zeal,  
Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a  
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,  
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona 20

The thought was happy—and design'd  
To hunt how thus the human Mind  
May, like the stream imprison'd there,  
Be check'd and chill'd, till it can bear  
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet  
E'er yet be-prais'd, to dance upon it

And all were pleas'd, and cold, and  
stately,

Shivering in grand illumination—  
Admir'd the superstructure greatly,  
Nor gave one thought to the founda-  
tion 30

Much too the Czar himself exulted,  
To all plebeian fears a stranger,  
For, Madame Krudener, when consulted,  
Had pledg'd her word there was no  
danger

So, on he caper'd, fearlessly quite,  
Thinking himself extremely clever,  
And waltz'd away with all his might,  
As if the Frost would last for ever

Just fancy how a bard like me,  
Who reverence monarchs, must have  
trembled 40

To see that goodly company,  
At such a ticklish spot assembled

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded  
My loyal soul, at all unfounded—

For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy  
Were seiz'd with an ill-omen'd drip-  
ping,

And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,  
Their Holinesses took to slipping  
The Czar, half through a Polonaise  
Could scarce get on for downright  
stumbling, 50

And Prussia, though to slippery ways  
Well used, was cursedly near tumbling

Yet still 'twas, *who* could stamp the  
floor most,

Russia and Austria 'mong the fore-  
most —

And now, to an Italian air,

This precious brace would, hand in  
hand, go,  
Now—while old Louis, from his chair,  
Intreated them his toes to spare—  
Call'd loudly out for a Fandango

And a Fandango, 'faith, they had, 60  
At which they all set to, like mad!  
Never were Kings (though small the'  
expense is

Of wit among their Excellencies)  
So out of all their princely senses  
But, ah, that dance—that Spanish  
dance—

Scarce was the luckless strain begun,  
When, glaring red, as 'twere a glance  
Shot from an angry Southern sun,  
A light through all the chambers flam'd,  
Astonishing old Father Frost, 70  
Who, bursting into tears, exclaim'd,  
'A thaw, by Jove—we're lost, we're  
lost,

Run, France—a second Waterloo  
Is come to drown you—*sautez qui peut!* '

Why, why will monarchs caper so  
In palaces without foundations?—

Instantly all was in a flow,  
Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decora-  
tions—

Those Royal Arms, that look'd so  
nice,

Cut out in the resplendent ice— 80  
Those Eagles, handsomely provided  
With double heads for double deal-  
ings—

How fast the globes and sceptres glided  
Out of their claws on all the ceilings!

Proud Prussia's double bird of prey  
Tame as a spatch cock, slunk away,

While—just like France herself, when  
she

Proclaims how great her naval skill  
is—

Poor Louis' drowning fleurs-de-lys  
Imagin'd themselves water-lilies 90

And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,  
But—still more fatal execution—

The Great Legitimacies themselves  
Seem'd in a state of dissolution

The 'indignant Czar—when just about  
To issue a sublime Ukase,

'Whereas all light must be kept out'—  
Dissolv'd to nothing in its blaze

Next Prussia took his turn to melt,  
 And, while his lips illustrious felt 100  
 The influence of this southern air,  
 Some word, like 'Constitution',—long  
 Congeal'd in frosty silence there—  
 Came slowly thawing from his tongue  
 While Louis, lapsing by degrees,  
 And sighing out a faint adieu  
 To truffles, salms, toasted cheese  
 And smoking *fondus*, quickly grew,  
 Himself, into a *fondus* too,—  
 Or like that goodly King they make 110  
 Of sugar for a Twelfth-night cake,  
 When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,  
 It melts into a shapeless mass<sup>1</sup>

In short, I scarce could count a minute,  
 Ere the bright dome, and all within it,  
 Kings, Fiddlers, Empeïors, all were  
 gone—

And nothing now was seen or heard  
 But the bright rive!, rushing on,  
 Happy as an enfranchis'd bird,  
 And prouder of that natural ray, 120  
 Shining along its chainless way—  
 More proudly happy thus to glide  
 In simple grandeur to the sea,  
 Than when, in sparkling fetters tied,  
 'Twas deek'd with all that kingly pride  
 Could bring to light its slavery<sup>1</sup>

Such is my dream—and, I confess,  
 I tremble at its awfulness  
 That Spanish Dance—that southern  
 beam— 129  
 But I say nothing—there's my dream—  
 And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,  
 May make just what she pleases of it

## TABLE II THE LOOKING-GLASSES

### PROEM

WHERE Kings have been by mob-  
 elections  
 Rais'd to the Throne, 'tis strange to  
 see  
 What different and what odd perfec-  
 tions  
 Men have requir'd in Royalty  
 Some, like monarchs large and plumpy,

<sup>1</sup> The Goths had a law to choose always a short, thick man for their King Munster, *Cosmog* lib iii, p 164

Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the  
 weight,—  
 Some wish'd them tall, some thought  
 your dumpy,  
 Dutch-built, the true Legitimate<sup>1</sup>  
 The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,  
 Prefer what's called a jolter head<sup>2</sup> 10  
 The Egyptians wer'n't at all particular,  
 So that their Kings had *not* red hair—  
 This fault not even the greatest stickler  
 For the blood royal well could bear  
 A thousand more such illustrations  
 Might be adduc'd from various nations  
 But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,  
 Touching the 'acquir'd or natural right  
 Which some men have to rule their  
 fellows,  
 There's one, which I shall here  
 recite — 20

### FABLE

There was a land—to *name* the place  
 Is neither now my wish nor duty—  
 Where reign'd a certain Royal race,  
 By right of their superior beauty  
 What was the cut legitimate  
 Of these great persons' chins and  
 noses,  
 By right of which they rul'd the state,  
 No history I have seen discloses  
 But so it was—a settled case—  
 Some Act of Parhamment, pass'd snugly,  
 Had voted *them* a beauteous race, 31  
 And all their faithful subjects ugly  
 As rank, indeed, stood high or low,  
 Some change it made in visual organs,  
 Your Peers were decent—Knights, so  
 so—

But all your *common* people, gorgons<sup>1</sup>  
 Of course, if any knave had hinted  
 That the King's nose was turned awry,  
 Or that the Queen (God bless her!)  
 squinted—  
 The judges doom'd that knave to die  
 But rarely things like this occur'd, 41  
 The people to then King were duteous,  
 And took it, on his Royal word,  
 That they were frights, and He was  
 beauteous

<sup>2</sup> 'In a Prince a jolter-head is invaluable'  
*Oriental Field Sports*

The cause whereof, among all classes,  
Was simply this—these island elves  
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,  
And, therefore, did not *know themselves*

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours'  
faces 49  
Might strike them as more full of  
reason,

More fresh than those in certain places—  
But, Lord, the very thought was  
treason !

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,  
And take his face's part, 'tis known  
We ne'er so much in earnest labour,  
As when the face attack'd's our own

So, on they went—the crowd believing—  
(As crowds well govern'd always do)  
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—  
So old the joke, they thought 'twas  
true 60

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,  
Must have an end—and so, one day,  
Upon that coast there was a cargo  
Of looking-glasses cast away

'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,  
Had laid their wicked heads together,  
And forc'd that ship to founder there,—  
While some believe it was the weather

However this might be, the freight  
Was landed without fees or duties, 70  
And from that hour historians date  
The downfall of the Race of Beauties

The looking-glasses got about,  
And grew so common through the  
land,

That scarce a tinker could walk out,  
Without a mirror in his hand

Comparing faces, morning, noon,  
And night, their constant occupa-  
tion—

By dint of looking-glasses, soon,  
They grew a most reflecting nation 80

In vain the Court, aware of errors  
In all the old, establish'd mazards,  
Prohibited the use of mirrors,  
And tried to break them at all  
hazards —

In vain—their laws might just as well  
Have been waste paper on the shelves,  
That fatal freight had broke the spell,  
People had look'd—and knew them-  
selves

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,  
Presum'd upon his ancient face, 90  
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)  
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace —

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,  
Now little Nature holds it true,  
That what is call'd an ancient line,  
Must be the line of Beauty too

From Duke's they pass'd to regal  
phuzzes,  
Compar'd them proudly with their own,  
And cried, 'How *could* such monstrous  
quizzes  
In Beauty's name usurp the throne !'—

They then wrote essays, pamphlets,  
books, 101

Upon Cosmetical Oeconomy,  
Which made the King try various looks,  
But none improv'd his physiognomy

And satires at the Court were levell'd,  
And small lampoons, so full of sly-  
nesses,  
That soon, in short, they quite be-  
devil'd  
Their Majesties and Royal High-  
nesses

At length—but here I drop the veil,  
To spare some loyal folks' sensations,  
Besides, what follow'd is the tale 111  
Of all such late enlighten'd nations,

Of all to whom old Time discloses  
A truth they should have sooner  
known—  
That Kings have neither rights nor  
noses  
A whit diviner than their own.

### FABLE III

#### THE TORCH OF LIBERTY

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—  
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,  
Who bid this splendid day-dream pass,  
And nam'd each ghiding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they  
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,  
When the fleet youths, in long array,  
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant  
on

I saw the' expectant nations stand,  
To catch the coming flame in turn,—  
I saw, from ready hand to hand,     11  
The clear, though struggling, glory  
burn

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,  
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see,—  
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,  
'That torch they pass is Liberty!'

And, each, as she receiv'd the flame,  
Lighted her altar with its ray,  
Then, smiling, to the next who came,  
Speeded it on its sparkling way     20

From ALBION first, whose ancient shrine  
Was furnish'd with the fire already,  
COLUMBIA caught the boon divine,  
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady

The splendid gift then GALLIA took,  
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising  
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,  
As she would set the world a-blazing!

Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high  
Her altar blaz'd into the air,     30  
That ALBION, to that fire too nigh,  
Shrunk back, and shudder'd at its  
glare!

Next, SPAIN, so new was light to her,  
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the  
spark  
That fell upon her shrine could stir,  
'Twas quench'd—and all again was  
dark

Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure,  
worth  
So much to mortals, rarely dies  
Again her living light look'd forth,  
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes     40

Who next receiv'd the flame? alas,  
Unworthy NAPLES—shame of shames,  
That ever through such hands should  
pass  
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,  
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,  
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,  
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled

And fall'n it might have long remain'd,  
But GREECE, who saw her moment  
now,     50  
Caught up the prize, though prostrate,  
stain'd,  
And wav'd it round her beauteous  
brow

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er  
Her altar, as its flame ascended,  
Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,  
Who thus in song their voices  
blended—

'Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,  
Divinest gift of Gods to men!  
From GREECE thy earliest splendour  
came,

To GREECE thy ray returns again     60

'Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,  
When dimm'd, revive, when lost,  
return,

Till not a shrine through earth be  
found,

On which thy glories shall not burn!'

## FABLE IV

### THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK

#### PROEM

Of all that, to the sage's survey,  
This world presents of topsy-turvy,  
There's nought so much disturbs one's  
patience,

As little minds in lofty stations  
'Tis like that sort of painful wonder,  
Which slender columns, labouring under

Enormous arches, give beholders,—  
Or those poor Caryatides,

Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,  
With a whole house upon their  
shoulders     10

If, as in some few royal cases,  
Small minds are born into such places—  
If they are there, by Right Divine,

Or any such sufficient reason,  
Why—Heav'n forbid we should re-  
pine!—

To wish it otherwise were treason,

Nay, ev'n to see it in a vision,  
Would be what lawyers call *misprision*

Sir ROBERT FILMER saith—and he, 19  
Of course, knew all about the matter—  
'Both men and beasts love Monarchy',  
Which proves how rational—the  
latter

SIDNEY, we know, or wrong or right,  
Entirely differ'd from the Knight!  
Nay, hints a King may lose his head,  
By shipping awkwardly his bridle —  
But this is treasonous, ill-bred,  
And (now-a-days, when Kings are led  
In patent snaffles) downright idle

No, no—it isn't right-line Kings, 30  
(Those sovereign lords in leading-strings  
Who, from their birth, are Faith-  
Defenders,)

That move my wrath—'tis your pre-  
tenders,

Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,  
Who—not, like t'others, bores by birth,  
Establish'd *gratia Dei* blockheads,  
Boin with three kingdoms in their  
pockets—

Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,  
Push up into the loftiest stations, 39  
And, though too dull to manage  
shops,

Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is, that moves my gall,  
And stirs up bile, and spleen, and  
all

While other senseless things appear  
To know the limits of their sphere—  
While not a cow on earth romances  
So much as to conceit she dances—  
While the most jumping frog we know  
of,  
Would scarce at Astley's hope to show  
off—

Your —s, your —'s dare, 50  
Untrain'd as are their minds, to set  
them

To any business, any where,  
At any time that fools will let  
them

But leave we here these upstart things—  
My business is, just now, with Kings;  
To whom, and to their right-line glory,  
I dedicate the following story

## FABLE

THE wise men of Egypt were secret as  
dummies,  
And, ev'n when they most con-  
descended to teach,  
They pack'd up their meaning, as they  
did their mummies, 60  
In so many wrappers, 'twas out of  
one's reach

They were also, good people, much given  
to Kings—  
Fond of craft and of crocodiles, mon-  
keys and mystery,  
But blue-bottle flies were their best  
belov'd things—  
As will partly appear in this very  
short history

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they  
say,  
To that other great traveller, young  
Anacharsis),  
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,  
To have a short peep at their mystical  
farces

He saw<sup>1</sup> a brisk blue bottle Fly on an  
altar, 70  
Made much of, and worshipp'd, as  
something divine,  
While a large, handsome Bullock, led  
there in a halter,  
Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the  
shrine

Surpris'd at such doings, he whisper'd  
his teacher—  
'If 't isn't impertinent, may I ask  
why  
Should a Bullock, that useful and  
powerful creature,  
Bethus offer'd up to a blue-bottle Fly?'

'No wonder'—said t'other—'you stare  
at the sight,  
But we as a Symbol of Monarchy  
view it—  
That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate  
Right, 80  
And that Bullock, the People, that's  
sacrific'd to it'

<sup>1</sup> According to Aelian, it was in the island of  
Leucadia they pretised this ceremony—*θεωρεῖν  
βουρ τὰς μυίας*—*De Animal* lib 11, cap 8

# FABLE V

## CHURCH AND STATE

PROEM

'The moment any religion becomes national, or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men's interests, and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them'—*Some Jenyns*

THUS did SOAME JENYNS—though a Tory,  
A Lord of Trade and the Plantations,  
Feel how Religion's simple glory  
Is stain'd by State associations

When CATHERINE, ere she crush'd the Poles,

Appeal'd to the benign Divinity,  
Then cut them up in protocols,  
Made fractions of their very souls—

All in the name of the bless'd Trinity,  
Or when her grandson, ALEXANDER, 10  
That mighty Northern salamander,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose icy touch, felt all about,  
Puts every fire of Freedom out—  
When he, too, winds up his Ukases  
With God and the Panagia's praises—  
When he, of royal Saints the type,  
In holy water dips the sponge,  
With which, at one imperial wipe,

He would all human rights expunge,  
When LOUIS (whom as King, and cater,  
Some name *Dix-hunt* and some *Des-*  
*huîtres*), 21

Calls down 'St Louis' God' to witness  
The right, humanity, and fitness  
Of sending eighty thousand Solons,  
Sages, with muskets and lac'd coats,  
To cram instruction, noliens volens,  
Down the poor struggling Spaniards'  
throats—

I can't help thinking, (though to Kings  
I must, of course, like other men, bow,)  
That when a Christian monarch brings 30  
Religion's name to gloss these things—  
Such blasphemy out—Benbows Ben-  
bow!<sup>3</sup>

Or—not so far for facts to roam,  
Having a few much nearer home—

When we see Churchmen, who, if ask'd,  
'Must Ireland's slaves be tith'd, and  
task'd,

And driv'n like Negroes or Croats,  
That you may roll in wealth and bliss?"

Look from beneath their shovel hats 39

With all due pomp, and answer 'Yes!'

But then, if question'd, 'Shall the brand

Intolerance fling throughout that land,

Shall the fierce strife now taught to

grow

Betwixt her palaces and hovels,

Be ever quench'd?"—from the same

shovels

Look grandly forth, and answer

'No—'

Alas, alas! have *these* a claim

To merciful Religion's name?

If more you seek, go see a bevy

Of bowing parsons at a levee— 50

(Choosing your time, when straw's

before

Some apoplectic bishop's door,)

Then, if thou canst, with life, escape

That rush of lawn, that press of crape,

Just watch their rev'rences and graces,

As on each smirking sutor fisks,

And say, if those round shining faces

To heav'n or earth most turn their

disks?

This, this it is—Religion, made,

'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a

trade— 60

This most ill match'd, unholy *Co*,

From whence the ills we witness flow,

The wai of many creeds with one—

The' extremes of *too* much faith, and

none—

Till, betwixt ancient trash and new,

'Twixt Cant and Blasphemy—the two

Rank ills with which this age is curst—

We can no more tell *which* is worst,

Than erst could Egypt, when so rich

In various plagues, determine which 70

She thought most pestilent and vile,

Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlsle,

Croaking their native mud-notes loud,

Or her fat locusts, like a cloud

Of pluralists, obesely low'ring,

At once benighting and devouring!

<sup>1</sup> *Ames, demi-amès, &c*

<sup>2</sup> The salamander is supposed to have the power of extinguishing fire by its natural cold-

ness and moisture

<sup>3</sup> A well-known publisher of irreligious books



This—this it is—and here I play  
 Those sapient wits of the Reviews,  
 Who make us poor, dull authors say,  
 Not what we mean, but what they  
 choose, 80  
 Who to our most abundant shares  
 Of nonsense add still more of theirs,  
 And are to poets just such evils  
 As caterpillars find those flies,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which, not content to sting like devils,  
 Lay eggs upon their backs likewise—  
 To guard against such foul deposits  
 Of other's meaning in my rhymes,  
 (A thing more needful here, because it's  
 A subject, ticklish in these times)— 90  
 I, here, to all such wits make known,  
 Monthly and Weekly, Whig and Tory,  
 'Tis *this* Religion—this alone  
 I aim at in the following story.—

## FABLE

When Royalty was young and bold,  
 Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become  
 If 'tisn't civil to say *old*,  
 At least, a *ci-devant jeune homme*,

One evening, on some wild pursuit  
 Driving along, he chanc'd to see 100  
 Religion, passing by on foot,  
 And took him in his *vis-à-vis*

This said Religion was a Friar,  
 The humblest and the best of men,  
 Who ne'er had notion or desire  
 Of riding in a coach till then.

'I say'—quoth Royalty, who rather  
 Enjoy'd a masquerading joke—  
 'I say, suppose, my good old father,  
 You lend me, for a while, your cloak'

The Friar consented—little knew 111  
 What tricks the youth had in his  
 head,

Besides, was rather tempted too  
 By a lac'd coat he got in stead

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,  
 Scamp'ring like mad about the town,  
 Broke windows, shiver'd lamps to  
 smash,  
 And knock'd whole scores of watch-  
 men down

<sup>1</sup> 'The greatest number of the ichneumon  
 tribe are seen settling upon the back of the  
 caterpillar, and darting at different intervals

While nought could they, whose heads  
 were broke, 119  
 Learn of the 'why' or the 'wherefore,'  
 Except that 'twas Religion's cloak,  
 The gentleman, who crack'd them,  
 wore

Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was  
 turn'd

By the lac'd coat, grew frisky too,  
 Look'd big—his former habits spurn'd—  
 And storm'd about, as great men do

Dealt much in pompous oaths and  
 curses—

Said 'd—mn you' often, or as bad—  
 Laid claim to other people's purses—  
 In short, grew either knave, or mad

As work like this was unbefitting, 131  
 And flesh and blood no longer bore it,  
 The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,  
 Summon'd the culprits both before it

Where, after hours in wrangling spent  
 (As Courts must wrangle to decide  
 well),

Religion to St Luke's was sent,  
 And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell

With this proviso—should they be  
 Restor'd, in due time, to their senses,  
 They both must give security, 141  
 In future, against such offences—

Religion ne'er to *lend his cloak*,  
 Seeing what dreadful work it leads to,  
 And Royalty to crack his joke,—  
 But *not* to crack poor people's heads  
 too

## FABLE VI

## THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA

## PROEM

NOVELLA, a young Bolognese,  
 The daughter of a learn'd Law Doctor,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who had with all the subtleties  
 Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,  
 Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,  
 And over hearts held such dominion,  
 That when her father, sick in bed,  
 Or busy, sent her, in his stead,  
 To lecture on the Code Justinian,

their stings into its body—at every dart they  
 depose an egg<sup>1</sup>—Goldsmith  
 - Andieas

She had a curtain drawn before her, 10  
 Lest, if her charms were seen, the  
 students  
 Should let their young eyes wander o'er  
 her,  
 And quite forget their jurisprudence <sup>1</sup>  
 Just so it is with truth, when *seen*,  
 Too dazzling far,—'tis from behind  
 A light, thin allegoric screen,  
 She thus can safest teach mankind

## FABLE

In Thibet once there reign'd, we're told,  
 A little Lama, one year old—  
 Rais'd to the throne, that realm to  
 bless, 20  
 Just when his little Holiness  
 Had cut—as near as can be reckon'd—  
 Some say his *first* tooth, some his *second*  
 Chronologers and Nurses vary,  
 Which proves historians should be wary  
 We only know the 'r important truth,  
 His Majesty *had* cut a tooth <sup>2</sup>  
 And much his subjects were enchanted,—  
 As well all Lamas' subjects *may* be,  
 And would have giv'n their heads, if  
 wanted, 30  
 To make tee totums for the baby  
 Thron'd as he was by Right Divine—  
 (What Lawyers call *Jure Divino*,  
 Meaning a right to yours, and mine,  
 And every body's goods and rhino,)  
 Of course, his faithful subjects' purses  
 Were ready with their aids and suc  
 cours,  
 Nothing was seen but pension'd Nurses,  
 And the land groan'd with bibs and  
 tuckers

Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennet,  
 Then sitting in the Thibet Senate, 41  
 Ye Gods, what room for long debates  
 Upon the Nursery Estimates!  
 What cutting down of swaddling-clothes  
 And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!  
 What calls for papers to expose  
 The waste of sugar-plums and rattles!

<sup>1</sup> Quand il étoit occupé d'aucune essoine, il envoyoit Nouvelle, sa fille, en son lieu lire aux escholes en charge, et, afin, que la beauté d'elle n'empêchât la pensée des oyants, elle avoit une petite courtine devant elle—Christ de Pise, *Cité des Dames*, p. 11, cap. 36

<sup>2</sup> See Turner's *Embassy to Thibet* for an ac-

count of his interview with the Lama — 'Teshoo Lama (he says) was at this time eighteen months old Though he was unable to speak a word, he made the most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing dignity and decorum'

But no—if Thibet *had* M P's,  
 They were far better bred than these,  
 Nor gave the slightest opposition, 50  
 During the Monarch's whole dentition  
 But short this calm,—for, just when he  
 Had reach'd the 'r alarming age of three,  
 When Royal natures, and, no doubt,  
 Those of *all* noble beasts break out—  
 The Lama, who till then was quiet,  
 Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot,  
 And, ripe for mischief, early, late,  
 Without regard for Church or State,  
 Made free with whosoe'er came nigh, 60  
 'Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the  
 nose,  
 Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry,  
 And trod on the old Generals' toes  
 Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,  
 Rode cockhorse on the City maces,  
 And shot from little devilish guns  
 Hard peas into his subjects' faces  
 In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,  
 And grew so mischievous, God bless  
 him!  
 That his Chief Nurse—with ev'n the aid  
 Of an Archbishop—was afraid, 71  
 When in these moods, to comb or  
 dress him  
 Nay, ev'n the persons most inclin'd  
 Through thick and thin, for Kings to  
 stickle,  
 Thought him (if they'd but speak their  
 mind,  
 Which they did *not*) an odious pickle

At length some patriot lords—a breed  
 Of animals they've got in Thibet,  
 Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,  
 For folks like Pridcock, to exhibit— 80  
 Some patriot lords, who saw the length  
 To which things went, combin'd their  
 strength,  
 And penn'd a manly, plain and free  
 Remonstrance to the Nursery,  
 Protesting warmly that they yielded  
 To none, that ever went before 'em,  
 In loyalty to him who wielded  
 The hereditary pap spoon o'er 'em,

That, as for treason, 'twas a thing  
That made them almost sick to think  
of— 90

That they and theirs stood by the  
King,

Throughout his measles and his chin-  
cough,

When others, thinking him consump-  
tive,

Had ratted to the Heir Presumptive '—  
But, still—though much admiring Kings

(And chiefly those in leading-strings),  
They saw, with shame and grief of soul

There was no longer now the wise  
And constitutional control

Of *birch* before their ruler's eyes, 100  
But that, of late, such pranks, and  
tricks,

And freaks occur'd the whole day  
long,

As all, but men with bishopricks,  
Allow'd, in ev'n a King, were wrong

Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd  
That Honourable Nursery,

That such reforms be henceforth made,  
As all good men desir'd to see, —

In other words (lest they might seem  
Too tedious), as the gentlest scheme 110

For putting all such pranks to rest,  
And in its bud the mischief nipping—

They ventur'd humbly to suggest  
His Majesty should have a whipping '

When this was read, no Congreve rocket,  
Discharg'd into the Gallic trenches,

E'er equal'd the tremendous shock it  
Produc'd upon the Nursery benches

The Bishops, who of course had votes,  
By right of age and petticoats, 120

Were first and foremost in the fuss—  
'What, whip a Lama ' suffer birch

To touch his sacred—infamous '  
Deistical '—assailing thus

The fundamentals of the Church '—  
No—no—such patriot plans as these,

(So help them Heaven—and their Sees !)  
They held to be rank blasphemies '

The' alarm thus given, by these and  
other

Grave ladies of the Nursery side, 130  
Spread through the land, till, such a  
pothor,

Such party squabbles, far and wide,

Never in history's page had been  
Recorded, as were then between  
The Whippers and Non-whippers seen  
Till, things arriving at a state,

Which gave some fears of revolution,  
The patriot lords' advice, though late,

Was put at last in execution  
The Parliament of Thibet met— 140

The little Lama, call'd before it,  
Did, then and there, his whipping get,

And (as the Nursery Gazette  
Assures us) like a hero bore it

And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some  
Lament that Royal Martyrdom

(Please to observe, the letter D  
In this last word's pronounc'd like B),

Yet to the' example of that Prince  
So much is Thibet's land a debtor, 150

That her long line of Lamas, since,  
Have all behav'd themselves *much*

better

## FABLE VII

### THE EXTINGUISHERS

#### PROEM

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports  
The natural allies of Courts,

Woe to the Monarch, who depends  
Too *much* on his red-coated friends,

For even soldiers sometimes *think*—  
Nay, Colonels have been known to

*reason*,—

And reasoners, whether clad in pink,  
Or red, or blue, are on the brink

(Nine cases out of ten) of treason

Not many soldiers, I believe, are 10

As fond of liberty as Mina,  
Else—woe to kings, when Freedom's

fever

Once turns into a *Scarletina* '!

For then—but hold 'tis best to veil

My meaning in the following tale —

#### FABLE

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,

Just come into a large estate,

Was shock'd to find he had, for neigh-  
bours,

Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,  
Whose fires, beneath his very nose, 20

In heretic combustion rose

But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,  
 Do what they will—so, one fine  
 morning,  
 He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,  
 First giving a few kicks for warning  
 Then, thanking Heaven most piously,  
 Heknock'd their Temple to the ground,  
 Blessing himself for joy to see  
 Such Pagan ruins strew'd around  
 But much it vex'd my Lord to find, 30  
 That, while all else obey'd his will,  
 The Fire these Ghebers left behind,  
 Do what he would, kept burning still  
 Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown  
 Could scare the bright insurgent down ;  
 But, no—such fires are headstrong  
 things,  
 And care not much for Lords or Kings  
 Scarce could his Lordship well contrive  
 The flashes in one place to smother,  
 Before—hey presto!—all alive, 40  
 They sprung up freshly in another  
 At length when, spite of prayers and  
 damns,  
 'Twas found the sturdy flame defied  
 him,  
 His stewards came, with low *salams*,  
 Off'ring, by *contract*, to provide him  
 Some large Extinguishers, (a plan,  
 Much us'd, they said, at Ispahan,  
 Vienna, Petersburg—in short,  
 Wherever Light's forbid at court,)  
 Machines no Lord should be without, 50  
 Which would, at once, put promptly  
 out  
 All kinds of fires,—from staring, stark  
 Volcanos to the tiniest spark,  
 Till all things slept as dull and dark,  
 As, in a great Lord's neighbourhood,  
 'Twas right and fitting all things should  
 Accordingly, some large supplies  
 Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd  
 (All of the true Imperial size),  
 And there, in rows, stood black and  
 burnish'd, 60  
 Ready, where'er a gleam but shone  
 Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on  
 But, ah, how lordly wisdom errs,  
 In trusting to extinguishers !

One day, when he had left all sure,  
 (At least, so thought he) dark, secure—  
 The flame, at all its exits, enties,  
 Obstructed to his heart's content,  
 And black extinguishers, like sentries,  
 Plac'd over every dangerous vent—  
 Ye Gods, imagine his amaze, 71  
 His wrath, his rage, when, on return-  
 ing,  
 He found not only the old blaze,  
 Brisk as before, crackling and burning,  
 Not only new, young conflagrations,  
 Popping up round in various stations—  
 But, still more awful, strange, and dire,  
 The' Extinguishers themselves on fire ! 11  
 They, they—those trusty, blind machines  
 His Lordship had so long been prais-  
 ing, 80  
 As, under Providence, the means  
 Of keeping down all lawless blazing,  
 Were now, themselves—alas, too true  
 The shameful fact—turn'd blazers too,  
 And, by a change as odd as cruel,  
 Instead of dampers, serv'd for fuel !

Thus, of his only hope bereft,  
 'What,' said the great man, 'must be  
 done ?'  
 All that, in scrapes like this, is left  
 To great men is—to cut and run 90  
 So run he did, while to their grounds,  
 The banish'd Ghebers blest return'd ;  
 And, though their Fire had broke its  
 bounds,  
 And all abroad now wildly burn'd,  
 Yet well could they, who lov'd the  
 flame,  
 Its wand'ring, its excess reclaim ;  
 And soon another, fairer Dome  
 Arose to be its sacred home,  
 Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confin'd,  
 The living glory dwelt inshrined, 100  
 And, shedding lustre strong, but even,  
 Though born of earth, grew worthy  
 heav'n

## MORAL

The moral hence my Muse infers  
 Is, that such Lords are simple elves,  
 In trusting to Extinguishers,  
 That are combustible themselves

<sup>1</sup> The idea of this Fable was caught from one of those brilliant *motifs* which abound in the conversation of my friend, the author of the

*Letters to Julia*—a production which contains some of the happiest specimens of playful poetry that have appeared in this or any age.

## FABLE VIII

## LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG

THE money rais'd—the army ready—  
Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy  
Valiantly braying in the van,  
To the old tune 'Eh, eh, Sire Ane'—<sup>1</sup>  
Nought wanting, but some *coup*  
dramatic,

To make French *sentiment* explode,  
Bring in, at once, the *goût* fanatic,  
And make the war 'la dernière mode'—  
Instantly, at the *Pavillon Marsan*,

Is held an Ultra consultation—<sup>10</sup>  
What's to be done, to help the farce on ?

What stage effect, what decoration,  
To make this beauteous France forget,  
In one grand, glorious *piquette*,  
All she had sworn to but last week,  
And, with a cry of 'Magnifique'—<sup>1</sup>  
Rush forth to this, or *any* war,  
Without inquiring once—'What for ?'

After some plans propos'd by each,  
Lord Châteaubriand made a speech, <sup>20</sup>  
(Quoting, to show what men's rights are,  
Or rather what men's rights *should be*,  
From Hobbes, Lord Castlereagh, the  
Czar,

And other friends to Liberty.)  
Wherein he—having first protested  
'Gainst humouring the mob—suggested  
(As the most high-bred plan he saw  
For giving the new War *éclat*)  
A grand, Baptismal Melo-drame,  
To be got up at Nôtre-Dame, <sup>30</sup>  
In which the Duke (who, bless his  
Highness !

Had by his *huit* acquir'd such fame,  
'Twas hop'd that he as little shyness  
Would show, when to the *point* he  
came,)

Should, for his deeds so lion-hearted,  
Be christen'd *Hero*, ere he started,  
With power, by Royal Ordonnance,  
To bear that name—at least in France

<sup>1</sup> They celebrated in the dark ages, at many churches, particularly at Rouen, what was called the Feast of the Ass. On this occasion the ass, finely drest, was brought before the altar, and they sung before him this elegant anthem, 'Eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane, eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane'—*Watson's Essay on Pope*

<sup>2</sup> Brought from the river Jordan by M. Châteaubriand, and presented to the French

Himself—the Viscount Châteaubriand—  
(To help the' affair with more *esprit* on)  
Off'ring, for this baptismal rite, <sup>41</sup>  
Some of his own fam'd Jordan water—<sup>3</sup>  
(Marie Louise not having quite  
Us'd all that, for young Nap, he  
brought her,)

The baptism, in *this* case, to be  
Applied to that extremity,  
Which Bourbon heroes most expose,  
And which (as well all Europe knows)  
Happens to be, in this Defender  
Of the true faith, extremely tender <sup>50</sup>

Or if (the Viscount said) this scheme  
Too rash and premature should seem—  
If thus discounting heroes, on tick—

This glory, by anticipation,  
Was too much in the *genre romantique*  
For such a highly classic nation,  
He begg'd to say, the Abyssinians  
A practice had in their dominions,  
Which, if at Paris got up well,  
In full *costume*, was sure to tell <sup>60</sup>

At all great epochs, good or ill,  
They have, says BRUCE (and BRUCE  
ne'er budes)

From the strict truth, a grand Quadrille  
In public'danc'd by the Twelve Judges—<sup>4</sup>

And, he assures us, the grimaces,  
The *entre-chats*, the airs and graces  
Of dancers, so profound and stately,  
Divert the Abyssinians greatly  
'Now (said the Viscount), there's but  
few

Great Empires, where this plan would  
do <sup>70</sup>

For instance, England,—let them take  
What pains they would—'twere vain  
to strive—

The twelve stiff Judges there would  
make

The worst Quadrille set now alive  
One must have seen them, ere one  
could

Imagine properly JUDGE WOOD,

Empress for the christening of young Napoleon

<sup>3</sup> See the Duke's celebrated letter to madame, written during his campaign in 1815, in which he says, 'J'ai le postérieur légèrement endommagé'

<sup>4</sup> On certain great occasions the twelve Judges (who are generally between sixty and seventy years of age) sing the song and dance the figure-dance, &c.—Book v

Performing, in his wig, so gaily,  
A *queue-de-chat* with JUSTICE BAILEY '  
French Judges, though, are, by no  
means,

79  
This sort of stiff, be-wigg'd machines '  
And we, who've seen them at *Saumur*,  
And *Poitiers* lately, may be sure  
They'd dance quadrilles, or any thing,  
That would be pleasing to the King—  
Nay, stand upon their heads, and more  
do,

To please the little Duke de Bor-  
deaux ' '

After these several schemes there came  
Some others—needless now to name,  
Since that, which Monsieur plann'd,  
himself,

Soon doom'd all others to the shelf, 90  
And was receiv'd *par acclamation*,  
As truly worthy the *Grande Nation*

It seems (as Monsieur told the story)  
That Louis the Fourteenth,—that  
glory,

That *Coryphée* of all crown'd pates,—  
That pink of the Legitimates—  
Had, when, with many a pious pray'r,  
he

Bequeath'd unto the Virgin Mary  
His marriage deeds, and *cordons bleus*,<sup>1</sup>  
Bequeath'd to her his State Wig too—  
(An offering which, at Court, 'tis  
thought,

The Virgin values as she ought)— 102  
That Wig, the wonder of all eyes,  
The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,  
To watch and tend whose curls ador'd,

Re-build its tow'ring roof, when flat,  
And round its rumpled base, a Board  
Of sixty Barbers daily sat,<sup>2</sup>

With Subs, on State-Days, to assist,  
Well pension'd from the Civil List —  
That wondrous Wig, array'd in which  
And form'd alike to awe or witch, 112  
He beat all other heirs of crowns,  
In taking mistresses and towns,

Requiring but a shot at *one*,  
A smile at *t'other*, and 'twas done '—

'That Wig' (said Monsieur, while his  
brow

Rose proudly,) 'is existing now,—  
That Grand Perruque, amid the fall  
Of ev'ry other Royal glory, 120  
With curls erect survives them all,  
And tells in ev'ry hair their story  
Think, think, how welcome at this time  
A relic, so belov'd, sublime '—  
What worthier standard of the Cause

Of Kingly Right can France demand '  
Or who among our ranks can pause  
To guard it, while a curl shall stand '  
Behold, my friends'—(while thus he  
cried,

A curtain, which conceal'd this pride 130  
Of Princely Wigs was drawn aside)

'Behold that grand Perruque—how big  
With recollections for the world—  
For France—for us—Great LOUIS' Wig,  
By HIPPOLYTE ' new frizz'd and  
curl'd—

*New frizz'd* ' alas, 'tis but too true,  
Well may you start at that word *new*—  
But such the sacrifice, my friends,  
The' Imperial Cossack recommends,  
Thinking such small concessions sage,  
To meet the spirit of the age, 141

And do what best that spirit flatters,  
In Wigs—if not in weightier matters  
Wherefore, to please the Czar, and show  
That *we* too, much-wrong'd Bourbons,  
know

What liberalism in Monarchs is,  
We have conceded the New Friz '  
Thus arm'd, ye gallant Ultras, say,  
Can men, can Frenchmen, fear the  
fray '—

With this proud relic in our van, 150  
And D'ANGOULEME our worthy leader,  
Let rebel Spain do all she can,

Let recreant England arm and feed  
her,—

celui ou Louis XIV commença a porter, lui-même, perruque. On ignore l'époque ou se fit cette révolution, mais on sait qu'elle engagea Louis le Grand à y donner ses soins paternels, en créant, en 1656, quarante charges de perruquiers, surant la cour, et en 1673, il forma un corps de deux cents perruquiers pour la Ville de Paris.—P. 111

<sup>3</sup> A celebrated *Coiffeur* of the present day

<sup>1</sup> 'Louis XIV fit présent à la Vierge de son cordon bleu, que l'on conserve soigneusement, et lui envoya ensuite, son Contrat de Mariage et le *Traité des Pyrenées*, magnifiquement relié'—*Mémoires, Anecdotes pour servir, &c*

<sup>2</sup> The learned author of *Recherches Historiques sur les Perruques* says that the Board consisted but of Forty—the same number as the Academy 'Le plus beau tems des perruques fut

Urg'd by that pupil of HUNT's school,  
That Radical, Lord LIVERPOOL—  
France can have nought to fear—far  
from it—

When once astounded Europe sees  
The wig of LOUIS, like a Comet,

Streaming above the Pyrenees,  
All's o'er with Spain—then on, my  
sons, 160  
On, my incomparable Duke  
And, shouting for the Holy Ones,  
Cry *Vive la Guerre—et la Perruque* !

## RHYMES ON THE ROAD

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING MEMBER OF  
THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY, 1819

THE greater part of the following Rhymes were written or composed in an old *calèche*, for the purpose of beguiling the *ennui* of solitary travelling, and as verses, made by a gentleman in his sleep, have been lately called 'a *psychological* curiosity,' it is to be hoped that verses, composed by a gentleman to keep himself awake, may be honoured with some appellation equally Greek

### INTRODUCTORY RHYMES

*Different Attitudes in which Authors compose —*  
*Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c — Writing in Bed—in the Fields —Plato and Sir Richard Blackmore —Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs —Madame de Stael —Rhyming on the Road, in an old Calèche*

WHAT various attitudes, and ways,  
And tricks, we authors have in writing!  
While some write sitting, some, like  
BAYES,

Usually stand, while they're inditing  
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,  
Measuring a line at every stride,  
While some, like HENRY STEPHENS,  
pour out

Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride<sup>1</sup>  
HERODOTUS wrote most in bed,

And RICHERAND, a French physician,  
Declares the clock-work of the head  
Goes best in that reclin'd position.

If you consult MONTAIGNE<sup>2</sup> and PLINY  
on

The subject, 'tis their joint opinion  
That Thought its richest harvest yields  
Abroad, among the woods and fields,  
That bards, who deal in small retail,

At home may, at their counters,  
stop,

But that the grove, the hill, the vale,  
Are Poesy's true wholesale shop 20

And, verily, I think they're right—

For, many a time, on summer eves,  
Just at that closing hour of light,

When, like an Eastern Prince, who  
leaves

For distant war his Haram bow'rs,  
The Sun bids farewell to the flow'rs,  
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are  
flowing

Mid all the glory of his going !—  
Ev'n I have felt, beneath those beams,

When wand'ring through the fields  
alone, 30

Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,

Which, far too bright to be my own,  
Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Pow'r,  
That was abroad at that still hour

If thus I've felt, how must *they* feel,  
The few, whom genuine Genius warms,  
Upon whose souls he stamps his seal,  
Graven with Beauty's countless  
forms,—

The few upon this earth, who seem  
Born to give truth to PLATO's dream, 40  
Since in their thoughts, as in a glass,  
Shadows of heavenly things appear,  
Reflections of bright shapes that pass  
Through other worlds, above our  
sphere !

<sup>2</sup> 'Mes pensées dorment, si je les assis'—  
Montaigne  
Animus eorum qui in aperto aere ambulant,  
attollitur—Pliny

<sup>1</sup> Pleraque sua carmina equitans composuit  
—Paravicin *Singular*

But this reminds me I digress,—

For PLATO, too, produc'd, 'tis said,  
(As one, indeed, might almost guess.)

His glorious visions all in bed<sup>1</sup>  
'Twas in his carriage the sublime 29  
Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE used to rhyme,  
And (if the wits don't do him wrong)  
'Twixt death<sup>2</sup> and epics pass'd his  
time,

Scribbling and killing all day long—  
Like Phoebus in his car, at ease,  
Now warbling forth a lofty song,  
Now murd'ring the young Niobes

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,  
Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the  
pains

And horrors of exenteration,  
Nine charming odes, which, if you'll  
look, 60

You'll find preserv'd, with a transla-  
tion,

By BARTHOLOMEUS in his book<sup>3</sup>  
In short, 'twere endless to recite  
The various modes in which men write  
Some wits are only in the mind,  
When beaus and belles are round  
them prating,

Some, when they dress for dinner, find  
Their muse and valet both in waiting,  
And manage, at the self-same time,  
To' adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme 70

Some bards there are who cannot  
scribble

Without a glove, to tear or nibble,  
Or a small twig to whisk about—

As if the hidden founts of Fancy,  
Like wells of old, were thus found out

By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy  
Such was the little feathery wand,<sup>4</sup>  
That, held for ever in the hand  
Of her,<sup>5</sup> who won and wore the crown  
Of female genius in this age, 80  
Seem'd the conductor, that drew down  
Those words of lightning to her page

<sup>1</sup> The only authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin Poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says—

Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperi que cubantem,  
Desedit totos hic Plato saepe dies

<sup>2</sup> Sir Richard Blackmore was a physician, as well as a bad poet

<sup>3</sup> Eadem curâ nec minores inter cruciatus

As for myself—to come, at last,

To the odd way in which I write—  
Having employ'd these few months past  
Chiefly in travelling, day and night,  
I've got into the easy mode,  
Of rhyming thus along the road—  
Making a way-bill of my pages,  
Counting my stanzas by my stages— 90  
'Twixt lays and re-lays no time lost—  
In short, in two words, *writing post*

# EXTRACT I

Geneva

*View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura* 6—  
*Anxious to reach it before the Sun went down —*  
*Obliged to proceed on Foot — 11ps — Mont Blanc*  
*— Effect of the Scene*

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone  
His last and best, when I ran on,  
Anxious to reach that splendid view,  
Before the day-beams quite withdrew,  
And feeling as all feel, on first  
Approaching scenes, where, they are  
told,  
Such glories on their eyes will burst,  
As youthful bards in dreams behold

'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,  
Full often was my wistful gaze 10  
Turn'd to the sun, who now began  
To call in all his out-post rays,  
And form a denser march of light,  
Such as becoms a hero's flight  
Oh, how I wish'd for JOSHUA's pow'r,  
To stay the brightness of that hour!  
But no—the sun still less became,  
Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid  
And small as were those tongues of  
flame,  
That on the Apostles' heads de-  
scended! 20

'Twas at this instant—while there  
glow'd  
This last, intensest gleam of light—  
Suddenly, through the opening road,  
The valley burst upon my sight!

*animam infelicem agens fuit Asbionno Prudae  
Danico heroi, cum Biso ipsum, intestina ex-  
trahens, immaniter torqueret, tunc enim  
novem carmin' cecinit, &c — Bartholin de  
Causis Contempt Mort*

<sup>4</sup> Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or  
feather

<sup>5</sup> Madame de Staël

<sup>6</sup> Between Vattay and Gex



That glorious valley, with its Lake,  
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,  
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make  
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling

I stood entranc'd—as Rabbins say  
This whole assembled, gazing world  
Will stand, upon that awful day, 31  
When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,  
Among the opening clouds shall shine,  
Divinity's own radiant sign !

Mighty MONT BLANC, thou wert to me,  
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,  
As sure a sign of Deity  
As e'er to mortal gaze was given  
Nor ever, were I destin'd yet  
To live my life twice o'er again, 40  
Can I the deep-felt awe forget,  
The dream, the trance that rapt me  
then !

'Twas all that consciousness of pow'r  
And life, beyond this mortal hour,—  
Those mountings of the soul within  
At thoughts of Heav'n—as birds begin  
By instinct in the cage to rise,  
When near then time for change of skies,—  
That proud assurance of our claim  
To rank among the Sons of Light, 50  
Mingled with shame—oh bitter shame !—  
At having risk'd that splendid right,  
For aught that earth through all its range  
Of glories, offers in exchange !

'Twas all this, at that instant brought,  
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my  
thought—

'Twas all this, kindled to a glow  
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine  
Thus purely ever, man might grow,  
Ev'n upon earth a thing divine, 60  
And be, once more, the creature made  
To walk unstain'd the' Elysian shade !

No, never shall I lose the trace  
Of what I've felt in this bright place  
And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,  
Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy pow'r,  
This mighty scene again I'll seek,  
At the same calm and glowing hour,

And here, at the sublimest shrine  
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee, 70  
Rekindle all that hope divine,  
And feel my immortality !

## EXTRACT II

Geneva

FATE OF GENEVA IN THE YEAR 1782

## A FRAGMENT

YES—if there yet live some of those,  
Who, when this small Republic rose,  
Quick as a startled hive of bees,  
Against her leaguering enemies— 1  
When, as the Royal Satrap shook  
His well-known fetters at her gates,  
Ev'n wives and mothers arm'd, and took  
Their stations by their sons and mates,  
And on these walls there stood—yet, no,  
Shame to the traitors—*would have*  
stood 10

As firm a band as e'er let flow  
At Freedom's base their sacred blood,  
If those yet live, who, on that night,  
When all were watching, girt for fight,  
Stole, like the creeping of a pest,  
From rank to rank, from breast to breast,  
Filling the weak, the old with fears,  
Turning the heroine's zeal to tears,—  
Betraying Honour to that brink,  
Where, one step more, and he must sink—  
And quenching hopes, which, though  
the last, 21

Like meteors on a drowning mast,  
Would yet have veiled to death more bright,  
Than life e'er look'd, in all its light !  
Till soon, too soon, distrust, alarms  
Throughout the' embattled thousands  
ran,

And the high spirit, late in arms,  
The zeal, that might have work'd such  
charms,

Fell, like a broken talisman—  
Their gates, that they had sworn should  
be 30

The gates of Death, that very dawn,  
Gave passage widely, bloodlessly,  
To the proud foe—nor sword was  
drawn,

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1782, when the forces of Berne, Sardina, and France laid siege to Geneva, and when, after a demonstration of heroism and self-devotion, which promised to rival the feats of their ancestors in 1602 against Savoy, the Genevans, either panic-struck or betrayed, to

the surprise of all Europe, opened their gates to the besiegers, and submitted without a struggle to the extinction of their liberties—See an account of this Revolution in Cox's *Switzerland*

Nor ev'n one martyr'd body cast  
To stain their footsteps, as they pass'd,  
But, of the many sworn at night  
To do or die, some fled the sight,  
Some stood to look, with sullen frown,  
While some, in impotent despair, 39  
Broke their bright armour and lay down,  
Weeping, upon the fragments there!—  
If those, I say, who brought that shame,

That blast upon GENEVA's name,  
Be living still—though crime so dark  
Shall hang up, fix'd and unforgiv'n,  
In History's page, the' eternal mark  
For Scion to pierce—so help me Heav'n,  
I wish the traitorous slaves no worse,  
No deeper, deadlier disaster,  
From all earth's ills no fouler curse 50  
Than to have their master!

EXTRACT III

Geneva

*Fancy and Truth — Hippomenes and Atalanta — Mont Blanc — Clouds*

EVEN here, in this region of wonders, I find  
That light-footed Fancy leaves truth far behind,  
Or, at least, like Hippomenes, turns her astray  
By the golden illusions he flings in her way<sup>1</sup>

What a glory it seem'd the first ev'ning I gaz'd!  
MONT BLANC, like a vision, then suddenly rais'd  
On the wreck of the sunset—and all his array  
Of high-towering Alps, touch'd still with a light  
Far holier, purer than that of the Day,

As if nearness to Heaven had made them so bright!  
Then the dying, at last, of these splendours away  
From peak after peak, till they left but a ray,  
One roseate ray, that, too precious to fly,

O'er the Mighty of Mountains still glowingly hung,  
Like the last sunny step of ASTRAEA, when high  
From the summit of earth to Elysium she sprung!  
And those infinite Alps, stretching out from the sight  
Till they mingled with Heaven, now shorn of their light,  
Stood lofty, and lifeless, and pale in the sky,  
Like the ghosts of a Giant Creation gone by!<sup>20</sup>

That scene—I have view'd it this evening again,  
By the same brilliant light that hung over it then—  
The valley, the lake in their tenderest charms—

MONT BLANC in his awfulest pomp—and the whole  
A bright picture of Beauty, reclin'd in the arms  
Of Sublimity, bridegroom elect of her soul!

But where are the mountains, that round me at first,  
One dazzling horizon of miracles, burst?  
Those Alps beyond Alps, without end swelling on  
Like the waves of eternity—where are they gone?<sup>30</sup>  
Clouds—clouds—they were nothing but clouds, after all!<sup>2</sup>

That chain of MONT BLANCS, which my fancy flew o'er,  
With a wonder that nought on this earth can recall,  
Were but clouds of the evening, and now are no more

<sup>1</sup> ———nitidique cupidine pomis

Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit

Ovid

<sup>2</sup> It is often very difficult to distinguish between clouds and Alps, and on the evening when I first saw this magnificent scene, the

clouds were so disposed along the whole horizon as to deceive me into an idea of the stupendous extent of these mountains, which my subsequent observation was very far, of course, from confirming

What a picture of Life's young illusions! Oh, Night,  
Drop thy curtain, at once, and hide *all* from my sight

## EXTRACT IV

Milan

*The Picture Gallery — Albano's Rape of Proserpine — Reflections — Universal  
Salvation — Abraham sending away Agar, by Guercino — Genius*

WENT to the *Brera*—saw a Dance of Loves  
By smooth ALBANO<sup>1</sup>, him, whose pencil teems  
With Cupids, numerous as in summer groves  
The leaflets are, or motes in summer beams

'Tis for the theft of Enna's flow'r<sup>2</sup> from earth,  
These urchins celebrate their dance of mirth  
Round the green tree, like fays upon a heath—  
Those, that are nearest, link'd in order bright,  
Cheek after cheek, like rose-buds in a wreath,  
And those, more distant, showing from beneath  
The others' wings their little eyes of light  
While see, among the clouds, their eldest brother,  
But just flown up, tells with a smile of bliss  
This prank of Pluto to his charmed mother,  
Who turns to greet the tidings with a kiss!

10

Well might the Loves rejoice—and well did they,  
Who wove these fables, picture, in their weaving,  
That blessed truth, (which, in a darker day,  
ORIGEN lost his saintship for believing,)—<sup>3</sup>  
That Love, eternal Love, whose fadeless ray  
Nor time, nor death, nor sin can overcast,  
Ev'n to the depths of hell will find his way,  
And soothe, and heal, and triumph there at last

20

GUERCINO's Agar—where the bond-maid hears  
From Abram's lips that he and she must part,  
And looks at him with eyes all full of tears,  
That seem the very last drops from her heart  
Exquisite picture!—let me not be told  
Of minor faults, of colouring tame and cold—  
If thus to conjure up a face so fair,<sup>4</sup>  
So full of sorrow, with the story there  
Of all that woman suffers, when the stay  
Her trusting heart hath lean'd on falls away—  
If thus to touch the bosom's tend'rest spring,  
By calling into life such eyes, as bring  
Back to our sad remembrance some of those  
We've smil'd and wept with, in their joys and woes,

30

<sup>1</sup> This picture, the Agar of Guercino, and the Apostles of Guido (the two latter of which are now the chief ornaments of the Brera), were formerly in the Palazzo Zampieri, at Bologna

<sup>2</sup> ——— that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers,  
Herself a furer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gather'd

<sup>3</sup> The extension of the Divine Love ultimately even to the regions of the damned

<sup>4</sup> It is probable that this fine head is a portrait, as we find it repeated in a picture by Guercino, which is in the possession of Signor Camuccini, the brother of the celebrated painter at Rome

Thus filling them with tears, like tears we've known,  
Till all the pictur'd grief becomes our own—  
If *this* be deem'd the victory of Art—  
If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare  
The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart  
Before all eyes, be Genius—it is *there* !

40

EXTRACT V

Padua

*Fancy and Reality — Rain-drops and Lakes — Plan of a Story — Where to place the Scene of it  
In some unknown Region — Psalmanazar's Imposture with respect to the Island of Formosa*

THE more I've view'd this world, the more I've found.

That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,

Fancy commands, within her own bright round,

A world of scenes and creatures far more fair

Nor is it that her power can call up there

A single charm, that's not from Nature won,

No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear

A single hue unborrow'd from the sun—

But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,

That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue,

As the same light, that o'er the level lake

One dull monotony of lustre flings,

Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make

Colours as gay as those on Peris' wings !

10

And such, I deem, the difference between real,

Existing Beauty and that form ideal,

Which she assumes, when seen by poets' eyes,

Like sunshine in the drop—with all those dyes,

Which Fancy's variegating prism supplies

I have a story of two lovers, fill'd

With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,

And the sad, doubtful bliss, that ever thrill'd

Two young and longing hearts in that sweet madness.

But where to choose the region of my vision

In this wide, vulgar world—what real spot

Can be found out sufficiently Elysian

For two such perfect lovers, I know not

Oh for some fair FORMOSA, such as he,

The young Jew fabled of, in the Indian Sea,

By nothing, but its name of Beauty, known,

And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,

Her fairy kingdom—take its people, lands,

And tenements into her own bright hands,

And make, at least, one earthly corner fit

For Love to live in, pure and exquisite !

20

30

## EXTRACT VI Venice

*The Fall of Venice not to be lamented—Former Glory—Expedition against Constantinople—Grustinianis—Republic—Characteristics of the old Government—Golden Book—Brazen Mouths—Spies—Dungeons—Present Desolation*

MOURN not for VENICE—let her rest  
In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,  
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,  
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died  
No—let us keep our tears for them,  
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been

Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,  
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,

But from high daring in the cause  
Of human Rights—the only good 10  
And blessed strife, in which man draw  
His mighty sword on land or flood

Mourn not for VENICE, though her fall  
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave  
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,  
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave  
Thus perish ev'ry King and State,  
That run the guilty race she ran,  
Strong but in ill, and only great  
By outrage against God and man 20

True, her high spirit is at rest,  
And all those days of glory gone,

<sup>1</sup> Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171

<sup>2</sup> 'La famille entière des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute entière dans cette expédition, elle fournit cent combattans, c'est à renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome, la même malheur les attendait'—*Histoire de Venise, par Daru*

<sup>3</sup> The celebrated Fra Paolo The collection of Maxims which this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an overcharged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy, seriously inculcated, and but too readily and constantly pursued

The spirit, in which these maxims of Father Paul are conceived, may be judged from the instructions which he gives for the management of the Venetian colonies and provinces Of the former he says—'Il faut les traiter comme des animaux féroces, les rognier les dents, et les griffer, les humilier souvent, surtout leur ôter les occasions de s'aguerir Du pain et le bâton, voilà ce qu'il leur faut, gardons l'humanité pour une meilleure occasion'

For the treatment of the provinces he advises thus—'Tendire à dépouiller les villes de leurs

When the world's waters, east and west,  
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone,

When, with her countless barks she went  
To meet the Orient Empire's might,<sup>1</sup>  
And her Grustinianis sent

Their hundred heroes to that fight 2  
Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true, 29  
But mourn them not—for vanish'd, too,  
(Thanks to that Pow'r, who, soon or late,  
Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)  
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,

The chains, the rapine, and the blood,  
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,  
Where the Republic's standard stood  
Desolate VENICE<sup>1</sup> when I track  
Thy haughty course through cent'ries  
back,

Thy ruthless pow'r, obey'd but curst—  
The stern machinery of thy State, 40  
Which hatred would, like steam, have  
burst,

Had stronger fear not chill'd ev'n  
hate,—

Thy perfidy, still worse than aught  
Thy own unblushing SARPIS<sup>2</sup> taught,—  
Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath  
Ittshadow, ran'd down dew of death;—<sup>4</sup>  
Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,

Clos'd against humble Virtue's name,<sup>5</sup>  
But open'd wide for slaves who sold  
Their native land to thee and shame,<sup>6</sup>

privileges, faire que les habitans s'appauvris-  
sent, et que leurs biens soient achetés par les  
Vénitiens. Ceux qui, dans les conseils munici-  
piaux, se montreront ou plus audacieux ou  
plus dévoués aux intérêts de la population, il  
faut les perdre ou les gagner à quelque prix  
que ce soit, enfin, s'il se trouve dans les provinces  
quelques chefs de parti, il faut les exterminer sous  
un prétexte quelconque, mais en évitant de re-  
courir à la justice ordinaire. Que le poison fasse  
l'office de bourreau, cela est moins odieux et  
beaucoup plus profitable'

<sup>4</sup> Conduct of Venice towards her allies  
and dependencies, particularly to unfortunate  
Padua—Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which  
see Daru, vol. II p. 141

<sup>5</sup> 'A l'exception des trente citadins admis au  
grand conseil pendant la guerre di Chiozza, il  
n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talens ou  
les services aient paru à cette noblesse ou gueil-  
leuse des titres suffisans pour s'asseoir avec  
elle'—Daru

<sup>6</sup> Among those admitted to the honour of  
being inscribed in the *Libro d'oro* were some  
families of Brescia, Treviso, and other places,  
whose only claim to that distinction was the  
zeal with which they prostrated themselves  
and their country at the feet of the republic

<p>Thy all-pervading host of spies, 51          Watching o'er ev'ry glance and breath,          Till men look'd in each others' eyes,          Tored their chance of life or death,—          Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,          And legaliz'd the assassin's knife,—          Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,          And racks, and Leads,<sup>2</sup> that burnt out          life,—</p> <p>When I review all this, and see          The doom that now hath fall'n on thee,          Thy nobles, tow'ring once so proud, 61</p>	<p>Themselves beneath the yoke now          bow'd,—          A yoke, by no one grace redeem'd,          Such as, of old, around thee beam'd,          But mean and base as e'er yet gall'd          Earth's tyrants, when, themselves en-          thral'd,—          I feel the moral vengeance sweet,          And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat,          'Thus perish ev'ry King and State,          That tread the steps which VENICE trod,          Strong but in ill, and only great 71          By outrage against man and God!'</p>
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EXTRACT VII

Venice.

*Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself—Reflections, when about to read them*

LET me, a moment,—ere with fear and hope  
 Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—  
 As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key  
 Of some enchanter's secret halls is giv'n,  
 Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,  
 If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heav'n—  
 Let me, a moment, think what thousands live  
 O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,  
 Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow  
 Over these precious leaves, as I do now 10  
 How all who know—and where is he unknown?  
 To what far region have his songs not flown,  
 Like PSAPHON'S birds,<sup>3</sup> speaking their master's name,  
 In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame?  
 How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd  
 Within the circle of that master-mind,—  
 Like spells, deriv'd from many a star, and met  
 Together in some wond'rous amulet,—  
 Would burn to know when first the Light awoke  
 In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke 20  
 From that Aurora of his genius, rais'd  
 Most pain or bliss in those on whom they blaz'd;  
 Would love to trace the unfolding of that pow'r,  
 Which hath grown ampler, grander, ev'ry hour,  
 And feel, in watching o'er his first advance,  
 As did the Egyptian traveller,<sup>4</sup> when he stood  
 By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance  
 The first small fountains of that mighty flood

<sup>1</sup> By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, not only was assassination recognized as a regular mode of punishment, but this secret power over life was delegated to their minions at a distance, with nearly as much facility as a licence is given under the same laws of England. The only restriction seems to have been the necessity of applying for a new certificate, after every individual exercise of the power

<sup>2</sup> 'Les prisons des plombs, c'est-à-dire ces fournaies ardentes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais'

<sup>3</sup> Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions, whence the proverb, 'Psaphonius aves'

<sup>4</sup> Bruce

They, too, who, mid the scornful thoughts that dwell  
In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,—  
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell

30

On earth of old,<sup>1</sup> had touch'd them with its beams,—  
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,  
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate,  
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,  
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light,—  
How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays  
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,  
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,

What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven  
That noble nature into cold eclipse,

40

Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,  
And bode, not only to surprise, but cheer  
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,  
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts  
Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!

Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change  
Of scene and clime—the adventures, bold and strange—  
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—  
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,  
If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks

50

His virtues as his failings, we shall find  
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,  
And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd,  
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,  
In those who serv'd him, young, and serve him still,  
Of generous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art  
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart,  
Of acts—but, no—not from himself must aught  
Of the bright features of his life be sought

60

While they, who court the world, like MILTON's cloud,<sup>2</sup>  
'Turn forth their silver lining' on the crowd,  
This gifted Being wraps himself in night,  
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,  
And gilds his social nature hid from sight,  
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns

## EXTRACT VIII

Venice

*Female Beauty at Venice — No longer what it was  
in the Time of Titian — His Mistress — Various  
Forms in which he has painted her — Venus —  
Divine and profane Love — La Fragilità  
d'Amore — Paul Veronese — His Women — Mar-  
riage of Cana — Character of Italian Beauty —  
Raphael Fornarina — Modesty*

THEY brave, thy learn'd, have pass'd away  
Thy beautiful!—ah, where are they?  
The forms, that once shone,

Models of grace, in Titian's eye,  
Where are they now? while flowers  
live on

In ruin'd places, why, oh why  
Must Beauty thus with Glory die?  
That maid, whose lips would still have  
mov'd,

Could art have breath'd a spirit  
through them,  
Whose varying charms her artist lov'd  
More fondly ev'ry time he drew them,

9

<sup>1</sup> 'And the name of the star is called worm-wood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood'—Rev viii

<sup>2</sup> 'Did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?'  
Comus

(So oft beneath his touch they pass'd,  
Each semblance fairer than the last),  
Wearing each shape that Fancy's range  
Offers to Love—yet still the one  
Fair idol, seen through every change,  
Like facets of some orient stone,—  
In each the same bright image shown  
Sometimes a Venus, unarray'd

But in her beauty <sup>1</sup>—sometimes  
deck'd 20

In costly raiment, as a maid  
That kings might for a throne select <sup>2</sup>  
Now high and proud, like one who  
thought

The world should at her feet be brought,  
Now, with a look reproachful, sad, <sup>3</sup>  
Unwonted look from brow so glad,—  
And telling of a pain too deep

For tongue to speak or eyes to weep  
Sometimes, through allegory's veil,  
In double semblance seen to shine, 30

Telling a strange and mystic tale  
Of Love Profane and Love Divine—<sup>4</sup>  
Akin in features, but in heart

As far as earth and heav'n apart  
Or else (by quaint device to prove  
The fruitfulness of all worldly love)

Holding a globe of glass, as thin  
As air-blown bubbles, in her hand,  
With a young Love confin'd therein,

Whose wings seem waiting to ex-  
pand— 40

And telling, by her anxious eyes,  
That, if that frail orb breaks, he flies <sup>5</sup>  
Thou, too, with touch magnificent,

PAUL OF VERONA <sup>1</sup>—where are they,  
The oriental forms, <sup>2</sup> that lent  
Thy canvass such a bright array?

Noble and gorgeous dames, whose dress  
Seems part of their own loveliness,  
Like the sun's drapery, which, at eve,  
The floating clouds around him weave

Of light they from himself receive <sup>3</sup> 51

<sup>1</sup> In the Tribune at Florence  
<sup>2</sup> In the Palazzo Pitti  
<sup>3</sup> Alludes particularly to the portrait of her

in the Sciarra collection at Rome, where the  
look of mournful reproach in those full, shadowy  
eyes, as if she had been unjustly accused of  
something wrong, is exquisite

<sup>4</sup> The fine picture in the Palazzo Borghese,  
called (it is not easy to say why) 'Sacred and  
Profane Love,' in which the two figures, sitting  
on the edge of the fountain, are evidently  
portraits of the same person

<sup>5</sup> This fanciful allegory is the subject of a

Where is there now the living face  
Like those that, in thy nuptial throng, <sup>7</sup>

By their superb, voluptuous grace,  
Make us forget the time, the place,  
The holy guests they smile among,—

Till, in that feast of heaven-sent wine,  
We see no miracles but thine

If e'er, except in Painting's dream,  
Their bloom'd such beauty here, 'tis

gone,— 60

Gone, like the face that in the stream  
Of Ocean for an instant shone,  
When Venus at that mirror gave

A last look, ere she left the wave  
And though, among the crowded ways,  
We oft are startled by the blaze

Of eyes that pass, with fitful light,  
Like fire flies on the wing at night, <sup>8</sup>  
'Tis not that nobler beauty, giv'n

To show how angels look in heav'n 70  
Ev'n in its shape most pure and fair,  
'Tis Beauty, with but half her zone,—

All that can warm the Sense is there,  
But the Soul's deeper charms is flown —  
'Tis RAPHAEL'S Fornarina,—warm,

Luxuriant, arch, but unrefin'd,  
A flower, round which the noontides swarm  
Of young Desires may buzz and wind,

But where true Love no treasure meets,  
Worth hoarding in his hive of sweets 80

Ah, no,—for this, and for the hue  
Upon the rounded cheek, which tells  
How fresh, within the heart, this dew

Of Love's unrifed sweetness dwells,  
We must go back to our own Isles,  
Where Modesty, which here but gives

A rare and transient grace to smiles,  
In the heart's holy centre lives  
And thence, as from her throne diffuses

O'er thoughts and looks so bland a  
reign, 90

That not a thought or feeling loses  
Its freshness in that gentle chain

picture by Titian in the possession of the Mar-  
quis Cambian at Turin, whose collection,  
though small, contains some beautiful speci-  
mens of all the great masters

<sup>6</sup> As Paul Veronese gave but little into the  
*beau idéal*, his women may be regarded as  
pretty close imitations of the living models  
which Venice afforded in his time

<sup>7</sup> The Marriage of Cana  
<sup>8</sup> 'Certain it is' (as Althus Young truly and  
feelingly says) 'one now and then meets with  
terrible eyes in Italy'



## EXTRACT IX

Venice

*The English to be met with every where — Alps and  
Threadneedle Street — The Simplon and the  
Stocks — Rage for travelling — Blue Stockings  
among the Wahabees — Parasols and Pyramids  
— Mrs Hopkins and the Wall of China*

AND is there then no earthly place,  
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,  
Without some curst, round English face,  
Popping up near, to break the vision ?  
'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern  
vines,

Unholy cits we're doom'd to meet ;  
Nor highest Alps nor Apennines  
Are sacred from Threadneedle Street !

If up the Simplon's path we wind,  
Fancying we leave this world behind, 10  
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear  
As—' Baddish news from 'Change, my  
dear—

The Funds—(pew, curse this ugly  
hill)—

Are low'ring fast—(what, higher  
still ?)—

And—(zooks, we're mounting up to  
heaven !)—

Will soon be down to sixty-seven !

Go where we may—rest where we will,  
Eternal London haunts us still  
The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—  
And scarce a pin's head difference  
*which—* 20

Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,  
With every mill from Helicon !  
And, if this rage for travelling lasts,  
If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,  
Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,  
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,  
To gape at things in foreign lands,  
No soul among them understands,  
If Blues desert their coteries,  
To show off 'mong the Wahabees, 30

<sup>1</sup> It was pink *spencers*, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up

<sup>2</sup> — Utque ferunt laetus convivia laeta  
Et celebias lentis otia mista jocis,  
Aut cithara aestivum attenuas cantuque  
calorem

Hei mihi, quam dispar nunc mea vita  
tua !

Nec mihi displiceant quae sunt tibi grata,  
sed ipsa est,

Te sine, lux oculis paene inimica meis  
Non auro aut gemmâ caput exornare nitenti

If neither sex nor age controls,  
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids  
Young ladies, with pink parasols,  
To glide among the Pyramids !  
Why, then, farewell all hope to find  
A spot, that's free from London-kind !  
Who knows, if to the West we roam,  
But we may find some *Blue* ' at home '  
Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—  
Or, flying to the Eastward, see 40  
Some Mrs HOPKINS, taking tea  
And toast upon the Wall of China !

## EXTRACT X

Mantua

Verses of *Hippolyta* to her Husband

THEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest<sup>1</sup>  
Of every fair and brilliant throng,  
No wit, like thine, to wake the jest,  
No voice like thine, to breathe the  
song

And none could guess, so gay thou art,  
That thou and I are far apart  
Alas, alas, how different flows,  
With thee and me the time away  
Not that I wish thee sad, heaven  
knows—

Still, if thou canst, be light and gay,  
I only know that without thee 11  
The sun himself is dark for me

Do I put on the jewels rare  
Thou'st always lov'd to see me wear ?  
Do I perfume the locks that thou  
So oft hast braided o'er my brow,  
Thus deck'd, through festive crowds to  
run,

And all the' assembled world to see,—  
All but the one, the absent one,  
Worth more than present worlds to  
me ! 20

No, nothing cheers this widow'd heart—  
My only joy, from thee apart,

Me juvat, aut Arabo spargere odore  
comas  
Non celebres ludos fastis spectare diebus

Sola tuos vultus referens Raphaelis imago  
Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas  
Huic ego delicias facio, arrideoque jocosque  
Alloquor et tanquam reddere verba queat  
Assensu nutuque mihi saepe illa videtur  
Dicere velle aliquid et tua verba loqui  
Agnoscit balboque patrem puer ore salutat  
Hoc solor longas decipioque dies

From thee thyself, is sitting hours  
And days, before thy pictur'd form—  
That dream of thee, which Raphael's  
pow'rs  
Have made with all but life-breath  
warm!  
And as I smile to it, and say  
The words I speak to thee in play,  
I fancy from their silent frame,

Those eyes and lips give back the same,  
And still I gaze, and still they keep 31  
Smiling thus on me—till I weep!  
Our little boy, too, knows it well,  
For there I lead him every day,  
And teach his lisping lips to tell  
The name of one that's far away  
Forgive me, love, but thus alone  
My time is cheer'd, while thou art gone

EXTRACT XI

Florence

No—'tis not the region where Love's to be found—  
They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances that rove,  
They have language a Sappho's own lip might resound,  
When she warbled her best—but they've nothing like Love

Nor is't that pure *sentiment* only they want,  
Which Heav'n for the mild and the tranquil hath made—  
Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,  
Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the shade,

That feeling, which, after long years have gone by,  
Remains, like a portrait we've sat for in youth, 10  
Where, ev'n though the flush of the colours may fly,  
The features still live, in their first smiling truth;

That union, where all that in Woman is kind,  
With all that in Man most ennoblingly tow'rs,  
Grow wreath'd into one—like the column, combin'd  
Of the *strength* of the shaft and the capital's *flow'rs*

Of this—bear ye witness, ye wives, ev'ry where,  
By the ARNO, the Po, by all ITALY's streams—  
Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,  
Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his dreams 20

But it is not this, only,—born full of the light  
Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant festoons  
Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so bright,  
That, beside him, our suns of the north are but moons,—

We might fancy, at least, like their climate they burn'd,  
And that Love, though unus'd, in this region of spring,  
To be thus to a tame Household Deity turn'd,  
Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing.

And there *may* be, there *are*, those explosions of heart,  
Which burst, when the senses have first caught the flame, 30  
Such fits of the blood as those climates impart,  
Where Love is a sun-stroke, that maddens the frame

But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the soul,  
Whose beginnings are virginly pure as the source  
Of some small mountain rivulet, destin'd to roll  
As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in its course—

A course, to which Modesty's struggle but lends  
 A more headlong descent, without chance of recall,  
 But which Modesty ev'n to the last edge attends,  
 And, then, throws a halo of tears round its fall' 40

This exquisite Passion—ay, exquisite, even  
 Mid the ruin its madness too often hath made,  
 As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of the heaven,  
 That heaven of Virtue from which it has stray'd—

This entireness of love, which can only be found,  
 Where Woman, like something that's holy, watch'd over,  
 And fenc'd, from her childhood, with purity round,  
 Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover' 50

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,  
 Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move,  
 And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,  
 Can only be reach'd through the temple of Love'—

This perfection of Passion—how can it be found,  
 Where the mystery nature hath hung round the tie  
 By which souls are together attracted and bound,  
 Is laid open, for ever, to heart, ear, and eye,—

Where nought of that innocent doubt can exist,  
 That ignorance, even than knowledge more bright,  
 Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist,  
 And curtains them round in their own native light,— 60

Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,  
 Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er the thought,  
 But the truths which, alone, we would die to conceal  
 From the maiden's young heart, are the *only* ones taught

No, no, 'tis not here, howsoever we sigh,  
 Whether purely to Hymen's *one* planet we pray,  
 Or adore, like Sabaeans each light of Love's sky,  
 Here *is* not the region, to fix on to stay

For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,  
 Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain, 70  
*What* have they, a husband can mourn as a loss?  
*What* have they, a lover can prize as a gain?

## EXTRACT XII

Florence

*Music in Italy—Disappointed by it—Recollections  
 of other Times and Friends—Sir John Stevenson—His Daughter—Musical Evenings to-  
 gether*

If it be true that Music reigns,  
 Supreme, in ITALY's soft shades,  
 'Tis like that Harmony, so famous,  
 Among the spheres, which, He of SAMOS  
 Declar'd, had such transcendent merit,  
 That not a soul on earth could hear it,  
 For, far as I have come—from Lakes,

Whose sleep the Tramontana breaks,  
 Through MILAN, and that land, which  
 gave

The Hero of the rainbow vest—<sup>1</sup> 10  
 By MINCIO's banks, and by that wave,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which made VERONA's bard so blest—  
 Places, that (like the Attic shore,  
 Which rung back music, when the sea  
 Struck on its marge) should be, all o'er,  
 Thrilling alive with melody—

<sup>1</sup> Bergamo—the birth-place, it is said, of  
 Harlequin

<sup>2</sup> The Lago di Garda

I've heard no music—not a note  
Of such sweet native airs as float  
In my own land, among the throng,  
And speak our nation's soul for song 20

Nay, ev'n in higher walks, where Art  
Performs, as 'twere, the gardener's part,  
And richer, if not sweeter, makes  
The flow'rs she from the wild-hedge  
takes—

Ev'n there, no voice hath charm'd my  
ear,

No taste hath won my perfect praise,  
Like thine, dear friend<sup>1</sup>—long, truly  
dear—

Thine, and thy lov'd OLIVIA's lays  
She, always beautiful, and growing  
Still more so ev'ry note she sings— 30  
Like an inspir'd young Sibyl,<sup>2</sup> glowing

With her own bright imaginings<sup>1</sup>  
And thou, most worthy to be tied  
In music to her, as in love,  
Breathing that language by her side,  
All other language far above,  
Eloquent Song—whose tones and words  
In ev'ry heart find answering chords<sup>1</sup>

How happy once the hours we past,  
Singing or list'ning all day long, 40  
Till Time itself seem'd chang'd, at  
last,

To music, and we liv'd in song<sup>1</sup>  
Turning the leaves of HAYDN o'er,  
As quick, beneath her master hand,  
They open'd all their brilliant store  
Like chambers, touch'd by fairy  
wand,

Or o'er the page of MOZART bending,  
Now by his airy warblings cheer'd,

Now in his mournful *Requiem* blending  
Voices, through which the heart was  
heard 50

And still, to lead our ev'ning choir,  
Was He invok'd, thy lov'd-one's Sine—<sup>3</sup>  
He, who, if aught of grace there be

In the wild notes I write or sing,  
First smooth'd their links of harmony,  
And lent them charms they did not  
bring,—

He, of the gentlest, simplest heart,  
With whom, employ'd in his sweet art,  
(That art, which gives this world of ours  
A notion how they speak in heav'n),

I've pass'd more bright and charmed  
hours 61

Than all earth's wisdom could have  
giv'n

Oh happy days, oh early friends,  
How Life, since then, hath lost its  
flow'rs<sup>1</sup>

But yet—though Time some foliage  
rends,

The stem, the Friendship, still is  
ours,

And long may it endure, as green,  
And fresh as it hath always been<sup>1</sup>

How I have wander'd from my theme!  
But where is he, that could return 70

To such cold subjects from a dream,  
Through which these best of feelings  
bun<sup>2</sup>—

Not all the works of Science, Art,  
Or Genius in this world are worth

One genuine sigh, that from the heart  
Friendship or Love draws freshly

forth

## EXTRACT XIII

Rome

*Reflections on reading Du Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347<sup>1</sup>—The Meeting of  
the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May—Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol—  
Rienzi's Speech*

'Twas a proud moment—ev'n to hear the words  
Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breath'd,  
And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,  
In the Republic's sacred name unsheath'd—

<sup>1</sup> Edward Tuite Dalton, the first husband  
of Sir John Stevenson's daughter, the late  
Marchioness of Headfort

<sup>2</sup> Such as those of Domenichino in the  
Palazzo Borghese at the Capitol, &c

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Stevenson

<sup>1</sup> The *Conjuratien de Nicolas Gabrini, dit de  
Rienzi*, by the Jesuit Du Cerceau, is chiefly  
taken from the much more authentic work of  
Fortinoeca on the same subject Rienzi was  
the son of a laundress

That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day,  
For his dear ROME, must to a Roman be,  
Short as it was, worth ages pass'd away  
In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'Twas on a night of May, beneath that moon,  
Which had, through many an age, seen Time untune  
The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell  
From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell—  
The sound of the church clock,<sup>1</sup> near ADRIAN'S Tomb,  
Summon'd the warriors, who had risen for ROME,  
To meet unarm'd,—with none to watch them there,  
But God's own eye,—and pass the night in pray'r  
Holy beginning of a holy cause,  
When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause  
Before high Heav'n, and, humble in their might,  
Call down its blessing on that coming fight

10

20

At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band,  
And, as the breeze, fresh from the TIBER, fann'd  
Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see

The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of Heav'n—  
Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,  
That were to bless them, when their chains were riv'n  
On to the Capitol the pageant mov'd,

While many a Shade of other times, that still  
Around that grave of grandeur sighing lov'd,

Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,  
And heard its mournful echoes, as the last  
High minded heirs of the Republic pass'd  
Twas then that thou, their Tribune,<sup>2</sup> (name, which brought  
Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)  
Didst, with a spirit Rome in vain shall seek  
To wake up in her sons again, thus speak —

30

'ROMANS, look round you—on this sacred place  
There once stood shrines, and gods, and god-like men  
What see you now? what solitary trace

Is left of all, that made ROME's glory then?  
The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft  
Ev'n of its name—and nothing now remains

40

But the deep mem'ry of that glory, left  
To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!  
But *shall* this be?—our sun and sky the same,—  
Treading the very soil our fathers trode,—

<sup>1</sup> It is not easy to discover what church is meant by Du Cerceau here — Il fit crier dans les rues de Rome, à son de trompe, que chacun eût à se trouver, sans armes, la nuit du lendemain, dix-neuvième, dans l'église du château de Saint-Ange, au son de la cloche, afin de pouvoir au Bon Etat

<sup>2</sup> Les gentilshommes conjurés portaient devant lui trois étendards Nicolas Guallato, surnommé le bon diseur, portait le premier, qui était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les autres On y voyait des caractères d'or avec une femme assise sur deux lions, tenant d'une

main le globe du monde, et de l'autre une Palme pour représenter la ville de Rome C'était le Gonfalon de la Liberté Le second, à fond blanc, avec un St Paul tenant de la droite une Epée nue et de la gauche la couronne de Justice, était porté par Etienne Magnacuccia, notaire apostolique Dans le troisième, St Pierre avait en main les clefs de la Concorde et de la Paix Tout cela insinuant le dessein de Rienzi, qui était de rétablir la liberté, la justice, et la paix — Du Cerceau, liv II

<sup>3</sup> Rienzi

What with'ring curse hath fall'n on soul and frame,  
 What visitation hath there come from God,  
 To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,  
*Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves ?*  
 It cannot be—rise up, ye Mighty Dead,—  
 If we, the living, are too weak to crush  
 These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,  
 Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush !

50

Happy, PALMYRA, in thy desert domes,  
 Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss,  
 And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes  
 For the stork's brood, superb PERSEPOLIS !  
 Thrice happy both, that your extinguish'd race  
 Have left no embers—no half-living trace—  
 No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,  
 Till past renown in present shame's forgot  
 While ROME, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,  
 If lone and lifeless through a desert hurl'd,  
 Would wear more true magnificence than decks  
 The' assembled thrones of all the' existing world—  
 ROME, ROME alone, is haunted, stain'd and curst,  
 Through ev'ry spot her princely TIBER laves,  
 By living human things—the deadhest, worst,  
 This earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves  
 And we—oh shame !—we, who have ponder'd o'er  
 The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay,<sup>1</sup>  
 Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,  
 Tracking our country's glories all the way—  
 Ev'n we have tamely, basely kiss'd the ground  
 Before that Papal Power,—that Ghost of Her,  
 The World's Imperial mistress—sitting, crown'd  
 And ghastrly, on her mould'ring sepulchre !<sup>2</sup>

60

70

'But this is past —too long have lordly priests  
 And priestly lords led us, with all our pride  
 With'ring about us—like devoted beasts,  
 Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded garlands tied  
 'Tis o'er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks !  
 Up from his sleep of centuries awakes  
 The Genius of the Old Republic, free  
 As first he stood, in chainless majesty,  
 And sends his voice through ages yet to come,  
 Proclaiming ROME, ROME, ROME, Eternal ROME !<sup>3</sup>

80

<sup>1</sup> The fine Canzone of Petiarch, beginning 'Sputo gentil,' is supposed, by Voltaire and others, to have been addressed to Rienzi but there is much more evidence of its having been written, as Ginguene asserts, to the young Stephen Colonna on his being created a Senator of Rome. That Petiarch, however, was filled with high and patriotic hopes by the first measures of this extraordinary man, appears from one of his letters, quoted by Du Ceircau,

where he says, —'Pou tout dire, en un mot, j'atteste, non comme lecteur, mais comme témoin oculaire, qu'il nous a ramenés la justice, la paix, la bonne foi, la sécurité, et tous les autres vestiges de l'âge d'or !'

<sup>2</sup> This image is borrowed from Hobbes, whose words are, as near as I can recollect — 'For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the grave thereof ?'

## EXTRACT XIV

Rome

*Fragment of a Dream—The great Painters supposed to be Magicians—The Beginnings of the Art—Guidings on the Glories and Draperies—Improvements under Giotto, &c.—The first Dawn of the true Style in Masaccio—Studied by all the great Artists who followed him—Leonardo da Vinci, with whom commenced the Golden Age of Painting—His knowledge of Mathematics and of Music—His female Heads all like each other—Triangular Faces—Portraits of Mona Lisa, &c.—Picture of Vanity and Modesty—His chef-d'œuvre, the Last Supper—Faded and almost effaced*

FILL'D with the wonders I had seen,  
In Rome's stupendous shrines and  
halls,  
I felt the veil of sleep, serene,  
Come o'er the mem'ry of each scene,  
As twilight o'er the landscape falls  
Nor was it slumber, sound and deep,  
But such as suits a poet's rest—  
That sort of thin, transparent sleep,  
Through which his day-dreams shine  
the best  
Methought upon a plain I stood, 10  
Where certain wondrous men, 'twas  
said,  
With strange, mirac'ulous pow'r endu'd,  
Were coming, each in turn, to shed  
His arts' illusions o'er the sight,  
And call up miracles of light  
The sky above this lonely place,  
Was of that cold, uncertain hue,  
The canvass wears, ere, warm'd apace,  
Its bright creation dawns to view  
But soon a glimmer from the east 20  
Proclaim'd the first enchantments  
nigh,<sup>1</sup>  
And as the feeble light increas'd,  
Strange figures mov'd across the  
sky,

<sup>1</sup> The paintings of those artists who were introduced into Venice and Florence from Greece

<sup>2</sup> Margaritone of Orezzo, who was a pupil and imitator of the Greeks, is said to have invented this art of gilding the ornaments of pictures, a practice which, though it gave way to a purer taste at the beginning of the 16th century, was still occasionally used by many of the great masters as by Raphael in the ornaments of the Fornarina, and by Rubens not unfrequently in glories and flames

<sup>3</sup> Cimabue, Giotto, &c

<sup>4</sup> The works of Masaccio—For the character

With golden glories deck'd, and streaks  
Of gold among their garments' dyes,<sup>2</sup>  
And life's resemblance ting'd their  
cheeks,

But nought of life was in their eyes,—  
Like the fresh-painted Dead one meets,  
Borne slow along Rome's mournful  
streets

But soon these figures pass'd away, 30  
And forms succeeded to their place,  
With less of gold, in their array,

But shining with more natural grace,  
And all could see the charming wands  
Had pass'd into more gifted hands<sup>3</sup>

Among these visions there was one,<sup>4</sup>  
Surpassing fair, on which the sun,  
That instant ris'n, a beam let fall,

Which through the dusky twilight  
trembled,

And reach'd at length the spot where all  
Those great magicians stood assem-  
bled 41

And as they turn'd their heads, to view  
The shining lustre, I could trace  
The bright varieties it threw

On each uplifted studying face,<sup>5</sup>  
While many a voice with loud acclaim,  
Call'd forth, 'Masaccio' as the name  
Of him, the Enchanter, who had rais'd  
This miracle on which all gaz'd

'Twas daylight now—the sun had ris'n,  
From out the dungeon of old Night,—  
Like the Apostle, from his prison 52

Led by the Angel's hand of light,  
And—as the fetters, when that ray  
Of glory reach'd them, dropp'd away,<sup>6</sup>

So fled the clouds at touch of day<sup>1</sup>  
Just then, a bearded sage<sup>7</sup> came forth,

Who oft in thoughtful dream would  
stand,

To trace upon the dusky earth  
Strange learned figures with his wand<sup>8</sup>

of this powerful and original genius, see Sir Joshua Reynolds's twelfth discourse His celebrated frescoes are in the church of St Pietro del Carmine, at Florence

<sup>5</sup> All the great artists studied, and many of them borrowed from Masaccio Several figures in the Cartoons of Raphael are taken, with but little alteration, from his frescoes

<sup>6</sup> 'And a light shined in the prison and his chains fell off from his hands'—Acts

<sup>7</sup> Leonardo da Vinci

<sup>8</sup> His treatise on Mechanics, Optics, &c preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan

And oft he took the silver lute <sup>1</sup> 61  
His little page behind him bore,  
And wak'd such music as, when mute,  
Left in the soul a thirst for more <sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile, his potent spells went on,  
And forms and faces, that from out  
A depth of shadow mildly shone,  
Were in the soft air seen about  
Though thick as midnight stars they  
beam'd,

Yet all like living sisters seem'd, 70  
So close, in every point, resembling  
Each other's beauties—from the eyes  
Lucid as if through crystal tiembling,

Yet soft as if suffus'd with sighs,  
To the long, fawn-like mouth, and chin,  
Lovely tapering, less and less,

Till, by this very charm's excess,  
Like virtue on the verge of sin,  
It touch'd the bounds of ugliness  
Here look'd as when they liv'd the  
shades 80

Of some of Arno's dark-ey'd maids—  
Such maids as should alone live on,  
In dreams thus, when their charms are  
gone

Some Mona Lisa, on whose eyes  
A painter for whole years might  
gaze,<sup>2</sup>

Nor find, in all his pallet's dyes,  
One that could even approach their  
blaze <sup>1</sup>

Here float two spirit shapes,<sup>3</sup> the one,  
With her white fingers to the sun  
Outspread, as if to ask his ray 90

Whether it e'er had chanc'd to play  
On likes half so fair as they <sup>1</sup>

This self-pleas'd nymph, was Vanity—  
And by her side another smil'd,

In form as beautiful as she,  
But with that air, subdu'd and mild,  
That still reserve of purity,

Which is to beauty like the haze  
Of ev'ning to some sunny view,  
Soft'ning such charms as it displays, 100  
And veiling others in that hue,  
Which fancy only can see through <sup>1</sup>  
This phantom nymph, who could she be,  
But the bright Spirit, Modesty <sup>1</sup>

Long did the learn'd enchanter stay  
To weave his spells, and still there  
passed,

As in the lantern's shifting play,  
Group after group in close array,  
Each fairer, grander, than the last  
But the great triumph of his pow'r 110  
Was yet to come —gradual and slow,  
(As all that is ordain'd to tow'r

Among the works of man must grow,)  
The sacred vision stole to view,  
In that half light, half shadow shown,  
Which gives to ev'n the gayest hue,  
A sober'd, melancholy tone  
It was a vision of that last,<sup>4</sup>

Sorrowful night which Jesus pass'd  
With his disciples, when he said 120  
Mournfully to them—' I shall be  
Betray'd by one, who here hath fed  
This night at the same board with  
me <sup>1</sup>

And though the Saviour, in the dream  
Spoke not these words, we saw them  
beam

Legibly in his eyes (so well  
The great magician work'd his spell),  
And read in every thoughtful line  
Imprinted on that brow divine,  
The meek, the tender nature, griev'd,  
Not anger'd, to be thus deceiv'd— 131  
Celestial love requited ill

For all its care, yet loving still—  
Deep, deep regret that there should fall  
From man's deceit so foul a blight  
Upon that parting hour—and all  
His Spirit must have felt that night,

<sup>1</sup> On dit que Leonard peignit pour la première fois à la cour de Milan, dans une espèce de concours ouvert entre les meilleurs joueurs de lyre d'Italie. Il se présenta avec une lyre de sa façon, construite en argent —*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*

<sup>2</sup> He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait of this fair Florentine, without being able, after all, to come up to his idea of her beauty

<sup>3</sup> Vanity and Modesty in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome. The composition of the four hands here is rather awkward, but the

picture, altogether, is very delightful. There is a repetition of the subject in the possession of Lucien Bonaparte

<sup>4</sup> The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, which is in the Refectory of the Convent delle Grazie at Milan. See *L'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*, liv. iii., chap. 45. The writer of that interesting work (to whom I take this opportunity of offering my acknowledgements, for the copy he sent me a year since from Rome,) will see I have plotted by some of his observations on this celebrated picture



Who, soon to die for human-kind,  
Thought only, 'mid his mortal pain,  
How many a soul was left behind 140  
For whom he died that death in  
vain<sup>1</sup>

Such was the heavenly scene—alas,  
That scene so bright so soon should  
pass<sup>1</sup>

But pictur'd on the humid air,  
Its tints, ere long, grew languid there,<sup>1</sup>  
And storms came on, that, cold and  
rough,

Scatter'd its gentlest glories all—  
As when the baffling winds blow off  
The hues that hang o'er Terni's  
fall,—

Till, one by one, the vision's beams 150  
Faded away, and soon it fled,

To join those other vanish'd dreams  
That now fit palely 'mong the dead,—  
The shadows of those shades, that go,  
Around Oblivion's lake, below<sup>1</sup>

## EXTRACT XV

Rome

*Mary Magdalen — Her Story — Numerous Pictures  
of her — Correggio — Guido — Raphael, &c —  
Canova's two exquisite Statues — The Soman  
Magdalen — Chantrey's Adoration of Canova's  
Works*

No wonder, MARY, that thy story  
Touches all hearts—for there we see  
The soul's corruption, and its glory,  
Its death and life combin'd in thee

From the first moment, when we find  
Thy spirit haunted by a swarm  
Of dark desires,—like demons shrin'd  
Unholy in that fair form,—

Till when, by touch of Heav'n set free,  
Thou cam'st, with those bright locks  
of gold 10

(So oft the gaze of BETHANY),

And, coving in their precious fold  
Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears  
As paid, each drop, the sins of years<sup>1</sup>  
Thence on, through all thy course of  
love

To Him, thy Heavenly Master,—Him,  
Whose bitter death-cup from above  
Had yet this cordial round the brim,

<sup>1</sup> Leonardo appears to have used a mixture  
of oil and varnish for this picture, which alone,  
without the various other causes of its ruin,

That woman's faith and love stood  
fast

And fearless by Him to the last — 20  
Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine<sup>1</sup>

Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,  
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,  
When risen from the dead, first  
shone,

That thou might'st see how, like a  
cloud,

Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,  
And make that bright revelation  
known

To hearts, less trusting than thy own  
All is affecting, cheering, grand,

The kindest record ever giv'n, 30  
Ev'n under God's own kindly hand,  
Of what Repentance wins from  
Heav'n<sup>1</sup>

No wonder, MARY, that thy face,  
In all its touching light of tears,  
Should meet us in each holy place,

Where Man before his God appears,  
Hopeless—were he not taught to see  
All hope in Him, who pardon'd thee<sup>1</sup>

No wonder that the painter's skill  
Should oft have triumph'd in the  
pow'r 40

Of keeping thee all lovely still

Ev'n in thy sorrow's bitterest hour,  
That soft CORREGGIO should diffuse

His melting shadows round thy form,  
That GUIDO's pale, unearthly hues

Should, in portraying thee, grow  
warm,

That all—from the ideal, grand,  
Inimitable Roman hand,

Down to the small, enamelling touch  
Of smooth CARLINO—should delight

In pict'ring her, who 'lov'd so much,' 50  
And was, in spite of sin, so bright<sup>1</sup>

But, MARY, 'mong these bold essays  
Of Genius and of Art to raise

A semblance of those weeping eyes—  
A vision, worthy of the sphere

Thy faith has earn'd thee in the skies,  
And in the hearts of all men here,—

None e'er hath match'd, in grief or  
grace,

CANOVA's day-dream of thy face, 60

would have prevented any long duration of its  
beauties It is now almost entirely effaced

In those bright sculptur'd forms, more  
bright

With true expression's breathing light,  
Than ever yet, beneath the stroke  
Of chisel, into life awoke.

The one,<sup>1</sup> portraying what thou wert  
In thy first grief,—while yet the  
flow'r

Of those young beauties was unhurt  
By sorrow's slow, consuming pow'r;  
And mingling earth's seductive grace

With heav'n's subliming thoughts so  
well,

We doubt, while gazing, in *which* place  
Such beauty was most form'd to  
dwell!

The other, as thou look'dst, when years  
Of fasting, penitence, and tears  
Had worn thy frame,—and ne'er did  
Art

With half such speaking pow'r ex-  
press

The ruin which a breaking heart  
Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness  
Those wasting arms that keep the  
trace,

Ev'n still, of all their youthful grace, So  
That loosen'd hair, of which thy brow  
Was once so proud,—neglected now!—  
Those features, ev'n in fading worth  
The freshest bloom to others giv'n,  
And those sunk eyes, now lost to  
earth,

But, to the last, still full of heav'n!

Wonderful artist! praise, like mine—  
Though springing from a soul, that  
feels

Deep worship of those works divine, 89  
Where Genius all his light reveals—  
How weak 'tis to the words that came  
From him, thy peer in art and fame,<sup>2</sup>  
Whom I have known, by day, by night,  
Hang o'er thy marble with delight,  
And, while his ling'ring hand would steal  
O'er every grace the taper's rays,<sup>3</sup>  
Give thee, with all the gen'rous zeal  
Such master-spirits only feel,

That best of fame, a rival's praise!

<sup>1</sup> This statue is one of the last works of  
Canova, and was not yet in marble when I left  
Rome. The other, which seems to prove, in  
contradiction to very high authority, that ex-  
pression, of the intensest kind, is fully within  
the sphere of sculpture, was executed many

## EXTRACT XVI

Les Charmettes

*A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with  
Madame de Warens — Their Menage — It's  
Grossness — Claude Anet — Retenue with  
which the Spot is now visited — Absurdity of  
this blind Devotion to Fame — Feelings excited  
by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene —  
Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's  
History — Impostures of Men of Genius — Their  
power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love,  
Independence, &c*

STRANGE power of Genius, that can  
throw

Round all that's vicious, weak, and  
low,

Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes  
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes

'Tis worse than weak—'tis wrong, 'tis  
shame,

This mean prostration before Fame,

This casting down, beneath the car

Of Idols, whatsoever they are, 10

Life's purest, holiest decencies,

To be career'd o'er, as they please

No—give triumphant Genius all

For which his loftiest wish can call.

If he be worshipp'd, let it be

For attributes, his noblest, first,

Not with that base idolatry,

Which sanctifies his last and worst

I may be cold,—may want that glow

Of high romance, which bards should  
know, 20

That holy homage, which is felt

In treading where the great have dwelt,

This reverence, whatsoever it be,

I fear, I feel, I have it *not*—

For here, at this still hour, to me

The charms of this delightful spot,

Its calm seclusion from the throng,

From all the heart would fain forget,

This narrow valley, and the song

Of its small murmur'ing rivulet, 30

The fitting, to and fro, of birds,

Tranquil and tame as they were once

In Eden, ere the starting words

Of Man disturb'd their onsons,

years ago, and is in the possession of the Count  
Sommariva, at Paris

<sup>2</sup> Chantrey

<sup>3</sup> Canova always shows his fine statue, the  
Venere Vincitrice, by the light of a small candle

Those little, shadowy paths, that wind  
Up the hill side, with fruit trees hn'd,  
And lighted only by the breaks  
The gay wind in the foliage makes,  
Or vistas, here and there, that ope

Through weeping willows, like the  
snatches 40

Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope  
Ev'n through the shade of sadness  
catches !—

All this, which—could I once but lose  
The memory of those vulgar ties,  
Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues  
Of Genius can no more disguise,  
Than the sun's beams can do away  
The filth of fens o'er which they play—  
This scene, which would have hll'd my  
heart

With thoughts of all that happiest  
is,—

Of Love, where self hath only part, 51  
As echoing back another's bliss,  
Of solitude, secure and sweet,  
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet,  
Which, while it shelters, never chills

Our sympathies with human woe,  
But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,  
Purer and fresher in their flow,  
Of happy days, that share their beams  
'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ,  
Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,  
The moonlight of the morning's joy!—

All this my heart could dwell on here,  
But for those gross mementos near,  
Those sullyng truths, that cross the  
track

Of each sweet thought, and drive them  
back

Full into all the mire, and strife,  
And vanities of that man's life,  
Who, more than all that e'er have  
glow'd

With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*, 70  
In fullest warmth and radiance) show'd  
What an impostor Genius is,

How, with that strong, mimetic art,  
Which forms its life and soul, it takes  
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,  
Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes,  
How like a gem its light may smile

O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,  
Itself as mean a worm, the while,  
As crawls at midnight o'er the sod, 80  
What gentle words and thoughts may  
fall

From its false lip, what zeal to bless,  
While home, friends, kindred, country,  
all,

Lie waste beneath its selfishness,  
How, with the pencil hardly dry  
From colouring up such scenes of love  
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,  
And dream, and think through heav'n  
they rove,

They, who can thus describe and move,  
The very workers of these charms, 90  
Nor seek, nor know a joy, above  
Some Maman's or Theissa's arms !

How all, in short, that makes the boast  
Of their false tongues, they want the  
most,

And, while with freedom on their lips,  
Sounding their timbrels, to set free  
This bright world, labouring in the  
eclipse

Of priestcraft, and of slavery,—  
They may, themselves, be slaves as low  
As ever Lord or Patron made 100  
To blossom in his smile, or grow,  
Like stunted brushwood, in his shade  
Out on the craft !—I'd rather be  
One of those hinds, that round me  
tread,

With just enough of sense to see  
The noonday sun that's o'er his head,  
Than thus, with high-built genius curst,  
That hath no heart for its foundation,  
Be all, at once, that's brightest, worst,  
Sublimest, meanest in creation ! 110

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

## OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. CORRY, IN THE CHARACTER OF VAPID, AFTER THE PLAY  
OF THE DRAMATIST, AT THE KILKENNY THEATRE

(*Entering as if to announce the Play*)

LADIES and Gentlemen, on Monday night,  
For the ninth time—oh accents of delight  
To the poor author's ear, when *three times three*  
With a full bumper crowns his Comedy!<sup>1</sup>  
When, long by money, and the muse, forsak'n,  
He finds at length his jokes and boxes tak'n,  
And sees his play-bill circulate—alas,  
The only bill on which his name will pass!<sup>2</sup>  
Thus, Vapid, thus shall Thespian scrolls of fame  
Through box and gall'ry waft your well-known name, 10  
While critic eyes the happy cast shall con,  
And learned ladies spell your *Dram Person*

'Tis said our worthy Manager<sup>1</sup> intends  
To help my night, and *he*, you know, has friends  
Friends, did I say? for fixing friends, or *parts*,  
Engaging actors, or engaging hearts,  
There's nothing like him<sup>1</sup> wits, at his request,  
Are turn'd to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest,  
Soldiers, for him, good 'trembling cowards' make,  
And beaux, turn'd clowns, look ugly for his sake, 20  
For him ev'n lawyers talk without a fee,  
For him (oh friendship!) I act tragedy!<sup>1</sup>  
In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive tricks  
Make *boars* amusing, and put life in *sticks*

With *such* a manager we can't but please,  
Though London sent us all her loud O P's,<sup>2</sup>  
Let them come on, like snakes, all hiss and rattle,  
Arm'd with a thousand fans, we'd give them battle,  
You, on our side, R P's upon our banners,  
Soon should we teach the saucy O P's manners 30  
And show that, here—howe'er John Bull may doubt—  
In all *our* plays, the Riot-Act's cut out,  
And, while we skim the cream of many a jest,  
Your well-tim'd thunder never sours its zest

Oh gently thus, when three short weeks are past,  
At Shakspeare's altar,<sup>4</sup> shall we breathe our last,  
And, ere this long-lov'd dome to ruin nods,  
Die all, die nobly, die like demigods!

<sup>1</sup> The late Mr. Richard Power

<sup>2</sup> The brief appellation by which those persons were distinguished who, at the opening of the new theatre of Covent Garden, clamoured for the continuance of the old prices of admission

<sup>3</sup> The initials of our manager's name

<sup>4</sup> This alludes to a scenic representation then preparing for the last night of the performances

## EXTRACT

FROM A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR, AT THE OPENING  
OF THE KILKENNY THEATRE, OCTOBER, 1809

YET, even here, though Fiction rules the hour,  
There shine some genuine smiles, beyond her power,  
And there are tears, too—tears that Memory sheds  
Ev'n o'er the feast that mimic fancy spreads,  
When her heart misses *one* lamented guest,<sup>1</sup>  
Whose eye so long threw light o'er all the rest '  
There, there, indeed, the Muse forgets her task,  
And drooping weeps behind Thalia's mask

Forgive this gloom—forgive this joyless strain,  
Too sad to welcome pleasure's smiling train  
But, meeting thus, our hearts will part the lighter,  
As mist at dawn but makes the setting brighter,  
Gay Epilogue will shine where Prologue fails—  
As glow-worms keep their splendour for their tails

I know not why—but time, methinks, hath pass'd  
More fleet than usual since we parted last  
It seems but like a dream of yester-night,  
Whose charm still hangs, with fond, delaying light;  
And, ere the memory lose one glowing hue  
Of former joy, we come to kindle new  
Thus ever may the flying moments haste  
With trackless foot along life's vulgar waste,  
But deeply print and lingeringly move,  
When thus they reach the sunny spots we love  
Oh yes, whatever be our gay career,  
Let this be still the solstice of the year,  
Where Pleasure's sun shall at its height remain,  
And slowly sink to level life again

## THE SYLPH'S BALL

A SYLPH, as bright as ever sported  
Her figure through the fields of air,  
By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,  
And, strange to say, he won the fair

The annals of the oldest witch  
A pair so sorted could not show,  
But how refuse?—the Gnome was  
rich,  
The Rothschild of the world below ;

And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,  
Are told, betimes, they must con- sider 10

Love as an auctioneer of features,  
Who knocks them down to the best  
bidder

Home she was taken to his Mine—  
A Palace, pav'd with diamonds all—  
And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine,  
Sent out her tickets for a Ball

The *lower* world, of course, was there,  
And all the best, but of the *upper*  
The sprinkling was but shy and rare,  
A few old Sylphs, who lov'd supper

As none yet knew the wondrous Lamp  
Of DAVY, that renown'd Aladdin, 22  
And the Gnome's Halls exhal'd a damp,  
Which accidents from fire were bad in,

<sup>1</sup> The late Mr. John Lyster, one of the oldest  
members and best actors of the Kilkenny  
Theatrical Society

The chambers were supplied with light  
By many strange but safe devices,  
Large fire flies, such as shine at night  
Among the Orient's flowers and  
spices,—

Musical flint-mills—swiftly play'd  
By elfin hands—that, flashing round,  
Like certain fire-eyed minstrel maids, 31  
Gave out, at once, both light and  
sound

Bologna stones, that drink the sun,  
And water from that Indian sea,  
Whose waves at night like wild-fire  
run—  
Cork'd up in crystal carefully

Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes,  
Like little light-houses, were set up,  
And pretty phosphorescent fishes,  
That by their own gay light were eat  
up 40

'Mong the few guests from Ether, came  
That wicked Sylph, whom Love we  
call

My Lady knew him but by name,  
My Lord, her husband, not at all

Some prudent Gnomes, 'tis said, appriz'd  
That he was coming, and, no doubt,  
Alarm'd about his touch, advis'd  
He should, by all means, be kept out

But others disapprov'd this plan,  
And, by his flame though somewhat  
frighted, 50  
Thought Love too much a gentleman,  
In such a dangerous place to light it

However, there he was—and dancing  
With the fair Sylph, light as a feather,  
They look'd like two fresh sunbeams,  
glancing,  
At daybreak, down to earth together

And all had gone off safe and well,  
But for that plaguy torch, whose  
light,  
Though not yet kindled—who could tell  
How soon, how devilishly, it might? 60

And so it chanced—which, in those  
dark  
And fireless halls, was quite amazing,

Did we not know how small a spark  
Can set the torch of Love a blazing

Whether it came (when close entangled  
In the gay waltz) from her bright  
eyes,

Or from the *luciole*, that spangled  
Her locks of jet—is all surmise,

But certain 'tis the ethereal girl  
Did drop a spark, at some odd turn-  
ing, 70

Which, by the waltz's windy whirl,  
Was fann'd up into actual burning

Oh for that Lamp's metallic gauze,  
That curtain of protecting wire,  
Which Dædalus delicately draws  
Around illicit, dangerous fire!

The wall he sets 'twixt Flame and  
Air,  
(Like that, which barr'd young  
Thisbe's bliss,)

Through whose small holes this dan-  
gerous pair  
May see each other, but not kiss! 80

At first the torch look'd rather blue-ly.  
A sign, they say, that no good  
boded—

Then quick the gas became unruly,  
And, crack! the ball-room all ex-  
ploded

Sylphs, gnomes, and fiddlers mix'd  
together,

With all their aunts, sons, cousins,  
nieces,

Like butterflies in stormy weather,  
Were blown—legs, wings, and tails—  
to pieces!

While, 'mid these victims of the torch,  
The Sylph, alas, too, bore her part—  
Found lying, with a livid scorch, 91  
As if from lightning, o'er her heart!

'Well done'—a laughing Goblin said—  
Escaping from this gaseous strife—  
'Tis not the first time Love has made  
A blow-up in connubial life!

1 ——— Partique dedere  
Oscula quisque suae, non pervenientia  
contri Ovid

## REMONSTRANCE

*After a Conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some Idea of giving up all political Pursuits*

WHAT' *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name—  
Thou, born of a Russell—whose instinct to run  
The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same  
As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun'

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,  
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set,  
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the weal  
Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet'

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,  
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand, 10  
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,  
'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command ?

Oh no, never dream it—while good men despair  
Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,  
Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare  
Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou

With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of those  
Who in life's sunny valley he shelter'd and warm ;  
Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose  
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her storm , 20

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,  
It first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre,  
Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness of truth,  
Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire ,

With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height,  
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er ,  
But a current, that works out its way into light  
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade ,  
If the stirrings of Genius, the music of fame, 30  
And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,  
Yet think how to Freedom thou'rt pledg'd by thy Name

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree  
Set apart for the Fane and its service divine,  
So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree,  
Are by Liberty *claim'd* for the use of her Shrine

## MY BIRTH-DAY

<p>'My birth-day' what a different sound That word had in my youthful ears ! And how, each time the day comes round, Less and less white its mark ap- pears'</p>	<p>When first our scanty years are told, It seems like pasture to grow old , And, as Youth counts the shining links, That Time around him binds so fast, Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks How hard that chain will press at last</p>
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Vain was the man, and false as vain, 11  
 Who said '—' were he o'ldan'd to run  
 His long career of life again,  
 He would do all that he *had* done '—  
 Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells  
 In sober birth-days, speaks to me,  
 Far otherwise—of time it tells,  
 Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly,  
 Of counsel mock'd, of talents, made  
 Haply for high and pure designs, 20  
 But oft, like Israel's incense, laid  
 Upon unholy, earthly shrines,  
 Of nursing many a wrong desire,  
 Of wandering after Love too far  
 And taking every meteor fire,  
 That cross'd my pathway, for his  
 star —

All this it tells, and, could I trace  
 The' imperfect picture o'er again,  
 With pow'r to add, retouch, efface  
 The lights and shades, the joy and  
 pain, 30  
 How little of the past would stay !  
 How quickly all should melt away—  
 All—but that Freedom of the Mind,  
 Which hath been more than wealth to  
 me,  
 Those friendships, in my boyhood twin'd,  
 And kept till now unchangingly,  
 And that dear home, that saving ark,  
 Where Love's true light at last I've  
 found,  
 Cheering within, when all grows dark,  
 And comfortless, and stormy round ! 40

## FANCY

THE more I've view'd this world, the more I've found,  
 That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,  
 Fancy commands, within her own bright round,  
 A world of scenes and creatures far more fair  
 Nor is it that her power can call up there  
 A single charm, that's not from nature won,—  
 No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear  
 A single tint unborrow'd from the sun,  
 But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,  
 That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue,  
 As the same light, that o'er the level lake  
 One dull monotony of lustre flings,  
 Will, entering in the rounded rain drop, make  
 Colours as gay as those on angels' wings !

## SONG

## FANNY, DEAREST !

Yes ! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,  
 Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh,  
 And every smile on my cheek should  
 turn  
 To tears when thou art nigh  
 But, between love, and wine, and sleep,  
 So busy a life I live,  
 That even the time it would take to  
 weep  
 Is more than my heart can give  
 Then wish me not to despair and pine,  
 Fanny, dearest of all the dears !  
 The Love that's order'd to bathe in  
 wine,  
 Would be sure to take cold in tears

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,  
 Fanny dearest, thy image lies,  
 But, ah ! the mirror would cease to  
 shine,  
 If dimm'd too often with sighs  
 They lose the half of beauty's light,  
 Who view it through sorrow's tear,  
 And 'tis but to see thee truly bright  
 That I keep my eye-beams clear  
 Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—  
 Fanny, dearest ! the hope is vain,  
 If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,  
 I shall never attempt it with rain

<sup>1</sup> Fontenelle — Si je recommencais ma carrière, je ferais tout ce que j'ai fait



## TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS

*Carm 70**Dicebas quondam, &c*

TO LESBIA

THOU told'st me, in our days of love,  
That I had all that heart of thine,  
That, ev'n to share the couch of Jove,  
Thou would'st not, Lesbia, part from  
mine

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!  
Not with the vague and vulgar fires  
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men,—  
But lov'd, as children by their sires

That flatt'ring dream, alas, is o'er,—  
I know thee now—and though these  
eyes

Doat on thee wildly as before,  
Yet, even in doating, I despise

Yes, sorceress—mad as it may seem—  
With all thy craft, such spells adorn  
thee,

That passion even outlives esteem,  
And I, at once, adore—and scorn  
thee

*Carm 11**Pauca nunciate meae puellae*

COMRADES and friends' with whom,  
where'er  
The fates have will'd through life I've  
rov'd,

Now speed ye home, and with you bear  
These bitter words to her I've lov'd

Tell her from fool to fool to run,  
Where'er her vain caprice may call,  
Of all her dupes not loving one,  
But ruining and madd'ning all

Bid her forget—what now is past—  
Our once dear love, whose ruin lies  
Like a fair flow'r, the meadow's last,  
Which feels the ploughshare's edge,  
and dies!

<sup>1</sup> O quid solutus est beatus cuius,  
Cum mens onus i eponit, ac peregrino  
Labore iessi venimus larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratque acquiescimus lecto?

*Carm 29**Pænnisularum Sirmio, insularumque  
Ocellæ*

SWEET Sirmio! thou, the very eye  
Of all peninsulas and isles,  
That in our lakes of silver lie,  
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's  
smiles—

How gladly back to thee I fly!  
Still doubting, asking—*can* it be  
That I have left Bithynia's sky,  
And gave in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find  
Our hearts at ease, our perils past  
When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind  
Lays down its load of care at last

When, tir'd with toil o'er land and deep,  
Again we tread the welcome floor  
Of our own home, and sink to sleep  
On the long-wish'd for bed once more!

This, this it is, that pays alone  
The ills of all life's former track—  
Shine out, my beautiful, my own  
Sweet Sirmio! greet thy master back

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs  
The light of heav'n like Lydia's sea,  
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs  
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

## TIBULLUS TO SULPICIA

*Nulli tunc nobis subducet femina lectum,  
&c &c* Lib iv *Carm 13*

'NEVER shall woman's smile have pow'r  
To win me from those gentle  
charms!'

Thus swore I, in that happy hour,  
When Love first gave thee to my arms

And still alone thou charm'st my sight—  
Still, though our city proudly shine  
With forms and faces, fair and bright,  
I see none fair or bright but thine

Would thou wert fair for only me,  
And could'st no heart but mine  
allure!

To all men else unpleasing be,  
So shall I feel my prize secure!

<sup>2</sup> Displaceas alius, sic ego tutus ero

Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest  
Of others' envy, others' praise,  
But, in its silence safely blest,  
Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays

Charm of my life<sup>1</sup> by whose sweet pow'r  
All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued—  
My light, in ev'n the darkest hour,  
My crowd, in deepest solitude!<sup>1</sup>

No, not though heav'n itself sent down  
Some maid, of more than heav'nly  
charms,

With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown  
Would he for her forsake those arms!

### IMITATION

FROM THE FRENCH

WITH women and apples both Paris and  
Adam

Made mischief enough in their day —  
God be prais'd that the fate of mankind,  
my dear Madam,

Depends not on us, the same way  
For, weak as I am with temptation to  
grapple,  
The world would have doubly to rue  
thee,

Like Adam, I'd gladly take from thee the  
apple,

Like Paris, at once give it to thee

### INVITATION TO DINNER

ADDRESSED TO LORD LANSDOWNE

September, 1818

SOME think we bards have nothing real,  
That poets live among the stars so,  
Their very dinners are ideal,—  
(And, heaven knows, too oft they are  
so.)—

For instance, that we have, instead  
Of vulgar chops, and stews, and  
hashes,

First course—a Phoenix, at the head,  
Done in its own celestial ashes;  
At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing  
All the time its neck was wringing  
Side dishes, thus—Minerva's owl,  
Or any such like learned fowl.

<sup>1</sup> Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra  
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis

<sup>2</sup> A picturesque village in sight of my cottage  
and from which it is separated but by a small  
verdant valley

Doves, such as heav'n's poulterer gets,  
When Cupid shoots his mother's pets  
Larks, stew'd in Mornings roseate  
breath,

Or roasted by a sunbeam's splendour,  
And nightingales, berhymed to death—  
Like young pigs whipp'd to make  
them tender

Such fare may suit those bards, who're  
able

To banquet at Duke Humphrey's table,  
But as for me, who've long been taught  
To eat and drink like other people,  
And can put up with mutton, bought  
Where Bromham<sup>2</sup> rears its ancient  
steeple—

If Lansdowne will consent to share  
My humble feast, though rude the fare,  
Yet, season'd by that salt he brings  
From Attica's salinest springs,  
'Twill turn to dainties,—while the cup  
Beneath his influence bright'ning up,  
Like that of Baucis, touch'd by Jove,  
Will sparkle fit for gods above!

### VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND<sup>3</sup>

WRITTEN MAY, 1832

ALL, as he left it!—ev'n the pen,  
So lately at that mind's command,  
Carelessly lying, as if then  
Just fall'n from his gifted hand

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,  
A little hour, seems to have past,  
Since Life and Inspiration's pow'r  
Around that relic breath'd their last

Ah, pow'rless now—like talisman,  
Found in some vanish'd wizard's  
halls,  
Whose mighty charm with him began,  
Whose charm with him extinguish'd  
falls

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shone  
Around that pen's exploring track,  
Be now, with its great master, gone,  
Not living hand can call them back,

<sup>3</sup> Soon after Mr. Crabbe's death, the sons of  
that gentleman did me the honour of present-  
ing to me the inkstand, pencil, &c. which their  
distinguished father had long been in the habit  
of using

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes  
Rest on the enchanter's broken wand,  
Each earth-born spell it work'd arise  
Before him in succession grand ?— 20

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er  
all,  
The unshrinking Truth, that lets her  
light  
Through Life's low, dark, interior fall,  
Opening the whole, severely bright

Yet softening, as she frowns along,  
O'er scenes which angels weep to see—  
Where Truth herself half veils the  
Wrong,  
In pity of the Misery

True bard !—and simple, as the race  
Of true born poets ever are, 30  
When, stooping from their starry place,  
They're children, near, though gods,  
afar

How freshly doth my mind recall,  
'Mong the few days I've known with  
thee,

One that, most buoyantly of all,  
Floats in the wake of memory, 1

When he, the poet, doubly grac'd,  
In life, as in his perfect strain,  
With that pure, mellowing power of  
Taste,  
Without which Fancy shines in vain,

Who in his page will leave behind, 41  
Pregnant with genius though it be,  
But half the treasures of a mind,  
Where Sense o'er all holds mastery —

Friend of long years' of friendship  
tried  
Through many a bright and dark  
event,  
In doubts, my judge—in taste, my  
guide—  
In all, my stay and ornament 1

He, too, was of our feast that day,  
And all were guests of one, whose  
hand 50  
Hath shed a new and deathless ray  
Around the lyre of this great land,

<sup>1</sup> The lines that follow allude to a day passed in company with Mr Crabbe, many years since, when a party, consisting only of Mr Rogers,

In whose sea-odes—as in those shells  
Where Ocean's voice of majesty  
Seems still to sound—immortal dwells  
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea

Such was our host, and though, since  
then,  
Slight clouds have ris'n twixt him and  
me,  
Who would not grasp such hand again,  
Stretch'd forth again in amity ? 60

Who can, in this short life, afford  
To let such mists a moment stay,  
When thus one frank, atoning word,  
Like sunshine, melts them all away ?

Bright was our board that day—though  
*one*  
Unworthy brother there had place,  
As 'mong the horses of the Sun,  
One was, they say, of earthly race

Yet, *next* to Genius is the power  
Of feeling where true Genius lies, 70  
And there was light around that hour  
Such as, in memory, never dies,

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,  
Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee,  
Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,  
Brightly, indeed—but mournfully 1

## TO CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS

### VALLETORT

WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832

WHEN I would sing thy beauty's light,  
Such various forms, and all so bright,  
I've seen thee, from thy childhood, wear,  
I know not which to call most fair,  
Nor 'mong the countless charms that  
spring  
For ever round thee, *which* to sing

When I would paint thee, as thou *art*,  
Then all thou *wert* comes o'er my heart—  
The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,  
Within the nursery's shade withdrawn,  
Or peeping out—like a young moon 11  
Upon a world 'twill brighten soon  
Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour,  
As from thy own lov'd Abbey-tow'r

Mr Crabbe, and the author of these verses, had the pleasure of dining with Mr Thomas Campbell, at his house at Sydenham

I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,  
 With smiles that to the hoary frown  
 Of centuries round thee lent a ray,  
 Chasing even Age's gloom away,—  
 Or, in the world's resplendent throng,  
 As I have mark'd thee glide along, 20  
 Among the crowds of fair and great  
 A spirit, pure and separate,  
 To which even Admiration's eye  
 Was fearful to approach too nigh,—  
 A creature, circled by a spell  
 Within which nothing wrong could  
 dwell,

And fresh and clear as from the source,  
 Holding through life her limpid course,  
 Like Arethusa through the sea,  
 Stealing in fountain purity 30

Now, too, another change of light !  
 As noble bride, still meekly bright,  
 Thou bring'st thy Lord a dowry above  
 All earthly price, pure woman's love,  
 And show'st what lustre Rank receives,  
 When with his proud Couthian leaves  
 Her rose thus high-bred Beauty weaves

Wonder not if, where all's so fair  
 To choose were more than bard can  
 dare,

Wonder not if, while every scene 40  
 I've watch'd thee through so bright  
 hath been,

The' enamour'd Muse should, in her  
 quest

Of beauty, know not where to rest,  
 But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,  
 Hailing thee beautiful in all !

### A SPECULATION

Of all speculations the market holds  
 forth,

The best that I know for a lover of  
 pelf,

Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is  
 worth,

And then sell him at that which he  
 sets on himself

### TO MY MOTHER

WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK, 1822

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,  
 Which, howsoever the sun and sky  
 May tempt its boughs to wander free,  
 And shoot, and blossom, wide and  
 high,

Far better loves to bend its arms  
 Downward again to that dear earth,  
 From which the life, that fills and warms  
 Its grateful being, first had birth

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering  
 friends,

And fed with fame (if fame it be)  
 This heart, my own dear mother, bends,  
 With love's true instinct, back to  
 thee !

### LOVE AND HYMEN

Love had a fever—ne'er could close  
 His little eyes till day was breaking,  
 And wild and strange enough, Heav'n  
 knows,

The things he rav'd about while  
 waking

To let him pine so were a sin,—  
 One, to whom all the world's a  
 debtor—

So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,  
 And Love that night slept rather  
 better

Next day the case gave further hope yet,  
 Though still some ugly fever latent,—  
 'Dose, as before'—a gentle opiate,  
 For which old Hymen has a patent

After a month of daily call,  
 So fast the dose went on restoring,  
 That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,  
 Now took, the rogue ! to downright  
 snoring

### LINES ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES, 1821

*Carbone notati*

Ay—down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,  
 From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly veins,  
 That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,  
 Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains

On, on like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,  
 Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er—  
 Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails  
 From each slave-mart of Europe, and shadow their shore'

Let their fate be a mock-word—let men of all lands  
 Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles, 10  
 When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their hands,  
 Shall be forg'd into fetters to enter their souls

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driv'n,  
 Base slaves' let the whet of their agony be,  
 To think—as the Doom'd often think of that heav'n  
 They had once within reach—that they *might* have been free

Oh shame' when there was not a bosom, whose heat  
 Ever rose 'bove the zero of C——h's heart,  
 That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,  
 And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start, 20

When the world stood in hope—when a spirit, that breath'd  
 The fresh air of the olden time, whisper'd about,  
 And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheath'd,  
 But waited one conquering cry, to flash out'

When around you the shades of your Mighty in fame,  
 FILICAJAS and PETRARCHS, seem'd bursting to view,  
 And their words, and their warnings, like tongues of bright flame  
 Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling on you'

Oh shame' that, in such a proud moment of life,  
 Worth the hist'ry of ages, when, had you but hurl'd 30  
 One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife  
 Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world—

That then—oh' disgrace upon manhood—ev'n then,  
 You should falter, should cling to your pitiful breath,  
 Cow'r down into beasts, when you might have stood men,  
 And prefer the slave's life of prostration to death

It is strange, it is dreadful —shout, Tyranny, shout  
 'Through your dungeons and palaces, 'Freedom is o'er,'—  
 If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out,  
 And return to your empire of darkness once more 40

For, if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,  
 Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss,  
 Far nobler to live the brute bondman of thee,  
 Than to sully ev'n chains by a struggle like this'

# THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS

## PREFACE

THE Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut,<sup>1</sup> and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai,<sup>2</sup> are the only sources to which I need refer, for the origin of the notion on which this Romance is founded. In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories) the fall of the Soul from its original purity<sup>3</sup>—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of Heaven are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of 'veiled meaning,' and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate to the following pages the same moral interest.

Among the doctrines, or notions, derived by Plato from the East, one of the most natural and sublime is that which inculcates the pre-existence of the Soul, and its gradual descent into this dark material world, from that region of spirit and light which it is supposed to have once inhabited, and to which, after a long lapse of purification and trial, it will return. This belief, under various symbolical forms, may be traced through almost all the Oriental theologies. The Chaldeans represent the Soul as originally endowed with wings, which fall away when it sinks from its native element, and must be reproduced before it can hope to return. Some disciples of Zoroaster once inquired of him, 'How the wings of the Soul might be made to grow again?'—'By sprinkling them,' he replied, 'with the Waters of Life'—'But where are those Waters to be found?' they asked—'In the Garden of God,' replied Zoroaster.

The mythology of the Persians has allegorized the same doctrine, in the history of those genii of light who strayed from their dwellings in the stars, and obscured their original nature by mixture with this material sphere, while the Egyptians, connecting it with the descent and ascent of the sun in the zodiac, considered Autumn as emblematic of the Soul's decline towards darkness, and the re-appearance of Spring as its return to life and light.

Besides the chief spirits of the Mahometan heaven, such as Gabriel, the angel of Revelations, Israfil, by whom the last trumpet is to be sounded, and Azrael, the angel of death, there were also a number of subaltern intelligences, of which tradition has preserved the names, appointed to preside over the different stages, or ascents, into which the celestial world was supposed to be divided.<sup>4</sup> Thus

<sup>1</sup> See note on page 541.

<sup>2</sup> Hyde, *de Relig. vet. Persarum*, p. 272.

<sup>3</sup> The account which Macrobius gives<sup>a</sup> of the downward journey of the Soul, through that gate of the zodiac which opens into the lower spheres, is a curious specimen of the wild fancies passed for philosophy in ancient times.

In the system of Manes, the luminous or spiritual principle owes its corruption not to any evil tendency of its own, but to a violent

inroad of the spirits of darkness, who, finding themselves in the neighbourhood of this pure light, and becoming passionately enamoured of its beauty, break the boundaries between them, and take forcible possession of it.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>4</sup> 'We adorned the lower heaven with lights, and placed therein a guard of angels'—*Koran*, chap. xli.

<sup>b</sup> See a Treatise 'De la Religion des Perses,' by the Abbe Foucher, *Mémoires de l'Académie*, tom. xxi. p. 456.

<sup>a</sup> In *Somn. Scipionis*, cap. 12.

Kelail governs the fifth heaven, while Sadiel, the presiding spirit of the third, is also employed in steadying the motions of the earth, which would be in a constant state of agitation, if this angel did not keep his foot planted upon its orb<sup>1</sup>

Among other miraculous interpositions in favour of Mahomet, we find commemorated in the pages of the Koran the appearance of five thousand angels on his side at the battle of Bedr

The ancient Persians supposed that Ormuzd appointed thirty angels to preside successively over the days of the month, and twelve greater ones to assume the government of the months themselves, among whom Bahman (to whom Ormuzd committed the custody of all animals, except man,) was the greatest Mihî, the angel of the 7th month, was also the spirit that watched over the affairs of friendship and love, —Chûr had the care of the disk of the sun, —Mah was agent for the concerns of the moon, —Isphandârmaz (whom Cazvin calls the Spirit of the Earth) was the tutelar genius of good and virtuous women, &c &c For all this the reader may consult the 19th and 20th chapters of Hyde, *de Relig. Vet. Persarum*, where the names and attributes of these daily and monthly angels are with much minuteness and erudition explained. It appears, from the Zend-avesta, that the Persians had a certain office or prayer for every day of the month (addressed to the particular angel who presided over it), which they called the Sirouze

The Celestial Hierarchy of the Syrians, as described by Kircher, appears to be the most regularly graduated of any of these systems. In the sphere of the Moon they placed the angels, in that of Mercury the archangels, Venus and the Sun contained the Principalities and the Powers, —and so on to the summit of the planetary system, where, in the sphere of Saturn, the Thrones had their station. Above this was the habitation of the Cherubim in the sphere of the fixed stars, and still higher, in the region of those stars which are so distant as to be imperceptible, the Seraphim, we are told, the most perfect of all celestial creatures dwelt

The Sabeans also (as D'Herbelot tells us) had their classes of angels, to whom they prayed as mediators, or intercessors, and the Arabians worshipped *female* angels, whom they called Benad Hasche, or, Daughters of God

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS

'Twas when the world was in its  
prime,

When the fresh stars had just begun  
Their race of glory, and young Time  
Told his first birth-days by the sun;  
When, in the light of Nature's dawn  
Rejoicing, men and angels met<sup>2</sup>  
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—  
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn  
'Twixt man and heav'n her curtain  
yet!

When earth lay nearer to the skies 10  
Than in these days of crime and woe,  
And mortals saw, without surprise,

In the mid-air, angelic eyes  
Gazing upon this world below

Alas, that Passion should profane,  
Ev'n then, the morning of the earth!  
That, sadder still, the fatal stain  
Should fall on hearts of heav'nly  
birth—

And that from Woman's love should fall  
So dark a stain, most sad of all! 20

One ev'ning, in that primal hour,  
On a hill's side, where hung the ray  
Of sunset, bright'ning rill and bow'r,  
Three noble youths conversing lay,

<sup>1</sup> See D'Herbelot, *passim*

<sup>2</sup> The Mahometans believe, says D'Herbelot, that in that early period of the world 'les

hommes n'eurent qu'une seule religion, et furent souvent visités des Anges, qui leur donnoient la main'

And, as they look'd, from time to time,  
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd  
His radiant wing, then brows sublime  
Bespoke them of that distant world—  
Spirits, who once, in brotherhood  
Of faith and bliss, near ALL<sup>1</sup> stood, 30  
And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown  
The wind that breathes from ALL<sup>1</sup>'s  
throne.<sup>1</sup>

Creatures of light, such as *still* play,  
Likemotes in sunshine, round the Lord,  
And through then infinite array  
Transmit each moment, night and day,  
The echo of His luminous word<sup>1</sup>

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,  
Of the bright eyes that charm'd them  
thence,

Till, yielding gradual to the soft 40  
And balmy evening's influence—  
The silent breathing of the flow'rs  
The melting light that beam'd above,  
As on their first, fond, erring hours,  
Each told the story of his love,  
The history of that hour unblest,  
When, like a bird, from its high nest  
Won down by fascinating eyes,  
For Woman's smile he lost the skies

The First who spoke was one, with look  
The least celestial of the three— 51  
A Spirit of light mould, that took  
The prints of earth most yieldingly,  
Who, ev'n in heav'n, was not of those  
Nearest the Throne,<sup>2</sup> but held a place  
Far off, among those shining rows  
That circle out through endless space,  
And o'er whose wings the light from Him  
In Heav'n's centie falls most dim

Still fan and glorious, he but shone 60  
Among those youths the' unheavenliest  
one—

A creature, to whom light remain'd  
From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,  
And o'er whose brow not Love alone

<sup>1</sup> 'To which will be joined the sound of the bells ringing on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the Throne, so often as the Blessed wish for music' See *Salé's Koran*, 'Pielim Dissert'

<sup>2</sup> The ancient Persians supposed that this Throne was placed in the Sun, and that through the stars were distributed the various classes of Angels that encircled it

The Basilidians supposed that there were thice hundred and sixty-five orders of angels,

A blight had, in his transit, cast,  
But other, earthlier joys had gone,  
And left their foot prints as they  
pass'd  
Sighing, as back through ages flown,  
Like a tomb searcher, Memory ran,  
Lifting each shroud that Time had  
thrown 70  
O'er buried hopes, he thus began —

### FIRST ANGEL'S STORY

'Twas in a land, that far away  
Into the golden orient lies,  
Where Nature knows not night's delay,  
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,  
Upon the threshold of the skies  
One morn, on earthly mission sent,<sup>3</sup>  
And mid-way choosing where to light,  
I saw, from the blue element—  
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight! 80  
One of earth's fairest womankind,  
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd  
In the clear crystal of a brook,  
Which, while it hid no single gleam  
Of her young beauties, made them look  
More spirit-like, as they might seem  
Through the dim shadowing of a  
dream

Pausing in wonder I look'd on,  
While, playfully around her breaking  
The waters, that like diamonds shone 90  
She mov'd in light of her own making  
At length, as from that airy height  
I gently lower'd my breathless flight,  
The tremble of my wings all o'er  
(For through each plume I felt the  
thrill)

Startled her, as she reach'd the shore  
Of that small lake—her mirror still—  
Above whose brink she stood, like snow  
When rosy with a sunset glow  
Never shall I forget those eyes!— 100  
The shame, the innocent surprise  
Of that bright face, when in the air  
Uplooking, she beheld me there

'dont la perfection alloit en décroissant, & mesme qu'ils s'éloignoient de la première classe d'esprits placés dans le premier ciel' See Dupuis, *Orig des Cultes*, tom. II, p. 112

<sup>3</sup> It appears that, in most languages, the term employed for an angel means also a messenger. Frischel, the Persian word for angel, is derived (says D'Herbelot) from the verb Frischel-tin, to send. The Hebrew term, too, Melah, has the same signification.



It seem'd as if each thought, and look,  
And motion, were that minute chain'd  
Fast to the spot, such root she took,  
And—like a sunflower by a brook,  
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd'

In pity to the wond'ring maid,  
Though loth from such a vision turn-  
ing,  
Downward I bent, beneath the shade <sup>110</sup>  
Of my spread wings to hide the burn-  
ing

Of glances, which—I well could feel—  
For me, for her, too warmly shone,  
But, ere I could again unseal  
My restless eyes, or even steal  
One sidelong look, the maid was  
gone—

Hid from me in the forest leaves,  
Sudden as when, in all her charms  
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives  
The Moon into his dusky arms <sup>121</sup>

'Tis not in words to tell the pow'r,  
The despotism that, from that hour,  
Passion held o'er me Day and night  
I sought around each neighbouring  
spot,

And, in the chase of this sweet light,  
My task, and heav'n, and all forgot,—  
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream  
Of her I saw in that bright stream

Nor was it long, ere by her side <sup>130</sup>  
I found myself, whole happy days,  
Last'ning to words, whose music vied

With our own Eden's seraph lays,  
When seraph lays are warm'd by love,  
But, wanting *that*, far, far above'—  
And looking into eyes where, blue  
And beautiful, like skies seen through  
The sleeping wave, for me there shone  
A heaven, more worshipp'd than my own  
Oh what, while I could hear and see <sup>140</sup>  
Such words and looks, was heav'n to me?  
Though gross the air on earth I drew,  
'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too,

Though dark the flow'rs, though dim  
the sky,  
Love lent them light, while she was nigh  
Throughout creation I but knew  
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that  
small,  
Belov'd, and consecrated spot  
Where *LEA* *was*—the other, all  
The dull, wide waste, where she was  
*not*! <sup>150</sup>

But vain my suit, my madness vain,  
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain  
One earthly look, one stray desire,  
I would have torn the wings, that hung  
Furl'd at my back, and o'er the Fire  
In GEHIM's<sup>1</sup> pit their fragments flung,—  
'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmov'd  
She stood, as lilies in the light  
Of the hot noon but look more  
white,—

And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,  
'Twas not as man, as mortal—no, <sup>161</sup>  
Nothing of earth was in that glow—  
She lov'd me but as one, of race  
Angelic, from that radiant place  
She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven,  
To which her prayers at morn were sent,  
And on whose light she gaz'd at even,  
Wishing for wings, that she might go  
Out of this shadowy world below,  
To that free, glorious element! <sup>170</sup>

Well I remember by her side  
Sitting at rosy even tide,  
When,—turning to the star, whose head  
Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,  
At that mute, blushing hour,—she said,  
"Oh! that it were my doom to be  
The Spirit of yon beauteous star,  
Dwelling up there in purity,  
Alone, as all such bright things are,—  
My sole employ to pray and shine, <sup>180</sup>  
To light my censor at the sun  
And cast its fire towards the shrine  
Of Him in heav'n, the 'Eternal one'!"

<sup>1</sup> The name given by the Mahometans to the infernal regions, over which, they say, the angel T'bbek presides

By the seven gates of hell, mentioned in the Koran, the commentators understand seven different departments or wards, in which seven different sorts of sinners are to be punished. The first, called Gehennem, is for sinful Mussulmans; the second, Ladha, for Christian of-

fenders, the third, Hothama, is appointed for Jews, and the fourth and fifth, called Sani and Sacai, are destined to receive the Sabaeans and the worshippers of fire in the sixth, named Gelum, those pagans and idolaters who admit a plurality of gods are placed, while into the abyss of the seventh, called Dork Asfal, or the Deepest, the hypocritical canters of all religions are thrown

So innocent the maid, so free  
 From mortal taint in soul and frame,  
 Whom 'twas my crime—my destiny—  
 To love, ay, burn for, with a flame,  
 To which earth's wildest fires are tame  
 Had you but seen her look, when first  
 From my mad lips the avowal burst,  
 Not anger'd—no—the feeling came 191  
 From depths beyond mere anger's  
 flame—

It was a sorrow, calm as deep,  
 A mournfulness that could not weep,  
 So fill'd her heart was to the brink,  
 So fix'd and froz'n with grief, to think  
 That angel natures—that ev'n I,  
 Whose love she clung to, as the tie  
 Between her spirit and the sky— 199  
 Should fall thus headlong from the height  
 Of all that heav'n hath pure and bright !

That very night—my heart had grown  
 Impatient of its inward burning,  
 The term, too, of my stay was flown,  
 And the bright Watchers near the throne,  
 Already, if a meteor shone  
 Between them and this nether zone,  
 Thought 'twas their herald's wing  
 returning

Oft did the potent spell-word, giv'n  
 To Envoys hither from the skies, 210  
 To be pronounc'd, when back to heav'n  
 It is their time or wish to rise,  
 Come to my lips that fatal day,  
 And once, too, was so nearly spoken,  
 That my spread plumage in the ray  
 And breeze of heav'n began to play,—  
 When my heart fail'd—the spell was  
 broken—

The word unfinish'd died away,  
 And my cheek'd plumes, ready to soar,  
 Fell slack and lifeless as before 220  
 How could I leave a world which she,  
 Or lost or won, made all to me ?  
 No matter where my wand'rings were,  
 So there she look'd, breath'd, mov'd  
 about—

Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,  
 Than Paradise itself, without !

But, to return—that very day  
 A feast was held, where, full of mirth,  
 Came—crowding thick as flow'rs that  
 play

In summer winds—the young and gay  
 And beautiful of this bright earth 231  
 And she was there, and 'mid the young  
 And beautiful stood first, alone,  
 Though on her gentle brow still hung  
 The shadow I that morn had thrown—  
 The first, that ever shame or woe  
 Had cast upon its vernal snow  
 My heart was madden'd,—in the flush  
 Of the wild revel I gave way  
 To all that frantic mirth—that rush 240  
 Of desp'rate gaiety, which they,  
 Who never felt how pain's excess  
 Can break out thus, think happiness !  
 Sad mimicry of mirth and life,  
 Whose flashes come but from the strife  
 Of inward passions—like the light  
 Struck out by clashing swords in fight

Then, too, that juice of earth, the  
 bane  
 And blessing of man's heart and brain—  
 That draught of sorcery, which brings  
 Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—  
 Whose drops, like those of rainbows,  
 smile 252

Upon the mists that circle man,  
 Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,  
 But grasping Heav'n, too, in their  
 span !—  
 Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd  
 Its dews of darkness through my lips,<sup>1</sup>  
 Casting whate'er of light remain'd  
 To my lost soul into eclipse,  
 And filling it with such wild dreams, 260  
 Such fantasies and wrong desires,  
 As, in the absence of heav'n's beams  
 Haunt us for ever—like wild-fires  
 That walk this earth, when day retires

Now hear the rest,—our banquet done,  
 I sought her in the accustom'd bow'r,  
 Where late we oft, when day was gone,  
 And the world hush'd, had met alone,  
 At the same silent, moonlight hour

<sup>1</sup> I have already mentioned that some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as given by Mariti, who says that the author of the Taalim founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine. I have since found that Mariti's version of the tale

(which differs also from that of Dr. Prideaux in his *Life of Mahomet*) is taken from the French *Encyclopedie*, in which work, under the head 'Arot et Marot,' the reader will find it

\* The Bahá'í d'ush tells the fable differently

Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd 270  
 To her lov'd star, whose lustre burn'd  
 Purer than ever on that night,  
 While she, in looking, grew more  
 bright,

As though she borrow'd of its light  
 There was a virtue in that scene,  
 A spell of holiness around,  
 Which, had my burning brain not been  
 Thus madden'd, would have held me  
 bound,

As though I trod celestial ground  
 Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame, 280  
 And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,  
 I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—  
 The memory of Eden came  
 Full o'er me when I saw those eyes,  
 And though too well each glance of  
 mine

To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd  
 How far, alas, from aught divine,  
 Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,

Was the wild love with which I lov'd,  
 Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,  
 'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw 291  
 The deep, true, soul felt tenderness,

The homage of an Angel's awe  
 To her, a mortal, whom pure love  
 Then plac'd above him—far above—  
 And all that struggle to repress  
 A sinful spirit's mad excess,  
 Which work'd within me at that hour,

When, with a voice, where Passion shed  
 All the deep sadness of her power, 300

Her melancholy power—I said,  
 Then be it so, if back to heaven  
 I must unlov'd, unpitied fly,  
 Without one blest memorial giv'n

To soothe me in that lonely sky,  
 One look, like those the young and fond  
 Give when they're parting—which  
 would be,

Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond  
 All heav'n hath left of bliss for me'

Oh, but to see that head recline 310  
 A minute on this trembling arm,  
 And those mild eyes look up to mine,  
 Without a dread, a thought of harm'  
 To meet, but once, the thrilling touch  
 Of lips too purely fond to fear me—  
 Or, if that boon be all too much,

Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance  
 near me'

Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—  
 Give them but kindly and I fly, 319  
 Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,  
 And tremble for their home on high  
 Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—  
 One minute's lapse will be forgiv'n,  
 And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak  
 The spell that plumes my wing for  
 heaven'

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,  
 Of me, and of herself afraid,  
 Had shrinking stood, like flow'rs beneath  
 The scorching of the south-wind's breath  
 But when I nam'd—alas, too well, 330  
 I now recall, though wilder'd then,—

Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,  
 Her brow, her eyes uprose again,  
 And, with an eagerness, that spoke  
 The sudden light that o'er her broke,  
 "The spell, the spell"—oh, speak it now,  
 And I will bless thee!" she ex-  
 claim'd—

Unknown what I did, inflam'd,  
 And lost already, on her brow

I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd  
 The mystic word, till then ne'er told 341  
 To living creature of earth's mould'  
 Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,  
 Her lips from mine, like echo, caught  
 The holy sound—her hands and eyes  
 Were instant lifted to the skies,  
 And thrice to heav'n she spoke it out  
 With that triumphant look Faith  
 wears,

When not a cloud of fear or doubt,  
 A vapour from this vale of tears, 350  
 Between her and her God appears'

That very moment her whole frame  
 All bright and glorified became,  
 And at her back I saw uncloset  
 Two wings, magnificent as those

That sparkle around ARCTURUS's Throne,  
 Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose  
 Above me, in the moon-beam shone  
 With a pure light, which—from its hue,  
 Unknown upon this earth—I knew 360  
 Washlight from Eden, glist'ning through'  
 Most holy vision' ne'er before

Did aught so radiant—since the day  
 When ERLIN, in his downfall, bore  
 The third of the bright stars away—  
 Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair  
 That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight ?  
Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice  
The pow'rful words that were, that  
night,— 370

Oh ev'n for heaven too much delight !  
Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,  
And soul to soul, in Paradise ?  
I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—  
I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain,  
For me the spell had pow'r no more  
There seem'd around me some dark  
chain

Which still, as I essay'd to soar,  
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour  
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain  
Since that sad hour, and will remain—  
So wills the' offended God—for ever !

It was to yonder star I trac'd 383  
Her journey up the' illum'd waste—  
That isle in the blue firmament,  
To which so oft her fancy went

In wishes and in dreams before,  
And which was now—such, Purity,  
Thy blest reward—ordain'd to be  
Her home of light for evermore ! 390  
Once—or did I but fancy so ?—

Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,  
'Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,  
A pitying look she turn'd below  
On him who stood in darkness here,  
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret  
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet,  
And oft, when looking to this dim  
And distant world, remembers him

But soon that passing dream was gone,  
Farther and farther off she shone, 401  
Till lessen'd to a point, as small

As are those specks that yonder  
burn,—

Those vivid drops of light, that fall  
The last from Day's exhausted urn  
And when at length she merg'd, afar,  
Into her own immortal star,

And when at length my straining sight  
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,  
That minute from my soul the light 410

Of heav'n and love both pass'd away,  
And I forgot my home, my birth,  
Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,  
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,  
Till I became—what I am now !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Kerubim, as the Mussulmans call them, are often joined indiscriminately with

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame,  
A shame, that of itself would tell—  
Were there not ev'n those breaks of  
flame,

Celestial, through his clouded frame—  
How grand the height from which he  
fell ! 420

That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets  
The' unblench'd renown it us'd to  
wear,  
Whose blush remains, when Virtue  
sets,

To show her sunshine *has* been there.

Once only, while the tale he told,  
Were his eyes lifted to behold  
That happy stainless star, where she  
Dwelt in her bower of purity ! 428

One minute did he look, and then—  
As though he felt some deadly pain  
From its sweet light through heart  
and brain—

Shrunk back, and never look'd again

Who was the Second Spirit ? he  
With the proud front and piercing  
glance—

Who seem'd when viewing heaven's  
expanse,

As though his far-sent eye could see  
On, on into the' Immensity  
Behind the veils of that blue sky,  
Where ALLA's grandest secrets lie ?—  
His wings, the while, though day was  
gone, 440

Flashing with many a various hue  
Of light they from themselves alone,  
Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew  
'Twas RUBI—once among the prime  
And flow'r of those bright creatures,  
nam'd

Spirits of Knowledge,<sup>1</sup> who o'er Time  
And Space and Thought an empire  
claim'd,

Second alone to Him, whose light  
Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night,  
'Twixt whom and them was distance  
far 450

And wide as would the journey be  
To reach from any island star  
The vague shores of Infinity !

the Asrafil or Seraphim, under one common  
name of Azazil, by which all spirits who ap-  
proach near the throne of Alla are designated

'Twas RUBI, in whose mournful eye  
Slept the dim light of days gone by,  
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the  
ear

Like echoes, in some silent place,  
When first awak'd for many a year,  
And when he smil'd, if o'er his face  
Smile ever shone, 'twas like the grace  
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,  
The sunny life, the glory gone 462  
Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,  
A soft'ning shade from sorrow came,  
And though at times his spirit knew  
The kindlings of disdain and ire,  
Short was the fitful glare they threw—  
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,  
Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke 470  
The silence that had come o'er all,  
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,  
Clos'd the sad hist'ry of his fall,  
And, while a sacred lustre, flown  
For many a day relum'd his cheek—  
Beautiful, as in days of old,  
And not those eloquent lips alone  
But every feature seem'd to speak—  
Thus his eventful story told —

## SECOND ANGEL'S STORY

' You both remember well the day, 480  
When unto Eden's new-made bow'rs,  
ALLA convok'd the bright array  
Of his supreme angelic pow'rs,  
To witness the one wonder yet,  
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,  
He must achieve, ere he could set  
His seal upon the world, as done—  
To see that last perfection rise,  
That crowning of creation's birth,  
When, mid the worship and surprise 490  
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes  
First open'd upon heav'n and earth,  
And from their lids a thrill was sent,  
That through each living spirit went,  
Like first light through the firmament !

Can you forget how gradual stole  
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul  
Throughout her perfect form—which  
seem'd  
To grow transparent, as there beam'd  
That dawn of Mind within, and caught  
New loveliness from each new thought ?

Slow as o'er summer seas we trace 502  
The progress of the noontide air,  
Dimpling its bright and silent face  
Each minute into some new grace,  
And varying heav'n's reflections  
there—

Or, like the light of ev'ning, stealing  
O'er some fair temple, which all day  
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing  
Its several beauties, ray by ray, 510  
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,  
All full of light and loveliness

Can you forget her blush, when round  
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground  
She look'd, and saw, the sea—the skies—  
And heard the rush of many a wing,  
On high behests then vanishing,  
And saw the last few angel eyes,  
Still ling'ring—mine among the rest,—  
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest ? 520  
From that miraculous hour, the fate  
Of this new, glorious Being dwelt  
For ever, with a spell-like weight,  
Upon my spirit—early, late,

Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,  
The thought of what might yet befall  
That matchless creature mix'd with all —  
Nor she alone, but her whole race  
Through ages yet to come—whate'er  
Of feminine, and fond, and fair, 530  
Should spring from that pure mind and  
face,

All wak'd my soul's intensest care,  
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me  
Creation's strangest mystery !

It was my doom—ev'n from the first,  
When witnessing the primal burst  
Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise  
Those bright creations in the skies,—  
Those worlds instinct with life and light,  
Which man, remote, but sees by night,—  
It was my doom still to be haunted 541  
By some new wonder, some sublime  
And matchless work, that, for the  
time

Held all my soul, enchan'd, enchanted,  
And left me not a thought, a dream,  
A word, but on that only theme !

The wish to know—that endless thirst,  
Which ev'n by quenching is awak'd,  
And which becomes or blest or curst,  
As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd—

Still urg'd me onward, with desire 551  
 Insatiate, to explore, inquire—  
 Whate'er the wondrous things might be,  
 That wak'd each new idolatry—

Their cause, aim, source, whence e'er  
 sprang—

Their inmost pow'rs, as though for me  
 Existence on that knowledge hung

Oh what a vision were the stars,

When first I saw them burn on high,  
 Rolling along, like living cars 560

Of light, for gods to journey by '1

They were my heart's first passion—days  
 And nights, unweary'd, in their rays  
 Have I hung floating, till each sense  
 Seem'd full of their bright influence  
 Innocent joy '1 alas, how much

Of misery had I shunn'd below,  
 Could I have still liv'd blest with such,  
 Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to  
 know

The knowledge that brings guilt and  
 woe 570

Often—so much I lov'd to trace  
 The secrets of this stately race—  
 Have I at morn and evening run  
 Along the lines of radiance spun  
 Like webs, between them and the sun,  
 Untwisting all the tangled ties  
 Of light into their different dyes—  
 Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest  
 Of those, the farthest, loneliest,  
 That watch, like winking sentinels,<sup>2</sup> 580  
 The void, beyond which Chaos dwells,  
 And there, with noiseless plume, pursued  
 Their track through that grand solitude,  
 Asking intently all and each

What soul within their radiance dwelt,  
 And wishing their sweet light were  
 speech,

That they might tell me all they felt

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase  
 Of these resplendent heirs of space,

<sup>1</sup> 'C'est un fait indubitable que la plupart des anciens philosophes, soit Chaldéens, soit Grecs, nous ont donné les astres comme animés, et ont soutenu que les astres, qui nous éclairent, n'étoient que ou les chars, ou même les navires, des Intelligences qui les conduisoient. Pour les Chars, cela se lit partout, on n'a qu'ouvrir Plin. St. Clément,' &c &c—*Mémoire Historique, sur le Sabisme*, par M. Fourmont

A belief that the stars are either spirits or the vehicles of spirits, was common to all the religions and heresies of the East Kircher has

Oft did I follow—lest a ray 590  
 Should 'scape me in the farthest  
 night—

Some pilgrim Comet, on his way  
 To visit distant shrines of light,  
 And well remember how I sung  
 Exultingly, when on my sight  
 New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,  
 As if just born of darkness, sprung '1

Such was my pure ambition then,  
 My sinless transport, night and morn,  
 Ere yet this newer world of men, 600

And that most fair of stars was born  
 Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise  
 Among the flow'rs of Paradise '1  
 Thenceforth my nature all was chang'd,  
 My heart, soul, senses turn'd below,  
 And he, who but so lately rang'd

Yon wonderful expanse, where glow  
 Worlds upon worlds,—yet found his  
 mind

Ev'n in that luminous range confin'd,—  
 Now blest the humblest, meanest sod 610  
 Of the dark earth where Woman trod '1  
 In vain my former idols glisten'd

From their far thrones, in vain these  
 ears

To the once-thrilling music listen'd,  
 That hymn'd around my favourite  
 spheres—

To earth, to earth each thought was  
 giv'n,

That in this half-lost soul had birth,  
 Like some high mount, whose head's in  
 heav'n,

While its whole shadow rests on  
 earth '1

Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrall'd  
 My spirit in his burning ties, 621

And less, still less could it be call'd  
 That grosser flame, round which Love  
 flies

Nearer and nearer, till he dies—

given the names and stations of the seven archangels, who were by the Cabala of the Jews distributed through the planets

<sup>2</sup> According to the cosmogony of the ancient Persians, there were four stars set as sentinels in the four quarters of the heavens, to watch over the other fixed stars, and superintend the planets in their course. The names of these four sentinel stars are, according to the Boundesh, Taschter, for the east, Satevis, for the west, Venand, for the south, and Haftorang, for the north

No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd  
 At all God's works my dazzled sense,  
 The same rapt wonder, only fill'd  
 With passion, more profound, intense,—  
 A vehement, but wand'ring fire, 629  
 Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,—  
 Though through all womankind it took  
 Its range, as lawless lightnings run,  
 Yet wanted but a touch, a look,  
 To fix it burning upon *One*

Then, too, the ever restless zeal,  
 The' insatiate curiosity  
 To know how shapes, so fair, must feel—  
 To look, but once, beneath the seal  
 Of so much loveliness, and see 639  
 What souls belong'd to such bright eyes—  
 Whether, as sun-beams find their way  
 Into the gem that hidden lies,  
 Those looks could inward turn their  
 ray,  
 And make the soul as bright as they  
 All this impell'd my anxious chase,  
 And still the more I saw and knew  
 Of Woman's fond, weak, conqu'ring race,  
 The' intenser still my wonder grew

I had beheld their First, their Eve,  
 Born in that splendid Paradise, 650  
 Which sprung there solely to receive  
 The first light of her waking eyes  
 I had seen purest angels lean  
 In worship o'er her from above,  
 And man—oh yes, had envying seen  
 Proud man possess'd of all her love  
 I saw their happiness, so brief,  
 So exquisite,—her error, too,  
 That easy trust, that prompt belief 659  
 In what the warm heart wishes true,  
 That faith in words, when kindly said,  
 By which the whole fond sex is led—  
 Mingled with—what I durst not blame,  
 For 'tis my own—that zeal to *know*,  
 Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe,  
 Which, though from heav'n all pure it  
 came,  
 Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and  
 shame  
 On her, on me, on all below !

I had seen this; had seen Man, arm'd,  
 As his soul is, with strength and sense,  
 By her first words to run charm'd, 671  
 His vaunted reason's cold defence,

Lake an ice-barrier in the ray  
 Of melting summer, smil'd away  
 Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this—  
 Though by her counsels taught to err,  
 Though driv'n from Paradise for her,  
 (And *with* her—that, at least, was bliss,)  
 Had I not heard him, ere he crost 679  
 The threshold of that earthly heav'n,  
 Which by her wildering smile he lost—  
 So quickly was the wrong forgiv'n !—  
 Had I not heard him, as he prest  
 The frail, fond trembler to a breast  
 Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,  
 Call her—ev'n then—his Life ' his Life ' !  
 Yes, such the love taught name, the  
 first,  
 That run'd Man to Woman gave,  
 Ev'n in his outcast hour, when curst 689  
 By her fond witchery, with that worst  
 And earliest boon of love, the grave !  
 She, who brought death into the world,  
 There stood before him, with the  
 light  
 Of their lost Paradise still bright  
 Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd  
 Down her white shoulders to her feet—  
 So beautiful in form, so sweet  
 In heart and voice, as to redeem  
 The loss, the death of all things dear,  
 Except herself—and make it seem 700  
 Life, endless Life, while she was near !  
 Could I help wond'ring at a creature,  
 Thus circled round with spells so  
 strong—  
 One, to whose ev'ry thought, word,  
 feature,  
 In joy and woe, through right and  
 wrong,  
 Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,  
 To bless or ruin, curse or save ?  
 Nor did the marvel cease with her—  
 New Eves in all her daughters came,  
 As strong to charm, as weak to err, 710  
 As sure of man through praise and  
 blame,  
 Whate'er they brought him, pride or  
 shame,  
 He still the' unreasoning worshipper,  
 And they, throughout all time, the  
 same,  
 Enchantresses of soul and frame,

<sup>1</sup> Chavah, or, as it is in Arabic, Havah (the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression), means 'Life'

Into whose hands, from first to last,  
 This world with all its destinies,  
 Devotedly by heav'n seems cast,  
 To save or ruin, as they please '  
 Oh, 'tis not to be told how long, 720  
 How restlessly I sigh'd to find  
 Some *one*, from out that witching throng,  
 Some abstract of the form and mind  
 Of the whole matchless sex, from which  
 In my own arms beheld, possess,  
 I might learn all the pow'rs to witch,  
 To warm, and (if my fate unblest  
 Would have it) ruin, of the rest '  
 Into whose inward soul and sense  
 I might descend, as doth the bee 730  
 Into the flower's deep heart, and thence  
 Rife, in all its purity,  
 The prime, the quintessence, the whole  
 Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul '  
 At length, my burning wish, my prayer—  
 (For such—oh what will tongues not  
 dare,  
 When hearts go wrong '—this lip pre-  
 ferr'd)—  
 At length my ominous prayer was  
 heard—  
 But whether heard in heaven or hell,  
 Listen—and thou wilt know too well 740  
 There was a maid, of all who move  
 Like visions o'er this orb, most fit  
 To be a bright young angel's love,  
 Herself so bright, so exquisite '  
 The pride, too, of her step, as light  
 Along the' unconscious earth she went,  
 Seem'd that of one, born with a right  
 To walk some heavenlier element,  
 And tread in places where her feet  
 A star at ev'ry step should meet 750  
 'Twas not alone that loveliness  
 By which the wilder'd sense is caught—  
 Of lips, whose very breath could bless,  
 Of playful blushes, that seem'd  
 nought  
 But luminous escapes of thought,  
 Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd  
 Were fire itself, but, at a word  
 Of tenderness, all soft became  
 As though they could, like the sun's bird,  
 Dissolve away in their own flame—  
 Of form, as plant as the shoots 761  
 Of a young tree, in vernal flower,  
 Yet round and glowing as the fruits,  
 That drop from it in summer's hour,—

'Twas not alone this loveliness  
 That falls to lovehest women's share,  
 Though, even here, her form could  
 spare  
 From its own beauty's rich excess  
 Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—  
 But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear 770  
 Through her whole frame—the soul,  
 still near,  
 To light each charm, yet independent  
 Of what it lighted, as the sun  
 That shines on flowers, would be  
 resplendent  
 Were there no flowers to shine upon—  
 'Twas this, all this, in one combin'd—  
 The' unnumber'd looks and arts that  
 form  
 The glory of young woman-kind,  
 Taken, in their perfection, warm, 779  
 Ere time had chill'd a single charm,  
 And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,  
 As gave to beauties, that might be  
 Too sensual else, too unrefin'd,  
 The impress of Divinity '  
 'Twas this—a union, which the hand  
 Of Nature kept for her alone,  
 Of every thing most playful, bland,  
 Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,  
 In angel-natures and her own—  
 Oh this it was that drew me nigh 790  
 One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,  
 A bright twin-sister from on high—  
 One, in whose love, I felt, were given  
 The mix'd delights of either sphere,  
 All that the spirit seeks in heaven,  
 And all the senses burn for here  
 Had we—but hold—hear every part  
 Of our sad tale—spite of the pain  
 Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart  
 Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—800  
 Hear every step, so full of bliss,  
 And yet so ruinous, that led  
 Down to the last, dark precipice,  
 Where perish'd both—the fallen, the  
 dead '  
 From the first hour she caught my sight,  
 I never left her—day and night  
 Hovering unseen around her way,  
 And 'mid her loneliest musings near,  
 I soon could track each thought that lay,  
 Gleaming within her heart, as clear  
 As pebbles within brooks appear, 811



And there, among the countless things  
That keep young hearts for ever glow-  
ing,

Vague wishes, fond imaginings,  
Love-dreams, as yet no object know-  
ing—

Light, winged hopes, that come when  
bid,

And rainbow joys that end in weeping,  
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,  
Like serpents under flowerets sleep-  
ing — 819

'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er  
Young hearts are beating—I saw there  
Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond  
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—  
Glimpses of glory, far away

Into the bright, vague future given,  
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,  
Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!

With this, too—what a soul and heart  
To fall beneath the tempter's art!—  
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er 830  
Enshrin'd itself in form so fair,  
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,

With every fruit of Eden blest,  
Save one alone—rather than leave  
That one unreach'd, lost all the rest

It was in dreams that first I stole  
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—  
In that rich twilight of the soul,

When reason's beam, half hid behind  
The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds 840  
Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds—  
'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought

Vague, glimmering visions to her  
view,—

Catches of radiance, lost when caught,  
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,  
And vistas, with no pathway  
through,—

Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,  
Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left no  
trace—

All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,  
But give her wing no resting-place,  
Myself the while, with brow, as yet, 851  
Pure as the young moon's coronet,

Through every dream *still* in her sight,  
The enchanter of each mocking scene,  
Who gave the hope, then brought the  
blight,

Who said, "Behold, yon world of light,"  
Then sudden dropt a veil between!

At length, when I perceiv'd each  
thought,

Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought 859  
But these illusive scenes, and me—  
The phantom, who thus came and  
went,

In half revelations only meant  
To madden curiosity—

When by such various arts I found  
Her fancy to its utmost wound,  
One night—'twas in a holy spot,  
Which she for prayer had chosen—a  
grot

Of purest marble, built below  
Her garden beds, through which a glow  
From lamps invisible then stole, 870  
Brightly pervading all the place—

Like that mysterious light the soul,  
Itself unseen, sheds through the  
face

There, at her altar, while she knelt,  
And all that woman ever felt,  
When God and man both clam'd her  
sighs—

Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,  
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and  
skies,

Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,  
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and  
eyes—

Then, as the mystic light's soft ray 881  
Grew softer still, as though its ray  
Was breath'd from her, I heard her  
say —

"Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er  
Thy nature be—human, divine,  
Or but half heav'nly—still too fair,  
Too heavenly to be ever mine!"

Wonderful Spirit, who dost make  
Slumber so lovely that it seems  
No longer life to live awake, 890  
Since heaven itself descend in dreams,

Why do I ever lose thee? why  
When on thy realms and thee I gaze  
Still drops that veil, which I could die,  
Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

Long ere such miracles as thou  
And thine came o'er my thoughts, a  
thirst

For light was in this soul, which now  
Thy looks have into passion nurs'd.

There's nothing bright above, below,  
In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast  
Doth not intensely burn to know, 902  
And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the  
rest !

Then come, oh Spirit, from behind  
The curtains of thy radiant home,  
If thou wouldst be as angel shrin'd,  
Or lov'd and clasp'd as mortal,  
come !

Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,  
That I may, waking, know and see,  
Or waft me hence to thy own sphere, 910  
Thy heaven or—ay, even *that* with  
thee !

Demon or God, who hold'st the book  
Of knowledge spread beneath thine  
eye,  
Give me, with thee, but one bright  
look  
Into its leaves, and let me die !

By those ethereal wings, whose way  
Lies through an element, so fraught  
With living Mind, that, as they play,  
Their every movement is a thought !

By that bright, wreathed hair, be-  
tween 920  
Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind  
Of Paradise so late hath been,  
And left its fragrant soul behind !

By those impassion'd eyes, that melt  
Their light into the inmost heart,  
Like sunset in the waters, felt  
As molten fire through every part—

I do implore thee, oh most bright  
And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er  
My waking, wondering eyes this night,  
This one blest night—I ask no  
more ! " 931

Exhausted, breathless, as she said  
These burning words, her languid head  
Upon the altar's steps she cast,  
As if that brain-throb were its last—

Till, startled by the breathing, sigh,  
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,  
Sudden her brow again she rais'd,  
And there, just lighted on the shrine,  
Beheld me—not as I had blaz'd 940  
Around her, full of light divine,

In her late dreams, but soften'd down  
Into more mortal grace,—my crown  
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,  
Left hanging on yon starry steep,  
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,  
When Peace hath put their pomp to  
sleep,  
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep  
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than  
mar

The dawning hour of some young stal,  
And nothing left, but what beseech'd 951  
The' accessible, though glorious mate  
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd  
Back upon hers, as passionate,  
Whose ready heart brought flame for  
flame,  
Whose sin, whose madness was the  
same,  
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,  
For her and for her love—oh more  
Of heaven's light than ev'n the power  
Of heav'n itself could now restore ! 960

And yet, that hour ! " —

The Spirit here  
Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words  
Gave way beneath the wild career  
Of his then rushing thoughts—like  
chords,  
Midway in some enthusiast's song,  
Breaking beneath a touch too strong,  
While the clench'd hand upon the  
brow  
Told how remembrance throb'd there  
now !

But soon 'twas o'er—that casual blaze  
From the sunk fire of other days— 970  
That relic of a flame, whose burning  
Had been too fierce to be relum'd  
Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turn-  
ing

To his bright listeners, thus resum'd —  
' Days, months elaps'd, and, though  
what most

On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all—  
Yet—was I happy ? God, thou know'st,  
Howe'er they smile, and feign, and  
boast,

What happiness is theirs, who fall !  
'Twas bitterest anguish—made more  
keen 980  
Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between

Whose throbs it came, like gleams of  
hell

In agonizing cross-light given  
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell  
In purgatory<sup>1</sup> catch of heaven<sup>1</sup>  
The only feeling that to me  
Seem'd joy—or rather my sole rest  
From aching misery—was to see  
My young, proud, blooming LILIS  
blest

She, the fair fountain of all ill 990  
To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst  
Fervidly panted after still,  
And found the charm fresh as at  
first—

To see her happy—to reflect  
Whatever beams still round me play'd  
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,  
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,  
And whose soul worshipp'd even my  
shade—

This was, I own, enjoyment—this  
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss  
And proud she was, fair creature!—  
proud, 1001

Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs  
In woman's heart, nor would have  
bow'd

That beautiful young brow of hers  
To aught beneath the First above,  
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing  
Stronger and stronger—to which even  
Her love, at times, gave way—of know-  
ing

Every thing strange in earth and  
heaven, 1010

Not only all that, full reveal'd,  
The' eternal ALLA loves to show,  
But all that He hath wisely seal'd  
In darkness, for man *not* to know—

<sup>1</sup> Called by the Mussulmans *Al Araf*—a sort of wall or partition which, according to the 7th chapter of the *Koran*, separates hell from paradise, and where they, who have not merits sufficient to gain them immediate admittance into heaven, are supposed to stand for a certain period, alternately tantalized and tormented by the sights that are on either side presented to them

Manes, who borrowed in many instances from the Platonists, placed his purgatories, or places of purification, in the Sun and Moon—Beausobre, liv iii chap 8

<sup>2</sup> 'Quelques gnomes désireux de devenir immortels, avoient voulu gagner les bonnes grâces

Ev'n this desire, alas, ill-starr'd  
And fatal as it was, I sought  
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd  
Such realms of wonder on her thought,  
As ne'er, till then, had let their light  
Escape on any mortal's sight! 1020  
In the deep earth—beneath the sea—  
Through caves of fire—through wilds  
of air—

Wherever sleeping Mystery  
Had spread her curtain, we were  
there—

Love still beside us, as we went,  
At home in each new element,  
And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay  
The wealth of all her kingdoms down  
At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,  
"Bright creature, this is all thine  
own!" 1031

Then first were diamonds, from the night<sup>2</sup>  
Of earth's deep centre brought to light,  
And made to grace the conquering way  
Of proud young beauty with their ray

Then, too, the pearl from out its shell  
Unightly, in the sunless sea,  
(As 'twere a spirit, forc'd to dwell  
In form unlovely) was set free,  
And round the neck of woman threw  
A light it lent and borrow'd too 1041  
For never did this maid—whate'er

The' ambition of the hour—forget  
Her sex's pride in being fair,  
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,  
Which makes the mighty magnet, set  
In Woman's form, more mighty yet  
Nor was there aught within the range

Of my swift wing in sea or air,  
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange, 1050  
That, quickly as her wish could change,  
I did not seek, with such fond care,

des nos filles, et leur avoient apporté des pierres dont ils sont gardiens naturels et ces auteurs ont cru, s'appuyans sur le livre d'Enoch mal-entendu, que c'étoient des pièges que les anges amoureux, &c &c —Comte de Gabalis

As the fiction of the loves of angels with women gave birth to the fanciful world of sylphs and gnomes, so we owe to it also the invention of those beautiful Genii and Peris, which embellish so much the mythology of the East, for in the fabulous histories of Caoumarath, of Thamurath, &c, these spiritual creatures are always represented as the descendants of Seth, and called the *Bani Algnn*, or children of Giann

That when I've seen her look above  
At some bright star admiringly,  
I've said, "Nay, look not there, my  
love,"<sup>1</sup>

Alas, I cannot give it thee ! "

But not alone the wonders found  
Through Nature's realm—the' un-  
veil'd, material,  
Visible glories, that abound,  
Through all her vast, enchanted  
ground—<sup>1060</sup>

But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,  
Dwells far away from human sense,  
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—  
The mystery of that Fountain-head,  
From which all vital spirit runs,  
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis spread  
Through men or angels, flowers or  
suns—

The workings of the' Almighty Mind,  
When first o'er Chaos he design'd <sup>1069</sup>  
The outlines of this world, and through  
That depth of darkness—like the bow,  
Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—<sup>2</sup>

Saw the grand, gradual picture grow,—  
The covenant with human kind

By ALRA made<sup>3</sup>—the chains of Fate  
He round himself and them hath  
twin'd,

Till his high task he consummate,—  
Till good from evil, love from hate,  
Shall be work'd out through sin and  
pam,

And Fate shall loose her iron chain, <sup>1080</sup>  
And all be free, be bright again<sup>1</sup>

Such were the deep drawn mysteries,  
And some, ev'n more obscure, pro-  
found,

And wildering to the mind than these,  
Which—far as woman's thought could  
sound,

Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach—  
She dar'd to learn, and I to teach  
Till—fill'd with such unearthly lore,  
And mingling the pure light it brings

<sup>1</sup> I am aware that this happy saying of Lord  
Albemarle's loses much of its grace and playfulness,  
by being put into the mouth of any but  
a human lover

<sup>2</sup> According to Whitehuist's theory, the  
mention of rainbows by an antediluvian angel  
is an anachronism as he says, 'There was no  
rain before the flood, and consequently no rain-  
bow, which accounts for the novelty of this  
sight after the Deluge'

With much that fancy had, before, <sup>1090</sup>  
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings—  
The' enthusiast girl spoke out, as  
one

Inspir'd, among her own dark race,  
Who from their ancient shrines would  
run,

Leaving their holy rites undone,  
To gaze upon her holier face  
And, though but wild the things she  
spoke,

Yet, 'mid that play of error's smoke  
Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,  
Some gleams of pure religion broke—  
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke, <sup>1101</sup>

But startled the still dreaming world<sup>1</sup>  
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,  
Which Heav'n would from the minds  
of men

Have kept conceal'd, till its own  
time,

Stole out in these revealments then—  
Revealments dim, that have fore run,  
By ages, the great, Sealing One<sup>14</sup>  
Like that imperfect dawn, or light<sup>5</sup>

Escaping from the Zodiac's signs, <sup>1110</sup>  
Which makes the doubtful east half  
bright,

Before the real morning shines<sup>1</sup>

Thus did some moons of bliss go by—  
Of bliss to her, who saw but love  
And knowledge throughout earth and  
sky,

To whose enamour'd soul and eye,  
I seem'd—as is the sun on high—  
The light of all below, above,  
The spirit of sea, and land, and air,  
Whose influence, felt every where, <sup>1120</sup>  
Spread from its centre, her own heart,  
Ev'n to the world's extremest part,  
While through that world her restless  
mind

Had now career'd so fast and far,  
That earth itself seem'd left behind,  
And her proud fancy, unconfin'd,  
Already saw Heaven's gates ajar<sup>1</sup>

<sup>3</sup> For the terms of this compact, of which  
the angels were supposed to be witnesses, see  
the chapter of the *Kôran*, entitled *Al Araf*, and  
the article 'Adam' in *D'Herbelot*

<sup>4</sup> In acknowledging the authority of the  
great Prophets who had preceded him, Ma-  
homet represented his own mission as the final  
'Sent,' or consummation of them all

<sup>5</sup> The Zodiacal Light

Happy enthusiast ' still, oh, still  
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,  
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow, 1130

Which looks at once before and back,  
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,  
And sees both comfortless, both black—  
Spite of all this, I could have still  
In her delight forgot all ill,  
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,  
At least have borne and murmur'd not  
When thoughts of an offended heaven,  
Of sinfulness, which I—ev'n I,  
While down its steep most headlong  
driven— 1140

Well knew could never be forgiven,  
Came o'er me with an agony  
Beyond all reach of mortal woe—  
A torture kept for those who know,  
Know *every* thing, and—worst of all—  
Know and love Virtue while they fall '   
Even then, her presence had the power  
To soothe, to warm—nay, even to  
bless—

If ever bliss could graft its flower,  
On stem so full of bitterness— 1150  
Even then her glorious smile to me  
Brought warmth and radiance, if not  
balm,  
Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,  
Brightening the storm it cannot calm

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,  
Which all who love, beneath yon sky,  
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—  
The dreadful thought that it must die '   
That desolating thought, which comes  
Into men's happiest hours and homes,  
Whose melancholy boding flings 1161  
Death's shadow o'er the brightest  
things,

Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads  
The grave beneath young lovers' heads '   
This fear, so sad to all—to me  
Most full of sadness, from the thought

That I must still live on, ' when she  
Would, like the snow that on the sea  
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought,  
That heaven to me this final seal 1170

Of all earth's sorrow would deny,  
And I eternally must feel  
The death-pang, without power to  
die '

<sup>1</sup> Poccoko, however, gives it as the opinion of the Mahometan doctors, that all souls, not only of men and of animals, living either on

Ev'n this, her fond endearments—fond  
As ever cherish'd the sweet bond  
'Twixt heart and heart—could charm  
away,

Before her look no clouds would stay,  
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,  
Their darkness put a glory on '   
But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong, 1180  
The guilty, to be happy long,  
And she, too, now, had sunk within  
The shadow of her tempter's sin,  
Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence  
To snatch the fated victim thence '

Listen, and, if a tear there be  
Left in your hearts, weep it for me

'Twas on the evening of a day,  
Which we in love had dreamt away,  
In that same garden, where—the pride  
Of seraph splendour laid aside, 1191  
And those wings furl'd, whose open light  
For mortal gaze were else too bright—  
I first had stood before her sight,  
And found myself—oh, ecstasy,

Which even in pain I ne'er forget—  
Worshipp'd as only God should be,  
And lov'd as never man was yet '

In that same garden were we now,  
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,  
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow  
With its own silent fancies shining

It was an evening bright and still  
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,  
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill  
Could happen in so sweet an hour  
Yet, I remember, both grew sad

In looking at that light—even she,  
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,  
Felt the still hour's solemnity, 1210

And thought she saw, in that repose,  
The death-hour not alone of light,  
But of this whole fair world—the close  
Of all things beautiful and bright—  
The last, grand sunset, in whose ray  
Nature herself died calm away '

At length, as though some livelier thought  
Had suddenly her fancy caught,  
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,  
Dilated into that full shape 1220  
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,  
As 'twere to let more soul escape,

land or in the sea, but of the angels also, must  
necessarily taste of death

And, playfully as on my head  
Her white hand rested, smil'd and  
said —

“I had, last night, a dream of thee,  
Resembling those divine ones, given,  
Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,  
Before thou cam'st, thyself from  
heaven

The same rich wreath was on thy  
brow,

Dazzling as if of starlight made, 1230  
And these wings, lying darkly now,  
Like meteors round thee flash'd and  
play'd

Thou stood'st all bright, as in those  
dreams,

As if just wafted from above,  
Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's  
beams,

A creature to adore and love

Sudden I felt thee draw me near  
To thy pure heart, where, fondly  
plac'd,

I seem'd within the atmosphere  
Of that exhaling light embrac'd, 1240

And felt, methought, the' ethereal  
flame

Pass from thy purer soul to mine;  
Till—oh, too blissful—I became,  
Like thee, all spirit, all divine !

Say, why did dream so blest come o'er  
me,

If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone ?  
When will my Cherub shine before me  
Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone ?

When shall I, waking, be allow'd 1249  
To gaze upon those perfect charms,  
And clasp thee once, without a cloud,  
A chill of earth, within these arms ?

Oh what a pride to say, this, this  
Is my own Angel—all divine,  
And pure, and dazzling as he is,  
And fresh from heaven—he's mine,  
he's mine !

Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy  
place,

A creature of yon lofty skies,  
She would have hid one single grace,  
One glory from her lover's eyes ? 1260

No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,  
Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze  
Of thy most proud divinity,  
Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal  
gaze

Too long and oft I've look'd upon  
Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n  
thus—

Too near the stars themselves have gone,  
To fear aught grand or luminous

Then doubt me not—oh, who can  
say

But that this dream may yet come  
true, 1270

And my blest spirit drink thy ray,  
Till it becomes all heavenly too ?

Let me this once but feel the flame  
Of those spread wings, the very pride  
Will change my nature, and this frame  
By the mere touch be deified !”

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not us'd  
To be by earth or heaven refus'd—

As one, who knew her influence o'er  
All creatures, whatso'er they were,  
And, though to heaven she could not  
soar, 1281

At least would bring down heaven to  
her

Little did she, alas, or I—  
Even I, whose soul, but half-way  
yet

Immerg'd in sin's obscurity  
Was as the earth whereon we lie,  
O'er half whose disk the sun is set—

Little did we foresee the fate,  
The dreadful—how can it be told ?

Such pain, such anguish to relate 1290  
Is o'er again to feel, behold !

But, charg'd as 'tis, my heart must  
speak

Its sorrow out, or it will break !  
Some dark msgivings had, I own,  
Pass'd for a moment through my  
breast—

Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,  
To one, or both—something unblest  
To happen from this proud request

But soon these boding fancies fled,  
Nor saw I aught that could forbid 1300

My full revealment, save the dread  
Of that first dazzle, when, unhid,  
Such light should burst upon a lid

Ne'er tired in heaven,—and even this  
 glare  
 She might, by love's own nursing care,  
 Be, like young eagles, taught to bear  
 For well I knew, the lustre shed  
 From cherub wings, when proudest  
 spread,  
 Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,  
 And innocent as is the light 1310  
 The glow-worm hangs out to allure  
 Her mate to her green bower at night  
 Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept  
 Through clouds in which the lightning  
 slept,  
 As in its lair, ready to spring,  
 Yet wak'd it not—though from my wing  
 A thousand sparks fell glittering  
 Oft too when round me from above  
 The feather'd snow, in all its white-  
 ness,  
 Fell, like the moultings of heaven's  
 Dove,—<sup>1</sup> 1320  
 So harmless, though so full of bright-  
 ness,  
 Was my brow's wreath, that it would  
 shake  
 From off its flowers each downy flake  
 As delicate, unmelted, fair,  
 And cool as they had lighted there  
 Nay ev'n with LILIS—had I not  
 Around her sleep all radiant beam'd,  
 Hung o'er her slumbers, nor forgot  
 To kiss her eye lids, as she dream'd ?  
 And yet, at morn, from that repose, 1330  
 Had she not wak'd, unscath'd and  
 bright,  
 As doth the pure, unconscious rose,  
 Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night ?  
 Thus having—as, alas, deceiv'd  
 By my sun's blindness, I believ'd—  
 No cause for dread, and those dark eyes  
 Now fix'd upon me, eagerly  
 As though the unlook'd of the skies  
 - Then waited but a sign from me—

<sup>1</sup> The Dove, or pigeon which attended Mahomet as his Familiar, and was frequently seen to whisper into his ear, was, if I recollect right, one of that select number of animals (including also the ant of Solomon, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, &c) which were thought by the Prophet worthy of admission into Paradise

<sup>2</sup> The Moslems have a tradition that Mahomet was saved (when he hid himself in a cave in Mount Shun) by his pursuers finding the mouth of the cave covered by a spider's web, and a

How could I pause ? how ev'n let fall  
 A word, a whisper that could stir 1341  
 In her proud heart a doubt, that all  
 I brought from heaven belong'd to her  
 Slow from her side I rose, while she  
 Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,  
 But not with fear—all hope, and pride,  
 She waited for the awful boon,  
 Like priestesses, at eventide,  
 Watching the rise of the full moon,  
 Whose light, when once its orb hath  
 shone, 1350  
 'Twill madden them to look upon !

Of all my glories, the bright crown,  
 Which, when I last from heaven came  
 down,  
 Was left behind me, in yon star  
 That shines from out those clouds afar,—  
 Where, relic sad, 'tis treasur'd yet,  
 The downfallen angel's coronet !—  
 Of all my glories, this alone  
 Was wanting—but the 'llumin'd  
 brow,  
 The sun-bright locks, the eyes that  
 now 1360  
 Had love's spell added to their own,  
 And pour'd a light till then unknown,—  
 The unfolded wings, that, in their  
 play,  
 Shed sparkles bright as ALLA's throne,  
 All I could bring of heaven's array,  
 Of that rich panoply of charms  
 A Cherub moves in, on the day  
 Of his best pomp, I now put on,  
 And, proud that in her eyes I shone  
 Thus glorious, glided to her arms, 1370  
 Which still (though, at a sight so  
 splendid,  
 Her dazzled brow had, instantly,  
 Sunk on her breast,) were wide extended  
 To clasp the form she durst not see !<sup>2</sup>  
 Great Heaven ! how could thy vengeance  
 light  
 So bitterly on one so bright ?

nest built by two pigeons at the entrance, with two eggs unbroken in it, which made them think no one could have entered it. In consequence of this, they say, Mahomet enjoined his followers to look upon pigeons as sacred, and never to kill a spider.—*Modern Universal History*, vol. 1

<sup>2</sup> 'Mohammed' (says Sale), 'though a prophet, was not able to bear the sight of Gabriel, when he appeared in his proper form, much less would others be able to support it'

How could the hand, that gave such charms,

Blast them again, in love's own arms ?  
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame

When—oh most horrible !—I felt 1380  
That every spark of that pure flame—

Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—  
Was now, by my transgression, turn'd  
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,  
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce, ravening  
flashes,

Till there—oh God, I still ask why  
Such doom was hers ?—I saw her lie

Blackening within my arms to ashes !  
That brow, a glory but to see— 1390

Those lips, whose touch was what the  
first

Fresh cup of immortality\*

Is to a new-made angel's thirst !  
Those clasping arms, within whose  
round—

My heart's horizon—the whole bound  
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found !

Which, even in this dread moment, fond  
As when they first were round me

cast,  
Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,

But, burning, held me to the last !  
All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd

As if Love's self there breath'd and  
beam'd, 1402

Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,  
Withering in agony away,

And mine, oh misery ! mine the flame,  
From which this desolation came,—

I, the curst spirit, whose caress  
Had blasted all that loveliness !

'Twas maddening !—but now hear even  
worse—

Had death, death only, been the curse  
I brought upon her—had the doom 1411

But ended here, when her young bloom  
Lay in the dust—and did the spirit

No part of that fell curse inherit,  
'Twere not so dreadful—but, come

near—  
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—

Just when her eyes, in fading, took  
Their last, keen, agoniz'd farewell,

And look'd in mine with—oh, that look !  
Great vengeful Power, whate'er the

hell 1420

Thou mayst to human souls assign,  
The memory of that look is mine !—

In her last struggle, on my brow  
Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,

So withering !—I feel it now—  
'Twas fire—but fire, ev'n more un-

blest  
Than was my own, and like that flame,

The angels shudder but to name,  
Hell's everlasting element !

Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,  
Madd'ning and torturing as it went,

And here—mark here, the brand, the  
stain 1432

It left upon my front—burnt in  
By that last kiss of love and sin—

A brand, which all the pomp and pride  
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide !

But is it thus, dread Providence—  
Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,

Who, (but for one proud, fond offence.)  
Had honour'd heaven itself, should be

Now doom'd—I cannot speak it—no,  
Merciful ALLA ! 'tis not so— 1442

Never could lips divine have said  
The fiat of a fate so dread

And yet, that look—so deeply fraught  
With more than anguish, with despair—

That new, fierce fire, resembling nought  
In heaven or earth—this scorch I

bear !—  
Oh—for the first time that these knees

Have bent before thee since my fall,  
Great Power, if ever thy decrees 1451

Thou couldst for prayer like mine  
recall,

Pardon that spirit, and on me,  
On me, who taught her pride to err,

Shed out each drop of agony  
Thy burning phial keeps for her !

See, too, where low beside me kneel  
Two other outcasts, who, though gone

And lost themselves, yet dare to feel  
And pray for that poor mortal one—

Alas, too well, too well they know 1461  
The pain, the penitence, the woe

That Passion brings upon the best,  
The wisest, and the loveliest—

Oh, who is to be sav'd, if such  
Bright, erring souls are not forgiven,

So loth they wander, and so much  
Their very wand'rings lean towards

heaven !



Again, I cry, Just Power, transfer  
That creature's sufferings all to me—  
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,  
To save one minute's pain to her, 1472  
Let mine last all eternity !

He paus'd, and to the earth bent down  
His throbbing head, while they, who  
felt

That agony as 'twere their own,  
Those angel youths, beside him knelt,  
And, in the night's still silence there,  
While mournfully each wand'ring air  
Play'd in those plumes, that never more  
To their lost home in heaven must soar,  
Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,  
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—

And which if Mercy *did not* hear,  
Oh, God would *not* be what this bright  
And glorious universe of His,  
This world of beauty, goodness, light,  
And endless love, proclaims He *is* !

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood  
That crown'd that airy solitude, 1490  
They heard a low, uncertain sound,  
As from a lute, that just had found  
Some happy theme, and murmur'd round  
The new-born fancy, with fond tone,  
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own !  
Till soon a voice, that match'd as well

That gentle instrument, as surts  
The sea-air to an ocean-shell  
(So kin its spirit to the lute's),  
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain, 1500  
Interpreting its joy, its pain,

And lending the light wings of words  
To many a thought, that else had lain  
Unfledg'd and mute among the chords

All started at the sound—but chief  
The third young Angel, in whose face,  
Though faded like the others, grief  
Had left a gentler, holier trace,  
As if, even yet, through pain and ill,  
Hope had not fled him—as if still 1510  
Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,

Unmelted at the bottom lay,  
To shine again, when, all drunk up,  
The bitterness should pass away  
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes  
There shone more pleasure than sur-  
prise,

Turn to the wood, from whence that  
sound

Of solitary sweetness broke,

Then, listening, look delighted round  
To his bright peers, while thus it  
spoke — 1520

'Come, pray with me, my seraph love,  
My angel-lord, come pray with me,  
In vain to night my lip hath strove  
To send one holy prayer above—  
The knee may bend, the lip may move,  
But pray I cannot, without thee !

I've fed the altar in my bower  
With droppings from the incense tree,  
I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,  
But dim it burns the livelong hour, 1530  
As if, like me, it had no power  
Of life or lustre, without thee !

'A boat at midnight sent alone  
To drift upon the moonless sea,  
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,  
A wounded bird, that hath but one  
Imperfect wing to soar upon,  
Are like what I am, without thee !

'Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,  
In life or death, thyself from me, 1540  
But when again, in sunny pride,  
Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,  
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—  
Oh happier thus than without thee !'

The song had ceas'd, when, from the wood  
Which, sweeping down that airy height,  
Reach'd the lone spot whereon they  
stood—

There suddenly shone out a light  
From a clear lamp, which, as it blaz'd  
Across the brow of one, who rais'd 1550  
Its flame aloft (as if to throw  
The light upon that group below),

Display'd two eyes, sparkling between  
The dusky leaves, such as are seen  
By fancy only, in those faces,  
That haunt a poet's walk at even,  
Looking from out their leafy places

Upon his dreams of love and heaven  
'Twas but a moment—the blush, brought  
O'er all her features at the thought 1560  
Of being seen thus, late, alone,  
By any but the eyes she sought,  
Had scarcely for an instant shone  
Through the dark leaves, when she  
was gone—

Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead  
Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,  
'Behold, how beautiful !'—'tis fled

Yet, ere she went, the words, 'I come,  
I come, my NAMA,' reach'd her ear,  
In that kind voice, familiar, dear, 1570  
Which tells of confidence, of home,—  
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,  
Till they grow one,—of faith sincere,  
And all that Love most loves to hear,  
A music, breathing of the past,  
The present, and the time to be,  
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,  
Lengthen out life's true harmony '  
Nor long did he, whom call so kind  
Summon'd away, remain behind, 1580  
Nor did there need much time to tell  
What they—alas, more fall'n than he  
From happiness and heaven—knew well,  
His gentler love's short history '

Thus did it run—*not* as he told  
The tale himself, but as 'tis grav'd  
Upon the tablets that, of old,  
By SETH <sup>1</sup> were from the deluge sav'd,  
All written over with sublime  
And sadd'ning legends of the' unblest,  
But glorious Spirits of that time, 1591  
And this young Angel's 'mong the  
rest

### THIRD ANGEL'S STORY

Among the Spirits, of pure flame,  
That in the' eternal heavens abide—  
Circles of light, that from the same  
Unclouded centre sweeping wide,

<sup>1</sup> Seth is a favourite personage among the Orientals, and acts a conspicuous part in many of their most extravagant romances. The Syrians pretended to have a Testament of this Patriarch in their possession, in which was explained the whole theology of angels, their different orders, &c &c. The Kurds, too (as Hyde mentions in his Appendix), have a book, which contains all the rites of their religion, and which they call *Sohuph Sheit*, or the Book of Seth.

In the same manner that Seth and Cham are supposed to have preserved these memorials of antediluvian knowledge, Xixuthrus is said in Chaldean fable to have deposited in Siparis, the city of the Sun, those monuments of science which he had saved out of the waters of a deluge. See Jablonski's learned remarks upon these columns or tablets of Seth, which he supposes to be the same with the pillars of Mercury, or the Egyptian *Thoth*—*Pantheon Egypt* lib. v. cap. 5.

<sup>2</sup> The Mussulmans, says D'Herbelot, apply the general name, *Mocaireboun*, to all those Spirits 'qui approchent le plus près le Trône'. Of this number are Mikail and Gebrail

Carry its beams on every side—  
Like spheres of air that waft around  
The undulations of rich sound,  
Till the far circling radiance be 1600  
Diffus'd into infinity '  
First and immediate near the Throne  
Of ALLA, <sup>3</sup> as if most his own,  
The Seraphs stand <sup>2</sup>—this burning sign  
Trac'd on their banner, 'Love divine '  
Their rank, their honours, far above  
Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs  
given,  
Though knowing all,—so much doth  
love  
Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in  
heaven '  
'Mong these was ZARAPH once—and  
none 1610

E'er felt affection's holy fire,  
Or yearn'd towards the' Eternal One,  
With half such longing, deep desire.  
Love was to his impassion'd soul  
Not, as with others, a mere part  
Of its existence, but the whole—  
The very life-breath of his heart '  
Oft, when from ALLA's lifted brow  
A lustre came, too bright to bear,  
And all the seraph ranks would bow,  
To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare  
To look upon the' effulgence there—  
This Spirit's eyes would count the blaze  
(Such pride he in adoring took),  
And rather lose, in that one gaze,  
The power of looking, than *not* look '

<sup>3</sup> The Seraphim, or Spirits of Divine Love. There appears to be, among writers on the East, as well as among the Orientals themselves, considerable indecision with regard to the respective claims of Seraphim and Cherubim to the highest rank in the celestial hierarchy. The derivation which Hyde assigns to the word *Cherub* seems to determine the precedence in favour of that order of spirits—'Cherubim, i. e. Propinqui Angeli, qui se Deo propius quam alii accedunt, nam *Chayab* est i. q. *Kayab*, appropinquare' (P. 263). Al-Ber-dawī, too, one of the commentators of the *Koran*, on that passage, 'the angels, who bear the throne, and those who stand about it,' (chap. xl) says, 'These are the Cherubim, the highest order of angels'. On the other hand, we have seen, in a preceding note, that the Syrians place the sphere in which the Seraphs dwell at the very summit of all the celestial systems, and even, among Mahometans, the words *Azazil* and *Mocaireboun* (which mean the spirits that stand nearest to the throne of Alla) are indiscriminately applied to both Seraphim and Cherubim.

Then, too, when angel voices sung  
The mercy of their God, and strung  
Their harps to hail, with welcome  
sweet, 1629

That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,  
When some repentant sinner's feet  
First touch'd the threshold of the  
skies,

Oh then how clearly did the voice  
Of ZARAPH above all rejoice !  
Love was in ev'ry buoyant tone—

Such love, as only could belong  
To the blest angels, and alone  
Could, ev'n from angels, bring such  
song !

Alas, that it should e'er have been  
In heav'n as 'tis too often here, 1640  
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,  
But it hath pain and peril near,—  
Where right and wrong so close re-  
semble,

That what we take for virtue's thrill  
Is often the first downward tremble  
Of the heart's balance unto ill,  
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,  
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,  
In moments, ev'n the most secure,  
Beneath his altar may glide in ! 1650

So was it with that Angel—such  
The charm, that slop'd his fall  
along,

From good to ill, from loving much,  
Too easy lapse, to loving wrong —  
Ev'n so that amorous Spirit, bound  
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,  
From the bright things above the moon  
Down to earth's beaming eyes de-  
scended,

Till love for the Creator soon  
In passion for the creature ended 1660

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore  
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute  
And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er  
The silver waters, that lay mute,  
As loth, by even a breath, to stay  
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,  
Whose echoes still went on and on,  
Till lost among the light that shone  
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—

There, where the rich cascade of day  
Had, o'er the horizon's golden rim. 1671  
Into Elysium roll'd away !

Of God she sung, and of the mild  
Attendant Mercy, that beside  
His awful throne for ever smil'd,  
Ready, with her white hand, to  
guide

His bolts of vengeance to their prey—  
That she might quench them on the  
way !

Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,  
Upon whose star, shining above 1680  
This twilight world of hope and fear,

The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd  
So fond, that with her every tear  
The light of that love-star is mix'd !—  
All this she sung, and such a soul

Of piety was in that song,  
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole  
Tenderly to his ear, along  
Those hushing waters where he lay,  
Watching the daylight's dying ray, 1690  
Thought 'twas a voice from out the  
wave,

An echo, that some sea-nymph gave  
To Eden's distant harmony,  
Heard faint and sweet beneath the  
sea !

Quickly, however, to its source,  
Tracing that music's melting course,  
He saw, upon the golden sand  
Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,  
Before whose feet the' expiring waves  
Flung their last offering with a sigh—  
As, in the East, exhausted slaves 1701  
Lay down the far-brought gift, and  
die—

And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,  
As if unequal to the tide  
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,  
She rais'd, like one beatified,  
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather  
given

To be ador'd than to adore—  
Such eyes, as may have look'd from  
heaven,  
But ne'er were rais'd to it before ?

Oh Love, Religion, Music !—all 1711  
That's left of Eden upon earth—  
The only blessings, since the fall  
Of our weak souls, that still recall  
A trace of their high, glorious birth—

<sup>1</sup> 'Les Égyptiens disent que la Musique est  
Sœur de la Religion'—*Voyages de Pythagore*,  
tom 1, p 422

How kindred are the dreams you bring !  
 How Love, though unto earth so prone,  
 Delights to take religion's wing,  
 When time or grief hath stain'd his own !  
 How near to Love's beguiling brink, 1720  
 Too oft, entanc'd Religion lies !  
 While Music, Music is the link  
 They *both* still hold by to the skies,  
 The language of their native sphere,  
 Which they had else forgotten here  
 How then could ZARAPH fail to feel  
 That moment's witcheries ?—one, so fair,  
 Breathing out music, that might steal  
 Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer  
 That seraphs might be proud to share ! 1730  
 Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well—  
 With warmth, that far too dearly cost—  
 Nor knew he, when at last he fell,  
 To which attraction, to which spell,  
 Love, Music, or Devotion, most  
 His soul in that sweet hour was lost  
 Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,  
 And pure, as aught of earth could be,  
 For then first did the glorious sun  
 Before religion's altar see 1740  
 Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie  
 Self-pledg'd, in love to live and die  
 Blest union ! by that Angel wove,  
 And worthy from such hands to come,  
 Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,  
 When fall'n or exil'd from above,  
 In this dark world can find a home  
 And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,  
 Had, from his station 'mong the blest  
 Won down by woman's smile, allow'd  
 Terrestrial passion to breathe'er 1751  
 The mirror of his heart, and cloud  
 God's image, there so bright before—  
 Yet never did that Power look down  
 On error with a brow so mild,  
 Never did Justice wear a frown,  
 Through which so gently Mercy smil'd  
 For humble was their love—with awe  
 And trembling like some treasure kept,  
 That was not theirs by holy law— 1760

Whose beauty with remorse they saw,  
 And o'er whose preciousness they wept  
 Humility, that low, sweet root,  
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot,  
 Was in the hearts of both—but most  
 In NAM's heart, by whom alone  
 Those charms for which a heaven was lost,  
 Seem'd all unvalued and unknown,  
 And when her seraph's eyes she caught,  
 And hid hers glowing on his breast,  
 Even bliss washumbled by the thought—  
 'What claim have I to be so blest ?'  
 Still less could maid, so meek, have nurs'd  
 Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,  
 With which the sex hath all been curs'd,  
 From luckless EVE to her, who near  
 The Tabernacle stole to hear  
 The secrets of the angels ! no—  
 To love as her own Seraph lov'd,  
 With Faith, the same through bliss and woe— 1780  
 Faith, that, were even its light remov'd,  
 Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,  
 And wait till it shone out again,—  
 With Patience that, though often bow'd  
 By the rude storm, can rise anew,  
 And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,  
 Sees sunny Good half breaking through !  
 This deep, relying Love, worth more  
 In heaven than all a Cherub's lore—  
 This Faith, more sure than aught beside, 1790  
 Was the sole joy, ambition, pride  
 Of her fond heart—the' unreasoning scope  
 Of all its views, above, below—  
 So true she felt it that to *hope*,  
 To *trust*, is happier than to *know*—  
 And thus in humbleness they trod,  
 Abash'd, but pure before their God,  
 Nor e'er did earth behold a sight  
 So meekly beautiful as they,  
 When, with the altar's holy light 1800  
 Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,  
 Hand within hand, and side by side,  
 Two links of love, awhile untied

From the great chain above, but fast  
Holding together to the last !—  
Two fallen Splendors,<sup>1</sup> from that tree,  
Which buds with such eternally,<sup>2</sup>  
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all  
Their light and freshness in the fall  
Their only punishment, (as wrong, 1810  
However sweet, must bear its brand,)  
Their only doom was this—that, long  
As the green earth and ocean stand,  
They both shall wander here—the  
same,  
Throughout all time, in heart and  
frame—  
Still looking to that goal sublime,  
Whose light remote, but sure, they  
see,  
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,  
Whose home is in Eternity ' 1819  
Subject, the while, to all the strife  
True Love encounters in this life—  
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in  
vain,  
The chill, that turns his warmest  
sighs  
To earthly vapour, ere they rise,  
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain  
That in his very sweetness lies —  
Still worse, the' illusions that betray  
His footsteps to their shining brink,  
That tempt him, on his desert way  
Through the bleak world, to bend and  
drink, 1830  
Where nothing meets his lips, alas,—  
But he again must sighing pass  
On to that far-off home of peace,  
In which alone his thirst will cease  
All this they bear, but, not the less,  
Have moments rich in happiness—  
Blest meetings, after many a day  
Of widowhood past far away,  
When the lov'd face again is seen  
Close, close, with not a tear between—

Confidings frank, without control, 1841  
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul,  
As free from any fear or doubt  
As is that light from chill or stain,  
The sun into the stars sheds out,  
To be by them shed back again '—  
That happy minglement of hearts,  
Where, chang'd as chymic compounds  
are,  
Each with its own existence parts,  
To find a new one, happier far ' 1850  
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,  
That blessed hope of the bright hour,  
When, happy and no more to fall,  
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd  
power,  
Rise up rewarded for their trust  
In Him, from whom all goodness  
springs,  
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust  
From their emancipated wings,  
Wander for ever through those skies  
Of radiance, where Love never dies' 1860  
In what lone region of the earth  
These Pilgrims now may roam or  
dwell,  
God and the Angels, who look forth  
To watch their steps, alone can tell  
But should we, in our wanderings,  
Meet a young pair, whose beauty  
wants  
But the adornment of bright wings,  
To look like heaven's inhabitants—  
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet  
Are humble in their earthly lot, 1870  
As is the way-side violet,  
That shines unseen, and were it not  
For its sweet breath would be forgot—  
Whose hearts, in every thought, are  
one,  
Whose voices utter the same wills—  
Answering, as Echo doth some tone  
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jewish Cabbala, represented as a tree, of which God is the crown or summit

The Sephiroths are the higher orders of emanative beings in the strange and incomprehensible system of the Jewish Cabbala. They are called by various names, Pity, Beauty, &c &c, and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other

<sup>2</sup> The reader may judge of the rationality of this Jewish system by the following explanation of part of the machinery — 'Les canaux

qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d'un grand nombre d'Anges. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui récompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints,' &c &c —For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield's very useful compendium of Bruckei

<sup>3</sup> On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre. L'Enseph qu'on met au dessus de l'arbre Sephirotique ou des Splendeurs divins est l'Infin'.—*L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv ix, 11

So like itself, we seek in vain  
Which is the echo, which the strain—  
Whose piety is love, whose love, 1880  
Though close as 'twere their souls'  
embrace,  
Is not of earth, but from above—  
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,  
Whose light, from one to the other thrown,

Is heaven's reflection, not their own—  
Should we e'er meet with aught so  
pure,  
So perfect here, we may be sure  
'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see,  
And call young lovers round, to view  
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue 1890  
Their pathway towards eternity

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

## SCEPTICISM

ERE Psyche drank the cup, that shed  
Immortal Life into her soul,  
Some evil spirit pour'd, 'tis said,  
One drop of Doubt into the bowl—

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,  
To Psyche's lips—she knew not  
why—  
Made even that blessed nectar seem  
As though its sweetness soon would  
die

Oft, in the very arms of Love,  
A chill came o'er her heart—a fear  
That Death might, even yet, remove  
Her spirit from that happy sphere

'Those sunny ringlets,' she exclaim'd,  
Twining them round her snowy  
fingers,

'That forehead, where a light, unnam'd,  
Unknown on earth, for ever lingers,

Those lips, through which I feel the  
breath

Of Heaven itself, when'er they sever—  
Say, are they mine, beyond all death,  
My own, hereafter, and for ever ?

Smile not—I know that starry brow,  
Those ringlets, and bright lips of  
thine,

Will always shine, as they do now—  
But shall I live to see them shine ?

In vain did Love say, 'Turn thine eyes  
On all that sparkles round thee here—  
Thou'rt now in heaven, where nothing  
dies,

And in these arms—what *canst* thou  
fear ?

In vain—the fatal drop, that stole  
Into that cup's immortal treasure,  
Had lodg'd its bitter near her soul,  
And gave a tinge to every pleasure  
And, though there ne'er was transport  
given  
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,  
Hers is the only face in heaven,  
That wears a cloud amid its joy

## A JOKE VERSIFIED

'COME, come,' said Tom's father, 'at  
your time of life,  
There's no longer excuse for thus play-  
ing the rake—  
It is time you should think, boy, of  
taking a wife'—  
'Why, so it is, father—whose wife  
shall I take ?'

## ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

PURE as the mantle, which, o'er him who  
stood

By JORDAN's stream, descended from  
the sky,

Is that remembrance, which the wise  
and good

Leave in the hearts that love them,  
when they die

So pure, so precious shall the memory be,  
Bequeath'd, in dying, to our souls by  
thee—

So shall the love we bore thee, cherish'd  
warm

Within our souls through grief, and  
pain, and strife,

Be, like ELISHA's cruse, a holy charm,  
Wherewith to 'heal the waters' of  
this life !

## TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE  
STRAINER

Brighton, June, 1825

THIS life, dear Corry, who can doubt ?—

Resembles much friend Ewart's<sup>1</sup> wine,

When *first* the rosy drops come out,

How beautiful, how clear they shine !

And thus awhile they keep their tint,

So free from even a shade with some,

That they would smile, did you but  
hint,

That darker drops would *ever* come

But soon the ruby tide runs short,

Each minute makes the sad truth  
plainer,

Till life, like old and crusty port,

When near its close, requires a  
strainer

THIS friendship can alone confer,

Alone can teach the drops to pass,

If not as bright as *once* they were,

At least unclouded, through the glass

Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,

Of which this heart were fonder,  
vainer,

Than thus, if life grow like old wine,

To have *thy* friendship for its strainer

## FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER

HERE lies Factotum Ned at last,

Long as he breath'd the vital air,

Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,

In which Ned hadn't some small share

Whoe'er was *in*, whoe'er was *out*,

Whatever statesmen did or said,

If not exactly brought about,

'Twas all, at least, contriv'd by Ned

With NAP, if Russia went to war,

'Twas owing, under Providence, 10

To certain hints Ned gave the Czar—

(Vide his pamphlet—price, sixpence)

If France was beat at Waterloo—

As all but Frenchmen think she was—

To Ned, as Wellington well knew,

Was owing half that day's applause

<sup>1</sup> A wine-merchant

Then for his news—no envoy's bag  
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it,  
Scarcely a telegraph could wag

Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it 20

Such tales he had of foreign plots,

With foreign names, one's ear to  
buzz in !

From Russia, *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,

From Poland, *owskis* by the dozen

When George, alarm'd for England's  
creed,

Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,

And men ask'd—who advis'd the deed ?

Ned modestly confess'd 'twas he.

For though, by some unlucky miss,

He had not downright *seen* the King,

He sent such hints through Viscount

*This*,

To Marquis *That*, as clench'd the thing 31

The same it was in science, arts,

The Drama, Books, MS and printed—

Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest  
parts,

And Scott's last work by him was  
hinted

Child Harold in the proofs he read,

And, here and there, infus'd some  
soul in't—

Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,

Had—odd enough—an awkward hole  
in't 40

'Twas thus, all-doing and all-knowing,

Wit, statesman, boxer, chymist,  
singer,

Whatever was the best pye going,

In *that* Ned—trust him—had his finger

## WHAT SHALL I SING THEE ?

TO —

WHAT shall I sing thee ? Shall I tell

Of that bright hour, remember'd well

As though it shone but yesterday,

When, loitering idly in the ray

Of a spring-sun, I heard, o'erhead,

My name as by some spirit said,

And, looking up, saw two bright eyes

Above me from a casement shune,

Dazzling my mind with such surprise

As they, who sail beyond the Line,

Feel when new stars above them rise,—  
And it was thine, the voice that spoke,  
Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then,  
And thine the eye, whose lustre broke—  
Never to be forgot again !

What shall I sing thee ? Shall I weave  
A song of that sweet summer-eve,  
(Summer, of which the sunniest part  
Was that we, each, had in the heart,)  
When thou and I, and one like thee,  
In life and beauty, to the sound  
Of our own breathless minstrelsy,  
Danc'd till the sunlight faded round,  
Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,  
Lights, music, company, and all !  
Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain  
Of lute like mine, whose day is past,  
To call up even a dream again  
Of the fresh light those moments cast

### COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE

ONE night the nymph call'd COUNTRY  
DANCE—

(Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,  
Preferring a coquette from France,  
That mincing thing, *Mamselle* QUAD-  
RILLE)—

Having been chas'd from London down  
To that most humble haunt of all  
She used to grace—a Country Town—  
Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball

'Here, here, at least,' she cried, 'though  
driven  
From London's gay and shining  
tracks—

Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,  
I've lost, for ever lost, Almack's—

Though not a London Miss alive  
Would now for her acquaintance own  
me,  
And spinsters, even, of forty-five,  
Upon their honours ne'er have known  
me,

Here, here, at least, I triumph still,  
And—spite of some few dandy  
Lancers,

Who vainly try to preach Quadrille—  
See nought but *true-blue* Country  
Dancers

Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,  
My throne, like *Magna Charta*, raise  
'Mong sturdy, freeborn legs and arms,  
That scorn the threaten'd *chaine*  
*Anglaise* !

'Twas thus she said, as 'mid the din  
Of footmen, and the town sedan,  
She lighted at the King's Head Inn,  
And up the stairs triumphant ran

The Squires and their Squires all, 29  
With young Squirinas, just come out,  
And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,  
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no  
doubt,)—

All these, as light she tripp'd up stairs,  
Were in the cloak-room seen assem-  
bling—

When, hark ! some new, outlandish airs,  
From the First Fiddle, set her  
trembling

She stops—she listens—*can* it be ?  
Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape it—  
It is 'Di tanti palpiti'  
As plain as English bow can scrape it

'Courage !' however—in she goes, 41  
With her best, sweeping country  
grace ;

When, ah too true, her worst of foes,  
QUADRILLE, there meets her, face to  
face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,  
Or kit of that gay Muse, *Terpsichore*,  
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,  
Their looks and language, airs and  
trickery

There stood QUADRILLE, with cat-like  
face

(The beau-ideal of French beauty), 50  
A band-box thing, all art and lace  
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tye

Her flounces, fresh from *Victorine*—  
From *Hippolyte*, her rouge and hair—  
Her poetry, from *Lamartine*—  
Her morals, from—the Lord knows  
where

And, when she danc'd—so slidingly,  
So near the ground she plied her art,  
You'd swear her mother-earth and she  
Had made a compact ne'er to part 60



Her face too, all the while, sedate,  
No signs of life or motion showing,  
Like a bright *pendule's* dial-plate—  
So still, you'd hardly think 'twas *going*

Full fronting her stood *Country Dance*—  
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you  
would know  
For English, at a single glance—  
English all o'er, from top to toe

A little *gauche*, 'tis fair to own, 69  
And rather given to skips and bounces,  
Endangering thereby many a gown,  
And playing, oft, the devil with flounces

Unlike *Mamselle*—who would prefer  
(As morally a lesser ill)  
A thousand flaws of character,  
To one vile rumple of a frill

No rouge did She of Albion wear,  
Let her but run that two-heat race  
She calls a *Set*, not *Dian* e'er 79  
Came rosier from the woodland chase

Such was the nymph, whose soul had in't  
Such anger now—whose eyes of blue  
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,  
Which English maids call '*Water-  
loo*' )—

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk  
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,  
While—to the tune of '*Money Musk*,'<sup>1</sup>  
Which struck up now—she proudly  
spoke —

' Heard you that strain—that joyous  
strain ?

'Twas such as England lov'd to hear,  
Ere thou, and all thy frippery train, 91  
Corrupted both her foot and ear—

Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,  
Presum'd, in sight of all beholders,  
To lay his rude, licentious hands  
On virtuous English backs and  
shoulders—

Ere times and morals both grew bad,  
And, yet unfleec'd by funding block-  
heads,

Happy John Bull not only *had*,  
But danc'd to, "Money in both  
pockets" 100

<sup>1</sup> An old English Country Dance.

Alas, the change '—Oh, L—d—y,  
Where is the land could 'scape  
disasters,

With *such* a Foreign Secretary,  
Aided by Foreign Dancing Masters ?

Woe to ye, men of ships and shops !  
Rulers of day-books and of waves !  
Quadrill'd, on one side, into fops,  
And drill'd, on t'other, into slaves !

Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,  
Like pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,  
With elbows, *a la crapaudine*, 111  
And feet in—God knows what posi-  
tion ,

Hemm'd in by watchful chaperons,  
Inspectors of your airs and graces,  
Who intercept all whisper'd tones,  
And read your telegraphic faces ,

Unable with the youth ador'd,  
In that grim *cordon* of Mammas,  
To interchange one tender word,  
Though whisper'd but in *queue de  
chats* 120

Ah did you know how blest we rang'd,  
Ere vile Quadrille usurp'd the fiddle—  
What looks in *setting* were exchang'd,  
What tender words in *down the  
middle* ,

How many a couple, like the wind,  
Which nothing in its course con-  
trols,

Left time and chaperons far behind,  
And gave a loose to legs and souls ,

How matrimony throve—ere stopp'd  
By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting—  
How charmingly one's partner popp'd  
The' important question in *pousset-  
ting* 132

While now, alas—no sly advances—  
No marriage hints—all goes on badly—  
'Twixt Parson Malthus and French  
Dances,

We, girls, are at a discount sadly

Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)  
Declares not half so much is made  
By Licences—and he must know well—  
Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the  
trade' 140

She ceas'd—tears fell from every Miss—  
 She now had touch'd the true  
 pathetic —  
 One such authentic fact as this  
 Is worth whole volumes theoretic  
 Instant the cry was 'Country dance !'  
 And the maid saw, with brightening  
 face,  
 The Steward of the night advance,  
 And lead her to her birthright place  
 The fiddles, which awhile had ceas'd,  
 Now tun'd again their summons sweet,  
 And, for one happy night, at least, 151  
 Old England's triumph was complete

GAZEL

HASTE, Maami, the spring is high,  
 Already, in the' unopen'd flowers  
 That sleep around us, Fancy's eye  
 Can see the blush of future bowers,  
 And joy it brings to thee and me,  
 My own beloved Maami !  
 The streamlet frozen on its way,  
 To feed the marble Founts of Kings,  
 Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,  
 Upon its path exulting springs—  
 As doth this bounding heart to thee,  
 My ever blissful Maami !  
 Such bright hours were not made to stay,  
 Enough if they a while remain,  
 Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,  
 From time to time, and come again  
 And life shall all one Irem be  
 For us, my gentle Maami  
 O haste, for this impatient heart,  
 Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,  
 That rends its inmost leaves apart  
 With passion for the nightingale,  
 So languishes this soul for thee,  
 My bright and blushing Maami !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF  
 JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ OF DUBLIN

If ever life was prosperously cast,  
 If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow  
 Of some sweet music, sweetness to the  
 last,  
 'Twas his who, mourn'd by many,  
 sleeps below

The sunny temper, bright where all is  
 strife,  
 The simple heart above all worldly  
 wiles,  
 Light wit that plays along the calm of  
 life,  
 And stirs its languid surface into  
 smiles,  
 Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,  
 Sudden and loud, oppressing what it  
 feeds,  
 But, like the dew, with gradual silent  
 power,  
 Felt in the bloom it leaves along the  
 meads,

The happy grateful spirit, that im-  
 proves  
 And brightens every gift by fortune  
 given,  
 That, wander where it will with those it  
 loves,  
 Makes every place a home, and home  
 a heaven

All these were his—Oh, thou who  
 read'st this stone,  
 When for thyself, thy children, to the  
 sky  
 Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon  
 alone,  
 That ye like him may live, like him  
 may die !

GENIUS AND CRITICISM

Scriptis quidem fata, sed sequitur  
 Seneca

Of old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,  
 As Nature meant, supreme, alone,  
 With mind uncheck'd, and hands  
 unchain'd,  
 His views, his conquests were his  
 own

But power like his, that digs its grave  
 With its own sceptre, could not  
 last,  
 So Genius' self became the slave  
 Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd  
 As Jove, who forg'd the chain of Fate,  
 Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it, 10  
 His nods, his struggles all too late—  
 'Quis semel iussit, semper parat'

To check young Gemus' proud career,  
The slaves, who now his throne invaded,  
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,  
And from that hour his glories faded

Tied down in Legislation's school,  
Afraid of even his own ambition,  
His very victories were by rule,  
And he was great but by permission

His most heroic deeds—the same, 21  
That dazzled, when spontaneous  
actions—  
Now, done by law, seem'd cold and  
tame,  
And shorn of all their first attrac-  
tions

If he but stirr'd to take the air,  
Instant, the Vizir's Council sat—  
'Good Lord, your Highness can't go  
there—  
Bless me, your Highness can't do  
that'

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy  
Rich jewels for his diadem, 30  
'The taste was bad, the price was  
high—  
A flower were simpler than a gem'

To please them if he took to flowers—  
'What trifling, what unmeaning  
things'

Fit for a woman's toilet hours,  
But not at all the style for Kings'

If, fond of his domestic sphere,  
He play'd no more the rambling  
comet—

'A dull, good sort of man, 'twas clear,  
But, as for great or brave, far from  
it 40

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,  
For realms more worthy to enthrone  
him?

'Saint Aristotle, what wild notions'  
Serve a "ne exeat regno" on him'

At length, their last and worst to do,  
They round him plac'd a guard of  
watchmen,

Reviewers, knaves in brown, or blue  
Turn'd up with yellow—chiefly  
Scotchmen;

To dog his footsteps all about,  
Like those in Longwood's prison  
grounds, 50  
Who at Napoleon's heels rode out,  
For fear the Conqueror should break  
bounds

Oh for some Champion of his power,  
Some *Ultra* spirit, to set free,  
As erst in Shakespeare's sovereign hour,  
The thunders of his Royalty '—

To vindicate his ancient line,  
The first, the true, the only one,  
Of Right eternal and divine,  
That rules beneath the blessed sun 60

### TO LADY J-R-Y,

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING  
IN HER ALBUM

Written at Middleton

Oh albums, albums, how I dread  
Your everlasting scrap and scrawl!  
How often wish that from the dead,  
Old Omar would pop forth his head,  
And make a bonfire of you all!

So might I 'scape the spinster band,  
The blushless blues, who, day and  
night,  
Like duns in doorways, take their stand,  
To waylay bards, with book in hand,  
Crying for ever, 'Write, sir, write!'

So might I shun the shame and pain,  
That o'er me at this instant come,  
When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,  
Knocks at the portal of my brain,  
And gets, for answer, 'Not at home!'

November, 1828

### TO THE SAME

ON LOOKING THROUGH HER ALBUM

No wonder bards, both high and low,  
From Byron down to — and me,  
Should seek the fame, which all bestow  
On him whose task is praising thee

Let but the theme be J-r-y's eyes,  
At once all errors are forgiven,  
As ev'n old Sternhold still we prize,  
Because, though dull, he sings of  
heaven

## SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS

THE following trifles, having enjoyed, in their circulation through the newspapers, all the celebrity and length of life to which they were entitled, would have been suffered to pass quietly into oblivion without pretending to any further distinction, had they not already been published, in a collective form, both in London and Paris, and, in each case, been mixed up with a number of other productions, to which, whatever may be their merit, the author of the following pages has no claim. A natural desire to separate his own property, worthless as it is, from that of others, is, he begs to say, the chief motive of the publication of this volume

### TO SIR HUDSON LOWE

Effare causam nominis;  
Utumne mores hoc tui  
Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc  
Secuta morum regula Ausonius

1816

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*,  
(By name, and ah ' by nature so)  
As thou art fond of persecutions,  
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,  
How Captain Gulliver was treated,  
When thrown among the Lilliputians  
They tied him down—these little men  
did—  
And having valiantly ascended  
Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,

They did so strut '—upon my soul,  
It must have been extremely droll  
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins  
Amus'd themselves with sticking pins  
And needles in the great man's  
breeches

And how some *very* little things,  
That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings  
Got up, and worried him with speeches

Alas, alas ' that it should happen  
To mighty men to be caught napping '—  
Though different, too, these persecu-  
tions,

For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,  
While, *here* the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,  
Is taken by the Lilliputians!

### AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK AND GOVERNMENT

1826

BANK

Is all then forgotten ? those amorous pranks  
You and I, in our youth, my dear Government, play'd,  
When you call'd me the fondest, the truest of Banks,  
And enjoy'd the endearing *advances* I made!

When left to ourselves, unmolested and free,  
To do all that a dashing young couple should do,  
A law against *paying* was laid upon me,  
But none against *owing*, dear helpmate, on you

And is it then vanish'd ?—that ' hour (as Othello  
So happily calls it) of Love and *Direction* ' ?<sup>1</sup>  
And must we, like other fond doves, my dear fellow,  
Grow good in our old age, and cut the connexion ?

<sup>1</sup> ——— ' An hour  
Of love, of worldly matter and direction '

## GOVERNMENT

Even so, my belov'd Mrs. Bank, it must be ;  
 This paying in cash plays the devil with wooing <sup>1</sup>  
 We've both had our swing, but I plainly foresee  
 There must soon be a stop to our *bill*-ing and cooing.

Propagation in reason—a small child or two—  
 Even Reverend Malthus himself is a friend to ,  
 The issue of some folks is moderate and few—  
 But *ours*, my dear corporate Bank, there's no end to !

So—hard though it be on a pair, who've already  
 Dispos'd of so many pounds, shillings, and pence ;  
 And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy,<sup>2</sup>  
 So lavish of cash and so sparing of sense—

The day is at hand, my Papyria<sup>3</sup> Venus,  
 When—high as we once used to carry our capers—  
 Those soft *billet-doux* we're now passing between us,  
 Will serve but to keep Mrs Coutts in curl-papers .

And when—if we *still* must continue our love,  
 (After all that has pass'd)—our amour, it is clear,  
 Like that which Miss Danae manag'd with Jove,  
 Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my dear !

February, 1826

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE POUND NOTE

'O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres  
 Agna lupos, capreaeque leones' Hor

SAID a Sov'reign to a Note,  
 In the pocket of my coat,  
 Where they met in a neat purse of  
 leather,  
 'How happens it, I prithee,  
 That, though I'm wedded *with* thee,  
 Fair Pound, we can never live together ?

Like your sex, fond of *change*,  
 With silver you can range,  
 And of lots of young sixpences be mother,  
 While with *me*—upon my word, no  
 Not my Lady and my Lord  
 Of W—stm—th see so little of each  
 other !'

The indignant Note replied  
 (Lying crumpled by his side),  
 'Shame, shame, it is *yourself* that  
 roam, Sir—

<sup>1</sup> It appears, however, that Ovid was a friend  
 to the resumption of payment in specie —

— 'finem, specie caeleste resumpta,  
 Luctibus imposuit, venitque salutifer urbi.  
*Met* l xv v 743

One cannot look askance,  
 But, whip ! you're off to France,  
 Leaving nothing but old rags at home,  
 Sir

Your scampering began  
 From the moment Parson Van, 20  
 Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter,  
 "For better or for worse"  
 Is the usual marriage curse,  
 But ours is all "worse" and no "better"

In vain are laws pass'd,  
 There's nothing holds you fast,  
 Tho' you know, sweet Sovereign, I  
 adore you—  
 At the smallest hint in life,  
 You forsake your lawful wife,  
 As *other* Sovereigns did before you 30

I flirt with Silver, true—  
 But what can ladies do,

<sup>2</sup> Honourable Frederick R-b-ns-n

<sup>3</sup> So called, to distinguish her from the  
 'Aurea' or *Golden Venus*.

When disown'd by their natural pro-  
 tectors ?  
 And as to falsehood, stuff !  
 I shall soon be *false* enough,  
 When I get among those wicked Bank  
 Directors,

The Sovereign, smiling on her,  
 Now swore, upon his honour,  
 To be henceforth domestic and loyal,  
 But, within an hour or two, 40  
 Why—I sold him to a Jew,  
 And he's now at No 10, Palais Royal

## AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING

'Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?' Virgil

1826

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all  
 The Peers of the realm about cheapening their corn,<sup>1</sup>  
 When you know, if one hasn't a very high rental,  
 'Tis hardly worth while being very high born ?

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,  
 On a question, my Lord, there's so much to abhor in ?  
 A question—like asking one, 'How is your wife ?'—  
 At once so confounded *domestic* and *foreign*

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast,  
 But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show, 10  
 (Like the well physick'd elephant, lately deceas'd,) 10  
 Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you know

You might see, my dear Baron, how bor'd and distress  
 Were their high noble hearts by your merciless tale,  
 When the force of the agony wrung even a jest  
 From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord L-d-d-le !<sup>2</sup>

Bright peer ! to whom Nature and Berwickshire gave  
 A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,  
 That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,  
 You may always conclude that Lord L-d-d-le's joking ! 20

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth—  
 Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms  
 Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,  
 'Twixt those who have *heir*-looms, and those who've but looms !

'To talk *now* of starving !'—as great Ath—I said—<sup>3</sup>  
 (And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all wonder'd,)  
 'When, some years ago, he and others had fed  
 Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hundred !'

It follows from hence—and the Duke's very words  
 Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this craft are— 30  
 That weavers, *once* rescued from starving by Lords,  
 Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after

<sup>1</sup> See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday, March 1, 1826, when Lord King was severely reproved by several of the noble Peers, for making so many speeches against the Corn Laws

<sup>2</sup> This noble Earl said, that 'when he heard the petition came from ladies' boot and shoe-makers, he thought it must be against the

"coins" which they inflicted on the fair sex'  
<sup>3</sup> The Duke of Athol said, that 'at a former period, when these weavers were in great distress, the landed interest of Perth had supported 1500 of them. It was a poor return for these very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them'

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians  
 Made 'Bread and the Circus' a cure for each row,  
 But not so the plan of *our* noble physicians,  
 'No Bread and the Tread-mill's' the regimen now

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,  
 As I shall my poetry—*neither* convinces,  
 And all we have spoken and written but shows,  
 When you tread on a nobleman's corn,<sup>1</sup> how he winces

40

### THE SINKING FUND CRIED

'Now what, we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund—these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the amount of four hundred thousand pounds annually? Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself?'—*The Times*

TAKE your bell, take your bell,  
 Good Crier, and tell  
 To the Bulls and the Bears, till their  
 ears are stunn'd,  
 That, lost or stolen,  
 Or fall'n through a hole in  
 The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!

O yes! O yes!  
 Can any body guess  
 What the deuce has become of this  
 Treasury wonder?  
 It has Pitt's name on't, 10  
 All brass, in the front,  
 And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a  
 goose-quill, under.

Folks well knew what  
 Would soon be its lot,  
 When Frederick and Jenky set hob-  
 nobbing,<sup>2</sup>  
 And said to each other,  
 'Suppose, dear brother,  
 We make this funny old Fund worth  
 robbing'

We are come, alas!  
 To a very pretty pass— 20  
 Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay,  
 With but Five in the till,  
 To discharge the bill,  
 And even that Five, too, whipp'd away!

Stop thief! stop thief!—  
 From the Sub to the Chief,  
 These *Gemmen* of Finance are plunder-  
 ing cattle—  
 Call the watch—call Brougham,  
 Tell Joseph Hume,  
 That best of Charleys, to spring his  
 rattle 30

Whoever will bring  
 This aforesaid thing  
 To the well-known house of Robinson  
 and Jenkin,  
 Shall be paid, with thanks,  
 In the notes of banks,  
 Whose Funds have all learn'd 'the Art  
 of Sinking'

O yes! O yes!  
 Can any body guess  
 What the devil has become of this  
 Treasury wonder?  
 It has Pitt's name on't, 40  
 All brass, in the front,  
 And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a  
 goose-quill, under

### ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES

BY SIR TH—M—S L—THBR—E

'Legiferae Cerei Phoeboque' Virgil

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know,  
 (Among other odd whims of those comical bodies,)  
 Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show  
 Thou wert always a true Country gentleman's Goddess

<sup>1</sup> An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L.'s joke

<sup>2</sup> In 1824, when the Sinking Fund was raised

by the imposition of new taxes to the sum of five millions

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,  
 An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,  
 Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing doesn't bore thee),  
 Thou'lt read o'er the last of his—*never*-last speeches

Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn  
 Now heap'd upon England's 'Squirearchy, so boasted, 10  
 Improving on Hunt,<sup>1</sup> 'tis no longer the Corn,  
 'Tis the *growers* of Corn that are now, alas! roasted

In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us—  
 Reviewers, economists—fellows, no doubt,  
 That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,  
 And Gods of high fashion know little about

There's B—nth—m, whose English is all his own making,—  
 Who thinks just as little of settling a nation  
 As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking  
 (What he, himself, calls) his 'post-prandial vibration' <sup>2</sup> 20

There are two Mr M——lls, too, whom those that love reading  
 Through all that's unreadable, call very clever,—  
 And, whereas M——ll Senior makes war on *good* breeding,  
 M——ll Junior makes war on all *breeding* whatever <sup>1</sup>

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided  
 Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages,—  
 With *which* of these classes we, landlords, have sided  
 Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt read a few pages

For therein I've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,  
 And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting, 30  
 That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction  
 To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating

On the contrary, such the '*chaste* notions' <sup>3</sup> of food  
 That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,  
 They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,  
 That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,  
 When the Land and the Silk <sup>4</sup> shall, in fond combination,  
 (Like *Sulky* and *Sulky*, that pair in the play,<sup>5</sup>)  
 Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and Starvation! 40

Long life to the Minister!—no matter who,  
 Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he  
 Keeps the ports shut—and the people's mouths too,—  
 We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity

<sup>1</sup> A sort of 'breakfast-powder,' composed of roasted corn, was about this time introduced by Mr Hunt, as a substitute for coffee

<sup>2</sup> The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk

<sup>3</sup> A phrase in one of Sir T—m—s's last speeches

<sup>4</sup> Great efforts were, at that time, making for the exclusion of foreign silk

<sup>5</sup> 'Road to Ruin'



And, as for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn  
 To hate the whole crew who would take our rents from us,  
 Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,  
 That last, honest Uni-Corn<sup>1</sup> would be Sir Th—m—s'

## A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS

'Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo'

AND now—cross-buns and pancakes  
 o'er—

Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!  
 Thrice hail and welcome, Houses  
 Twain!

The short eclipse of April-Day  
 Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,  
 Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick  
 and thin,—

With Paddy H—lmes for whipper-in,—  
 Whate'er the job, prepar'd to back  
 it,

Come, voters of Supplies—bestowers 10  
 Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,  
 At eighty mortal pounds the jacket!<sup>2</sup>

Come—free, at length, from Joint-Stock  
 cares—

Ye Senators of many Shares,  
 Whose dreams of premium knew no  
 boundary,

So fond of aught like *Company*,  
 That you would even have taken *tea*  
 (Had you been ask'd) with Mr  
 Goundry<sup>3</sup>

Come, matchless country-gentlemen,  
 Come, wise Sir Thomas—wisest then, 20  
 When creeds and corn-laws are  
 debated,

Come, rival even the Harlot Red,  
 And show how wholly into *bread*  
 A 'Squire is transubstantiated

<sup>1</sup> This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the natural history of the Unicorn, which is supposed to be something between the Bos and the Asinus, and, as *Rees's Cyclopaedia* assures us, has a particular liking for every thing 'chaste'

<sup>2</sup> An item of expense which Mr Hume in vain endeavoured to get rid of—trumpeters, it appears like the men of All-Souls, must be '*bene restiti*'

Come, L—derd—e, and tell the world,  
 That—surely as thy scratch is curl'd,  
 As never scratch was curl'd before—  
 Cheap eating does more harm than  
 good,  
 And working-people, spoil'd by food,  
 The less they eat, will work the  
 more 30

Come, G—lb—rn, with thy glib de-  
 fence  
 (Which thou'dst have made for Peter's  
 Pence)

Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter,  
 Two pipes of port (*old* port, 'twas  
 said

By honest Newport<sup>4</sup>) bought and paid  
 By Papists for the Orange Altar!<sup>5</sup>

Come, H—rt—n, with thy plan, so  
 merry,

For peopling Canada from Kerry—  
 Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,  
 As grafting on the dull Canadians 40  
 That liveliest of earth's contagions,  
 The *bull*-pock of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wondrous men  
 Of wit and wisdom, come again,  
 Though short your absence, all de-  
 plore it—  
 Oh, come and show, whate'er men  
 say,  
 That you can, *after* April-Day,  
 Be just as—sapient as *before* it

<sup>3</sup> The gentleman, lately before the public, who kept his *Joint-Stock Tea Company* all to himself, singing '*Te solo adeio*'

<sup>4</sup> Sir John Newport

<sup>5</sup> This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine is a precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their Catholic fellow-passionaries by the Irish Protestants

'The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine'

## MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1826

THE Budget—quite charming and witty—no hearing,  
 For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were in it,—  
 Great comfort to find, though the Speech isn't *cheering*,  
 That all its gay auditors *were*, every minute

What, *still* more prosperity '—mercy upon us,  
 'This boy'll be the death of me'—oft as, already,  
 Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,  
 For *Run made easy* there's no one like Freddy

TUESDAY

Much grave apprehension express'd by the Peers,  
 Lest—calling to life the old Peachums and Lockitts—  
 The large stock\* of gold we're to have in three years,  
 Should all find its way into highwaymen's pockets! <sup>1</sup>

WEDNESDAY

Little doing—for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art  
 To the seven-o'-clock joys of full many a table—  
 When *the Members* all meet, to make much of that part,  
 With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable

It appear'd, though, to-night, that—as churchwardens, yearly  
 Eat up a small baby—those cormorant sinners,  
 The Bankrupt-Commissioners, *bolt* very nearly  
 A moderate-siz'd bankrupt, *tout chaud*, for their dinners! <sup>2</sup>  
*Nota bene*—a rumour to day, in the City,  
 'Mr R—b—ns—n just has resign'd'—what a pity!  
 The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,  
 When they heard of the fate of poor Cock *Robin*,  
 While thus, to the nursery tune, so pretty,  
 A murmuring *Stock-dove* breath'd her ditty —

'Alas, poor *Robin*, he crow'd as long  
 And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow,  
 But his *note* was *small*, and the *gold-finch's* song  
 Was a pitch too high for Robin to go  
 Who'll make his shroud?'

'I,' said the Bank, though he play'd me a prank,  
 While I have a rag, poor *Rob* shall be roll'd in't,  
 With many a pound I'll paper him round,  
 Like a plump rouleau—*without* the gold in't'

<sup>1</sup> 'Another objection to a metallic currency was, that it produced a greater number of highway robberies'—*Debate in the Lords*

<sup>2</sup> Mr Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of the Commissioners of Bankrupts

## ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD

(SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA)

'The Public Debt is due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolves itself into a Family Account'—*Sir Robert Peel's Letter*

Tune—*My banks are all furnish'd with bees*

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,  
So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em,  
I've torn up my old money-bags,  
Having little or nought to put in 'em  
My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,  
But this is all nothing, they say,  
For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins,  
So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,  
As sages the matter explain,— 10  
Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy  
Just owes it to Bob back again  
Since all have thus taken to owing,  
There's nobody left that can pay;  
And this is the way to keep going,—  
All quite in the family way

My senators vote away millions,  
To put in Prosperity's budget;  
And though it were billions or trillions,  
The generous rogues wouldn't grudge

10

20

'Tis all but a family *hop*,  
'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay,  
Hands round '—why the deuce should  
we stop?  
'Tis all in the family way

My labourers used to eat mutton,  
As any great man of the State does,  
And now the poor devils are put on  
Small rations of tea and potatoes  
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,  
The King is your father, they say, 30  
So, ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,  
'Tis all in the family way

My rich manufacturers tumble,  
My poor ones have nothing to chew,  
And, even if themselves do not grumble,  
Their stomachs undoubtedly do  
But coolly to fast *en famille*,  
Is as good for the soul as to pray,  
And famine itself is genteel,  
When one starves in a family way 40

I have found out a secret for Freddy,  
A secret for next Budget day,  
Though, perhaps, he may know it  
already,  
As he, too, 's a sage in his way  
When next for the Treasury scene he  
Announces 'the Devil to pay,'  
Let him write on the bills, '*Nota bene*,  
'Tis all in the family way'

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE  
ELECTION

'I authorized my Committee to take the step  
which they did, of proposing a fair comparison  
of strength, upon the understanding that *which-*  
*ever of the two should prove to be the weakest,*  
should give way to the other'—*Extract from*  
*Mr W. J. B—kes's Letter to Mr G—lb—n*

B—kes is weak, and G—lb—n too,  
No one e'er the fact denied,—  
Which is '*weakest*' of the two,  
Cambridge can alone decide  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say

G—lb—n of the Pope afraid is  
B—kes, as much afraid as he,  
Never yet did two old ladies  
On this point so well agree  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say

Each a different mode pursues,  
Each the same conclusion reaches,  
B—kes is foolish in Reviews,  
G—lb—n, foolish in his speeches  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say

Each a different foe doth damn,  
When his own affairs have gone ill,  
B—kes he dammeth Buckingham,  
G—lb—n dammeth Dan O'Connell  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say

Once, we know, a horse's neigh  
Fix'd the election to a throne,  
So, which ever first shall *bray*,  
Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.  
Choose him, choose him by his bray,  
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray

June, 1826

## MR. ROGER DODSWORTH

1826

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES*

Sir,—Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr Roger Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappe*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject —Yours, &c

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI

WHAT a lucky turn up '—just as Eld—n's withdrawing,  
To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year  
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing,  
To serve for *our* times quite as well as the Peer,—

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom alone  
Of our Ancestors, such as 'tis found on our shelves,  
But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and full-grown,  
To shovel up one of those wise bucks themselves!

Oh thaw Mr Dodsworth, and send him safe home—  
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way,  
With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him come,  
And our Tories will hail him with 'Hear!' and 'Hurra!'

What a God-send to *them*!—a good, obsolete man,  
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a reader,—  
Oh thaw Mr Dodsworth as fast as you can,  
And the L—nd—les and H—rtf—rds shall choose him for leader

Yes, sleeper of ages, thou *shalt* be their chosen,  
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,  
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,  
So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it again

And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad innovation  
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he  
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,  
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee

## COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO DIABOLO, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY  
TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY

St James's Street, July 1, 1826

GREAT Sir, having just had the good luck to catch  
An official young Demon, preparing to go,  
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-leg despatch  
From the Hell here, at Cr—ckf—rd's to *our* Hell, below—

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,  
To say that, first having obey'd your directions,  
And done all the mischief I could in 'the Panic,'  
My next special care was to help the Elections

Well knowing how dear were those times to thy soul,  
When every good Christian tormented his brother,  
And caus'd, in thy realm, such a saving of coal,  
From all coming down, ready grill'd by each other,

Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd thee to part  
 With the Old Penal Code—that *chef-d'œuvre* of Law,  
 In which (though to own it too modest thou art)  
 We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy claw,

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive,  
 (Though Eld—n, with help from your Highness would try,)  
 'Twould still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,  
 Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry,—

20

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,  
 So like is to *ours*, in its spirit and tone,  
 That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,  
 To think that Religion should make it her own

So, having sent down for the' original notes  
 Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,  
 With a few pints of lava, to gargle the throats  
 Of myself and some others, who sing it 'with fire,'<sup>1</sup>

Thought I, 'if the Marseillois Hymn could command  
 Such audience, though yell'd by a *Sans-culotte* crew,  
 What wonders shall *we* do, who've men in our band,  
 That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too'

30

Such *then* were my hopes, but, with sorrow, your Highness,  
 I'm forc'd to confess—be the cause what it will,  
 Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shyness,—  
 Our Beelzebub chorus has gone off but ill

The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key  
 The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so various,  
 And certain *base* voices, that look'd for a fee  
 At the *York* music-meeting, now think it precarious

40

Even some of our Reverends *might* have been warmer,—  
 Though one or two capital roarsers we've had,  
 Doctor Wise<sup>2</sup> is, for instance, a charming performer,  
 And *Huntingdon* Maberley's yell was not bad!

Altogether, however, the thing was not hearty,—  
 Even Eld—n allows we got on but so so;  
 And when next we attempt a No-Popery party,  
 We *must*, please your Highness, recruit *from below*

ut, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his whip—  
 xcuse me, Great Sir—there's no time to be civil,—  
 The next opportunity shan't be let slip,  
 But, till then,

50

I'm, in haste, your most dutiful

DEVIL

July, 1 6

<sup>1</sup> *Con fuoco*—a music-book direction

<sup>2</sup> This reverend gentleman distinguished himself at the Reading election

## THE MILLENNIUM

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REVEREND MR IRV—NG 'ON PROPHECY

1826

A MILLENNIUM at hand '—I'm delighted to hear it—  
As matters, both public and private, now go,  
With multitudes round us all starving, or near it,  
A good rich Millennium will come a *propos*

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,  
Instead of thy bankrupt old City of Rags,  
A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,  
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the flags—

A City, where wine and cheap corn<sup>1</sup> shall abound—  
A celestial *Cocagne*, on whose buttery shelves  
We may swear the best things of this world will be found,  
As your Saints seldom fail to take care of themselves<sup>1</sup>

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures Elysian,<sup>2</sup>  
Divine Squintifobus, who, plac'd within reach  
Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision,  
Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each,—

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou affordest, that we  
May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee share,  
Which so long has been promis'd by prophets like thee,  
And so often postpon'd, we began to despair

There was Whiston,<sup>3</sup> who learnedly took Prince Eugene  
For the man who must bring the Millennium about,  
There's Faber, whose pious productions have been  
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out,—

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M P,  
Who discours'd on the subject with signal *éclat*,  
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see  
A Millennium break out in the town of Armagh<sup>4</sup>

There was also—but why should I burden my lay  
With your Brotheresses, Southcotes, and names less deserving,  
When all past Millenniums henceforth must give way  
To the last new Millennium of Orator Irv—ng

Go on, mighty man,—doom them all to the shelf,—  
And when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy sconce,  
Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself  
Art the Beast (Chapter iv) that sees nine ways at once

<sup>1</sup> 'A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny'—Rev vi

<sup>2</sup> See the oration of this reverend gentleman, where he describes the connubial joys of Paradise, and paints the angels hovering round 'each happy fair'

<sup>3</sup> When Whiston presented to Prince Eugene the Essay in which he attempted to connect his victories over the Turks with Revelation,

the Prince is said to have replied, that 'he was not aware he had ever had the honour of being known to St John'

<sup>4</sup> Mr Dobbs was a member of the Irish Parliament, and, on all other subjects but the Millennium, a very sensible person: he chose Armagh as the scene of his Millennium, on account of the name Armageddon, mentioned in Revelation

## THE THREE DOCTORS

Doctōribus lætamur tribus

1826

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,  
There are three that all Doctors out-  
top,

Doctor Eady, that famous M D,  
Doctor S—th—y, and dear Doctor  
Slop<sup>1</sup>

The purger—the proser—the bard—  
All quacks in a different style,  
Doctor S—th—y writes books by the  
yard,

Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile!<sup>2</sup>

Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone  
By his scribbling or physicking  
brother,

10

Can dose us with stuff like the one,  
Ay, and dose us with stuff like the other

Doctor Eady good company keeps  
With 'No Popery' scribes on the walls,  
Doctor S—th—y as gloriously sleeps  
With 'No Popery' scribes, on the stalls

Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,  
Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,  
That, if Eady should take the mad line,  
He'll be sure of a patient in Slop

20

Seven millions of Papists, no less,  
Doctor S—th—y attacks, like a Turk,<sup>3</sup>  
Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,  
Attacks but his maid-of-all-work<sup>4</sup>

Doctor S—th—y, for his grand attack,  
Both a laureate and pensioner is,  
While poor Doctor Eady, alack,  
Has been had up to Bow-street, for his<sup>5</sup>

And truly, the law does so blunder,  
That, though little blood has been  
spilt, he

30

May probably suffer as, under  
The Chalking Act, known to be guilty

<sup>1</sup> The editor of the *Morning Herald*, so nicknamed

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the display of this doctor's name, in chalk, on all the walls round the metropolis

<sup>3</sup> This seraphic doctor, in the preface to his last work (*Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*), is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics — 'They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious journa-

list, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity'

So much for the merits sublime  
(With whose catalogue ne'er should  
I stop)  
Of the three greatest lights of our time,  
Doctor Eady, and S—th—y, and  
Slop<sup>1</sup>

Should you ask me, to which of the three  
Great Doctors the preference should  
fall,

As a matter of course, I agree  
Doctor Eady must go to the wall

40

But as S—th—y with laurels is crown'd,  
And Slop with a wig and a tail is,  
Let Eady's bright temples be bound  
With a swingeing 'Corona Muralis!'<sup>5</sup>

## EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER

LAMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,  
Put mourning round thy page,  
Debrett,

For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd  
A Viscount to a Marquis yet

Beside him place the God of Wit,  
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,  
Apollo for a star he'd quit,  
And Love's own sister for an Earl's

Did niggard fate no peers afford,  
He took, of course, to peers' relations,  
And, rather than not sport a Lord,  
Put up with even the last creations

Even Irish names, could he but tag 'em  
With 'Lord' and 'Duke,' were sweet  
to call,

And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum  
Was better than no Lord at all.

Heaven grant him now some noble  
nook,

For, rest his soul! he'd rather be  
Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,  
Than sav'd in vulgar company

list, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity'

<sup>4</sup> See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the Police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault on his 'maid-of-all-work'

<sup>5</sup> A crown granted as a reward among the Romans to persons who performed any extraordinary exploits upon walls such as scaling them, battering them, &c.—No doubt, writing them, to the extent Dr Eady does, would equally establish a claim to the honour

## ODE TO A HAT

—'altum  
Aedificat caput ' Juvenal

1826

HAIL, reverend Hat!—sublime 'mid all  
The minor felts that round thee  
grovel,—

Thou, that the Gods 'a Delta' call,  
While meaner mortals call thee 'shovel '

When on thy shape (like pyramid,  
Cut horizontally in two) <sup>1</sup>

I raptur'd gaze, what dreams, unbid,  
Of stalls and mitres bless my view '

That brim of brims, so sleekly good—  
Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyans', down,  
But looking (as all churchmen's should)  
Devoutly upward—towards the crown

Gods ' when I gaze upon that brim,  
So redolent of Church all over,  
What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim,—  
Some pig-tail'd, some like cherubim,  
With ducklings' wings—around it  
hover '

Tenths of all dead and living things,  
That Nature into being brings,  
From calves and corn to chitterlings 20

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,  
The very cock most orthodox,  
To which, of all the well-fed throng  
Of Zion, <sup>2</sup> joy'st thou to belong ?

Thou'rt not Sir Harcourt Lee's—no, no—

For hats grow like the heads that wear  
'em,

And hats, on heads like his, would grow  
Particularly *haurum scarum*

Who knows but thou may'st deck the pate  
Of that fam'd Doctor Ad—mth—te, 30  
(The reverend rat, whom we saw stand  
On his hind-legs in Westmoreland,  
Who chang'd so quick from *blue* to *yellow*,  
And would from *yellow* back to *blue*,  
And back again, convenient fellow,  
If 'twere his interest so to do

Or, haply, smartest of triangles,  
Thou art the hat of Doctor Ow—n ,  
The hat that, to his vestry wrangles,  
That venerable priest doth go in,— 40  
And, then and there, amid the stare  
Of all St Olave's, takes the chair,  
And quotes, with phiz right orthodox,  
The example of his reverend brothers,  
To prove that priests all fleece their  
flocks,  
And *he* must fleece as well as others

Blest Hat ' (whoe'er thy lord may be)  
Thus low I take off mine to thee,  
The homage of a layman's *castor*,  
To the spruce *delta* of his pastor 50  
Oh mayst thou be, as thou proceedest,  
Still smarter cock'd, still brush'd the  
brighter,

Till, bowing all the way, thou ledest  
Thy sleek possessor to a mitre '

## NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS

1826

DEAR COZ, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,  
When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,  
But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends  
As you chance to pick up from political friends—  
Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down  
To transmit you the last newest news that's in town

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things couldn't look better—

His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)  
Has just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter

To Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Master, 10

Engaging to change the old name, if he can,  
From the Knights of St John to the Knights of St Dan,—  
Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better whim)  
Being made the Colossus, 'tis all one to him

<sup>1</sup> So described by a Reverend Historian of the Church — 'A Delta hat, like the horizontal section of a pyramid'—Grant's *History of the English Church*

<sup>2</sup> Archbishop Magee affectionately calls the Church Establishment of Ireland 'the little Zion'



From Russia the last accounts are that the Czar—  
Most generous and kind, as all sovereigns are,  
And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose)  
Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes—<sup>1</sup>  
Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,

The late Emperor's nightcaps, and thinks of bestowing 20  
One nightcap apiece (if he has them to spare)

On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going  
(While I write, an arrival from Riga—the 'Brothers'—  
Having nightcaps on board for Lord Eld—n and others)

Last advices from India—Sir Archy, 'tis thought,  
Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught  
In N Lat 21)—and his Highness Burmese,  
Being very hard press'd to shell out the rupees,  
And not having rhino sufficient, they say, meant,  
To pawn his august Golden Foot<sup>2</sup> for the payment 30

(How lucky for monarchs, that thus, when they choose,  
Can establish a *running* account with the Jews!)  
The security being what Rothschild calls 'goot,'  
A loan will be shortly, of course, set *on foot*,  
The parties are Rothschild, A Baring and Co,  
With three other great pawnbrokers each takes a toe,  
And engages (lest Gold-foot should give us *leg*-bail,  
As he did once before) to pay down *on the nail*

This is all for the present—what vile pens and paper!  
Yours truly, dear Cousin—best love to Miss Draper 40

September, 1826

### A VISION

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL

'UP!' said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray  
One hasty orison, whirl'd me away  
To a Limbo, lying—I wist not where—  
Above or below, in earth or air,  
For it glimmer'd o'er with a *doubtful* light,  
One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night,  
And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,  
One didn't know how to get on or back,  
And I felt like a needle that's going astray  
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay, 10  
When the Spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd me,  
'Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery!'

Around me fitted unnumber'd swarms  
Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms,  
(Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room  
Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home)—  
All of them, things half-kill'd in rearing,  
Some were lame—some wanted *hearing*,

<sup>1</sup> A distribution was made of the Emperor Alexander's military wardrobe by his successor | <sup>2</sup> This potentate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden Foot

Some had through half a century run,  
 Though they hadn't a leg to stand upon 20  
 Others, more merry, as just beginning,  
 Around on a *point of law* were spinning,  
 Or balanc'd aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,  
 Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer  
 Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please 'em,—  
 Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease 'em,—  
 All were in motion, yet never a one,  
 Let it *move* as it might, could ever move on  
 'These,' said the Spirit, 'you plainly see,  
 Are what they call suits in Chancery' 30

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,  
 Like a chorus by fifty *Vellutis* sung,  
 Or an Irish Dump ('the words by *Mooie*')  
 At an amateur concert scream'd in score,  
 So harsh on my ear that wailing fell  
 Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell  
 It seem'd like the dismal symphony  
 Of the shapes *Aeneas* in hell did see,  
 Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook  
 Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook, 40  
 To cry all night, till life's last dregs,  
 'Give us our legs'—give us our legs!  
 Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,  
 I ask'd what all this yell might mean,  
 When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,  
 'Tis the cry of the Suits in Chancery'

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,<sup>1</sup>  
 With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes  
 In his aged hand he held a wand,  
 Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band, 50  
 And they mov'd and mov'd, as he wav'd it o'er,  
 But they never got on one inch the more  
 And still they kept limping to and fro,  
 Like Angels round old *Prospero*—  
 Saying, 'Dear Master, let us go,'  
 But still old *Prospero* answer'd 'No'  
 And I heard, the while, that wizard elf  
 Muttering, muttering spells to himself,  
 While o'er as many old papers he turn'd,  
 As *Hume* e'er mov'd for, or *Omar* burn'd 60  
 He talk'd of his virtue—'though some, less nice,  
 (He own'd with a sigh) prefer'd his *Vice*'—  
 And he said, 'I think'—'I doubt'—'I hope,'  
 Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope,  
 With many more sleights of tongue and hand  
 I couldn't, for the soul of me, understand  
 Amaz'd and pos'd, I was just about  
 To ask his name, when the screams without,

The merciless clack of the imps within,  
 And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din, 70  
 That, startled, I woke—leap'd up in my bed—  
 Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjuror fled,  
 And bless'd my stars, right pleas'd to see,  
 That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery

# THE PETITION OF THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND

1826

To the people of England, the humble Petition  
 Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing—  
 That sad, very sad, is our present condition,—  
 Our jobbing all gone, and our noble selves going,—  
 That, forming one seventh, within a few fractions,  
 Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,  
 We hold it the basest of all base transactions  
 To keep us from murd'ring the other six parts,—  
 That, as to laws made for the good of the many,  
 We humbly suggest there is nothing less true, 10  
 As all human laws (and our own, more than any,)  
 Are made *by* and *for* a particular few,—  
 That much it delights every true Orange brother,  
 To see you, in England, such ardour evince,  
 In discussing *which* sect most tormented the other,  
 And burn'd with most *gusto*, some hundred years since,—  
 That we love to behold, while old England grows faint,  
 Messrs Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,  
 To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied Saint,  
 Ever truly and really pull'd the Devil's nose, 20  
 Whether t'other Saint, Dominic, burnt the Devil's paw—  
 Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mother—<sup>1</sup>  
 And many such points, from which Southey can draw  
 Conclusions most apt for our hating each other  
 That 'tis very well known this devout Irish nation  
 Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,  
 Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,  
 One party in *Trans* and the other in *Con*; <sup>2</sup>  
 That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in right  
 Of the said monosyllable, ravag'd the lands, 30  
 And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and night,  
 Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for *Trans*,—  
 That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,  
 For keeping us still in the same state of mind,  
 Pretty much as the world used to be in those ages,  
 When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind,—

<sup>1</sup> To such important discussions as these the greater part of Dr. Southey's *Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae* is devoted

<sup>2</sup> Consubstantiation—the true Reformed belief, at least, the belief of Luther, and, as Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also

When the words *ex* and *per*<sup>1</sup> serv'd as well, to annoy  
 One's neighbours and friends with, as *con* and *trans* now,  
 And Christians, like S—th—y, who stickled for *oi*,  
 Cut the throats of all Christians who stickled for *ou*<sup>2</sup>

40

That, relying on England, whose kindness already  
 So often has help'd us to play this game o'er,  
 We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,  
 And wait but the word to show sport, as before

That, as to the expence—the few millions, or so,  
 Which for all such diversions John Bull has to pay—  
 'Tis, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know,  
 That to Orangemen's pockets 'twill all find its way  
 For which your petitioners ever will pray,

&amp;c &amp;c &amp;c &amp;c &amp;c

## COTTON AND CORN

## A DIALOGUE

SAID Cotton to Corn, t'other day,  
 As they met and exchang'd a salute—  
 (Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,  
 Poor Cotton, half famish'd, on foot)

'Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil  
 To hint at starvation before you,  
 Look down on a poor hungry devil,  
 And give him some bread, I implore  
 you'

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,  
 Perceiving he meant to make *free*—  
 'Low fellow, you've surely forgotten  
 The distance between you and me'

To expect that we, Peers of high birth,  
 Should waste our illustrious acres,  
 For no other purpose on earth  
 Than to fatten curst calico-makers'—

That Bishops to bobbins should bend—  
 Should stoop from their Bench's sub-  
 limity,

Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend  
 Such contemptible dealers in dumity'

'No—vile Manufacture' ne'er harbour  
 A hope to be fed at our boards,—  
 Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,  
 What claim canst *thou* have upon  
 Lords'

'No—thanks to the taxes and debt,  
 And the triumph of paper o'er  
 guineas,  
 Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,  
 May defy your whole rabble of  
*Jennys*'

So saying—whip, crack, and away  
 Went Corn in his chaise through the  
 throng,

So headlong, I heard them all say,  
 'Squire Corn would be *down*, before  
 long'

## THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT B—TT—RW—RTH

'A Christian of the best edition' Rabelais

CANONIZE him '—yea, verily, we'll canonize him,  
 Though Cant is his hobby, and meddling his bliss,  
 Though sages may pity, and wits may despise him,  
 He'll ne'er make a bit the worse Saint for all this

<sup>1</sup> When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at the time this dispute between 'ex and 'pei' was going on), he found the Turks, who are told, 'laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles'

<sup>2</sup> The Arian controversy—Before that time says Hooker, 'in order to be a sound believing Christian men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used'

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet spread  
 The dominion of Humbug o'er land and o'er sea,  
 Descend on our B—tt—rw—rth's biblical head,  
 Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and M P.  
 Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy sphere,  
 And bring little Shiloh—if 't isn't too far— 10  
 Such a sight will to B—tt—rw—rth's bosom be dear,  
 His conceptions and *thine* being much on a par  
 Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold  
 A world thou hast honour'd by cheating so many,  
 Thou'lt find still among us one Personage old,  
 Who also by tricks and the *Seals*<sup>1</sup> makes a penny.  
 Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee!<sup>2</sup>  
 Thy smiles to beatified B—tt—rw—rth deign,  
 Two 'lights of the Gentiles' are thou, Anne, and he,  
 One hallowing Fleet Street, and *i' other* Toad Lane!<sup>3</sup> 20  
 The Heathen, we know, made their Gods out of wood,  
 And Saints may be fram'd of as handy materials,—  
 Old women and B—tt—rw—rths make just as good  
 As any the Pope ever *book'd* as Ethereals  
 Stand forth, Man of Bibles!—not Mahomet's pigeon,  
 When, perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there, they say,  
 Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion  
 Such glory as B—tt—rw—rth sheds every day  
 Great Galen of souls, with what vigour he crams  
 Down Erin's idolatrous throats, till they crack again, 30  
 Bolus on bolus, good man!—and then damns  
 Both their stomachs and souls, if they dare cast them back again  
 How well might his shop—as a type representing  
 The creed of himself and his sanctified clan,  
 On its counter exhibit 'the Art of Tormenting,'  
 Bound neatly, and letter'd 'Whole Duty of Man!'  
 Canonize him!—by Judas, we *will* canonize him,  
 For Cant is his hobby, and twaddling his bliss,  
 And, though wise men may pity and wits may despise him,  
 He'll make but the better *shop-saint* for all this 40  
 Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,  
 Convoke all the *serious* Tag-rag of the nation,  
 Bring Shakers and Snufflers and Jumpers and Ranters,  
 To witness their B—tt—rw—rth's Canonization!<sup>4</sup>  
 Yea, humbly I've ventur'd his merits to paint,  
 Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to portray,  
 And they form a sum-total for making a Saint,  
 That the Devil's own Advocate could not gainsay

<sup>1</sup> A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from the *Seals* of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers

<sup>2</sup> Miss Anne Lee, the 'chosen vessel' of the Shakers, and 'Mother of all the children of regeneration'

<sup>3</sup> Toad Lane, in Manchester, where Mother

Lee was born. In her 'Address to Young Believers,' she says, 'that it is a matter of no importance with them from whence the means of their deliverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from Toad Lane, Manchester.'

Jump high, all ye Jumps, ye Ranteers all roar,  
 While B—t—w—rth's spirit, uprais'd from your eyes, 50  
 Like a kite made of foolscap, in glory shall soar,  
 With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies !

## AN INCANTATION

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT

Air—*Come with me, and we will go  
 Where the rocks of coral grow*

COME with me, and we will blow  
 Lots of bubbles, as we go,  
 Bubbles, bright as ever Hope  
 Drew from fancy—or from soap,  
 Bright as e'er the South Sea sent  
 From its frothy element !  
 Come with me, and we will blow  
 Lots of bubbles, as we go  
 Mix the lather, Johnny W—lks,  
 Thou, who rhym'st so well to bilks, <sup>1</sup> 10  
 Mix the lather—who can be  
 Fitter for such task than thee,  
 Great M P for Sudbury !

Now the frothy charm is ripe,  
 Puffing Peter,<sup>2</sup> bring thy pipe,—  
 Thou, whom ancient Coventry  
 Once so dearly lov'd, that she  
 Knew not which to her was sweeter,  
 Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter,—  
 Puff the bubbles high in air, 20  
 Puff thy best to keep them there

Bravo, bravo, Peter M—10 !  
 Now the rainbow humbugs <sup>3</sup> soar,  
 Ghtt'ring all with golden hues,  
 Such as haunt the dreams of Jews,—  
 Some, reflecting mines that lie  
 Under Chili's glowing sky,  
 Some, those virgin pearls that sleep  
 Cloister'd in the southern deep,  
 Others, as if lent a ray 30  
 From the streaming Milky Way,  
 Ghtt'ning o'er with curds and whey  
 From the cows of Alderney

<sup>1</sup> Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names Marvell thought so, when he wrote

'Sir Edward Sutton,  
 The foolish Knight who rhymes to mutton'

<sup>2</sup> The member, during a long period, for Coventry

<sup>3</sup> An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a poem against War, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier,

Now's the moment—who shall first  
 Catch the bubbles, ere they burst ?  
 Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,  
 Br—gd—n, T—ynh—n, P—lm—t—n,—  
 John W—lks junior runs beside ye !  
 Take the good the knaves provide ye !<sup>4</sup>  
 See, with upturn'd eyes and hands, 40  
 Where the Shareman,<sup>5</sup> Br—gd—n,  
 stands,  
 Gaping for the froth to fall  
 Down his gullet—*lye* and all  
 See !—

But, hark, my time is out—  
 Now, like some great water-spout,  
 Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,  
 Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder !

[*Here the stage darkens—a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra—the broken bubbles descend in a suppurous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the Dramatis Personae, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble-hunters—all in the lude*]

## A DREAM OF TURTLE

BY SIR W CURTIS

1826

'Twas evening time, in the twilight sweet  
 I sail'd along, when—whom should I  
 meet

But a Turtle journeying o'er the sea,  
 'On the service of his Majesty' <sup>6</sup>

When spying him fust through twilight  
 dim,

I didn't know what to make of him,  
 But said to myself, as slow he phed  
 His fins, and roll'd from side to side  
 Conceitedly o'er the watery path—  
 'Tis my Lord of St—w—ll taking a bath,

thus apostrophizes him—'thou rainbow tuf-  
 fian !'

<sup>4</sup> 'Lovely Thais sits beside thee

Take the good the Gods provide thee'

<sup>5</sup> So called by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the *ch*, in the word 'Chairman'

<sup>6</sup> We are told that the passport of this grand diplomatic Turtle (sent by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to a certain noble envoy) described him as 'on his Majesty's service'

—*daphnis supracum  
 Grata testudo Jovis*

And I hear him now, among the fishes,  
Quoting Vatel and Burgersdicius!<sup>1</sup>  
But, no—'twas, indeed, a Turtle, wide  
And plump as ever these eyes descried,  
A Turtle, juicy as ever yet  
Glued up the lips of a Baronet!  
And much did it grieve my soul to  
see

That an animal of such dignity,  
Like an absentee abroad should roam,  
When he *ought* to stay and be ate at  
home 20

But now 'a change came o'er my dream,'  
Like the magic lantern's shifting  
slider,—  
I look'd, and saw, by the evening  
beam,  
On the back of that Turtle sat a  
rider—

A goodly man, with an eye so merry,  
I knew 'twas our Foreign Secretary,<sup>1</sup>  
Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile  
Lake Waterton on his crocodile,<sup>2</sup>  
Cracking such jokes, at every motion,  
As made the Turtle squeak with glee,  
And own they gave him a lively notion  
Of what his *forc'd*-meat balls would be

So, on the Sec in his glory went, 33  
Over that briny element,  
Waving his hand, as he took farewell,  
With graceful air, and bidding me tell  
Inquiring friends that the Turtle and he  
Were gone on a foreign embassy—  
To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*,  
Who is known to doat upon verdant fat,  
And to let admiring Europe see, 41  
That *calypash* and *calipee*  
Are the English forms of Diplomacy

## THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS

### A FABLE

—'fessus jam sudat asellus,  
Parce illi, vestrum delictum est asinus' Virgil *Copa*.

A DONKEY, whose talent for burdens was wondrous,  
So much that you'd swear he rejoic'd in a load,  
One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,  
That—down the poor Donkey fell smack on the road!

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze—  
What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,  
So easy to drive, through the dirtiest ways,  
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have 'hail'd' as a 'brother'<sup>3</sup>  
Had just been proclaiming his Donkey's renown 10  
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other—  
When, lo, 'mid his praises, the Donkey came down!

But, how to upraise him?—*one* shouts, *t'other* whistles,  
While Jenky, the Conjurer, wisest of all,  
Declar'd that an 'over-production of thistles'—<sup>4</sup>  
(Here Ned gave a stare)—'was the cause of his fall'

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes—  
'There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease,  
The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,  
And this is his mode of "transition to peace" ' 20

<sup>1</sup> Mr Canning

<sup>2</sup> *Wanderings in South America* 'It was the first and last time (says Mr Waterton) I was ever on a crocodile's back.'

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to an early poem of Mr Coleridge's, addressed to an Ass, and beginning,

'I hail thee, brother!'

<sup>4</sup> A certain country gentleman having said in the House, 'that we must return at last to the food of our ancestors,' somebody asked Mr T 'what food the gentleman meant?'—'Thistles, I suppose,' answered Mr T

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned gimaces,  
Pronounc'd that too long without shoes he had gone—  
'Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal base*  
(The wise acres said), and he's sure to jog on'

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,  
Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan,  
And—what was still dolefuller—lending an ear  
To advisers, whose ears were a match for his own

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far  
As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd—  
'Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,  
Or, your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last'

30

October, 1826

## ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE

1826

GREAT Sultan, 'how wise are thy state compositions'  
And oh, above all, I admire that Decree,  
In which thou command'st, that all *she* politicians  
Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster—  
A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts,  
Who talks, with a hiss, of 'the last new Westminster,'  
And hopes you're delighted with 'Mill upon Gluts',

Who tells you how clever one Mr Fun-blank is,  
How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility,—  
And assures you that even a gentleman's rank is,  
In Jeremy's school, of no sort of *utility*

To see her, ye Gods, a new number perusing—

ART 1 'On the *Needle's* variations,' by Pl—e,<sup>1</sup>

ART 2—By her fav'rite Fun-blank<sup>2</sup>—so amusing'  
'Dear man' he makes Pooty quite a *Law case*'

ART 3—'Upon Fallacies,' Jeremy's own—

(Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find readers),—

ART 4—'Upon Honesty,' author unknown,—

ART 5—(by the young Mr M——) 'Hints to Breeders'

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the bag

And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call—

Though drowning's too good for each blue-stocking hag,

I would bag this *she* Benthamite first of them all'

And, lest she should ever again lift her head

From the watery bottom, her clack to renew—

As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,

I would hang round her neck her own darling Review

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated political tailor

<sup>2</sup> This pains-taking gentleman has been at the trouble of counting with the assistance of Cocker, the number of metaphors in Moore's

'Life of Sheridan,' and has found them to amount, as nearly as possible, to 2,235—and some *fractions*



## CORN AND CATHOLICS

Utrum horum

Dirius horum? *Incerti Auctoris*

WHAT 'still those two infernal questions,  
That with our meals, our slumbers  
mix—

That spoil our tempers and digestions—  
Eternal Corn and Catholics ' 1

Gods ' were there ever two such bores ?  
Nothing else talk'd of night or morn—  
Nothing in doors, or out of doors,  
But endless Catholics and Corn ' 1

Never was such a brace of pests—  
While Ministers, still worse than  
either, 10  
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,  
Plague us with both, and settle neither

So addled in my cranium meet  
Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,  
Whether this year, 'twas bonded  
Wheat,  
Or bonded Papists, they let out

Here, landlords, here, polemics nail you,  
Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake  
up,

Prices and Texts at once assail you—  
From Daniel these, and those from  
Jacob ' 20

And when you sleep, with head still torn  
Between the two, their shapes you mix,  
Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn—  
Then Corn again seems Catholics

Now, Dantzic wheat before you floats—  
Now, Jesuits from California—  
Now Celes, link'd with Titus Oats,  
Comes dancing through the 'Porta  
Cornea,' 2

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,  
And a whole crop of heads appears,  
Like Papists, bearding Church and  
State— 31  
Themselves, together by the ears !

In short, these torments never cease,  
And oft I wish myself transferr'd oft  
To some far, lonely land of peace,  
Where Corn or Papists ne'er were  
heard of

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole,  
For—if my fate is to be chosen  
'Twixt bores and icebergs—on my soul,  
I'd rather, of the two, be frozen ' 40

## A CASE OF LIBEL

'The greater the truth, the worse the libel '

A CERTAIN Sprite, who dwells below,  
( 'Twere a libel, perhaps, to mention  
where,)

Came up *incog*, some years ago,  
To try, for a change, the London air

So well he look'd, and dress'd, and  
talk'd,

And hid his tail and horns so handy,  
You'd hardly have known him as he  
walk'd,

From C—c, or any other Dandy

(His horns, it seems, are made t'un-  
screw,

So, he has but to take them out of the  
socket, 10

And—just as some fine husbands do—  
Conveniently clap them into his  
pocket)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,  
And even contriv'd—to his own great  
wonder—

By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,  
To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under

And so my gentleman hoof'd about,  
Unknown to all but a chosen few  
At White's and Crockford's, where, no  
doubt,

He had many *post-obits* falling due 20

Alike a gamester and a wit,  
At night he was seen with Crockford's  
crew,

At morn with learned dames would sit—  
So pass'd his time 'twixt black and  
blue

Some wish'd to make him an M P,  
But, finding W—lks was also one, he  
Swore in a rage, 'he'd be d—d, if he  
Would ever sit in one house with  
Johnny '

<sup>1</sup> Author of the late Report on Foreign Corn

<sup>2</sup> The Horn Gate, through which the ancients

supposed all true dreams (such as those of the  
Popish Plot, &c.) to pass

At length, as secrets travel fast,  
And devils, whether he or she, 30  
Are sure to be found out at last,  
The affair got wind most rapidly

The Press, the impartial Press, that snubs  
Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers—  
Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's—  
Fir'd off a squib in the morning papers.

'We warn good men to keep aloof  
From a grim old Dandy, seen about,  
With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof  
Through a neat-cut Hobysmoking out'

Now,—the Devil being a gentleman, 41  
Who piques himself on well-bred  
dealings,—

You may guess, when o'er these lines he  
ran,  
How much they hurt and shock'd his  
feelings

Away he posts to a Man of Law,  
And 'twould make you laugh could  
you have seen 'em,  
As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,  
And 'twas 'hail, good fellow, well met,  
between 'em

Straight an indictment was preferr'd—  
And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,  
When, asking about the Bench, he  
heard 51  
That, of all the Judges, his own was  
*Best*<sup>1</sup>

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof  
That Plaintiff's self was the Father of  
Evil—  
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the  
hoof,  
And Stultz to speak to the tail of the  
Devil

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,  
And readers of virtuous Sunday  
papers)  
Found for the plaintiff—on hearing  
which  
The Devil gave one of his loftiest  
capers 60

For oh, 'twas nuts to the Father of Lies  
(As this wily fiend is nam'd in the  
Bible)  
To find it settled by laws so wise,  
That the greater the truth, the worse  
the libel<sup>1</sup>

### LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT

WANTED—Authors of all-work, to job for the season,  
No matter which party, so faithful to neither,  
Good hacks, who, if pos'd for a rhyme or a reason,  
Can manage, like ———, to do without either

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics,  
Your gaol is for Travellers a charming retreat,  
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,  
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—  
He can study high life in the King's Bench community, 10  
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,  
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age  
To have good 'Reminiscences' (three-score or higher),  
Will meet with encouragement—so much, *per page*,  
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer

No matter with *what* their remembrance is stock'd,  
So they'll only remember the *quantum desu'd*,—  
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, *oct*  
Price twenty four shillings, is all that's requir'd 20

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated Judge, so named

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu-d'esprits*,

Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical frolic,  
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,<sup>1</sup>

That gingerbread cakes always give them the colic

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,

By 'Farmers' and 'Landholders'—(worthies whose lands

Enclos'd all in bow-pots, then attics adorn,

Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands)

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,

Sure of a market,—should they, too, who pen 'em,

Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'S—ll—v—n,<sup>2</sup>

Something *extra* allow'd for the' additional venom

30

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,

All excellent subjects for turning a penny,—

To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance

For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*

Nine times out of ten, if his *title* is good,

The material *within* of small consequence is,—

Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,

Why—that's the concern of the reader, not his

40

*Nota Bene*—an Essay, now printing, to show,

That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)

Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,

When he wrote thus—'Quodcunque in *Fund* is, assess it'<sup>3</sup>

### THE IRISH SLAVE<sup>4</sup>

1827

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,

'He is dead—he is dead,' the rumour flew,

And I rais'd my chain, and turn'd me round,

And ask'd, through the dungeon window, 'Who?'

I saw my livid tormentors pass,

Their grief 'twas bliss to hear and see!

Fo! never came joy to them, alas,

That didn't bring deadly bane to me

Eager I look'd through the mist of night,

And ask'd, 'What foe of my race hath died?'

10

Is it he—that Doubter of law and right,

Whom nothing but wrong could e'er decide—

'Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,

Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt

What suitors for justice he'd keep in,

Or what suitors for freedom he'd shut out—

<sup>1</sup> This lady also favours us, in her Memoirs, with the address of those apothecaries, who have, from time to time, given her pills that agreed with her, always desiring that the pills should be ordered '*comme pour elle*'

<sup>2</sup> A gentleman, who distinguished himself by his evidence before the Irish Committees

<sup>3</sup> According to the common reading, '*quodcunque infundis, rescit*'

<sup>4</sup> Written on the death of the Duke of York

'Who, a clog for ever on Truth's advance,  
Hangs round her (like the Old Man of the Sea  
Round Sinbad's neck<sup>1</sup>), nor leaves a chance  
Of shaking him off—is't he? is't he?'

20

Ghastly my grim tormentous smil'd,  
And thrusting me back to my den of woe,  
With a laughter even more fierce and wild  
Than their funeral howling, answer'd 'No'

But the city still pierc'd my prison-gate,  
And again I ask'd, 'What scourge is gone?'  
'Is it he—that Chief, so coldly great,  
Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon—

'Whose name is one of the' ill-omen'd words  
They link with hate, on his native plains,  
And why?—they lent him hearts and swords,  
And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains'

30

'Is it he? is it he?' I loud inquir'd,  
When, hark!—there sounded a Royal knell;  
And I knew what spirit had just expir'd,  
And, slave as I was, my triumph fell

He had pledg'd a hate unto me and mine,  
He had left to the future no hope nor choice,  
But seal'd that hate with a Name Divine,  
And he now was dead, and—I *couldn't* rejoice!

40

He had fann'd afresh the burning brands  
Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim,  
He had arm'd anew my torturers' hands,  
And *them* did I curse—but sigh'd for him

For, *his* was the error of head, not heart,  
And—oh, how beyond the ambushed foe,  
Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,  
And carries a smile, with a curse below!

If ever a heart made bright amends  
For the fatal fault of an erring head—  
Go, learn *his* fame from the lips of friends,  
In the orphan's tear be his glory read

50

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,  
To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,  
For Worth he had ever a hand and smile,  
And for Misery ever his purse and tear

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,  
I calmly sunk in my chains again,  
While, still as I said, 'Heaven rest his soul!'  
My mates of the dungeon sigh'd 'Amen!'

60

January, 1827

<sup>1</sup> 'You fell, said they, into the hands of the | escaped strangling by his malicious tricks'—  
Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever | *Story of Sinbad*

## ODE TO FERDINAND

1827

QUIT the sword, thou King of men,  
 Grasp the needle once again,  
 Making petticoats is far  
 Safer sport than making war,  
 Trimming is a better thing  
 Than the *being* trimm'd, oh King!  
 Grasp the needle bright with which  
 Thou didst for the Virgin stitch  
 Garment, such as ne'er before  
 Monarch stitch'd or Virgin wore  
 Not for her, oh semster nimble,  
 Do I now invoke thy thumble,  
 Not for her thy wanted aid is,  
 But for certain grave old ladies,  
 Who now sit in England's cabinet,  
 Waiting to be clothed in tabinet,  
 Or whatever choice *étouffe* is  
 Fit for Dowagers in office  
 First, thy care, oh King, devote  
 To Dame Eld—n's petticoat  
 Make it of that silk, whose dye  
 Shifts for ever to the eye,  
 Just as if it hardly knew  
 Whether to be pink or blue  
 Or—material fitter yet—  
 If thou couldst a remnant get  
 Of that stuff, with which, of old,  
 Sage Penelope, we're told,  
 Still by doing and undoing,  
 Kept her *suitors* always wooing—  
 That's the stuff which I pronounce, is  
 Fittest for Dame Eld—n's flounces

After this, we'll try thy hand,  
 Mantua-making Ferdinand,  
 For old Goody W—stm—l—d,  
 One who loves, like Mother Cole,  
 Church and State with all her soul,  
 And has pass'd her life in frolics  
 Worthy of your Apostolics  
 Choose, in dressing this old flirt,  
 Something that wo'n't show the dirt,  
 As, from habit, every minute  
 Goody W—stm—l—d is in it

This is all I now shall ask,  
 Hie thee, monarch, to thy task,

<sup>1</sup> 'Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
 And men below and gods above,  
 For Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love'  
 Scott

<sup>2</sup> 'Brim—a naughty woman'—Giles

Finish Eld—n's frills and borders,  
 Then return for further orders  
 Oh what progress for our sake,  
 Kings in millinery make!  
 Ribands, garters, and such things, 50  
 Are supplied by *other* Kings,—  
 Ferdinand his rank denotes  
 By providing petticoats

## HAT VERSUS WIG

1827

'At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord  
 Eld—n, in order to guard against the effects of  
 the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole  
 of the ceremony'

—metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
 Subject pedibus, stæpitumque Acherontis  
 avari

'Twixt Eld—n's Hat and Eld—n's  
 Wig

There lately rose an altercation,—  
 Each with its own importance big,  
 Disputing *which* most serves the nation

20 Quoth Wig, with consequential air,  
 'Pooh! pooh! you surely can't  
 design,

My worthy beaver, to compare  
 Your station in the state with mine

'Who meets the learned legal crew? 9  
 Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?  
 The Wig, the Wig, my friend—while you  
 Hang dangling on some peg outside

Oh, 'tis the Wig, that rules, like Love,  
 Senate and Court, with like *éclat*—  
 And wards below, and lords above,  
 For Law is Wig and Wig is Law!<sup>1</sup>

'Who tried the long, Long W—LL—SLY  
 suit,  
 Which tried one's patience, in return?  
 Not thou, oh Hat!—though, *could'st*  
 thou do't,  
 Of other *brims*<sup>2</sup> than *thine* thou'dst  
 learn 20

'Twas mine our master's toil to share;  
 When, like "Truepenny," in the play,<sup>3</sup>  
 He, every minute, cried out "Swear,"  
 And merrily to swear went they,—<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> 'Ghost [beneath]—Swear!'

<sup>4</sup> 'Hamlet—Ha, ha! say'st thou so? Art thou  
 there, Truepenny? Come on'

<sup>5</sup> His Lordship's demand for fresh affidavits  
 was incessant

When, loth poor W—LL—SL—Y to  
condemn, he  
With nice discrimination weigh'd,  
Whether 'twas only "Hell and Jemmy,"  
Or "Hell and Tommy" that he  
play'd

No, no, my worthy beaver, no—  
Though cheapen'd at the cheapest  
hatter's, 30  
And smart enough, as beavers go,  
Thou ne'er wert made for public  
matters'

Here Wig concluded his oration,  
Looking, as wigs do, wondrous wise,  
While thus, full cock'd for declamation,  
The veteran Hat enrag'd replies —

Ha! dost thou then so soon forget  
What thou, what England owes to  
me?

Ungrateful Wig!—when will a debt,  
So deep, so vast, be owed to thee? 40

Think of that night, that fearful night,  
When, through the steaming vault  
below,

Our master dar'd, in gout's despite,  
To venture his podagric toe!

Who was it then, thou boaster, say,  
When thou had'st to thy box sneak'd  
off,

Beneath his feet protecting lay,  
And sav'd him from a mortal cough?

Think, if Catarrh had quench'd that  
sun,

How blank this world had been to  
thee! 50

Without that head to shine upon,  
Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?

You, too, ye Britons,—had this hope  
Of Church and state been ravish'd  
from ye,

Oh think, how Canning and the Pope  
Would then have play'd up "Hell  
and Tommy!"

At sea, there's but a plank, they say,  
'Twixt seamen and annihilation,

A Hat, that awful moment, lay  
'Twixt England and Emancipation!  
Oh! '—

At this 'Oh!!!' *The*  
*Times'* Reporter 61  
Was taken poorly, and retir'd,  
Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric  
shorter,  
Than justice to the case requir'd.

On his return, he found these shocks  
Of eloquence all ended quite,  
And Wig lay snoring in his box,  
And hat was—hung up for the night

## THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS

### A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN

'To Panurge was assigned the Lordship  
of Salmagundi, which was yeuly worth  
6,789,106,789 ryals, besides the revcnue of the  
*Locusts* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one year  
with another to the value of 2,435,768, &c &c  
—Rabelais

'HURRA! hurra!' I heard them say,  
And they cheer'd and shouted all the  
way.

As the Laird of Salmagundi went,  
To open in state his Parliament

The Salmagundians once were rich,  
Or *thought* they were—no matter  
which—

For, every year, the Revenue<sup>1</sup>  
From their Periwinkles larger grew?  
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick  
And legerdemain of arithmetic, 10  
Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,  
5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,

Such various ways, behind, before,  
That they made a unit seem a score,  
And prov'd themselves most wealthy  
men!

So, on they went, a prosperous crew,  
The people wise, the rulers clever—  
And God help those, like me and you,  
Who dar'd to doubt (as some now do)  
That the Periwinkle Revenue 20  
Would thus go flourishing on for ever

'Hurra! hurra!' I heard them say,  
And they cheer'd and shouted all the  
way.

As the Great Panurge in glory went  
To open his own dear Parliament

<sup>1</sup> Accented as in Swift's line—

'Not so nation's revenues are paid'

But folks at length began to doubt  
 What all this conjuring was about,  
 For, every day, mote deep in debt  
 They saw their wealthy rulers get —  
 'Let's look (said they) the items through,  
 And see if what we're told be true 31  
 Of our Periwinkle Revenue'  
 But, Lord! they found there wasn't a  
 tittle

Of truth in aught they heard before,  
 For, they gain'd by Periwinkles little,

And lost by Locusts ten times more!  
 These Locusts are a lordly breed  
 Some Salmagundians love to feed  
 Of all the beasts that ever were born,  
 Your Locust most delights in corn, 40  
 And, though his body be but small,  
 To fatten him takes the devil and all!  
 'Oh fie! oh fie!' was now the cry,  
 As they saw the gaudy show go by,  
 And the Laird of Salmagundi went  
 To open his Locust Parliament!

### NEW CREATION OF PEERS

#### BATCH THE FIRST

'His 'prentice him'  
 He tried on in, in,  
 And then he made the lasses'

1827

'AND now,' quoth the Minister, (eased of his panics,  
 And ripe for each pastime the summer affords,)  
 'Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics,  
 By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords  
 'Tis pleasant—while nothing but mercantile fractures,  
 Some simple, some *compound*, is din'd in our ears—  
 To think that, though robb'd of all coarse manufactures,  
 We still have our fine manufacture of Peers,—  
 Those *Gobelin* productions, which Kings take a pride  
 In engrossing the whole fabrication and trade of, 10  
 Choice tapestry things, very grand on *one* side,  
 But showing, on t'other, what rags they are made of'  
 The plan being fix'd, raw material was sought,—  
 No matter how middling, if Toiy the creed be,  
 And first, to begin with, Squire W , 'twas thought,  
 For a Lord was as raw a material as need be  
 Next came, with his *penchant* for painting and pelf,  
 The tasteful Sir Charles,<sup>1</sup> so renown'd, far and near,  
 For purchasing pictures, and selling himself—  
 And *both* (as the public well knows) very dear 20  
 Beside him Sir John comes, with equal *éclat*, in,—  
 Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we measure ye,  
 Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of *drawing*,  
 Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles, on the Treasury  
 But, bless us!—behold a new candidate come—  
 In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written,  
 He poseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and thumb,  
 And he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers of Great Britain!  
 'Forbid it,' cried Jenky, 'ye Viscounts, ye Earls!—  
 Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchant'd, 30  
 If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of pearls,  
 And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb supplanted'

<sup>1</sup> Created Lord F—1nb—gh

No—ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor H—If—id—  
 If nought but a Peeage can gladden thy life,  
 And young Master H—If—rd as yet is too small for't,  
 Sweet Doctor, we'll make a *she* Peer of thy wife  
 Next to bearing a coronet on our *own* brows,  
 Is to bask in its light from the brows of another,  
 And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,  
 As o'er V—y F—tz—d 'twill shine through his mother' <sup>1</sup> 40  
 Thus ended the *First* Batch—and Jenky, much in'd  
 (It being no joke to make Lords by the heap),  
 Took a large dram of ether—the same that inspir'd  
 His speech 'gainst the Papists—and pros'd off to sleep.

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA <sup>2</sup> QUESTION

BY LORD ELD—N

'Vos *mumbrellles* video'—*Ex Juvenil* Georgin Canning

1827

My Lords, I'm accus'd of a trick that, God knows, is  
 The last into which, at my age, I could fall—  
 Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,  
 Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all  
 My Lords, on the question before us at present,  
 No doubt I shall hear, 'Tis that cursed old fellow,  
 That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and pleasant,  
 Who won't let the Lords give the man his umbrella <sup>1</sup>  
 God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to me,  
 I am ancient—but were I as old as King Priam,  
 Not much, I confess, to your credit 'twould be,  
 To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am  
 I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous,  
 And, long as God spares me, will always maintain,  
 That, *once* having taken men's rights, or umbrellas,  
 We ne'er should consent to restore them again  
 What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,  
 If thus you give back Mr Bell's parapluie,  
 That he may'nt, with its stick, come about all your ears,  
 And then—*where* would your Protestant periwigs be?  
 No, heaven be my judge, were I dying to-day,  
 Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a medlar that's mellow,  
 'For God's sake'—at that awful moment I'd say—  
 'For God's sake, *don't* give Mr Bell his umbrella'

[ 'This address,' says a ministerial journal, 'delivered with amazing emphasis and earnestness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in the House. Nothing since the memorable address of the Duke of York has produced so remarkable an impression.' ]

<sup>1</sup> Among the persons mentioned as likely to be roused to the Peeage are the mother of Mr V—y F—tz—d, &c

<sup>2</sup> A case which interested the public very much at this period. A gentleman, of the name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the doorkeepers (standing no doubt, on the privileges of that noble body)

refused to restore it to him, and the above speech, which may be considered as a *pendant* to that of the Learned Earl on the Catholic Question, arose out of the translation

<sup>3</sup> From Mr Canning's translation of Jekyl's—

'I say, my good fellows  
 As you've no umbrellas'



## A PASTORAL BALLAD

BY JOHN BULL

'*Dublin, March 12, 1827*—Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge to the different garisons round the country'—*Fraser's Journal*

I HAVE found out a gift for my Erin,

A gift that will surely content her,—  
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!

Five millions of bullets I've sent her

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,

But ill she her wants understood,—

Ball cartridges, morning and night,

Is a dose that will do her more good

There is hardly a day of our lives

But we read, in some amiable trials,

How husbands make love to their  
wives

Through the medium of hemp and of  
phials

One thinks, with his mistress or mate

A good halter is sure to agree—

That love-knot which, early and late,

I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee

While another, whom Hymen has bless'd

With a wife that is not over placid,

Consigns the dear charmer to rest,

With a dose of the best Prussic acid

Thus, Erin! my love do I show—

Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!

And, as poison and hemp are too slow,

Do thy business with bullets instead

Should thy faith in my medicine be  
shaken,

Ask R—d—n, that mildest of saints,

He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,

Alone can remove thy complaints,—

That, blest as thou art in thy lot,

Nothing's wanted to make it more  
pleasant

But being hang'd, tortur'd, and shot,

Much oftener than thou art at present

Even W—ll—t—n's self hath averr'd

Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,

And I lov'd him the more when I heard

Such tenderness fall from his tongue

So take the five millions of pills,

Dear partner, I herewith inclose,

'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,  
From Cromwell to Eld—n, propose

And you, ye brave bullets that go,

How I wish that, before you set out,

The Devil of the Freischutz could know

The good work you are going about

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,

Into such supernatural wit,

That you'd all of you know, as you sped,

Where a bullet of sense ought to hit

A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE<sup>1</sup>

Regius ex-sul ademptis

Vig

1827

To Swanage—that neat little town, in whose bay

Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver slippers—

Lord Bags<sup>2</sup> took his annual trip t'other day,

To taste the sea breezes, and chat with the dippers

There—learn'd as he is in conundrums and laws—

Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the wag on),

'Why are chancery suitors like bathers?'—'Because

Their suits are put off, till—they haven't a rag on'

Thus on he went chatting—but, lo, while he chats,

With a face full of wonder around him he looks;

For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,

Who used to flock round him at Swanage like rooks

<sup>1</sup> A small bathing-place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a favourite summer resort of the ex-nobleman in question, and, till this season,

much frequented also by gentlemen of the church

<sup>2</sup> The Lord Chancellor Eld—n

'How is this, Lady Bags'—to this region aquatic  
 Last year they came swarming, to make me their bow,  
 As thick as Burke's cloud o'er the vales of Carnatic,  
 Deans, Rectors, D D's—where the devil are they now ' '

'My dearest Lord Bags' saith his dame, 'can you doubt '  
 I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant,  
 But *don't* you perceive, dear, the Church have found out  
 That you're one of the people call'd *Ex's*, at present ' '

'Ah, true—you have hit it—I *am*, indeed, one  
 Of those ill-fated *Ex's* (his Lordship replies),  
 And, with tears, I confess—God forgive me the pun '—  
 We *X's* have proved ourselves *not* to be *Y's* ' '

## WO' WO' 1

Wo, wo unto ~~hxm~~ who would check or disturb it—  
 That beautiful Light, which is now on its way,  
 Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bogs of Belturbet,  
 Now brightens sweet Ballinafad with its ray '

Oh F—rnh—m, Saint F—in—m, how much do we owe thee '  
 How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs '  
 The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,  
 The young, as an amateur scourger of boys

Wo, wo to the man, who such doings would smother '—  
 On, Luther of Cavan ' On, Saint of Kilgroggy !  
 With whip in one hand, and with Bible in t'other,  
 Like Mungo's tormentor, both 'preachee and floggee '

10

Come, Saints from all quarters, and marshal his way,  
 Come, L—rt—n, who, scorning profane crudition,  
 Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river, one day,  
 Though 'twas only old Bowdler's *Velluti* edition

Come, R—den, who doubtless—so mild are thy views—  
 Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation,  
 Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to choose,  
 'Twixt good *old* Rebellion and *new* Reformation

20

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require ?  
 St Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful daughter,  
 Supplied her, 'tis said, with perpetual fire,<sup>2</sup>  
 And Sants keep her, *now*, in eternal hot water

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,  
 Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,  
 When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,  
 We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as potatoes

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Ch—st—r on the subject of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship denounced 'Wo' Wo' Wo' pretty abundantly

on all those who dared to interfere with its progress

<sup>2</sup> The inextinguishable fire of St Bridget, at Kildare

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,  
 Had been trying their talent for many a day,  
 Till F—inh—m, when all had been tried, came to show,  
 Like the German flea-catcher, 'anoder goot way' 30

And nothing's more simple than F—rnh—m's receipt,—  
 'Catch your Catholic, first—soak him well in *poteen*—<sup>1</sup>  
 Add *salary* sauce,<sup>2</sup> and the thing is complete  
 You may serve up your Protestant, smoking and clean'

'Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh at such cookery!'  
 Thus, from his perch, did I hear a black crow<sup>3</sup>  
 Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery  
 Open'd their bills, and re-echo'd 'Wo' wo!' 40

## TOUT POUR LA TRIPE

'If, in China or among the natives of India, we claimed civil advantages which were connected with religious usages, little as we might value those forms in our hearts, we should think common decency required us to abstain from treating them with offensive contumely, and, though unable to consider them sacred, we would not sneer at the name of *Fot*, or laugh at the imputed divinity of *Vishnu*.'—*Courier*, Tuesday, Jan 16

1827

Comē, take my advice, never trouble your cianum,  
 When 'civil advantages' are to be gain'd,  
 What god or what goddess may help to obtain you 'em,  
 Hindoo or Chinese, so they're only obtain'd

In this world (let me hint in your organ auricular)  
 All the good things to good hypocrites fall,  
 And he, who in swallowing creeds is particular,  
 Soon will have nothing to swallow at all

Oh place me where *Fo* (or, as some call him, *Fot*)  
 Is the god, from whom 'civil advantages' flow,  
 And you'll find, if there's any thing snug to be got,  
 I shall soon be on excellent terms with old *Fo*

Or were I where *Vishnu*, that four handed god,  
 Is the quadruple giver of pensions and places,  
 I own I should feel it unchristian and odd  
 Not to find myself also in *Vishnu's* good graces

For, among all the gods that humanely attend  
 To our wants in this planet, the gods to *my* wishes  
 Are those that, like *Vishnu* and others, descend  
 In the form, so attractive, of loaves and of fishes'<sup>4</sup>

So take my advice—for, if even the devil  
 Should tempt men again as an idol to try him,  
 'Twere best for us Tories, even then, to be civil,  
 As nobody doubts we should get something by him

<sup>1</sup> Whiskey

<sup>2</sup> 'We understand that several applications have lately been made to the Protestant clergymen of this town by fellows, inquiring "What are they giving a head for converts?"'—*Wexford Post*.

<sup>3</sup> Of the rook species—*Corvus frugilegus*, i e a great consumer of corn

<sup>4</sup> Vishnu was (as Sir W Jones calls him) 'a pisciform god,'—his first Avatar being in the shape of a fish

## ENIGMA

Monstrum nulla virtute, edemptum

COME, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,  
 And tell me what my name may be  
 I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,  
 And therefore no chicken, as you may suppose,—  
 Though a dwarf in my youth (as my nurses have told),  
 I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my clothes,  
 Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,  
 That, if folks were to furnish me now with a suit,  
 It would take ev'ry morsel of *scrip* in the land  
 But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot 10  
 Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of my stature,  
 To cover me nothing but *rags* will supply,  
 And the doctors declare that, in due course of nature,  
 About the year 30 in rags I shall die  
 Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated around,  
 An object of *int'rest*, most painful, to all,  
 In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm found,  
 Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall  
 Then riddle-me ree, oh riddle-me-ree,  
 Come, tell me what my name may be 20

When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his book,  
 Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw,  
 O'er his shoulders with large cipher eye-balls I look,  
 And down drops the pen from his paralyz'd paw!  
 When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,  
 And expects through *another* to caper and prank it,  
 You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out 'Boo!'  
 How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the blanket  
 When mighty Belshazzar bums high in the hall  
 His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's overthrow. 30  
 Lo, '*Eight Hundred Millions*' I write on the wall,  
 And the cup falls to earth and—the gout to his toe!  
 But the joy of my heart is when largely I ciam  
 My maw with the fruits of the Squearchy's acres,  
 And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,  
 Like the monster of Frankenstein, worry my makers  
 Then riddle-me ree, come, riddle-me-ree,  
 And tell, if thou knows't, who I may be

## DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN

'Vox clamantis in deserto' 1827

SAID Malthus, one day, to a clown  
 Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the  
 sun,—

'What's the number of souls in this  
 town?'—

'The number! Lord bless you, there's  
 none

We have nothing but *dabs* in this  
 place,

Of *them* a great plenty there are,  
 But the *soles*, please your rev'rence and  
 grace,  
 Are all t'other side of the bar'

And so 'tis in London just now,  
 Not a soul to be seen, up or down,—  
 Of *dabs* a great glut, I allow, 11  
 But your *soles*, every one, out of town

East or west, nothing wond'rous or new,  
No courtship or scandal, worth know-  
ing,

Mrs B——, and a Mermaid<sup>1</sup> or two,  
Are the only loose fish that are going

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,  
That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?  
Where, Eld—n, art thou, with thy tears?  
And thou, with thy sense, L—d—d—y?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,  
In the dog-days, with thee must be  
puzzled!— 22

It being his task to take care  
That such animals shan't go un-  
muzzled

Thou, too, whose political toils  
Are so worthy a captain of horse—

Whose amendments<sup>2</sup> (like honest Sir  
Boyle's)

Are 'amendments, that make matters  
worse,'<sup>3</sup>

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains  
To prove—what is granted, *nem con*—  
With how mod'rate a portion of brains  
Some heroes contrive to get on 32

And, thou, too, my R—d—sd—e, ah,  
where

Is the peer, with a star at his button,  
Whose quarters could ever compare  
With R—d—sd—e's five quarters of  
mutton?<sup>4</sup>

Why, why have ye taken your flight,  
Ye diverting and dignified crew?  
How ill do three farces a night,  
At the Haymarket, pay us for you! 40

For, what is Bombastes to thee,  
My Ell—nbro', when thou look'st  
big?

Or, where's the burletta can be  
Like L—d—rd—le's wit, and his wig?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof<sup>5</sup> could  
(Though Griffin's a comical lad)  
Invent any joke half so good  
As that precious one, 'This is too  
bad!'

Then come again, come again, Spring!  
Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy  
train, 50  
And—of all things the funniest—bring  
These exalted Grimaldis again!

### THE 'LIVING DOG' AND 'THE DEAD LION'

1828

NEXT week will be publish'd (as 'Lives' are the rage)  
The whole Reminiscences, wond'rous and strange,  
Of a small puppy-dog, that liv'd once in the cage  
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call 'sad,'  
'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends,  
And few dogs have such opportunities had  
Of knowing how Lions behave—among friends,

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,  
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small,  
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks  
That the Lion was no such great things after all

Though he roar'd pretty well—this the puppy allows—  
It was all, he says, borrow'd—all second-hand roar,  
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows  
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour

<sup>1</sup> One of the shows of London

<sup>2</sup> More particularly his Grace's celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill, for which, and the circumstances connected with it, see *Annual Register* for A D 1827

<sup>3</sup> From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche's, in the

Irish House of Commons

<sup>4</sup> The learning his Lordship displayed, on the subject of the butcher's 'fifth quarter' of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten

<sup>5</sup> The *nom de guerre* under which Colman has written some of his best farces

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,  
 To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits  
 Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,  
 And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits  
 Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)  
 With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,  
 He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,  
 And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can  
 However, the book's a good book, being rich in  
 Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,  
 How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen  
 ' Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead

Exeter 'Change

T PIDCOCK

## ODE TO DON MIGUEL

Et tu, Brute !

1828<sup>1</sup>

WHAT ! Miguel, *not* patriotic ? oh, fie,  
 After so much good teaching 'tis quite a *take-in*, Sir,—  
 First school'd, as you were, under Metternich's eye,  
 And then (as young misses say) 'finish'd' at Windsor !<sup>2</sup>  
 I ne'er in my life knew a case that was harder,—  
 Such feasts as you had, when you made us a call !  
 Three courses each day from his Majesty's larder,—  
 And now, to turn absolute Don, after all !<sup>3</sup>

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style and the matter  
 Of each thing they *write* suit the way that they *dine*,  
 Roast salm for Epic, broil'd devils for Satire,  
 And hotchpotch and *trifle* for rhymes such as mine  
 That Rulers should feed the same way, I've no doubt,—  
 Great Despots on *bouilli* serv'd up a *la Russe*,<sup>4</sup>  
 Your small German Princes on frogs and soup crout,  
 And your Vice-roy of Hanover always on *goose*

Some Dons, too, have fancied (though this may be fable)  
 A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they blunder it,—  
 Not content with the common *hot* meat on a table,  
 They're partial (oh, Mig !) to a dish of *cold* under it !<sup>4</sup>

No wonder a Don of such appetites found  
 Even Windsor's collations plebeianly plain,  
 Where the dishes most *high* that my Lady sends round  
 Are her *Maintenon* outlets and soup *a la Reine*

Alas ! that a youth with such charming beginnings,  
 Should sink, all at once, to so sad a conclusion,  
 And, what is still worse, throw the losings and winnings  
 Of worthies on 'Change into so much confusion !

<sup>1</sup> At the commencement of this year, the designs of Don Miguel and his partisans against the constitution established by his brother had begun more openly to declare themselves.

<sup>2</sup> Don Miguel had paid a visit to the English court, at the close of the year 1827.

<sup>3</sup> Dressed with a pint of the strongest spirits,—a favourite dish of the Great Frederick of

Prussia, and which he persevered in eating even on his death-bed, much to the horror of physician Zimmerman.

<sup>4</sup> This quiet ease of murder with all its particulars—the hiding the body under the dinner-table, &c. &c.—is, no doubt, well known to the reader.

The Bulls, in hysterics—the Bears just as bad—  
 The few men who *have*, and the many who've *not* tick,  
 All shock'd to find out that that promising lad,  
 Prince Metternich's pupil, is—*not* patriotic !

## THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND

1828.

OfT have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,  
 Some well-roug'd youth round Astley's Circus ride  
 Two stately steeds—standing, with graceful straddle,  
 Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,  
 While to soft tunes—some jigs, and some *andantes*—  
 He steers around his light-pac'd Rosinantes

So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,  
 That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present,—  
*Papist* and *Protestant* the coursers twain,  
 That lend then necks to his impartial rein,  
 And round the ring—each honour'd, as they go,  
 With equal pressure from his gracious toe—  
 To the old medley tune, half 'Patrick's Day'  
 And half 'Boyne Water,' take their cant'ring way,  
 While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks  
 His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubtful hacks  
 Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art !  
 How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start,—  
 If *Protestant's* old restive tricks were gone,  
 And *Papist's* winkers could be still kept on !  
 But no, false hopes—not even the great Ducrow  
 'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an overthrow  
 If *solar* hacks play'd Phaeton a trick,  
 What hope, alas, from hackney's *lunatic* ?

If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,  
 Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses ;  
 If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip  
 To *Papist's* tail or *Protestant's* ear tip—  
 That instant ends their glorious horsemanship !  
 Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free,  
 And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea !

## THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS

## A DREAM

'Cio che si perde qui, l' si ragura ' Ariosto  
 '—— a valley, where he sees  
 Things that on earth were lost ' Milton

Know'st thou not him<sup>1</sup> the poet sings,  
 Who flew to the moon's serene domain,  
 And saw that valley, where all the things,  
 That vanish on earth, are found again—  
 The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,  
 The vow of the lover, the dream of the sage,

<sup>1</sup> Astolpho

The golden visions of mining cits,  
 The promises great men strew about them,  
 And, pack'd in compass small, the wits  
 Of monarchs, who rule as well without them '— 10  
 Like him, but diving with wing profound,  
 I have been to a Limbo under ground  
 Where characters lost on earth, (and *cried*,  
 In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide,)  
 In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown  
 And there, so worthless and fly-blown,  
 That ev'n the imps would not purloin them,  
 Lie, till their worthy owners join them

Curious it was to see this mass  
 Of lost and torn-up reputations,— 20  
 Some of them female wares, alas,  
 Mislaïd at *innocent* assignations,  
 Some, that had sigh'd their last amen  
 From the canting lips of saints that would be,  
 And some once own'd by 'the best of men,'  
 Who had prov'd—no better than they should be  
 'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,  
 Once shining fair, now soak'd and black—  
 'No wonder' (an imp at my elbow cried),  
 'For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack '— 30

Just then a yell was heard o'er head,  
 Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty summons;  
 And lo! a devil right downward sped,  
 Bringing, within his claws so red,  
 Two statesmen's characters, found, he said,  
 Last night, on the floor of the House of Commo  
 The which, with black official grin,  
 He now to the Chief Imp handed in,—  
*Both* these articles much the worse  
 For their journey down, as you may suppose, 40  
 But *one* so devilish rank—'Odds curse '—  
 Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose

'Ho, ho!' quoth he, 'I know full well  
 From whom these two stray matters fell,'—  
 Then, casting away, with loathful shrug,  
 The 'uncleaner' waif (as he would a drug  
 The 'Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd),  
 His gaze on the other 'firm he fix'd,  
 And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his eye,  
 To be moral, because of the *young* imps by, 50  
 'What a pity!' he cried—'so fresh its gloss,  
 So long preserv'd—'tis a public loss!  
 This comes of a man, the careless blockhead,  
 Keeping his character in his pocket,  
 And there—without considering whether  
 There's room for that and his gains together—



Cramming, and cramming, and cramming away,  
Till—out slips character some fine day!

‘However’—and here he view’d it round—  
This article still may pass for sound  
Some flaws, soon patch’d, some stains are all  
The harm it has had in its luckless fall  
Here, Puck!’—and he call’d to one of his train—  
‘The owner may have this back again  
Though damag’d for ever, if us’d with skill,  
It may serve, perhaps, to *trade on* still,  
Though the gem can never, as once, be set,  
It will do for a Tory Cabinet’

### HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY

*Qui facit per alium facit per se*

‘MONG our neighbours, the French, in the good olden time  
When Nobility flourish’d, great Barons and Dukes  
Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,  
But ne’er took the trouble to write their own books

Poor devils were found to do this for their betters,—  
And one day, a Bishop, addressing a *Blue*,  
Said, ‘Ma’am, have you read my new Pastoral Letters?’  
To which the *Blue* answer’d—‘No, Bishop, have you?’

The same is now done by *our* privileg’d class,  
And, to show you how simple the process it needs,  
If a great Major-General<sup>1</sup> wishes to pass  
For an author of History, thus he proceeds —

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well  
As he can, with a *goose-quill* that claims him as *kin*  
He settles his neckcloth—takes snuff—rings the bell,  
And yawningly orders a Subaltern in

The Subaltern comes—sees his General seated,  
In all the self glory of authorship swelling,—  
‘There, look,’ saith his Lordship, ‘My work is completed,—  
It wants nothing now, but the grammar and spelling’

Well used to a *breach*, the brave Subaltern dreads  
Awkward breaches of syntax a hundred times more;  
And, though often condemn’d to see breaking of heads,  
He had ne’er seen such breaking of Priscian’s before

However, the job’s sure to *pay*—that’s enough—  
So, to it he sets with his tinkering hammer,  
Convinc’d that there never was job half so tough  
As the mending a great Major-General’s grammar

But, lo, a fresh puzzlement starts up to view—  
New toil for the Sub—for the Lord new expense—  
‘Tis discover’d that mending his *grammar* wo’n’t do,  
As the Subaltern also must find him in *sense*’

<sup>1</sup> Or Lieutenant-General, as it may happen to be

At last—even this is achieved by his aid,  
 Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and—the story,  
 Drums beat—the new Grand March of Intellect's play'd—  
 And off struts my Lord, the Historian, in glory!

## IMITATION OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE

'Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali  
 Di qua, di là, di giù, di su gli mena'

*Inferno, canto 5*

I TURN'D my steps, and lo, a shadowy throng  
 Of ghosts came fluttering tow'ards me—blown along,  
 Like cockchafers in high autumnal storms,  
 By many a fitful gust that through their forms  
 Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy puff,  
 And puff'd as—though they'd never puff enough

'Whence and what are ye?' pitying I inquir'd  
 Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter'd, tost, and tir'd  
 With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand  
 On their lean legs while answering my demand  
 'We once were authors'—thus the Sprite, who led  
 This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said—  
 'Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter,  
 Who, early smit with love of praise and—*pewter*,<sup>1</sup>  
 On C—lb—n's<sup>2</sup> shelves first saw the light of day,  
 In 's puffs exhal'd our lives away—  
 Like summer windmills, doom'd to dusty peace,  
 When the brisk gales, that lent them motion cease.  
 Ah, little knew we then what ills await  
 Much-lauded scribblers in their after state;  
 Bepuff'd on earth—how loudly Str—t can tell—  
 And, dire reward, now doubly puff'd in hell!'

10

20

Touch'd with compassion for his ghastly crew,  
 Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind sung through  
 In mournful prose,—such prose as Rosa's<sup>3</sup> ghost  
 Still at the' accustom'd hour of eggs and toast,  
 Sighs through the columns of the *M—rn—g P—t*,—  
 Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who stood  
 Foremost of all that flatulential brood,  
 Singling a *she*-ghost from the party, said,  
 'Allow me to present Miss X Y Z',<sup>4</sup>  
 One of our *letter'd* nymphs—excuse the pun—  
 Who gain'd a name on earth by—having none;  
 And whose initials would immortal be,  
 Had she but learn'd those plain ones, A B C  
 Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry and neat,  
 Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes—fit winding sheet—

30

<sup>1</sup> The *classical* term for money

<sup>2</sup> The reader may fill up this gap with any one of the *assyllabic* publishers of London that occurs to him

<sup>3</sup> Rosa Matilda, who was for many years the writer of the political articles in the journal

alluded to, and whose spirit still seems to pre-  
 side—'regnat Rosa'—over its pages

<sup>4</sup> Not the charming L E L, and still less,  
 Mrs F H, whose poetry is among the most  
 beautiful of the present day

Still marvels much that not a soul should care  
 One single pm to know who wrote 'May Fair,'—  
 While this young gentleman, (here forth he drew  
 A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through and through,  
 As though his ribs were an Aeolian lyre  
 For the old Row's soft *trade* winds to inspire,)  
 'This modest genius breath'd one wish alone,  
 To have his volume read, himself unknown,  
 But different far the course his glory took,  
 All knew the author, and—none read the book

40

'Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,  
 Who rides the blast, Sir J—n—h B—rr—t—n,—  
 In tricks to raise the wind his life was spent,  
 And now the wind returns the compliment  
 This lady here, the Earl of —'s sister,  
 Is a dead novelist, and this is Mister—  
 Beg pardon—*Honourable* Mister L—st—r,  
 A gentleman who, some weeks since, came over  
 In a smart puff (wind S S E) to Dover  
 Yonder behind us limps young Vivian Grey,  
 Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown away,  
 Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind  
 No further purchase for a puff can find'

50

60

'And thou thyself'—here, anxious, I exclaim'd—  
 'Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself, art nam'd'  
 'Me, Sir!' he blushing cried—'Ah, there's the rub—  
 Know, then—a waiter once at Brooks's Club,  
 A waiter still I might have long remain'd,  
 And long the club-room's jokes and glasses drain'd,  
 But, ah, in luckless hour, this last December,  
 I wrote a book,<sup>1</sup> and Colburn dubb'd me "Member"—  
 "Member of Brooks's!"—oh Promethean puff,  
 To what wilt thou exalt even kitchen-stuff'  
 With crums of gossip, caught from dining wits,  
 And half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like half-chew'd bits,  
 To be, each night, the waiter's perquisites,—  
 With such ingredients, serv'd up oft before,  
 But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er,  
 I manag'd, for some weeks, to dose the town,  
 Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me down,  
 And, ready still even waiters' souls to damn,  
 The Devil but rang his bell, and—here I am,—  
 Yes—"Coming up, Sir," once my favourite cry,  
 Exchang'd for "Coming down, Sir," here am I'

70

80

Scarce had the spectre's lips these words let drop,  
 When, lo, a breeze—such as from —'s shop  
 Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,  
 And speeds the *sheets* and swells the lagging *sail*—  
 Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop,  
 And, whirling him and all his grisly group

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Clubs of London*, announced as by 'a Member of Brooks's'

Of literary ghosts—Miss X Y Z—  
 The nameless author, better known than read—  
 Sir Jo—the Honourable Mr L—st—r,  
 And, last, not least, Lord Nobody's twin-sister—  
 Blew them, ye gods, with all their prose and rhymes  
 And sins about them, far into those chimes  
 'Where Peter pitch'd his waistcoat'<sup>1</sup> in old times,  
 Leaving me much in doubt, as on I prest,  
 With my great master, through this realm unblest,  
 Whether old Nick or C—lb—n puffs the best

90

LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD B—TH—ST'S TAIL<sup>2</sup>

ALL *in* again—unlook'd for bliss!  
 Yet, ah, *one* adjunct still we miss,—  
 One tender tie, attach'd so long  
 To the same head, through right and  
 wrong

Why, B—th—st, why didst thou cut  
 off

That memorable tail of thine?

Why—as if *one* was not enough—

Thy pig-tie with thy place resign,

And thus, at once, both *cut* and *run*?

Alas, my Lord, 'twas not well done, 10

'Twas not, indeed—though sad at  
 heart,

From office and its sweets to part,

Yet hopes of coming in again,

Sweet Tory hopes! beguil'd our pain,

But thus to miss that tail of thine,

Through long, long years our rallying  
 sign—

As if the State and all its powers

By tenancy *in tail* were ours—

To see it thus by scissors fall,

*This* was 'the' unkindest *cut* of all! 20

It seem'd as though the' ascendant  
 day

Of Toryism had pass'd away,

And, proving Samson's story true,

She lost her vigour with her *queue*

Parties are much like fish, 'tis said—

The tail directs them, not the head,

Then, how could *any* party fail,

That steer'd its course by B—th—st's  
 tail?

Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's  
 fight,

E'er shed such guiding glories from it,  
 As erst, in all true Tories' sight, 30

Blaz'd from our old Colonial comet!

If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,

(As W—ll—gt—n will be anon)

Thou might'st have had a tail to spare,

But no, alas, thou hadst but one,

And *that*—like Troy, or Babylon,

A tale of other times—is gone!

Yet—weep ye not, ye Tories true—

Fate has not yet of all bereft us, 40

Though thus depriv'd of B—th—st's

*queue*,

We've E—b—h's *curls* still left us,—  
 Sweet curls, from which young Love, so

vicious,

His shots, as from nine-pounders, issues,

Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,

Surcharg'd with all a nation's fate,

His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God  
 did,<sup>3</sup>

And oft in thundering talk comes  
 near him,—

Except that, there, the *speaker* nodded,  
 And, here, 'tis only those who hear  
 him 50

Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil

Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,

With plenty of Macassar oil,

Through many a year your growth to  
 nourish!

And, ah, should Time too soon unsheath  
 His barbarous shears such locks to

sever,

Still dear to Tories, even in death,

Their last, lov'd relics we'll bequeath,

A *hair-loom* to our sons for ever

<sup>1</sup> A *Dantesque* allusion to the old saying  
 'Nine miles beyond H—ll, where Peter pitched  
 his waistcoat'

<sup>2</sup> The noble Lord, it is well known, cut off

this much-respected appendage, on his retire-  
 ment from office some months since

<sup>3</sup> 'Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the  
 nod'—Popo's *Home*

## THE CHERRIES

A PARABLE<sup>1</sup>

1828

SEE those cherries, how they cover  
 Yonder sunny garden wall,—  
 Had they not that network over,  
 Thieving birds would eat them all  
 So, to guard our posts and pensions,  
 Ancient sages wove a net,  
 Through whose holes, of small dimensions,  
 Only *certain* knaves can get  
 Shall we then this network widen?  
 Shall we stretch these sacred holes, 10  
 Through which, even already, slide in  
 Lots of small dissenting souls?  
 'God forbid!' old *Testy* crieth,  
 'God forbid!' so echo I,  
 Every ravenous bird that flieth  
 Then would at our cherries fly  
 Ope but half an inch or so,  
 And, behold, what bevvies break in,—  
*Here*, some curst old Popish crow  
 Pops his long and lickerish beak in, 20

*Here*, sly Arians flock unnumber'd,  
 And Socinians, slim and spare,  
 Who, with small belief encumber'd,  
 Slip in easy any where,—  
 Methodists, of birds the aptest,  
 Where there's *pecking* going on,  
 And that water-fowl, the Baptist—  
 All would share our fruits anon,  
 Every bird, of every city,  
 That, for years, with ceaseless din, 30  
 Hath revers'd the starling's ditty,  
 Singing out 'I can't get in'  
 'God forbid!' old *Testy* snivels,  
 'God forbid!' I echo too,  
 Rather may ten thousand d-v-ls  
 Seize the whole voracious crew!  
 If less costly fruit wo'n't suit 'em,  
 Hips and haws, and such like berries,  
 Curse the cormorants! stone 'em, shoot  
 'em,  
 Any thing—to save our cherries 40

STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF DEFEAT<sup>2</sup>

1828

Go seek for some abler defenders of wrong,  
 If we *must* run the gauntlet through blood and expense,  
 Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude strong,  
 Be content with success, and pretend not to sense  
 If the words of the wise and the gen'rous are vain,  
 If Truth by the bowstring *must* yield up her breath,  
 Let Mutes do the office—and spare her the pain  
 Or an In—gl—s or T—nd—l to talk her to death  
 Chain, persecute, plunder—do all that you will—  
 But save us, at least, the old womanly lore 10  
 Of a F—st—r, who, dully prophetic of ill,  
 Is, at once, the *two* instruments, AUGUR<sup>3</sup> and BORE  
 Bring legions of Squires—if they'll only be mute—  
 And array their thick heads against reason and right,  
 Like the Roman of old, of historic repute,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who with droves of dumb animals carried the fight,

10

<sup>1</sup> Written during the late discussion on the Test and Corporation Acts

<sup>2</sup> During the discussion of the Catholic question in the House of Commons last session

<sup>3</sup> This rhyme is more for the ear than the eye, as the carpenter's tool is spelt *auge*

<sup>4</sup> Fabius, who sent droves of bullocks against the enemy

Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court,  
Your Bedchamber lordlings, your salaried slaves,  
Who, ripe for all job-work, no matter what sort,  
Have their consciences tack'd to their patents and staves 20

Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal sings,  
Are the Treasury's creatures, wherever they swim,<sup>1</sup>  
With all the base, time-serving *toadies* of Kings,  
Who, if Punch were the monarch, would worship even him,

And while, on the *one* side, each name of renown,  
That illumines and blesses our age is combin'd,  
While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Cannings look down,  
And drop o'er the cause their rich mantles of Mind,

Let bold Paddy H—lmes show his troops on the other,  
And, counting of noses the quantum desir'd, 30  
Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi's fam'd mother,  
'Come forward, my *jewels*'—'tis all that's requir'd

And thus let your farce be enacted hereafter—  
Thus honestly persecute, outlaw, and chain,  
But spare even your victims the tortures of laughter,  
And never, oh never, try *reasoning* again!

## ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS

BY ONE OF THE BOARD

1828

LET other bards to groves repair,  
Where linnets strain their tuneful  
throats,

Mine be the Woods and Forests, where  
The Treasury pours its sweeter *notes*

No whispering winds have charms for  
me,

Nor zephyr's balmy sighs I ask,  
To raise the wind for Royalty  
Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task!

And, 'stead of crystal brooks and  
floods,

And all such vulgar irrigation, 10  
Let Gallic rhino through our Woods  
Divert its 'course of liquid-ation'

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well

What Woods and Forests *ought* to  
be,

When, sly, he introduc'd in hell  
His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree — 2

Nor see I why, some future day,  
When short of cash, we should not send  
Our H—rr—s down—he knows the way—  
To see if Woods in hell will *lend* 20

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,  
Beneath whose '*branches* of expense'  
Our gracious K—g gets all he wants,—  
*Except* a little taste and sense

Long, in your golden shade reclin'd,  
Like him of fair Armida's bowers,  
May W—ll—n some *wood*-nymph find,  
To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours,

To rest from toil the Great Untaught,  
And soothe the pangs his warlike brain  
Must suffer, when, unus'd to thought,  
It tries to think, and—tries in vain

Oh long may Woods and Forests be 33  
Preserv'd, in all their teeming graces,  
To shelter Tory bards, like me,  
Who take delight in Sylvan *places*! 3

<sup>1</sup> Res fisci est, ubicumque nati — Juvenal

<sup>2</sup> Called by Virgil botanically, '*species anni frondentis*'

<sup>3</sup> Tu facis, ut *sikas*, ut amem *loca* —

Ovid

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON <sup>1</sup>'Take back the virgin page' Moore's *Irish Melodies*

1828,

No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy  
At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,  
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,  
And he, the dear innocent placeman, another <sup>2</sup>

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee,—  
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more,  
By St Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a lesson upon thee  
As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before

Come—on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,  
(Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply would lend you,)  
Read V—sey all o'er (as you *can't* read a book)  
And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send you,

10

A lesson, in large *Roman* characters trac'd,  
Whose awful impressions from you and your kin  
Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effac'd—  
Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you're mere *asses' skin*

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,  
Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a rare one,  
But pen against sabre is desperate odds,  
And you, my Lord Duke (as you *hinted* once), wear one

20

Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er,—  
You will find him worth all the old scrolls of papyrus,  
That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,  
Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire us

All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,  
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and Dukes,  
Whose plain, simple drift if they *wo'n't* understand,  
Though caress'd at St James's, they're fit for St Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls <sup>1</sup>—more meaning convey'd is  
In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,  
Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies  
That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eld—n

30

## THE ANNUAL PILL

Supposed to be sung by OLD PROSY, the Jew, in the Character of Major C—RTW—GHT

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,  
Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?  
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me say vat I vill,  
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These verses were suggested by the result of the Clare election, in the year 1828, when the Right Honourable W Vesey Fitzgerald was rejected, and Mr. O'Connell returned,

<sup>2</sup> Some expressions to this purport, in a published letter of one of these gentlemen, had then produced a good deal of amusement.

'Tis so pretty a bolus!—just down let it go,  
 And, at vonce, such a *radical* shange you vill see,  
 Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,  
 If your heads all vere found, vere your tailsh ought to be!  
 Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge away cleai 10  
 Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir hands—  
 'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dulness, ma tear,  
 Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister VAN's  
 Dere is nothing at all vat dis Pill vill not reach—  
 Give the Sinecure Shentleman von little grain,  
 Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,  
 And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence, up again!  
 Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint—  
 But, among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong, 20  
 It vill cure de *Broad Bottom*<sup>1</sup>—a common complaint  
 Among M P's and weavers—from *sitting* too long,  
 Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on a dunce  
 (Vat is often de case), it vill stop de disease,  
 And pring away all de long speeches at vonce,  
 Dat else vould, like tape-worms, come by degrees!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,  
 Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?  
 Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me say vat I vill,  
 Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman munds vat I say! 30

### 'IF' AND 'PERHAPS'

Oh tidings of freedom! oh accents of hope!  
 Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,  
 And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,  
 Fro Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

'If' utely the slave will endure and obey,  
 Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,  
 His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant day,  
 May *think* (tender tyrants!) of loosening his chains'

Wise 'if' and 'perhaps'—precious salve for our wounds,  
 If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes, 20  
 Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that resounds,  
 Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's

But, no, 'tis in vain—the grand impulse is given—  
 Man knows his high Charter, and knowing will claim;  
 And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are riven,  
 Be theirs, who have forg'd them, the guilt and the shame

<sup>1</sup> Meaning, I presume, *Coalition* Adminis-  
 trations

<sup>2</sup> Written after hearing a celebrated speech  
 in the House of Lords, June 10, 1828, when the

motion in favour of Catholic Emancipation,  
 brought forward by the Marquis of Lansdowne,  
 was rejected by the House of Lords



'If the slave will be silent!'—vain Soldier, beware—

There *is* a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,  
When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,  
But clings round the heart with a deadlier gloom,—

20

When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's cheek,  
Gives place to the' avenger's pale, resolute hue,  
And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining to *speak*,  
Consigns to the arm the high office—to *do*

If men, in that silence, should think of the hour,  
When proudly their fathers in panoply stood,  
Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power  
To the despot on land and the foe on the flood

That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the west,  
To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms,  
And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the oppress,  
That kings are as dust before freemen in arms!

30

If, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall  
That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's sweet day  
At length seem'd to break through a long night of thrall,  
And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray,—

If Fancy should tell him, that Day-spring of Good,  
Though swiftly its light died away from his chain,  
Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,  
Now wants but invoking to shine out again,—

40

If—*if*, I say—breathings like these should come o'er  
The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they come,  
Then, *perhaps*—*ay, perhaps*—but I dare not say more,  
Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute—I am dumb

## WRITE ON, WRITE ON

### A BALLAD

Air — '*Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear*'

Silvete, fraties asini St Francis

WRITE on, write on, ye Barons dear,  
Ye Dukes, write hard and fast,  
The good we've sought for many a year  
Your quills will bring at last  
One letter more, N—wc—stle, pen  
To match Lord K—ny—n's *two*,  
And more than Ireland's host of men,  
One brace of Peers will do

Write on, write on, &c

Sure, never, since the precious use  
Of pen and ink began,  
Did letters, writ by fools, produce  
Such signal good to man  
While intellect, 'mong high and low,  
Is marching *on*, they say,

Give me the Dukes and Lords, who go,  
Like crabs, the *other* way

Write on, write on, &c

Even now I feel the coming light—  
Even now, could Folly lure  
My Lord M—ntc—sh—l, too, to write,  
Emancipation's sure  
By geese (we read in history),  
Old Rome was sav'd from ill,  
And now, to *quills* of geese, we see  
Old Rome indebted still

Write on, write on, &c

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,  
Nor beat for sense about—  
Things, little worth a Noble's while,  
You're better far without  
Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,  
Such miracles were done,  
For, write but four such letters more,  
And Freedom's cause is won!

SONG OF THE DEPARTING  
SPIRIT OF TITHE

'The parting Genius is with sighing sent'  
Milton

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,  
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,  
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,  
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,  
'Great Tithe and Small are dead and  
gone!'

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,  
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things,  
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,  
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,<sup>1</sup>

After the feast of fruit abhorr'd— 10  
First indigestion on record!—

Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,  
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,  
Or of Calvin's most select deprav'd,  
In the Church must have your bacon  
sav'd,—

Ye fields, where Labour counts his  
sheaves,

And, whatsoever *himself* believes,  
Must bow to the 'Establish'd Church  
belief,

That the tenth is always a *Protestant*  
sheaf,— 19

Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven  
Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven,<sup>2</sup>  
Ye tenths of rape hemp, barley, flax,  
Eggs,<sup>3</sup> timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax,  
All things, in short, since earth's crea-  
tion,

Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,  
To suffer eternal decimation—

Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,  
Reduc'd to nine parts out of ten,

Or—as we calculate thefts and arsons—  
Just *ten per cent* the worse for Parsons!

<sup>1</sup> A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an *Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England*, has assigned the origin of Tithes to 'some unrecorded revelation made to Adam'

<sup>2</sup> The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven he shall have one.—Rees's *Cyclopædia*, art. 'Tithes'

<sup>3</sup> Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rector's, that

'For the titling of a duck,  
On an apple or an aye (egg),  
They make him sweat upon a boke,  
Thus they foulen Christ's fay'

Alas, and is all this wise device 31  
For the saving of souls thus gone in  
a trice?—

The whole put down, in the simplest way,  
By the souls resolving *not* to pay!  
And even the Papists, thankless race,  
Who have had so much the easiest case—  
To *pay* for our sermons doom'd, 'tis true,  
But not condemn'd to *hear* them, too—  
(Our holy business being, 'tis known,  
With the ears of their barley, not their  
own,) 40

Even *they* object to let us pillage,  
By right divine, their tenth of tillage,  
And, horror of horrors, even decline  
To find us in sacramental wine!<sup>4</sup>

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,  
Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,  
Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,  
And make of his flock 'a prey and meat'<sup>5</sup>  
No more shall be his the pastoral sport  
Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,  
Through various steps, Citation, Label—  
*Scriptures* all, but *not* the Bible, 52  
Working the Law's whole apparatus,  
To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,  
And summoning all the powers of wig,  
To settle the fraction of a pig!—  
Till, parson and all committed deep  
In the case of 'Shepherds *versus* Sheep,'  
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,  
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,  
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,  
Defendants form the congregation 62

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not  
Heaven's,

For *tenths* thus all at *sizes* and *sevens*,  
Seeking what parsons love no less  
Than tragic poets—a good *distress*  
Instead of studying St Augustin,  
Gregory Nyss, or old St Justin  
(Books fit only to hoard dust in), 69  
His reverence stints his evening reading,  
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,  
Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,  
Which forms his only *ancient* study,—

<sup>4</sup> Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine

<sup>5</sup> Ezek xxxiv 10—'Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more, for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them'

Port so old, you'd swear its tartar  
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,  
And, had he sipp'd of such, no doubt  
His martyrdom would have been—to  
gout

Is all then lost?—alas, too true—  
Ye Tenth's belov'd, adieu, adieu!  
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er— 80  
Like old Thumb's ghost, 'I can no  
more'

### THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN

'We are told that the bigots are growing old  
and fast wearing out If it be so, why not let  
us die in peace?'—Lord Bexley's *Letter to the*  
*Freholders of Kent*

Stop, Intellect, in mercy stop,  
Ye curst improvements, cease,  
And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop  
Into his grave in peace

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,  
Young Freedom, veil thy head,  
Let nothing good be thought or done,  
Till Nick V—ns—tt—t's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,  
Who much doth light detest, 10  
And let his last few drivelling years  
Be dark as were the rest

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,  
Speed not so fast away—  
Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,  
A few months longer stay!

Together soon, or much I err,  
You both from life may go—  
The notes unto the scavenger,  
And Nick—to Nick below 20

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,  
Be all reforms suspended,  
In compliment to dear old Van,  
Let nothing bad be mended

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,  
Your cry politely cease,  
And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings  
That Van may die in peace

So shall he win a fame sublime  
By few old rag-men gain'd; 30  
Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,  
Nor sense, nor justice reign'd

So shall his name through ages past,  
And dolts ungotten yet,  
Date from 'the days of Nicholas,'  
With fond and sad regret,—

And sighing, say, 'Alas, had he  
Been spar'd from Pluto's bowers,  
The blessed reign of Bigotry  
And Rags might still be ours!' 40

### TO THE REVEREND

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM

1828

WHAT, you, too, my —, in hashes so knowing,  
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus profest!  
Are you, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going  
To make an old fool of yourself with the rest?

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts,  
And—if you want *something* to tease—for variety,  
Go study how Ude, in his 'Cookery,' treats  
Live eels, when he fits them for polish'd society

Just snuggling them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,  
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,<sup>2</sup> 10  
In a manner that H—rn—r himself would admire,  
And wish, 'stead of eels, they were Catholic souls

<sup>1</sup> *Penituntæ parcere chartæ*

<sup>2</sup> The only wry, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels,  
 While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown,  
 So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,  
 And, for *once*, let the other poor devils alone.

I have even a still better receipt for your cook—  
 How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis*,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, if you'll, for once, *fellow-feelings* o'erlook,  
 A well-tortur'd goose a most capital sight is 20

First, catch him, alive—make a good steady fire—  
 Set your victim before it, both legs being tied,  
 (As, if left to himself, he *might* wish to retire,)  
 And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,  
 Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid, off,  
 He dies of as charming a liver complaint  
 As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,  
 What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use meant, 30  
 Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been  
 Made a tit-bit for yours and your brethren's amusement

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they quiver,  
 A slow fire of tyianny wastes by degrees—  
 No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,  
 No wonder you, Gourmands, should love her disease

### IRISH ANTIQUITIES

ACCORDING to some learn'd opinions	Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,
The Irish once were Carthaginians,	A Sacred Ass to lead the way, <sup>2</sup>
But, trusting to more late descriptions,	And still the antiquarian traces
I'd rather say they were Egyptians.	'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,
My reason's this —the Priests of Isis,	For still, in all religious cases,
Whenforth they march'd in longarray,	They put Lord R—d—n in the van

### A CURIOUS FACT

THE present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer who writes letters,  
 For which the waste-paper folks much are his debtors)  
 Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,  
 Which puzzleth observers, even more than his writing  
 Whenever Lord K—ny—n doth chance to behold  
 A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie *must* be cold—  
 His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),  
 And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie  
 This idolatrous act, in so 'vital' a Peer,  
 Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather queer— 10  
 Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head  
 (Vide *Crustivum*, chap. iv) of the Worship of Bread

<sup>1</sup> A liver complaint    The process by which  
 the livers of geese are enlarged for the famous  
*Pates de foie d'oie*

<sup>2</sup> To this practice the ancient adage alludes,  
 'Asinus portans mysteria'

Some think 'tis a tribute, as author, he owes  
 For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose,—  
 The only good things in his pages, they swear,  
 Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts there  
*Others* say, 'tis a homage, through pie-crust convey'd,  
 To our Glorious Deliverer's much honour'd shade,  
 As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)  
 Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,<sup>1</sup>  
 And 'tis solely in loyal remembrance of that,  
 My Lord K—ny—n to apple-pie takes off his hat  
 While others account for this kind salutation  
 By what Tony Lumpkin calls 'concatenation,'—  
 A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,  
 'Twixt old *Apple-women* and *Orange men* lies

20

But 'tis needless to add, these are all vague surmises,  
 For thus, we're assur'd, the whole matter arises  
 Loid K—ny—n's respected old father (like many  
 Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny,  
 And lov'd so to save,<sup>2</sup> that—there's not the least question—  
 His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,  
 From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship *would* stuff in,  
 At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin  
 Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies  
 Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes—  
 Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff  
 To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off—  
 And while *filial* piety urges so many on,  
 'Tis pure *apple-pie-ety* moves my Lord K—ny—n

30

40

### NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES

SIR,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain, not over-wise, judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the baying of an ass at the door. 'What noise is that?' asked the angry judge. 'Only an extraordinary *echo* there is in court, my Lord,' answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such 'extraordinary echoes' abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them.

Yours, &c

S

Huc coeamus,<sup>2</sup> ait, nullique libentius unquam  
 Responsura sono, Coeamus, retulit echo

Ovid

THERE are echoes, we know, of all sorts,  
 From the echo, that 'dies in the dale,'  
 To the 'airy-tongued babbler,' that sports  
 Up the tide of the torrent her 'tale'

<sup>1</sup> See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her *Memoirs* of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas—the first

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,  
 With the latest smart *mot* they have heard,

There are echoes, extremely like shrews,  
 Letting nobody have the last word

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,  
 Certain 'talented' echoes 'there dwell,

10

Who, on being ask'd, 'How do you do?'  
 Politely reply, 'Pretty well'

But why should I talk any more  
 Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,  
 When Britain has new ones in store,  
 That transcend them by many degrees?

of the season—while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating, with her eyes, for a share

<sup>2</sup> The same prudent propensity characterises his descendant, who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a diphthong on his father's monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically, thus — '*Mori janua vita*'

<sup>3</sup> 'Let us form Clubs'

<sup>4</sup> Commonly called 'Paddy Blake's Echoes'

For, of all repercussions of sound,  
Concerning which bards make a  
pothor,

There's none like that happy rebound  
When one blockhead echoes another,—

When K—ny—n commences the bray,<sup>21</sup>  
And the Borough-Duke follows his  
track,

And loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,  
R—thd—ne brays, with interest,  
back,—

And while, of *most* echoes the sound  
On our ear by reflection doth fall,  
These Brunswickers<sup>1</sup> pass the bray  
round,  
Without any reflection at all

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,  
Who can name all the echoes there  
are<sup>30</sup>

From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,  
From Benledi to wild Uamvar,

I might track, through each hard Irish  
name,

The rebounds of this asinine strain,  
Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came  
To the *chief* Neddy, K—ny—n, again,

Might tell how it roar'd in R—thd—ne,  
How from D—ws—n it died off  
genteelly—

How hollow it rung from the crown  
Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y,<sup>40</sup>

How, on hearing my Lord of G—e,  
Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,  
Outdone, in their own special line,  
By the forty-ass power of his bray<sup>1</sup>

But, no—for so humble a bard  
'Tis a subject too trying to touch on,  
Such noblemen's names are too hard,  
And their noddles too soft to dwell  
much on

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,  
Of the dell, and the deep-sounding  
shelves,<sup>50</sup>

If, in spite of Narcissus, you still  
Take to fools who are charm'd with  
themselves,

<sup>1</sup> Anti-Catholic associations, under the title of Brunswick Clubs, were at this time becoming numerous both in England and Ireland

Who knows but, some morning re-  
tiring,  
To walk by the Trent's wooded  
side,

You may meet with N—wc—stle, admir-  
ing  
His own lengthen'd ears in the tide<sup>1</sup>

Or, on into Cambria straying,  
Find K—ny—n, that double-tongued  
elf,

In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying<sup>60</sup>  
A Brunswick duet with himself!

### INCANTATION

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF 'THE  
BRUNSWICKERS'<sup>1</sup>

1823

SCENE—*Pencenden Plain. In the middle, a cal-  
dron boiling. Thunder.—Enter Three  
Brunswickers.*

1st Bruns —THREE bath scribbling  
K—ny—n scrawl'd,

2nd Bruns —Once hath fool N—w-  
castle bawl'd,

3rd Bruns —B—xl—y snores —'tis  
time, 'tis time,

1st Bruns —Round about the caldron  
go,

In the poisonous nonsense throw

Bigot spite, that long hath grown,

Like a toad within a stone,

Sweltering in the heart of Sc—tt,

Boil we in the Brunswick pot

All —Dribble, dribble, nonsense  
dribble,<sup>10</sup>

Eld—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble

2nd Bruns —Slaver from N—w-  
c—stle's quill

In the noisome mess distil,

Brimming high our Brunswick broth

Both with venom and with froth

Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,

Being scant) of Lord M—ntc—shel,

With that malty stuff which Ch—nd—s

Drivels as no other man does

Catch (i e if catch you can)<sup>20</sup>

One idea, spick and span,

From my Lord of S—l—sb—y,—

One idea, though it be

Smaller than the 'happy flea,'

Which his *sue*, in sonnet *teise*,  
 Wedded to immortal verse <sup>1</sup>  
 Though to rob the son is sin,  
 Put his *one* idea in,  
 And, to keep it company,  
 Let that conjuror W—nch—ls—a 30  
 Drop but *half* another there,  
 If he hath so much to spare  
 Dreams of murders and of arsons,  
 Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,  
 Bring from every hole and corner,  
 Where ferocious priests, like H—rn—r,  
 Purely for religious good,  
 Cry aloud for Papist's blood,  
 Blood for W—lls, and such old women,  
 At their ease to wade and swim in 40  
*All* —Dribble, dribble, nonsense drib-  
 ble,  
 B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble  
*3rd Bruns* —Now the charm begin to  
 brew,  
 Sisters, sisters, add thereto  
 Scraps of L—thbr—dge's old speeches,  
 Mix'd with leather from his breeches

Rinsings of old B—xl—y's brains,  
 Thicken'd (if you'll take the pains)  
 With that pulp which rags create,  
 In their middle, *nympha* state, 50  
 Ere, like insects frail and sunny,  
 Forth they wing abroad as money  
 There—the Hell-brothwe'veenchanted—  
 Now but *one* thing more is wanted  
 Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,  
 C—— keeps cork'd for use,  
 Which, to work the better spell, is  
 Colour'd deep with blood of —,  
 Blood, of powers far more various,  
 Even than that of Januarius, 60  
 Since so great a charm hangs o'er it!  
 England's parsons bow before it!  
*All* —Dribble, dribble, nonsense drib-  
 ble,  
 B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble  
*2nd Bruns* —Cool it now with —'s  
 blood,  
 So the charm is firm and good

[*Exeunt*]

## HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN

WHENE'ER you're in doubt, said a Sage I once knew,  
 'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,  
 Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,  
 Do the vey reverse, and you're sure to be wise

Of the same use as guides, are the Brunswicker throng,  
 In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively wrong,  
 That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,  
 Take the opposite course, and you're sure to be right

So golden this rule, that, had nature denied you  
 The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you— 10  
 Were you even more doltish than any given man is,  
 More soft than N—wc—stle, more twaddling than Van is,  
 I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,  
 To make you the soundest of sound politicians.

Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying Tory—  
 Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory,—  
 Watch well how he dines, during any great Question—  
 What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his digestion—  
 And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a stew  
 Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to *you* 20

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly  
 For instance —

'Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,  
 If I were you, or you were I'

Or,

'Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,  
 If I were you, or you were *me*,  
 But since, alas! that cannot be,  
 I must remain Lord S——y'

Read him backwards, like Hebrew—whatever he wishes,  
 Or praises, note down as absurd, or pernicious  
 Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,  
 When he's *out*, be an *In*—when he's *in*, be an *Out*  
 Keep him always revers'd in your thoughts, night and day,  
 Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way —  
 If he's *up*, you may swear that foul weather is nigh,  
 If he's *down*, you may look for a bit of blue sky  
 Never mind what debaters or journalists say,  
 Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t'other way 30  
 Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely  
 The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though *you* don't know why  
 Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man  
 Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan  
 Is he all for the Turks? then, at once, take the whole  
 Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your soul  
 In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,  
 Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast of his  
 Nay, as Siamese ladies—at least, the polite ones— 40  
 All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white ones—  
 If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,  
 Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,  
 Even *then* stand aloof—*for*, be sure that Old Nick,  
 When a Tory talks sensibly, means you some trick  
  
 Such my recipe is—and, in one single verse,  
 I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse  
 Be all that a Brunswicker *is* not, nor *could* be,  
 And then—you'll be all that an honest man should be

## EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE

FROM A SLAVE-LORD TO A COTTON-LORD

ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!  
 How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights!  
 Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,  
 Nor must *you* any more work to death little whites  
  
 Both forc'd to submit to that general controller  
 Of Kings, Lords, and cotton mills, Public Opinion,  
 No more shall *you* beat with a big-billy-roller,  
 Nor *I* with the cart-whip assert my dominion  
  
 Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we please  
 With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we were let,  
 We might range them alternate, like harpsichord keys,  
 And between us thump out a good prebald duet  
  
 But this fun is all over,—farewell to the zest  
 Which Slavery now lends to each tea cup we sip,  
 Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,  
 And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the whip  
  
 Farewell, too, the Factory's white picaninies—  
 Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd to their tasks,  
 Mix so well with their namesakes, the 'Billies' and 'Jennies',  
 That *which* have got souls in 'em nobody asks,—



Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill fed,  
 Are oblig'd, 'mong their other benevolent cares,  
 To 'keep feeding the scribblers,'—and better, 'tis said,  
 Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my* loss is,  
 So hard 'tis to part from the smack of the thong,  
 That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping process),  
 To take to whipt syllabub all my life long

### THE GHOST OF MILTIADES

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptus* exarsit amator! Ovid

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,  
 And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,  
 And he said, in a voice, that thrill'd the frame,  
 'If ever the sound of Marathon's name  
 Hath fir'd thy blood or flush'd thy brow,  
 Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!'

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—  
 Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,  
 And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,  
 That it fir'd his blood, it flush'd his eye,  
 And oh, 'twas a sight for the Ghost to see,  
 For never was Greek more Greek than he!  
 And still as the premium higher went,  
 His ecstasy rose—so much *per cent*,  
 (As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,  
 The heat and the *silver* rise together,)  
 And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,  
 While a voice from his pocket whisper'd 'Scrip!'  
 The Ghost of Miltiades came again,—  
 He smil'd, as the pale moon smiles through rain,  
 For his soul was glad at that patriot strain,  
 (And poor, dear ghost—how little he knew  
 The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)  
 Blessings and thanks! was all he said,  
 Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears—amaz'd that ghosts  
 Could be such fools,—and away he posts,  
 A patriot still? Ah no, ah no—  
 Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,  
 And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,  
 Thou triest their passion, when under *par*  
 The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,  
 By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,  
 And wishes the d—l had Crescent and Cross,  
 Ere he had been forc'd to sell at a loss  
 They quote him the Stock of various nations,  
 But, spite of his classic associations,  
 Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations*!

<sup>1</sup> One of the operations in cotton mills usually performed by children

'Who'll buy my Scrip' Who'll buy my Scrip'  
 Is now the theme of the patriot's lip, 40  
 As he runs to tell how hard his lot is  
 To Messrs Orlando and Lurcottis,  
 And says, 'Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,  
 Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break  
 Those dark, unholy bonds of thine—  
 If you'll only consent to buy up *mine*!  
 The Ghost of Miltiades came once more,—  
 His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,  
 And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,  
 'Of Liberty's foes the worst are they, 50  
 Who turn to a trade her cause divine,  
 And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!  
 Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,  
 Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,  
 Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry—  
 And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

# ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY —ONE GALT AT THE HEAD OF IT

God preserve us!—there's nothing now safe from assault,—  
 Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer,  
 And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr Galt  
 Has declar'd open war against English and Grammar!  
 He had long been suspected of some such design,  
 And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,  
 Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of *the line*  
 (The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private  
 There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,  
 Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance, 10  
 He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,  
 And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance  
 Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford,  
 In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,  
 He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,  
 And whom he'll *next* murder the Lord only knows

Wednesday Evening

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene,  
 Though the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,  
 Has seized a great Powder—no, Puff Magazine,  
 And the explosions are dreadful in every direction 20  
 What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,  
 As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)  
 Of lyrical 'ichor,'<sup>1</sup> 'gelatinous' prose,<sup>2</sup>  
 And a mixture call'd amber immortalization<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions'—Galt's *Life of Byron*

<sup>2</sup> 'That gelatinous character of their effu-

sions'—*Ibid*

<sup>3</sup> 'The poetical embalment, or rather, am-

ber immortalization'—*Ibid*

Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,  
 Seated high 'among rattlings,' and churning a sonnet,<sup>1</sup>  
 Now, talks of a mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,  
 With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it!<sup>2</sup>

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines,  
 Something bad they must mean, though we can't make it out, 30  
 For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,  
 That they're all *Anti-English* no Christian can doubt

## RESOLUTIONS

PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF  
 REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS

RESOLV'D—to stick to every particle  
 Of every Creed and every Article,  
 Reforming nought, or great or little,  
 We'll stanchly stand by every tittle,<sup>3</sup>  
 And scorn the swallow of that soul  
 Which cannot boldly bolt the whole

Resolv'd that, though St Athanasius  
 In damning souls is rather spacious—  
 Though wide and far his curses fall, 9  
 Our Church 'hath stomach for them all,  
 And those who're not content with such,  
 May e'en be d—d ten times as much  
 Resolv'd—such liberal souls are we—  
 Though hating Nonconformity,  
 We yet believe the cash no worse is  
 That comes from Nonconformist purses  
 Indifferent *whence* the money reaches  
 The pockets of our reverend breeches,  
 To us the Jumper's jingling penny  
 Chinks with a tone as sweet as any, 20  
 And even our old friends Yea and Nay  
 May through the nose for ever pray,  
 If *also* through the nose they'll pay

Resolv'd, that Hooper,<sup>4</sup> Latimer,<sup>5</sup>  
 And Cranmer,<sup>6</sup> all extremely err,  
 In taking such a low-bred view  
 Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do —  
 All owing to the fact, poor men,  
 That Mother Church was modest then,

<sup>1</sup> 'Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings,  
 churning an articulate melody'—*Galt's Life of Byron*

<sup>2</sup> 'He was a mystery in a winding sheet,  
 crowned with a halo'—*Ibid*

<sup>3</sup> One of the questions propounded to the  
 Puritans in 1573 was—'Whether the Book of  
 Service was good and godly, every tittle  
 grounded on the Holy Scripture?' 'On which  
 an honest Dissenter remarks,—'Surely they  
 had a wonderful opinion of their Service Book  
 that there was not a *tittle* amiss in it'

<sup>4</sup> 'They,' the Bishops, 'know that the primi-  
 tive Church had no such Bishops' If the fourth

Nor knew what golden eggs her goose, 30  
 The Public, would in time produce  
 One Pisgah peep at modern Durham  
 To far more lordly thoughts would star-  
 'em

Resolv'd, that when we, Spiritual Lords,  
 Whose income just enough affords  
 To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,  
 Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,  
 How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,  
 Giving the poor the largest shares—  
 Our answer is, in one short word, 40  
 We think it pious, but absurd  
 Those good men made the world their  
 debtor,

But we, the Church reform'd, know  
 better,  
 And, taking all that all can pay,  
 Balance the' account the other way

Resolv'd, our thanks profoundly due are  
 To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,  
 Who proves (by arguments so clear  
 One sees how much he holds *per year*)  
 That England's Church, though out of  
 date, 50

Must still be left to lie in state,  
 As dead, as rotten, and as grand as  
 The mummy of King Osymandyas,  
 All pickledsnug—the brains drawn out<sup>7</sup>—  
 With costly cerements swath'd about,—  
 And 'Touch me not,' those words  
 terrific,

Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic

part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop,  
 it were sufficient'—*On the Commandments*, p 72

<sup>5</sup> 'Since the Prelates were made Lords and  
 Nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work  
 done, the people starve'—*Lat Sermon*

<sup>6</sup> 'Of whom have come all these glorious  
 titles, styles, and poms into the Church But  
 I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bishops,  
 would leave all our styles, and write the styles  
 of our offices,' &c —*Life of Cranmer*, by Strype

*Appendix*

<sup>7</sup> Part of the process of embalmment

## SIR ANDREW'S DREAM

'Nec tu spem pias venientia somnia portis  
Cum pias veneiunt somnia, pondus habent' Propeert lib iv, eleg 7

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,  
In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,  
Being much too pious, as every one knows,  
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,  
He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,  
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can  
He found himself, to his great amaze,  
In Charles the First's high Tory days,  
And just at the time that gravest of Courts  
Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports<sup>1</sup> 10  
*Sunday Sports* ' what a thing for the ear  
Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!—  
It chanc'd to be, too, a Sabbath day,  
When the people from church were coming away,  
And Andrew with horror heard this song,  
As the smiling sinners flock'd along —  
'Long life to the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah  
For a week of work and a Sunday of play  
Make the poor man's life run merry away',  
  
'The Bishops!' quoth Andrew, 'Popish, I guess,' 20  
And he grinned with conscious holiness  
But the song went on, and, to brim the cup  
Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up!  
  
'Come, take out the lasses—let's have a dance—  
For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,  
Well knowing that no one's the more in advance  
On the road to heaven, for standing still  
Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces  
Should sour the cream of a creed of love;  
Or that fellows with long, disastrous faces, 30  
Alone should sit among cherubs above,  
Then hurrah for the Bishops, &c.  
  
For Sunday fun we never can fail,  
When the Church herself each sport points out,—  
There's May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,  
And a May-pole high to dance about  
Or, should we be for a pole hard driven,  
Some lengthy saint, of aspect fell,  
With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,  
Will do for a May-pole just as well 40

<sup>1</sup> *The Book of Sports* drawn by Bishop Moreton was first put forth in the reign of James I, 1618, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Laud, by Charles I, 1633, with an injunction that it should be 'made public by order from the Bishops'. We find it therein declared, that 'for his good people's recreation, his Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end

of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May poles, or other sports therewith used, &c

Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah ' hurrah '  
 A week of work and a Sabbath of play  
 Make the poor man's life run merry away '

To Andy, who doesn't much deal in history,  
 This Sunday scene was a downright mystery,  
 And God knows where might have ended the joke,  
 But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke  
 And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)  
 That since that dream—which, one would suppose,  
 Should have made his godly stomach rise,  
 Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies—  
 He has view'd things quite with different eyes,  
 Is beginning to take, on matters divine,  
 Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line—  
 Is all for Christians jugging in pairs,  
 As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers,—  
 Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y  
 To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,  
 That all good Protestants, from this date,  
 May, freely and lawfully, recreate,  
 Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,  
 With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

50

60

### A BLUE LOVE-SONG

TO MISS ———

All — 'Come live with me, and be my love '

COME wed with me, and we will write,  
 My Blue of Blues, from morn till night  
 Chas'd from our classic souls shall be  
 All thoughts of vulgar progeny,  
 And thou shalt walk through smiling  
 rows

Of chubby duodecimos,  
 While I, to match thy products nearly,  
 Shall he-in of a quarto yearly  
 'Tis true, ev'n books entail some trouble,  
 But *live* productions give one double.  
 Correcting children is *suck* bother,—  
 While printers' devils correct the other  
 Just think, my own Malthusian dear,  
 How much more decent 'tis to hear  
 From male or female—as it may be—  
 'How is your book?' than 'How's your  
 baby?'

And, whereas physic and wet nurses  
 Do much exhaust paternal purses,

Our books, if rickety, may go  
 And be well dry-nurs'd in *the Row*,  
 And, when God wills to take them hence  
 Are buried at *the Row's* expense.

Besides (as 'tis well prov'd by thee,  
 In thy own Works, vol 93)  
 The march, just now, of population  
 So much outstrips all moderation,  
 That even prolific herring-shoals  
 Keep pace not with our erring souls<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh far more proper and well-bred  
 To stick to writing books instead,  
 And show the world how two Blue lovers  
 Can coalesce, like two book-covers,  
 (Sheep-skin, or calf, or suchwise leather,) Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,  
 Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em,  
 With nought but—literature betwixt  
 'em

<sup>1</sup> See *Ella of Garveloch*—Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery,

but where, as we are told by the author, 'the people increased much faster than the produce'

## SUNDAY ETHICS

## A SCOTCH ODE

PUIR, profligate Londoners, having heard tell  
 That the De'il's got amang ye, and fearing 'tis true,  
 We ha' sent ye a mon wha's a match for his spell,  
 A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel  
 Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew Agnew

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire  
 In ilka lang week ye'll be tranquil enough,  
 As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch squire,  
 An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire  
 Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,  
 He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say 'mew',  
 Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,  
 An' Phoebus himsel could na travel that day,  
 As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,  
 'Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew'  
 Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-bak'd pies,  
 For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise  
 In judgment against ye,' saith Andrew Agnew<sup>1</sup>

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie's the lad  
 To ca' o'er the coals your nobeelity, too,  
 That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies,<sup>1</sup> a' clad  
 Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon mad—  
 But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right  
 To gang to the deevil—as maist o' em do—  
 To stop them our Andie would think na polite,  
 And 'tis odds (if the chiel could get ony thing by 't)  
 But he'd follow 'em, booin',<sup>2</sup> would Andrew Agnew

## AWFUL EVENT

Yes, W—nch—ls—a (I tremble while I pen it),  
 W—nch—ls—a's Earl hath cut the British Senate—  
 Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff,  
 'That for ye all' [snapping his fingers], and exit, in a huff!

Disastrous news '—like that, of old, which spread  
 From shore to shore, 'our mighty Pan is dead,'  
 O'er the cross benches (cross from *being* crost)  
 Sounds the loud wail, 'Our W—ch—ls—a is lost!'

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget  
 The deep impression of that awful threat,  
 'I quit your house '—'—midst all that histories tell,  
 I know but *one* event that's parallel —

<sup>1</sup> Servants in livery

<sup>2</sup> For the 'gude effects and utility of booin', see the *Man of the World*

It chanc'd at Drury Lane, one Easter night,  
 When the gay gods, too blest to be polite,  
 Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucietius,  
 Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously facetious—  
 A well dress'd member of the middle gallery,  
 Whose 'ears polite' disdain'd such low canallerie,  
 Rose in his place—so grand, you'd almost swear  
 Lord W—nch—ls—a himself stood towering there—  
 And like that Lord of dignity and *nous*,  
 Said, 'Silence, fellows, or—I'll leave the house!'

How brook'd the gods this speech? Ah well-a-day,  
 That speech so fine should be so thrown away!  
 In vain did this mid-gallery grandee  
 Assert his own two-shilling dignity—  
 In vain he menac'd to withdraw the ray  
 Of his own full-price countenance away—  
 Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,  
 And as the Lords laugh *now*, so giggled *then* the gods!

### THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN  
WILLIAMS'S FAMOUS ODE,

'COME, CLOE, AND GIVE ME SWEET KISSES'

'We want more Churches and more Clergy-  
men' *Bishop of London's late Charge*

'Rectorum numerum, teiris pereuntibus,  
augent' *Claudian in Eutrop*

COME, give us more Livings and Rec-  
tors,

For, richer no realm ever gave,  
But why, ye unchristian objectors,  
Do ye ask us how many we crave? <sup>1</sup>

Oh, there can't be too many rich  
Livings

For souls of the Pluralist kind,  
Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,  
To numbers can ne'er be confin'd <sup>2</sup>

Count the cormorants hovering about, <sup>3</sup>  
At the time their fish season sets in,  
When these models of keen diners-out  
Are preparing their beaks to begin

<sup>1</sup> Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter sure never gill gave,  
But why, in the midst of my blisses,  
Do you ask me how many I'd have?

<sup>2</sup> For whilst I love thee above measure,  
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd

<sup>3</sup> Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,  
Count the flowers that enamel its fields,  
Count the flocks, &c

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,  
Flockround when the harvest's in play,  
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,  
Like devils in grain peck away

Go, number the locusts in heaven, <sup>4</sup>  
On their way to some titheable shore,  
And when so many Parsons you've given,  
We still shall be craving for more

Then, unless ye the Church would sub-  
merge, ye

Must leave us in peace to augment,  
For the wretch who could number the  
Clergy,

With few will be ever content <sup>5</sup>

### A SAD CASE

'If it be the undergraduate season at which  
this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what  
security has Mr G—lb—n agunst it at this  
moment, when his son is actually exposed to  
the full venom of an association with Dis-  
senter?'—*The Times*, March 25

How sad a case!—just think of it—  
If G—lb—n junior should be bit  
By some insane Dissenter, roaming  
Through Granta's halls, at large and  
foaming,

<sup>4</sup> Go number the stars in the heaven,  
Count how many sands on the shore,  
When so many kisses you've given,  
I still shall be craving for more

<sup>5</sup> But the wretch who can number his kisses,  
With few will be ever content

And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed  
Which marks Dissenters when they're  
rabid !

God only knows what mischiefs might  
Result from this one single bite,  
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,  
Might spread and rage through kith and  
kin

Mad folks, of all denominations,  
First turn upon their own relations  
So that *one* G—lb—n, fairly bit,  
Might end in maddening the whole kit,  
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue  
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too,  
The Hychurchphobia in those veins,  
Where Tory blood now redly reigns,—  
And that dear man, who now perceives  
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,  
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,  
Run mad in the' opposite direction,  
And think, poor man, 'tis only given  
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven !

Just fancy what a shock 'twould be  
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,  
Tearing into a thousand particles  
His once lov'd Nine and Thirty Articles,  
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,<sup>1</sup>  
For Gospel, t'other night, mistook,) 30  
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers—  
Wishing the ropes might hang the  
ringers—

Pelting the church with blasphemies,  
Even worse than Parson B—v—rl—y's,—  
And ripe for severing Church and State,  
Like any creedless reprobate,  
Or like that class of Methodists  
Prince Waterloo styles 'Atheists !'

But 'tis too much—the Muse turns pale,  
And o'er the picture drops a veil, 40  
Praying, God save the G—lb—rns all  
From mad Dissenters, great and small !

#### A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN

— *risum teneatis, amici*

'THE longer one lives, the more one  
learns,'

Said I, as off to sleep I went,  
Bemus'd with thinking of Tithe concerns,  
And reading a book, by the Bishop of  
FERNs,<sup>2</sup>

On the Irish Church Establishment  
But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,  
When Fancy her usual tricks began,

And I found myself bewitch'd away  
To a goodly city in Hindostan—  
A city, where he, who dares to dine 10  
On aught but rice, is deem'd a sinner,  
Where sheep and kine are held divine,  
And, accordingly—never drest for  
dinner

'But how is this ?' I wond'ring cried—  
As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,  
And saw, in every marble street,  
A row of beautiful butchers' shops—  
'What means, for men who don't eat  
meat,

This grand display of loins and chops ?'  
In vain I ask'd—'twas plain to see 20  
That nobody dar'd to answer me

So, on, from street to street I strode,  
And you can't conceive how vastly odd  
The butchers look'd—a roseate crew,  
Inshrin'd in *stalls*, with nought to do,  
While some on a *bench*, half-dozing, sat,  
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat

Still pos'd to think, what all this scene  
Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,  
'And, pray,' ask'd I—'by whom is paid  
The expense of this strange masque-  
rade ?'— 31

'The' expense !—oh that's of course  
defray'd

(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)  
By yonder rascally rice-consumers'

'What ! *they*, who mustn't eat meat !'—  
'No matter—

(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew  
fatter,)

'The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,  
But the rogues must still support *our* shop  
And, depend upon it, the way to treat  
Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,  
Is to burden all that wo'n't eat meat, 41  
With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT'

On hearing these words so gravely said,  
With a volley of laughter loud I shook,  
And my slumber fled, and my dream  
was sped,

And I found I was lying snug in bed,  
With my nose in the Bishop of FERNs'  
book.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Wellington, who styled them  
'the Articles of Christianity',

<sup>2</sup> An indistinguishable scribble of anti-Catholic  
pamphlets



## THE BRUNSWICK CLUB

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy

Brimstone-hall, September 1, 1828

*Private*—LORD BELZEBUB presents To the Brunswick Club his compliments, And much regrets to say that he Cannot, at present, their Patron be In stating this, Lord Belzebub Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,

That 'tisn't from any lukewarm lack Of zeal or fire he thus holds back— As even Lord *Coal*<sup>1</sup> himself is not For the Orange party more red-hot 10 But the truth is, till their Club affords A somewhat decenter show of Lords, And on its list of members gets A few less rubbishy Baronets, Lord Belzebub must beg to be Excus'd from keeping such company

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know, Are Lord Gl—nd—ne, and Lord D—nlo ? Or who, with a grain of sense, would go To sit and be bor'd by Lord M—yo ? 20 What living creature—*except his nurse*— For Lord M—nte—sh—l cares a curse, Or thinks 'twould matter if Lord M—sk—rry

Were t'other side of the Stygian ferry ? Breathes there a man in Dublin town, Who'd give but half of half-a-crown To save from drowning my Lord R—thd—ne,

Or who wouldn't also gladly hustle in Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—le, and J—c—l—n ?

In short, though, from his tenderest years, 30

Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers, Lord Belzebub much questions whether He ever yet saw, mix'd together, As 'twere in one capacious tub, Such a mess of noble silly-bub As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club

'Tis therefore impossible that Lord B Could stoop to such society,

<sup>1</sup> Usually written 'Cole'

Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),

For one in his station 'twere *infra dig* 40 But he begs to propose, in the interim (Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him),

His Highness of C—mb—d, as *Sub*, To take his place at the Brunswick Club—

Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB

It luckily happens, the R—y—l Duke Resembles so much, in air and look, The head of the Belzebub family, That few can any difference see, 50 Which makes him, of course, the better suit

To serve as Lōrd B's substitute.

## PROPOSALS FOR A GYNAECOCRACY

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING

———'Quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla Delegt pacisque bonas belique mimistras' *Virgil*

As Whig Reform has had its range, And none of us are yet content, Suppose, my friends, by way of change,

We try a *Female Parliament*, And since, of late, with *he M P*'s We've far'd so badly, take to *she*'s— Petticoat patriots, flounc'd John Rus-sells,

Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in *bustles*

The plan is startling, I confess— But 'tis but an affair of dress, 10

Nor see I much there is to choose 'Twixt Ladies (so they're thorough bred ones)

In ribands of all sorts of hues, Or Lords in only blue or red ones

At least, the fiddlers will be winners, Whatever other trade advances, As then, instead of Cabinet dinners, We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances,

Nor let this world's important questions Depend on Ministers' digestions 20

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,  
 To Weppert's band they may go  
 better,  
 There's Lady —, in one quadrille,  
 Would settle Europe, if you'd let her  
 And who the deuce or asks, or cares,  
 When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,  
 Whether they've *danc'd* through State  
 affairs,  
 Or simply, dully, *dan'd* upon 'em ?  
 Hurrah then for the Petticoats !  
 To them we pledge our free-born votes,  
 We'll have all *she*, and only *she*— 31  
 Pert blues shall act as ' best debaters,'  
 Old dowagers our Bishops be,  
 And termagants our Agitators  
 If Vestris, to oblige the nation,  
 Her own Olympus will abandon,  
 And help to prop the Administration,  
 It *can't* have better legs to stand on  
 The fam'd Macaulay (Miss) shall show,  
 Each evening, forth in learn'd oration,  
 Shall move (midst general cries of ' Oh !')  
 For full returns of population  
 And, finally, to crown the whole,  
 The Princess Olive,<sup>1</sup> Royal soul,  
 Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,  
 Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,  
 And, 'mid our Union's loyal chorus,  
 Reign jollily for ever o'er us

TO THE EDITOR OF THE —

SIR,

Having heard some rumours respecting the  
 strange and awful visitation under which Lord  
 H—nl—y has for some time past been suffering,  
 in consequence of his declared hostility to  
 'anthems, solos, duets', &c, I took the liberty  
 of making enquiries at his Lordship's house  
 this morning, and lose no time in transmitting  
 to you such particulars as I could collect. It is  
 said that the screams of his Lordship, under  
 the operation of this nightly concert, (which  
 is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals,) may  
 be heard all over the neighbourhood. The  
 female who personates St Cecilia is supposed  
 to be the same that, last year, appeared in the  
 character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the  
 cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascer-  
 tained. Yours, &c P P

LORD H—NL—Y AND ST CECILIA

—in Metu descendat Judicis aures Horace

As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,  
 Revolving much his own renown,  
 And hoping to add thereto a ray,  
 By putting duets and anthems down,

Sudden a strain of choral sounds  
 Mellifluous o'er his senses stole,  
 Whereat the Reformer mutter'd,  
 'Zounds !'

For he loath'd sweet music with all  
 his soul

Then, starting up, he saw a sight  
 That well might shock so learn'd a  
 snorer— 10

Saint Cecilia, rob'd in light,  
 With a portable organ slung before her

And round were Cherubs, on rainbow  
 wings,

Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire  
 of fitting,

So begg'd they'd sit—but ah ! poor  
 things,

They'd, none of them, got the means  
 of sitting<sup>2</sup>

' Having heard,' said the Saint, ' you're  
 fond of hymns,

And indeed, that musical snore  
 betray'd you,

Myself, and my choir of cherubims, 19  
 Are come, for a while, to serenade  
 you'

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y  
 say

' 'Twas all a mistake'—' she was mis-  
 directed,'

And point to a concert over the way,  
 Where fiddlers and angels were ex-  
 pected

In vain—the Saint could see in his  
 looks

(She civilly said) much tuneful lore,  
 So, at once, all open'd their music-  
 books,

And herself and her Cherubs set off at  
 score

All night duets, terzets, quartets,  
 Nay, long quintets most dire to hear,  
 Ay, and old motets, and canzonets, 31  
 And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear

<sup>1</sup> A personage, so styling herself, who at-  
 tained considerable notoriety at that period

<sup>2</sup> In a work, on Church Reform, published by  
 his Lordship in 1832

<sup>3</sup> 'Asseyez-vous, mes enfans'—'Il n'y a pas  
 de quoi, mon Seigneur'

He tried to sleep—but it wouldn't do,  
 So loud they squall'd, he *must* attend  
 to 'em,  
 Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he  
 knew,  
 Were *he* themselves, and had no end  
 to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,  
 Who meddle with music's sacred  
 strains!

Judge Midas tried the same of old,  
 And was punish'd, like H—n—y, for  
 his pains. 40

But worse on the modern judge,  
 alas!

Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's  
 throne,

For Midas was given the ears of an  
 ass,

While H—n—y is doom'd to keep  
 his own!

#### ADVERTISEMENT<sup>1</sup>

1830

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,  
 A Waterloo coin, whereon was trac'd  
 The inscription, 'Courage' in letters  
 bright,

Though a little by rust of years detach'd

The metal thereof is rough and hard,  
 And ('tis thought of late) mix'd up  
 with brass,

But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,  
 And through all Posterity's hands  
 will pass

How it was lost God only knows,

But certain *City* thieves they say,  
 Broke in on the owner's evening doze,  
 And filch'd this 'gift of gods' away!

One ne'er could, of course, the *Cits*  
 suspect,

If we hadn't, that evening, chanc'd to  
 see,

At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare*  
 elect,

With an ass to keep her company

<sup>1</sup> Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke, then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir Cl—d—s H—nt—1 and other *City* worthies, advised his Majesty to give up his announced intention of

Whosoe'er of this lost treasure knows,  
 Is begg'd to state all facts about it,  
 As the owner can't well face his foes,  
 Nor even his friends, just now, with-  
 out it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,  
 Like a trusty Baronet, wise and  
 able,

He shall have a ride on the whitest  
 hack<sup>2</sup>

That's left in old King George's  
 stable

#### MISSING

Callon Terrace, 1832

WHEREAS, Lord—de—

Left his home last Saturday,  
 And, though inquir'd for, round and  
 round,

Through certain purloins, can't be found,  
 And whereas, none can solve our queries  
 As to where this virtuous Peer is,  
 Notice is hereby given that all  
 May forthwith to inquiring fall,  
 As, once the thing's well set about,  
 No doubt but we shall hunt him out 10

His Lordship's mind, of late, they say,  
 Hath been in an uneasy way  
 Himself and colleagues not being let  
 To climb into the Cabinet,  
 To settle England's state affairs,  
 Hath much, it seems, *unsettled* theirs,  
 And chief to this stay Plenipo  
 Hath been a most distressing blow  
 Already,—certain to receive a  
 Well-paid mission to the Neva, 20  
 And be the bearer of kind words  
 To tyrant Nick from Tory Lords,—  
 To fit himself for free discussion,  
 His Lordship had been learning Russian,  
 And all so natural to him were  
 The accents of the Northern bear,  
 That, while his tones were in your ear,  
 you

Might swear you were in sweet Siberia  
 And still, poor Peer, to old and young,  
 He goes on raving in that tongue, 30

dining with the Lord Mayor

<sup>2</sup> Among other remarkable attributes by which Sir Cl—d—s distinguished himself, the dazzling whiteness of his favourite steed was not the least conspicuous

Tells you how much you would enjoy a  
 Trip to Dainodoubrowskoya,<sup>1</sup>  
 Talks of such places, by the score, on  
 As Oulissfirmchinagoboron,<sup>2</sup>  
 And swears (for he at nothing sticks)  
 That Russia swarms with Raskol-niks,<sup>3</sup>  
 Though one such Nick, God knows,  
 must be  
 A more than ample quantity

Such are the marks by which to  
 know

This stray'd or stolen Plenipo, 40  
 And whosoever brings or sends  
 The unhappy statesman to his friends,  
 On Carlton Terrace, shall have thanks,  
 And—any paper but the Bank's

P S—Some think, the disappearance  
 Of this our diplomatic Peer hence  
 Is for the purpose of reviewing,  
*In person*, what dear Mig is doing  
 So as to 'scape all tell-tale letters  
 'Bout B—s—d, and such abettors,— 50  
 The only 'wretches' for whose aid  
 Letters seem *not* to have been ade

### THE DANCE OF BISHOPS,

OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE<sup>5</sup>

A DREAM

1838

'Solemn dances were, on great festivals and  
 celebrations, admitted among the primitive  
 Christians, in which even the Bishops and  
 dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger  
 says, that the first Bishops were called *Prae-*  
*sules*,<sup>6</sup> for no other reason than that they led  
 off these dances'—*Cyclopaedia*, art. 'Dances'

I've had such a dream—a frightful  
 dream—

Though funny, mayhap, to wags 'twill  
 seem,

By all who regard the Church, like  
 us,

'Twill be thought exceedingly ominous!

As reading in bed I lay last night—  
 Which (being insured) is my delight—

<sup>1</sup> In the Government of Perm.

<sup>2</sup> Territory belonging to the mines of Koli-  
 vano-Kosskrossense.

<sup>3</sup> The name of a religious sect in Russia. 'Il  
 existe en Russie plusieurs sectes, la plus  
 nombreuse est celle des Raskol-niks, ou vi-  
 ciroyants.'—Gamba, *Voyage dans la Russie Mer-  
 idionale*

I happen'd to doze off just as I got to  
 The singular fact which forms my  
 motto

Only think, thought I, as I doz'd away,  
 Of a party of Churchmen dancing the  
 hay! 10  
 Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,  
 With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the  
 ball!

Scarce had my eyelids time to close,  
 When the scene I had fancied before  
 me rose—

An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand  
 As my dazzled eyes could hardly stand  
 For, Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees  
 To make it a Dance of Dignities,  
 And I saw—oh brightest of Church  
 events!

A quadrille of the two Establishments,  
 Bishop to Bishop *vis-a-vis*, 21  
 Footing away prodigiously

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,  
 And Cork with London making merry,  
 While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,  
 Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe  
 There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's  
 smile,

Performing a *chaîne des Dames* in style,  
 While he who, whene'er the Lords'  
 House dozes,

Can waken them up by citing Moses,' 30  
 The portly Tuam was all in a hurry  
 To set, *en avant*, to Canterbury

Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his  
 pockets,

(All out of date, like spent sky-rockets,)

Our Exeter stood forth to caper,

As high on the floor as he doth on paper—

Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,

Who prouettes his whole church-ser-

vice—

Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,

<sup>4</sup> 'Heav'n first taught letters for some  
 wretch's aid' Pope

<sup>5</sup> Written on the passing of the memorable  
 Bill, in the year 1833, for the abolition of ten  
 Irish Bishoprics.

<sup>6</sup> Literally, First Dancers

<sup>7</sup> 'And what does Moses say?'—One of the  
 ejaculations with which this eminent prelate  
 enlivened his famous speech on the Catholic  
 question.

Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*, 40  
 Such *balonnés*,<sup>1</sup> such—*rigmaroles*,  
 Now high, now low, now this, now that,  
 That none could guess, what the devil  
 he'd be at,  
 Though, watching his various steps,  
 some thought  
 That a step in the Church was all he  
 sought

But alas, alas ! while thus so gay,  
 These reverend dancers frisk'd away,  
 Nor Paul himself (not the saint, but he  
 Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,  
 There gather'd a gloom around their  
 glee— 50

A shadow, which came and went so fast,  
 That ere one could say, 'Tis there,'  
 'twas past—

And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,  
 Ten of the dancers had disappear'd !  
 Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept  
 From the hallow'd floor where late they  
 stept,

While twelve was all that footed it still,  
 On the Irish side of that grand Qua-  
 drille !

Nor this the worst —still danc'd they on,  
 But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile  
 was gone, 60

And again, from time to time, the same  
 Ill-omen'd darkness round them came—  
 While still, as the light broke out anew,  
 Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or  
 two,

Till ah ! at last there were only found  
 Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-  
 round,

And when I awoke, impatient getting,  
 I left the last holy pair *poussetting* !

N.B.—As ladies in years, it seems,  
 Have the happiest knack at solving  
 dreams, 70

I shall leave to my ancient feminine  
 friends

Of the *Standard* to say what *this* portends.

<sup>1</sup> A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line — 'Ce pas est composé de deux mouvemens différens, savoir, *plier*, et sauter sur un pied, et se rejeter sur l'autre' — *Dictionnaire de Danse*, art. 'Contre-temps'

<sup>2</sup> 'He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy bound by the particular vows

## DICK ———

## A CHARACTER

OF various scraps and fragments built,  
 Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,  
 Dick's mind was like a patchwork quilt,  
 Made up of new, old, motley bits—  
 Where, if the *Co* call'd in their shares,  
 If petticoats their quota got,  
 And gowns were all refunded theirs,  
 The quilt would look but shy, God wot

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,  
 Revers'd ventriloquism's trick,  
 For, 'stead of Dick through others  
 speaking,

'Twas others we heard speak through  
 Dick

A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,  
 Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats,  
 One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,  
 The next, with Sadler, all for brats

Poor Dick !—and how else could it be ?  
 With notions all at random caught,

A sort of mental fricassee,  
 Made up of legs and wings of thought—  
 The leavings of the last Debate, or

A dinner, yesterday, of wits,  
 Where Dick sat by, and, like a waiter,  
 Had the scraps for perquisites

A CORRECTED REPORT OF  
SOME LATE SPEECHES

'Then I heard one saint speaking, and another  
 saint said unto that saint'

1834

ST S—NCL—R rose and declar'd in sooth,  
 That he wouldn't give sixpence to  
 Maynooth

He had hated priests the whole of his life,  
 For a priest was a man who had no wife,<sup>2</sup>  
 And, having no wife, the Church was his  
 mother,

The Church was his father, sister, and  
 brother

This being the case, he was sorry to say,  
 That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant  
 lay,<sup>3</sup>

of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it fill the places of father and mother and brother' — Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College, *The Times*, April 19

<sup>1</sup> 'It had always appeared to him that between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf intervened, which rendered it impossible,' &c

So deep and wide, scarce possible was it  
To say even 'how d'ye do?' across it  
And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,  
Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,  
'Twas a jump that nought on earth  
could make

Your proper, heavy-built Christian take  
No, no,—if a Dance of Sects *must* be,  
He would set to the Baptist willingly,<sup>1</sup>  
At the Independent deign to smirk,  
And rigadon with old Mother Kirk,  
Nay ev'p, for once, if needs must be,  
He'd take hands round with all the three,  
But, as to a jig with Popery, no,—  
To the Harlot ne'er would he point his toe

St M—n—d—v—le was the next that  
rose,—

A Saint who round, as petlar, goes,  
With his pack of piety and prose,  
Heavy and hot enough, God knows,—  
And he said that Papists were much  
inclu'd

To extirpate all of Protestant kind,  
Which he couldn't, in truth, so much  
condemn,

Having rather a wish to extirpate *them*,

That is,—to guard against mistake,—  
To extirpate them for their doctrine's  
sake,

A distinction Churchmen always make,—  
Insomuch that, when they've prime  
control,

Though sometimes roasting heretics  
whole,

They but cook the body for sake of the  
soul

Next jump'd St J—hnst—n jollily  
forth,

The spiritual Dogberry of the North,<sup>2</sup>  
A right 'wise fellow, and, what's more,  
An officer,'<sup>3</sup> like his type of yore,  
And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,  
Pray, what's the use of our Reforma-  
tion?<sup>4</sup>

What is the use of our Church and State?  
Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate?  
And, still as he yell'd out 'what's the  
use?'

Old Echoes, from their cells recluse  
Where they'd for centuries slept, broke  
loose,

Yelling responsive, 'What's the use?'

## MORAL POSITIONS

## A DREAM

'His Lordship said that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was very sorry that its voyage had been so long,' &c.—Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery, March 8

T'OTHER night, after hearing Lord Dudley's oration  
(A treat that comes once a-year as May-day does),  
I dreamt that I saw—what a strange operation!  
A 'moral position' shipp'd off for Barbadoes

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by in grave attitudes,  
Packing the article tidy and neat,—  
As their Rev'rences know, that in southerly latitudes  
'Moral positions' don't keep very sweet

There was B—th—st arranging the custom house pass,  
And, to guard the frail package from tousing and routing,  
There stood my Lord Eld—n, endorsing it 'Glass,'  
Though as to which side should lie uppermost, doubting

<sup>1</sup> 'The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to the Presbyterian and the Independent, or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three, but the Catholic,' &c.

<sup>2</sup> 'Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland,' (cries of hear, and laughter,) 'with any consistency give his

consent to a grant of money?' &c.

<sup>3</sup> 'I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer'—*Much Ado about Nothing*

<sup>4</sup> 'What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation? What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England, or of the Church of Scotland?' &c.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe in the hold,  
 The winds were polite, and the moon look'd romantic,  
 While off in the good ship 'The Truth' we were roll'd,  
 With our ethical cargo, across the Atlantic

Long, dolefully long, seem'd the voyage we made,  
 For 'The Truth,' at all times but a very slow sailer,  
 By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay'd,  
 And few come aboard her, though so many hail her  
 At length, safe arriv'd, I went through 'tare and tret,'  
 Deliver'd my goods in the primeest condition,  
 And next morning read, in the *Bridgetown Gazette*,  
 'Just arriv'd by "The Truth," a new moral position,'  
 'The Captain'—here, startled to find myself nam'd  
 As 'the Captain'—(a thing which, I own it with pain,  
 I through life have avoided,) I woke—look'd asham'd,  
 Found I *wasn't* a captain, and doz'd off again

### THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT

1832-3

'Mutantem regna cometam' Lucan.<sup>1</sup>

'THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we count upon, fail,  
 Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,  
 We've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail,—  
 Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us ?

No—'tis coming, 'tis coming, the' avenger is nigh,  
 'Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath flatters,  
 One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,  
 Will settle, at once, all political matters,—

'The East-India Question, the Bank, the Five Powers,  
 (Now turn'd into two) with their rignarole Protocols,—<sup>2</sup>  
 Ha' ha' ye gods, how this new friend of ours  
 Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy's what-d'ye-calls'

10

'Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should mock,  
 Meet planets, and suns, in one general hustle'  
 While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock  
 That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp, and Russell'

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope rais'd,  
 His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set,  
 And, though nothing destructive appear'd as he gaz'd,  
 Much hop'd that there *would*, before Parliament met

20

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to flit through his glass,  
 'Ha' there it is now,' the poor maniac cries,  
 While his fancy with forms but too monstrous alas'  
 From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies —

<sup>1</sup> Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great changers of administrations. Thus Milton, speaking of the former —

'With fear of change  
 Perplexing monarchs'

And in Statius we find,

'Mutant quae sceptria cometæ

<sup>2</sup> See, for some of these Protocols, the *Annual Register*, for the year 1832

'Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!  
 Whether Bucky<sup>1</sup> or Taurus I cannot well say —  
 And, yonder, there's Eld—n's old Chancery-wig,  
 In its dusty aphelion fast fading away  
 I see 'mong those fatuous meteors behind,  
 L—nd—nd—ry, *in vacuo*, flaring about,— 30  
 While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,  
 Is the Gemini, R—den and L—rt—n, no doubt  
 Ah, El—b'r—h! 'faith, I first thought 'twas the Comet,  
 So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale,  
 The head with the same "horrid hair,"<sup>2</sup> coming from it,  
 And plenty of vapour, but—where is the tail?  
 Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer elated—  
 For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,  
 Which he took to be C—mb—rl—d, *upwards* translated,  
 Instead of his natural course, *t'other road*! 40  
 But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken,—  
 Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and grimaces,  
 Then off to the Bedlam in Charles Street was taken,  
 And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases

## FROM THE HON HENRY , TO LADY EMMA

Paris, March 30, 1832.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,  
 How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell,  
 And the truth is,—as truth you *will* have, my sweet tailor,—  
 There are two worthy persons I always feel loth  
 To take leave of at starting,—my mistress and tailor,—  
 As somehow one always has *scenes* with them both,  
 The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,  
 She calling on Heaven and he on the attorney,—  
 Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,  
 A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his journey 10  
 But, to come to the point,—though you think, I dare say,  
 That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me away,  
 'Pon honour you're wrong,—such a mere bagatelle  
 As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears,  
 And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolting, pell moll,  
 To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers,<sup>3</sup>  
 This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,  
 Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of,  
 This cornage of *nobles*,—coin'd, all of 'em, badly,  
 And sure to bring Counts to a *discount* most sadly 20  
 Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,  
 As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation,  
 No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,  
 And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction,—

<sup>1</sup> The D—c of B—ck—m<sup>2</sup> 'And from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war'<sup>3</sup> A new creation of Peers was generally expected at this time



Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,  
 Two legs and a coronet all they consist of '  
 The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George R—se  
 (My particular friend) says is perfectly true,  
 That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,  
 'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to do, 30  
 And Sir George even doubts,—could he choose his disorder,—  
 'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order

This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,  
 'Twere best to fight shy of so curs'd a dilemma,  
 And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,  
 To've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,  
 Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from Milan  
 I'll send you—some news of Bellini's last trio

N B —Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,  
 Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without— 40  
 Viz, a pair of *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,  
 Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis might chap  
 Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheedles  
 The creatures abroad as your golden-eyed needles  
 A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd  
 To think one knows Latin, when—one, perhaps, doesn't,  
 With some little book about heathen mythology,  
 Just large enough to refresh one's theology,  
 Nothing on earth being half such a bore as  
 Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras 50  
 Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,  
 And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls

HENRY

### TRIUMPH OF BIGOTRY

'COLLEGE —We announced, in our last, that  
 Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were  
 chaired yesterday, the Students of the College  
 determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob  
 in all things, harnessing themselves to the cai,  
 and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags  
 and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the  
 cai —*Dublin Evening Post*, Dec 20, 1832

AY, yoke ye to the bigots' car,  
 Ye chosen of Alma Mater's scions, —  
 Fleet chargers drew the God of War,  
 Great Cybele was drawn by lions,  
 And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,  
 Drove four young panthers in his team  
 Thus classical L—fr—y, for once, is,  
 Thus, studious of a like turn-out,

<sup>1</sup> See the lives of these two poets for the  
 circumstances under which they left Dublin  
 College

<sup>2</sup> In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity Col-  
 lege, Dublin, thought proper, as a mode of ex-

He harnesses young sucking dunces,  
 To draw him, as their Chief, about,  
 And let the world a picture see  
 Of Dulness yok'd to Bigotry  
 Showing us how young College hacks  
 Can pace with bigots at their backs,  
 As though the cubs were *born* to draw  
 Such luggage as L—fr—y and Shaw

Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,  
 Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,  
 This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,  
 As aliens to her foggy shore, — <sup>1</sup>  
 Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,  
 Whose very name her shame recalls,  
 Whose effigy her bigot crew  
 Revers'd upon their monkish walls, — <sup>2</sup>

pressing then disapprobation of Mr Grattan's  
 public conduct, to order his portrait, in the  
 Great Hall of the University, to be turned up-  
 side down, and in this position it remained for  
 some time

Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)

To your mute Mother's dull renown,  
Then famous but for Wit turn'd out,  
And Eloquence turn'd upside down,  
But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,

Beyond all fame of former days,  
By breaking thus young donkies in  
To draw M P's, amid the brays  
Alike of donkies and M A's,—  
Defying Oxford to surpass 'em  
In this new 'Gradus ad Parnassum'

### TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE

*Scripta manet*

1833

'Twas grav'd on the Stone of Destiny,<sup>1</sup>  
In letters four, and letters three,  
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go  
by

But those awful letters scar'd his  
eye,  
For he knew that a Prophet Voice had  
said,

'As long as those words by man were  
read,

The ancient race of the Gulls should  
ne'er

One hour of peace or plenty share '  
But years on years successive flew,  
And the letter still more legible grew,—  
At top, a T, an H, an E, II  
And underneath, D E B T

Some thought them Hebrew,—such as  
Jews,

More skil'd in Scrip than Scripture,  
use,

While some surmis'd 'twas an ancient  
way

Of keeping accounts, (well known in the  
day

Of the fam'd Didlerius Jeremias,  
Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)  
And prov'd in books most learnedly  
boring, 19

'Twas called the Pontick way of scoring

Howe'er this be, there never were yet  
Seven letters of the alphabet,  
That, 'twixt them form'd so grim a  
spell,  
Or scar'd a Land of Gulls so well,  
As did this awful riddle-me-ree  
Of T H E D E B T

Hark !—it is struggling Freedom's cry,  
'Help, help, ye nations, or I die,  
'Tis freedom's fight, and, on the field  
Where I expire, *your* doom is seal'd ' 30  
The Gull-King hears the awakening  
call,  
He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots  
all,

And he asks, 'Ye noble Gulls, shall  
we  
Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,  
Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow ?'  
And they answer, with voice of thunder,  
'No'

Out fly their flashing swords in the  
air !—

But,—why do they rest suspended there?  
What sudden blight, what baleful charm,  
Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each  
arm ? 40

Alas ! some withering hand hath thrown  
The veil from off that fatal stone,  
And pointing now, with sapless finger,  
Showeth where dark those letters lin-  
ger,—

Letters four, and letters three,  
T H E D E B T

At sight thereof, each lifted brand  
Powerless falls from every hand,  
In vain the Patriot knits his brow,—  
Even talk, his staple, fails him now 50  
In vain the King like a hero treads,  
His Lords of the Treasury shake their  
heads,

And to all his talk of 'brave and free,'  
No answer getteth His Majesty  
But 'T H E D E B T'

In short, the whole Gull nation feels  
They're fairly spell-bound, neck and  
heels,

And so, in the face of the laughing world,  
Must e'en sit down, with banners fur'd,  
Adjourning all their dreams sublime 60  
Of glory and war to—some other time

<sup>1</sup> Liasul, or the Stone of Destiny,—for which,  
see Westminster Abbey

## NOTIONS ON REFORM

BY A MODERN REFORMER

Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass  
 By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,  
 The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!  
 It has caus'd between W—th—r—I's waistcoat and breeches

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity  
 Had oft broken out in that quarter before,  
 But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such immensity,  
 Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,  
 Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the moment is past, 10  
 Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's boider,  
 When the ties that should hold men are loosening so fast?

Make W—th—r—I yield to 'some sort of Reform'  
 (As we all must, God help us! with very wry faces),  
 And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm  
 About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear braces

Should those he now sports have been long in possession,  
 And, like his own borough, the worse for the wear,  
 Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession  
 To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair 20

Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,  
 With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's and Lockit's,  
 While still, to inspire him, his deeply thrust hands  
 Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches pockets—

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and through cough,  
 To the speeches inspir'd by this music of pence,—  
 But must grieve that there's any thing like *falling off*  
 In that great nether source of his wit and his sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace debonair,  
 He began first to court—rather late in the season— 30  
 Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair  
 Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of Reason,<sup>1</sup>

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted  
 All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love,  
 Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,  
 As W—th—r—I's rants, ever since, go to prove,<sup>2</sup>

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces  
 Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,  
 The 'moderate Reform' of a pair of new braces,  
 Till, some day,—he'll all fall to pieces at last 40

<sup>1</sup> It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself boasted one night in the House of Commons, of having sat in the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied

<sup>2</sup> Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the sitter,

shows that the symptoms are at least very similar

Spumea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora  
 Effluit  
 tunc moestus vastis ululatus in antris

## TORY PLEDGES

I PLEDGE myself through thick and thin,  
To labour still, with zeal devout,  
To get the Outs, poor devils, in,  
And turn the Ins, the wretches, out  
I pledge myself, though much bereft  
Of ways and means of ruling ill,  
To make the most of what are left,  
And stick to all that's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,  
And drones no more take all the honey,  
I pledge myself to cram myself 11  
With all I can of public money,

To quarter on that social purse  
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,  
Nor, so we prosper, care a curse  
How much 'tis at the expense of others

I pledge myself, whenever Right  
And Might on any point divide,  
Not to ask which is black or white, 19  
But take, at once, the strongest side

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,  
I'm for the Reverend encroachers —  
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians,  
Am for the Squires against the Poachers

Between the Corn-Lords and the Poor  
I've not the slightest hesitation,—  
The people *must* be starv'd to' insure  
The Land its due remuneration

I pledge myself to be no more  
With Ireland's wrongs bepros'd or  
shamm'd,— 30

I vote her grievances a bore,  
So she may suffer, and be d—d

Or if she kick, let it console us,  
We still have plenty of red coats,  
To cram the Church, that general bolus,  
Down any giv'n amount of throats

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—  
Think newspapers the worst of crimes,  
And would, to give some chance of quiet,  
Hang all the writers of The Times, 40

Break all their correspondents' bones,  
All authors of 'Reply,' 'Rejoinder,  
From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,  
To the Anti-Suttee, Mr P—ynd—

Such are the Pledges I propose,  
And though I can't now offer gold,  
There's many a way of buying those  
Who've but the taste for being sold

So here's, with three times three hurrahs,  
A toast, of which you'll not complain,  
'Long life to jobbing; may the days  
Of Peculation shine again!' 52

## ST. JEROME ON EARTH

## FIRST VISIT

1832

As St Jerome, who died some ages ago,  
Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,  
'I've heard much of English bishops,'  
quothe he,  
'And shall now take a trip to earth, to see  
How far they agree, in their lives and  
ways,  
With our good old bishops of ancient  
days'

He had learn'd—but learn'd without  
misgivings—  
Their love for good living, and eke good  
livings,  
Not knowing (as ne'er having taken  
degrees)

That good *living* means claret and  
fricassees, 10  
While its plural means simply—  
pluralities

'From all I hear,' said the innocent man,  
'They are quite on the good old primitive  
plan

For wealth and pomp they little can care,  
As they all say "No" to the' Episcopal  
chair,  
And their vestal virtue it well denotes,  
That they all, good men, wear petticoats.'

Thus saying, post-haste to earth he  
hurries,

And knocks at the' Archbishop of  
Canterbury's

The door was oped by a lackey in lace,  
Saying, 'What's your business with his  
Grace?' 21

'His grace!' quothe Jerome—for pos'd  
was he,  
Not knowing what *sort* this Grace could  
be,

Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,  
Grace of that breed called *Quinquar-*  
*ticular*—<sup>1</sup>

In short, he rummag'd his holy mind,  
The' exact description of Grace to find,  
Which thus could represented be  
By a footman in full livery

At last, out loud in a laugh he broke, 30  
(For dearly the good saint lov'd his joke)<sup>2</sup>  
And said—surveying, as sly he spoke,  
The costly palace from roof to base—  
'Well, it isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace'<sup>3</sup>  
'Umph,' said the lackey, a man of few  
words,

The' Archbishop is gone to the House  
of Lords'

'To the House of the Lord, you mean,  
my son,

For in *my* time, at least, there was but one,  
Unless such many-*fold* priests as these  
Seek, ev'n in their LORD, pluralities'<sup>4</sup>  
'No time for gab,' quoth the man in  
lace 41

Then, slamming the door in St Jerome's  
face,

With a curse to the single knockers all,  
Went to finish his port in the servants'  
hall,

And propose a toast (humanely meant  
To include even Curates in its extent)  
'To all as *serves* the' Establishment'

## ST JEROME ON EARTH

### SECOND VISIT

'This much I dare say, that, since *lording* and  
loitering hath come up, preaching hath come  
down, contrary to the Apostles' times For  
they preached and *lorded* not and now they  
*lord* and preach not Ever since the Pre-  
lates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough  
standeth, there is no work done, the people  
starve'—Latimer, *Sermon of the Plough*

'ONCE more,' said Jerome, 'I'll run up  
and see  
How the Church goes on,'—and off set he

<sup>1</sup> So called from the proceedings of the Synod  
of Dort

<sup>2</sup> Witness his well-known pun on the name  
of his adversary, Vigilantius, whom he calls  
facetiously Dormitantius

<sup>3</sup> The suspicion attached to some of the early  
Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine would  
appear to derive some confirmation from this  
passage

Just then the packet-boat, which trades  
Betwixt our planet and the shades,  
Had arriv'd below, with a freight so queer,  
'My eyes' said Jerome, 'what have  
we here?'—

For he saw, when nearer he explor'd,  
They'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard  
'They are ghosts of wigs,' said Charon, 'all,  
Once worn by nobs Episcopal' 10  
For folks on earth, who've got a store  
Of cast off things they'll want no more,  
Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,  
To a certain Gentleman here below'  
'A sign of the times, I plainly see,'  
Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he  
Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly

Arriv'd on earth, quoth he, 'No more  
I'll affect a body, as before,  
For I think I'd best, in the company 20  
Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,  
And glide, unseen, from See to See'  
But oh! to tell what scenes he saw,—  
It was more than Rabelais' pen could  
draw

For instance, he found Ex—t—r,  
Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir,—  
For love of God? for sake of King?  
For good of people?—no such thing,  
But to get for himself, by some new trick,  
A shove to a better bishoprick 30

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,  
Much with his money-bags bewilder'd,  
Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocese,<sup>5</sup>  
Because the rogues showed restlessness  
At having too little cash to touch,  
While he so Christianly bears too much  
He found old Sarum's wits as gone  
As his own beloved text in John,—<sup>6</sup>  
Text he hath prosed so long upon,  
That 'tis thought when ask'd, at the  
gate of heaven, 40  
His name, he'll answer 'John v 7'

'But enough of Bishops I've had to-day,'  
Said the weary Saint,—'I must away

<sup>4</sup> The wig, which had so long formed an  
essential part of the dress of an English bishop,  
was at this time beginning to be dispensed with  
<sup>5</sup> See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his  
Diocese

<sup>6</sup> 1 John v 7 A text which, though long  
given up by all the rest of the orthodox world,  
is still pertinaciously adhered to by this Right  
Reverend scholar

<p>Though I own I should like, before I go, To see for once (as I'm ask'd below If really such odd sights exist) A regular six-fold Pluralist<sup>1</sup> Just then he heard a general cry— 'There's Doctor Hodgson galloping by' 'Ay, that's the man,' says the Saint, to follow,<sup>50</sup> And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo, At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can, A glimpse of this singular plural man But,—talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird!<sup>1</sup> To compare him with Hodgson is absurd 'Which way, sir, pray, is the doctor gone?'— 'He is now at his living at Hilling- don'—</p>	<p>'No, no,—you're out, by many a mile, He's away at his Deanery, in Car- hse'— 'Pardon me, sir, but I understand 60 He's gone to his living in Cumberland'— 'God bless me, no,—he can't be there, You must try St George's, Hanover Square'  Thus all in vain the Saint inquir'd, From living to living, mock'd and tur'd,— 'Twas Hodgson here, 'twas Hodgson there, 'Twas Hodgson nowhere, everywhere, Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er, And fitted away to the Stygian shore, To astonish the natives under ground 70 With the comical things he on earth had found</p>
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## THOUGHTS ON TAR BARRELS

(VIDE DESCRIPTION OF A LATE FETE<sup>2</sup>)

1832

WHAT a pleasing contrivance<sup>1</sup> how aptly devis'd  
'Twixt tar and magnolias to puzzle one's noses'  
And how the tar-barrels must all be surpris'd  
To find themselves seated like 'Love among roses'

What a pity we can't, by precautions like these,  
Clear the air of that other still viler infection,  
That radical pest, that old whiggish disease,  
Of which cases, true-blue, are in every direction

'Stead of barrels, let's light up an Auto da Fé  
Of a few good combustible Lords of 'the Club';  
They would fume, in a trice, the Whig cholera away,  
And there's B—cky would burn like a barrel of hub

How R—d—n would blaze<sup>1</sup> and what rubbish throw out'  
A volcano of nonsense, in active display,  
While V—ne, as a butt, amidst laughter, would spout  
The hot nothings he's full of, all night and all day

And then, for a finish, there's C—mb—d's Duke,—  
Good Lord, how his chin-tuft would crackle in air'  
Unless (as is shrewdly surmis'd from his look)  
He's already bespoke for combustion elsewhere

<sup>1</sup> It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that 'a man could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird'

<sup>2</sup> The M—s of H—tf—d's Fête —From dread of cholera his Lordship had ordered tar-barrels to be burned in every direction

THE CONSULTATION<sup>1</sup>'When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful' *The Critic*

1833

*Scene discovers Dr Whig and Dr Tory in consultation Patient on the floor between them*

*Dr Whig*—THIS wild Irish patient *does* pester me so,  
That what to do with him, I'm curst if I know,  
I've *promis'd* him anodynes

*Dr. Tory* Anodynes!—Stuff  
The him down—gag him well—he'll be tranquil enough  
That's *my* mode of practice.

*Dr Whig* True, quite in *your* line,  
But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*  
'Tis so painful——

*Dr Tory*—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude how he feels,  
When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,  
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,  
And letting them wriggle on there till they tire  
*He*, too, says 'tis painful'—'quite makes his heart bleed'—  
But 'your eels are a vile, oleaginous breed'—  
He would fain use them gently, but Cookery says 'No,'  
And—in short—eels were *born* to be treated just so<sup>1</sup>  
'Tis the same with these Irish,—who're odder fish still,—  
Your tender Whig heart shinks from using them ill,  
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,  
Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes,—  
But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may make bold  
To style you, as Peachum did Lookit, of old,—  
We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness of Ude,  
And, indifferent like him,—so the fish is *but* stew'd,—  
*Must* torture live Pats for the general good,

*[Here patient groans and licks a little*

*Dr Whig*—But what, if one's patient's so devilish perverse,  
That he *wo'n't* be thus tortur'd?

*Dr Tory* Coerce, sir, coerce  
You're a juvenile performer, but once you begin,  
You can't think how fast you may train your hand in—  
And (*smiling*) who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf,  
With the comforting thought that, in place and in pelf,  
He's succeeded by one just as—bad as himself?

*Dr Whig* (*looking flattered*)—Why, to tell you the truth, I've a small  
matter here,

Which you help'd me to make for my patient last year,—

*[Goes to a cupboard and brings out a strait waistcoat and gag*

And such rest I've enjoy'd from his raving since then,  
That I have made up my mind he shall wear it again.

<sup>1</sup> These verses, as well as some others that follow (p. 646), were extorted from me by that lamentable measure of the Whig ministry, the Irish Coercion Act

<sup>2</sup> This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode

of purifying his eels, professes himself much concerned at the charge of inhumanity brought against his practice, but still begs leave respectfully to repeat that it is the only proper mode of preparing eels for the table

*Dr Tory (embracing him)*—Oh, charming '  
 My dear Doctor Whig, you're a treasure  
 Next to torturing *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure  
 [Assisting *Dr. Whig*  
 Give me leave—I've some practice in these mad machines,  
 There—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all means  
 Delightful '—all's snug—not a squeak need you fear,— 39  
 You may now put your anodynes off till next year [Scene closes.]

## TO THE REV CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK

AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL PORTRAITURE OF THE CHURCH<sup>1</sup>

1833

SWEET singer of Romalddkirk, thou who art reckon'd,  
 By critics Episcopal, David the Second,<sup>2</sup>  
 If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,  
 Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write '  
 Once fairly inspir'd by the 'Tithe-crown'd Apollo,'  
 (Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phoebus hollow,  
 Having gotten, besides the old *Nine*'s inspiration,  
 The *Tenth* of all eatable things in creation,)  
 There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,  
 So be-*run*'d and be-*tenth*'d, couldn't easily do  
 Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian<sup>3</sup> they say,  
 While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,  
 Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell  
 Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards fell  
 Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no doubt,  
 Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about,  
 Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,  
 Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,  
 And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,  
 Announc'd the Church poet whom Chester approves

O Horace ' when thou, in thy vision of yore,  
 Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage come o'er  
 Thy etherealis'd limbs, stealing downily on,  
 Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a swan,<sup>4</sup>  
 Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,  
 Without any effort of fancy, at all,  
 Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov—rt—n find  
 A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,  
 But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,  
 By gods yeapt *anser*, by mortals a *goose*

<sup>1</sup> See *Edinburgh Review*, No 117<sup>2</sup> 'Your Lordship,' says Mr Ov—rt—n, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, 'has kindly expressed your persuasion that my "Muse will always be a Muse of sacred

song, and that it will be tuned as David's was "'

<sup>3</sup> Sophocles<sup>4</sup> — album mutui in alitem

Superne nascenturque laeves

Per digitos, numerosque plumae



## SCENE

FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED

'MATRICULATION' <sup>1</sup>

1 4

[*Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-nine Articles before him—Enter the Rt Rev Doctor Ph—llp—ts*]

*Doctor P*—THERE, my lad, lie the Articles—(*Boy begins to count them*) just thirty-nine—

No occasion to count—you've now only to sign  
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-church than we,  
The whole Nine and-Thirty are lump'd into Three  
Let's run o'er the items,—there's Justification,  
Predestination, and Supererogation,—  
Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,  
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification  
That's sufficient—now, sign—having read quite enough,  
You 'believe in the full and true meaning thereof?' [*Boy stares*]  
Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth and brief,—  
A commodious and short make-believe of belief,  
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus articular,  
To keep out, in general, all who're particular  
But what's the boy doing? what 'reading all through,  
And my luncheon fast cooling'—this never will do

*Boy (poring over the Articles)*—Here are points which—pray, Doctor, what's 'Grace of Congruity?'

*Doctor P (sharply)*—You'll find out, young sir, when you've more ingenuity

At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely, 20  
Whate'er it may be, to believe it sincerely  
Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the same plan,—  
First, swallow all down, then digest—as we can

*Boy (still reading)*—I've to gulp, I see, St Athanasius's Creed,  
Which, I'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;  
As he damns—

*Doctor P (aside)*—Ay, and so would I, willingly, too,  
All confounded particular young boobies, like you  
This comes of Reforming '—all's o'er with our land,  
When people wo'n't stand what they can't understand,  
Nor perceive that our ever-rever'd Thirty-Nine 30  
Were made, not for men to believe, but to sign

[*Exit Dr P in a passion*]

<sup>1</sup> 'It appears that when a youth of fifteen goes to be matriculated at Oxford, and is required first to subscribe Thirty-nine Articles of Religious Belief, this only means that he engages himself afterwards to understand what

is now above his comprehension, that he expresses no assent at all to what he signs, and that he is (or, *ought* to be) at full liberty, when he has studied the subject, to withdraw his provisional assent'—*Edinburgh Review*, No 120

## LATE TITHE CASE

'Sic vos non vobis'

1838

'The Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate but, *in duty to what he owes to his successors*, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage'—*Letter from Mr S Powell, August 6*

No, *not* for yourselves, ye reverend men,  
Do you take one pig in every ten,  
But for Holy Church's future heirs,  
Who've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs,—

The law supposing that such heirs male  
Are already seised of the pig, in tail  
No, *not* for himself hath B—mh—m's priest

His 'well-belov'd' of their pennies fleec'd

But it is that, before his prescient eyes,  
All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise, 10  
With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,

And 'tis for *them* the poor he fleeces  
He heareth their voices, ages hence,  
Saying 'Take the pig'—'oh take the pence';

The cries of little Vicarial dears,  
The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his ears,

And, did he resist that soft appeal,  
He would *not* like a true-born Vicar feel

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n!  
A Rector true, if e'er there was one, 20  
Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming ages,

Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages<sup>1</sup>  
'Tis true, in the pockets of *thy* small-clothes

The claim'd 'obvention'<sup>2</sup> of four-pence goes,

But its abstract spirit, unconfin'd,  
Spreads to all future Rector-kind, 26  
Warning them all to their rights to wake,  
And rather to face the block, the stake,  
Than give up their darling right to take

<sup>1</sup> Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received so little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best paid of the whole not more than 18*l*. annually) were all, in the course of the autumn of 1832, served with demands of tithe

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes  
(So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,  
And a single four-pence, pocketed well,  
Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell

Then still continue, ye reverend souls,  
And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,  
Grasp every penny on every side,  
From every wretch, to swell its tide  
Remembering still what the Law lays down,

In that pure poetic style of its own, 39  
'If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he  
Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*'

## FOOLS' PARADISE

DREAM THE FIRST

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been, in  
a trice,

To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,  
Lying N N E of the Land of Sense,  
And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence

But they want it not in this happy place,  
Where a light of its own gilds every face,  
Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,  
'Tis the *wish* to look wise,—not knowing <sup>8</sup>  
*how*

Self-glory glistens o'er all that's there,  
The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air,  
The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,  
The snow, if it snows, is *coulour de rose*,  
The falling founts in a titter fall,  
And the sun looks simpering down on all

Oh, 'tisn't in tongue or pen to trace  
The scenes I saw in that joyous place  
There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,

In converse sweet, 'What charming weather'—

You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,  
Lord Charles has got a good sinecure, 20  
And the Premier says, my youngest brother

(Him in the Guards) shall have another  
Isn't this very, *very* gallant!—  
As for my poor old virgin aunt,

at the rate of 4*d*. in the 1*l*. sterling, on behalf of the Rev F L—dy, Rector of —, &c &c —  
*The Times*, August 1833

<sup>2</sup> One of the various general terms under which oblations, tithes, &c are comprised

Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,  
 We must quarter *her* on the Pension List,  
 Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd,  
 It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,  
 Where all who lik'd might have a shce,  
 So rich was that Fools' Paradise 30

But the sport at which most time they  
 spent,  
 Was a puppet-show, call'd Parliament,  
 Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,  
 As large as life, who rose to prose,  
 While, hid behind them, lords and squires,  
 Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires,  
 And thought it the very best device  
 Of that most prosperous Paradise,  
 To make the vulgar pay through the nose  
 For them and their wooden Ciceros 40

And many more such things I saw  
 In this Eden of Church, and State, and  
 Law,

Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk  
 As those who had the *best* of the joke  
 There were Irish Rectors, such as resort  
 To Cheltenham yearly, to drink—port,  
 And bumper, 'Long may the Church  
 endure,

May her cure of souls be a sinecure,  
 And a score of Parsons to every soul  
 A moderate allowance on the whole ' 50  
 There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,  
 From which the sense had all run out,  
 Even to the lowest classic leas,  
 Till nothing was left but *quantities*,  
 Which made them heads most fit to be  
 Stuck up on a University,  
 Which yearly hatches, in its schools,  
 Such flights of young Elysian fools

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,  
 In this happiest possible Paradise 60  
 But plain it was to see, alas!  
 That a downfall soon must come to pass

For grief is a lot the good and wise  
 Don't quite so much monopolise,  
 But that ('lapt in Elysium' as they are)  
 Even blessed fools must have their share  
 And so it happen'd—but what befell,  
 In Dream the Second I mean to tell

## THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE,

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

'I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace  
 and charity My last payment to you paid  
 you salary up to the 1st of this month Since  
 that, I owe you for one month, which, being  
 a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as  
 near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight  
 shillings My steward returns you as a debtor  
 to the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS  
 FOR CON-ACRE-GROUND, which leaves some  
 trifling balance in my favour'—*Letter of Dis-  
 missal from the Rev Marcus Bereford to his  
 Curate, the Rev T A Lyons*

THE account is balanc'd—the bill drawn  
 out,—

The debit and credit all right, no doubt—  
 The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,  
 Owes to his Curate six pound eight,  
 The Curate, that *least* well-fed of men,  
 Owes to his Rector seven pound ten,  
 Which maketh the balance clearly due  
 From Curate to Rector, one pound two

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven!  
 But sure to be all set right in heaven,  
 Where bills like these will be check'd,  
 some day,

And the balance settled the other way  
 Where Lyons the Curate's hard-wrung  
 sum

Will back to his shade with interest  
 come,

And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue  
 This tot, in his favour, of one pound two

## PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS<sup>1</sup>

1833

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,  
 That plan was commenc'd which the wise now applaud,  
 Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,  
 As good raw materials for *settlers*, abroad

<sup>1</sup> I have already in a preceding page referred to this squib, as being one of those wrung from me by the Irish Coercion Act of my friends, the Whigs

Some West-Indian island, whose name I forget,  
 Was the region then chosen for this scheme so romantic,  
 And such the success the first colony met,  
 That a second, soon after, set sail o'er the Atlantic

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd for shore,  
 Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,  
 And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,  
 They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again meet

And, hark ! from the shore a glad welcome there came—  
 'Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy ?'  
 While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name  
 Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy !

Can it possibly be ?—half amazement—half doubt,  
 Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and looks steady,  
 Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,  
 'Good Lord ! only think—black and curly already !'

Deceiv'd by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,  
 Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,  
 And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,  
 To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers !

## MORAL

'Tis thus,—but alas !—by a marvel more true  
 Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—  
 Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,  
 By a *lusus naturae*, all turn into Tories

And thus, when I hear them 'strong measures' advise,  
 Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,  
 I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,  
 'Good Lord !—only think !—black and curly already !'

## COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM

## FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS

1833

FINE figures of speech let your orators follow,  
 Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow,  
 Though fam'd for his rules *Aristotle* may be,  
 In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,  
 For, as honest Joe Hume says, the '*totile*'<sup>1</sup> for me !

For instance, while others discuss and debate,  
 It is thus about Bishops *I* ratiocinate

In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,  
 'Tis certain our souls are look'd *very* well after,  
 Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)  
 Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred,—  
 Said number of parishes, under said teachers,  
 Containing three millions of Protestant creatures,—

<sup>1</sup> The *total*,—so pronounced by this industrious senator

So that each of said Bishops full ably controls  
 One million and five hundred thousands of souls  
 And now comes old Cocker In Ireland we're told,  
*Half* a million includes the whole Protestant fold,  
 If, therefore, for *three* million souls 'tis conceded  
*Two* proper sized Bishops are all that is needed,  
 'Tis plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,  
*One third* of one Bishop is just the right quantum  
 And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,  
 The Irish Church question's resolv'd to a T,  
 Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,  
 That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too

Nay, if—as St Roden complains is the case—  
 The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,  
 The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,  
 Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough  
 But, as fractions imply that we'd have to dissect,  
 And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,  
 We've a small, fractious prelate whom well we could spare,  
 Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair,  
 And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,  
 We'll let her have Ex—t—r, *sole*<sup>1</sup>, as her Church

## LES HOMMES AUTOMATES

1834

'We are persuaded that this our artificial  
 man will not only walk and speak, and perform  
 most of the outward functions of animal life,  
 but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps  
 reason as well as most of your country parsons'.  
 —*Memoirs of Martinus Scribleius*, chap. xii

IT being an object now to meet  
 With Parsons that don't want to eat,  
 Fit men to fill those Irish rectories,  
 Which soon will have but scant refec-  
 tories,

It has been suggested,—lest that Church  
 Should, all at once, be left in the lurch,  
 For want of reverend men endowed  
 With this gift of ne'er requiring food,—  
 To try, by way of experiment, whether  
 There couldn't be made, of wood and  
 leather,<sup>2</sup>  
 (Howe'er the notion may sound  
 chimerical,)

Jointed figures not *lay*,<sup>3</sup> but clerical,  
 Which, wound up carefully once a week,  
 Might just like parsons look and speak,  
 Nay even, if requisite, reason too,  
 As well as most Irish parsons do

<sup>1</sup> Corporation sole<sup>2</sup> The materials of which those Nuenmberg

The' experiment having succeeded quite,  
 (Whereat those Lords must much delight,  
 Who've shown, by stopping the Church's  
 food,

They think it isn't for her spiritual good  
 To be serv'd by parsons of flesh and  
 blood,)

The Patentees of this new invention  
 Beg leave respectfully to mention,  
 They now are enabled to produce  
 An ample supply, for present use,  
 Of these reverend pieces of machinery,  
 Ready for vicarage, rectory, deanery,  
 Or any such-like post of skill  
 That wood and leather are fit to fill

N B —In places addicted to arson, 30  
 We can't recommend a wooden parson  
 But, if the Church any such appoints,  
 They'd better, at least, have iron joints  
 In parts, not much by Protestants  
 haunted,

A figure to *look at*'s all that's wanted—  
 A block in black, to eat and sleep,  
 Which (now that the eating's o'er)  
 comes cheap

Savans, mentioned by Scribleius, constructed  
 their artificial man

<sup>3</sup> The wooden models used by painters are,  
 it is well known, called 'lay figures'

P S—Should the Lords, by way of a treat, Permit the clergy again to eat, The Church will, of course, no longer need Imitation-parsons that never feed, 41 And these <i>wood</i> creatures of ours will sell For secular purposes just as well—	Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout, May, 'stead of beating their own about, Be knocking the brains of Papists out; While our smooth O'Sullivan's, by all means, Should transmigrate into <i>turning</i> ma- chines
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## HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A PEER,

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DISCLOSED IN A LATE HERALDIC WORK<sup>1</sup>

- . CHOOSE some title that's dormant—the Peerage hath many— 1834  
 Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any  
 Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,  
 And marry him off-hand, in some given year,  
 To the daughter of somebody,—no matter who,—  
 Fig, the grocer himself, if you're hard run, will do;  
 For, the *Medici pills* still in heraldry tell,  
 And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as well?  
 Thus, having your couple, and one a lord's cousin,  
 Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen, 10  
 And 'tis hard if, inventing each small mother's son of 'em,  
 You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one of 'em  
 Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory,  
 Stand in the way of this lord manufactory,  
 I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,  
 One *grand* rule of enterprise,—*don't* be particular  
 A man who once takes such a jump at nobility,  
 Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of nihility,<sup>2</sup>  
 But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility  
 'Tis true, to a would-be descendant from Kings, 20  
 Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things,  
 As oft, when the vision is near brought about,  
 Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, guns out,  
 Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles bloods,  
 And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds  
 But there *are* ways—when folks are resolv'd to be lords—  
 Of expurg'g ev'n troublesome parish records  
 What think ye of scissors? depend on't no heir  
 Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair,  
 As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may invent, 30  
 Your scissors does wonders in proving descent  
 Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears  
 With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and peers,  
 But they're nought to that weapon which shines in the hands  
 Of some would-be Patrician, when proudly he stands  
 O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,  
 And sweeps at each cut generations away  
 By some babe of old times in his peerage resisted?  
 One snip,—and the urchin hath *never* existed!

<sup>1</sup> The Claim to the buoyancy of Chandos (if I  
 recollect right) advanced by the late Sir  
 Egerton Br—d—s

<sup>2</sup> 'Thus we call pure nihility, or mere nothing'  
 —Watt's *Logic*

Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere  
 With his one sublime object of being a Peer ?  
 Quick the shears at once nullify bridegroom and bride,—  
 No such people have ever liv'd, married, or died !

40

Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,  
 Who've a fancy for making great lords of themselves  
 Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,  
 Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,  
 Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,  
 And—who knows but you'll be Lord Baron of Shamdos ?

### THE DUKE IS THE LAD

*Air* —A master I have, and I am his man,  
 Galloping dreary dun '—*Castle of Andalusia*

THE Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,  
 Galloping, dreary duke,  
 The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,  
 He's an ogre to meet, and the d—l  
 to pass,

With his charger prancing,  
 Grim eye glancing,  
 Chin, like a Mufti,  
 Grizzled and tufty,  
 Galloping, dreary Duke

Ye misses, beware of the neighbourhood  
 Of this galloping dreary Duke,  
 Avoid him, all who see no good  
 In being run o'er by a Prince of the  
 Blood

For, surely, no nymph is  
 Fond of a grim phiz,  
 And of the married,  
 Whole crowds have miscarried  
 At sight of this dreary Duke

### EPISTLE

FROM ERASMUS ON EARTH TO CICERO IN THE SHADES

Southampton

As 'tis now, my dear Tully, some weeks since I started  
 By rail-road, for earth, having vow'd, ere we parted,  
 To drop you a line, by the Dead-Letter post,  
 Just to say how I thrive, in my new line of ghost,  
 And how deucedly odd this live world all appears,  
 To a man who's been dead now for three hundred years,  
 I take up my pen, and, with news of this earth,  
 Hope to waken, by turns, both your spleen and your mirth

In my way to these shores, taking Italy first,  
 Lest the change from Elysium too sudden should burst,  
 I forgot not to visit those haunts where, of yore,  
 You took lessons from Paetus in cookery's lore,<sup>1</sup>  
 Turn'd aside from the calls of the rostrum and Muse,  
 To discuss the rich merits of *rots* and stews,  
 And prefer'd to all honours of triumph or trophy,  
 A supper on prawns with that rogue, little Sophy<sup>2</sup>

10

Having dwelt on such classical musings awhile,  
 I set off, by a steam-boat, for this happy isle,  
 (A conveyance *you* ne'er, I think, sail'd by, my Tully,  
 And therefore, *per* next, I'll describe it more fully,)

20

<sup>1</sup> See his *Letters to Friends*, lib ix, epist. 19, 20, &c

<sup>2</sup> *Ingentium squillarum cum Sophia Septimiae*—Lib ix, epist 10

Having heard, on the way, what distresses me greatly,  
 That England's o'er-run by *idolaters* lately,  
 Stark, staring adorers of wood and of stone,  
 Who will let neither stick, stock, or statue alone  
 Such the sad news I heard from a tall man in black,  
 Who from sports continental was hurrying back,  
 To look after his tithes,—seeing, doubtless, 'twould follow,  
 That, just as, of old, your great idol, Apollo,  
 Devour'd all the Tenth's,<sup>1</sup> so the idols in question,  
 These wood and stone gods, may have equal digestion, 30  
 And the' idolatrous crew, whom this Rector despises,  
 May eat up the tithe-pig which *he* idolizes

'Tis all but too true—grim Idolatry reigns, London  
 In full pomp, over England's lost cities and plains!  
 On arriving just now, as my first thought and care  
 Was, as usual, to seek out some near House of Prayer,  
 Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians to pray on,  
 I was shown to—what think you?—a downright Pantheon!  
 A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches and halls,<sup>2</sup>  
 Full of idols and gods, which they nickname St Paul's,— 40  
 Though 'tis clearly the place where the idolatrous crew,  
 Whom the Rector complain'd of, their dark rites pursue,  
 And, 'mong all the 'strange gods' Abraham's father carv'd out,<sup>3</sup>  
 That he ever carv'd *stranger* than these I much doubt

Were it even, my dear TULLY, your Hebes and Graces,  
 And such pretty things, that usurp'd the Saints' places,  
 I shouldn't much mind,—for, in this classic dome,  
 Such folks from Olympus would feel quite at home  
 But the gods they've got here!—such a queer omnium gatherum  
 Of misbegot things, that no poet would father 'em,— 50  
 Britannias, in light, summer-wear for the skies,—  
 Old Thames, turn'd to stone, to his no small surprise,—  
 Father Nile, too,—a portrait, (in spite of what's said,  
 That no mortal e'er yet got a glumpse of his head,<sup>4</sup>)  
 And a Ganges, which India would think somewhat fat for't,  
 Unless 'twas some full-grown Director had sat for't,—  
 Not to mention the' *et caeteras* of Genu and Sphinxes,  
 Fame, Victory, and other such semi-clad minxes,—  
 Sea Captains,<sup>5</sup>—the idols here most idolised, 60  
 And of whom some, alas, might too well be comprised  
 Among ready-made Saints, as they died *cannonised*,—  
 With a multitude more of odd cockneyfied deities,  
 Shriped in such pomp that quite shocking to see it 'tis,  
 Nor know I what better the Rector could do  
 Than to shrine there his own belov'd quadruped too,  
 As most surely a tithe-pig, whate'er the world thinks, is  
 A much fitter beast for a church than a Sphinx is

But I'm call'd off to dinner—grace just has been said,  
 And my host waits for nobody, living or dead

<sup>1</sup> Tithes were paid to the Pythian Apollo

<sup>2</sup> See Dr Wiseman's learned and able letter to Mr Poynder

<sup>3</sup> Josh xxiv 2

<sup>4</sup> ——— 'Nec contigit ulli  
 Hoc vidisse caput'

Claudian

<sup>5</sup> Captains Mosse, Riou, &c &c.



LINES<sup>1</sup>

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH AND ST—W—RT FOR THE  
CONTINENT

*At Paris*,<sup>2</sup> et Fratres, et qui sapient sub illis,  
Vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menclae) nefandas Ovid *Metam* lib XIII, v 202

Go, Brothers in wisdom—go, bright pan of Peers,  
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!  
The *one*, the best lover we have—*of his years*,  
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile  
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that prize thee,  
Forget Mis Ang—lo T—yl—r awhile,  
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,  
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart thee, 15  
But show the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough  
To translate 'Amor Fortis' a love, *about forty*!

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,  
From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd earn'd in't,  
That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out 'My *stars*!'  
And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way concern'd in't

For not the great R—g—t himself has endur'd  
(Though I've seen him with badges and orders all shine,  
Till he looked like a house that was *over insured*)  
A much heavier burden of glories than thine 20

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,  
O! *any* young ladies can so go astray,  
As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,  
The *stars*<sup>3</sup> are in fault, my Lord St—w—rt, not they!

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tonies,  
Thou *Malaprop* Circero over whose lips  
Such a smooth igmarole about 'monarchs,' and 'glories,'  
And '*nulludge*,'<sup>4</sup> and 'features,' like syllabub ships

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation  
Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours, 30  
Leagu'ng with Kings, who, for mere recreation,  
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks metaphors

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers,  
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!  
The *one*, the best lover we have—*of his years*,  
And the *other*, Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions

<sup>1</sup> This and the following squib, which must have been written about the year 1815-16, have been by some oversight misplaced

<sup>2</sup> Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was 'at Paris' these rapacious transactions took place—we should read 'At Vienna.'

<sup>3</sup> 'When weak women go astray,

The stars are more in fault than they'

<sup>4</sup> It is thus the noble lord pronounces the word 'knowledge'—deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin, 'nullus'

## TO THE SHIP

IN WHICH LORD C—ST—R—GH

SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT

*Imitated from Horace, lib 1, ode 3*

So may my Lady's prayers prevail,<sup>1</sup>  
 And C—nn—g's too, and *lucida*  
 Br—gge's,  
 And Eld—n beg a favouring gale  
 From Eolus, that *older* Bags,<sup>2</sup>  
 To speed thee on thy destin'd way,  
 Oh ship, that bear'st our C—st—r—gh,<sup>3</sup>  
 Our gracious R—g—t's better half,<sup>4</sup>  
 And, *therefore*, quarter of a King—  
 (As Van, or any other calf,  
 May find, without much figuring) 10  
 Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,  
 Waft this Lord of place and pelf,  
 Any where his Lordship pleases,  
 Though 'twere to Old Nick himself !  
 Oh, what a face of brass was his,<sup>5</sup>  
 Who first at Congress show'd his phiz—  
 To sign away the Rights of Man  
 To Russian threats and Austrian  
 juggle,  
 And leave the sinking African<sup>6</sup> 19  
 To fall without one saving struggle—  
 'Mong ministers from North and South,  
 To shew his lack of shame and sense,  
 And hoist the sign of ' Bull and Mouth '  
 For blunders and for eloquence !

In vain we wish our *Secs* at home ?To mind their papers, desks, and  
shelves,If silly *Secs* abroad *will* roam,

And make such noodles of themselves

But such hath always been the case—  
 For matchless impudence of face, 30  
 There's nothing like your Tory race !<sup>8</sup>  
 First, Pitt,<sup>9</sup> the chosen of England,  
 taught her

A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter  
 Then came the Doctor,<sup>10</sup> for our ease,  
 With E—d—ns, Ch—th—ms, H—wk—  
 —b—s,

And other deadly maladies.

When each, in turn, had run their rigs,  
 Necessity brought in the Whigs 11

And oh, I blush, I blush to say,

When these, in turn, were put to  
 flight, too, 40

Illustrious T—MP—E flew away

With *lots of pens* he *had no right to* 12

In short, what *will* not mortal man do ? 13  
 And now, that—strife and bloodshed  
 past—

We've done on earth what harm we can  
 do,

We gravely take to heaven at last,<sup>14</sup>  
 And think its favourite smile to purchase  
 (Oh Lord, good Lord !) by—building  
 churches !

## SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT OF A NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA

'AND now,' quoth the goddess, in accents jocose,

'Having got good materials, I'll brew such a dose

Of Double X mischief as, mortals shall say,

They've not known its equal for many a long day'

<sup>1</sup> Sic te diva potens Cypri,  
 Sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,  
 Ventorumque regat pater  
<sup>2</sup> See a description of the *aeon*, or *Bags*, of  
 Eolus, in the *Odyssey*, lib 10

<sup>3</sup> Navis, quae tibi creditum

Debes Virgilium

<sup>4</sup> —Animae dimidium meae

<sup>5</sup> Illi robur et aes triplex

Circa pectus erat, qui, &c

<sup>6</sup> —praeceptum Africum

Decertantem Aquilonibus

<sup>7</sup> Nequiquam deus abscedit

Prudens oceano dissociabili

Terras, si tamen impiae

Non tangenda *Rates* transiunt vadâ

This last line, we may suppose alludes to some distinguished *Rat* that attended the voyager

<sup>8</sup> Audax omnia perpeti

Gens ruit per vetitum nefas

<sup>9</sup> Audax Japeti genus

Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit

<sup>10</sup> Post

maecies, et nova februm

Terris incubuit cohors

<sup>11</sup> —tâda necessitas

Lethi corripuit gradum

<sup>12</sup> Expertus vacuum Daedalus aera

*Pennis non hominibus datis*

This alludes to the 1,200/ worth of  
 stationery, which his Lordship is said to have  
 ordered, when on the point of vacating his  
 place

<sup>13</sup> Nil mortalibus arduum est

<sup>14</sup> Coelum ipsum petimus stultitia

Here she wink'd to her subaltern imps to be steady,  
 And all wagg'd then fire-tipp'd tails and stood ready,  
 'So, now for the' ingredients —first, hand me that bishop,'  
 Whereon, a whole bevy of imps run to fish up,  
 From out a large reservou, wherein they pen 'em,  
 The blackest of all its black dabblers in venom, 10  
 And wrapping him up (lest the virus should ooze,  
 And one 'drop of the' immortal<sup>1</sup> Right Rev<sup>2</sup> they might lose)  
 In the sheets of his own speeches, charges, reviews,  
 Pop him into the caldron, while loudly a burst  
 From the by-standers welcomes ingredient the first'  
 'Now fetch the Ex-Chancellor,' mutter'd the dame—  
 'He who's call'd after Harry the Older, by name'  
 'The Ex-Chancellor!' echoed her imps, the whole crew of 'em—  
 Why talk of *one* Ex, when your Mischief has *two* of 'em''  
 'True, true,' said the hag, looking arch at her elves, 20  
 'And a double-*Ex* dose they compose, in themselves'  
 This joke, the sly meaning of which was seen lucidly,  
 Set all the devils a laughing most deucedly,  
 So, in went the pair, and (what none thought surprising)  
 Show'd talents for sinking as great as for rising,  
 While not a grim phiz in that realm but was lighted  
 With joy to see spirits so twin-like united—  
 Or (plainly to speak) two such birds of a feather,  
 In one mess of venom thus spitted together  
 Here a flashy imp rose—some connection, no doubt, 30  
 Of the young lord in question—and, scowling about,  
 'Hop'd his fiery friend, St—nl—y, would not be left out,  
 As no schoolboy unwhipp'd, the whole world must agree,  
 Lov'd mischief, *pure* mischief, more dearly than he'  
 But, no—the wise hag wouldn't hear of the whipster,  
 Not merely because, as a shrew, he eclips'd her,  
 And nature had given him, to keep him still young,  
 Much tongue in his head and no head in his tongue,  
 But because she well knew that, for change ever ready,  
 He'd not even to mischief keep properly steady, 40  
 That soon even the *wrong* side would cease to delight,  
 And, for want of a change, he must swerve to the *right*,  
 While, on *each*, so at random his missiles he threw,  
 That the side he attack'd was most safe of the two—  
 This ingredient was therefore put by on the shelf,  
 There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by itself  
 'And now,' quoth the hag, as her caldron she ey'd,  
 And the titbits so friendly rankling inside,  
 'There wants but some seasoning,—so, come, ere I stew 'em,  
 By way of a relish, we'll throw in " + John Tuam" 50  
 In cooking up mischief, there's no flesh or fish  
 Like your meddling High Priest, to add zest to the dish'  
 Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand Lama—  
 Which great event ends the First Act of the Drama

<sup>1</sup> 'To lose no drop of the immortal man'<sup>2</sup> The present Bishop of Ex—t—r

## ANIMAL MAGNETISM

THOUGH fam'd was Mesmer, in his  
day,  
Nor less so, in ours, is Dupotet,  
To say nothing of all the wonders  
done  
By that wizard, Dr Elliotson,  
When, standing as if the gods to invoke,  
he  
Up waves his arm, and—down drops  
Okey!<sup>1</sup>

Though strange these things, to mind  
and sense,

If you wish still stranger things to  
see—

If you wish to know, the power im-  
mense

Of the true magnetic influence, 10  
Just go to her Majesty's Treasury,  
And learn the wonders working there—  
And I'll be hang'd if you don't stare!  
Talk of your animal magnetists,  
And that wave of the hand no soul  
resists,

Not all its witcheries can compete  
With the friendly beckon towards  
Downing Street,

Which a Premier gives to one who wishes  
To taste of the Treasury loaves and  
fishes

It actually lifts the lucky elf, 20  
Thus acted upon, *above* himself,—  
He jumps to a state of *clairvoyance*,  
And is placeman, statesman, all, at  
once!

These effects observe (with which I  
begin),

Take place when the patient's motion'd  
*in*,

Far different, of course, the mode of  
affection,

When the wave of the hand's in the *out*  
direction,

The effects being then extremely un-  
pleasant,

As is seen in the case of Lord B——m, at  
present,

In whom this sort of manipulation 30  
Has lately produc'd such inflammation,  
Attended with constant irritation,  
That, in short—not to mince his situa-  
tion—

It has work'd in the man a transforma-  
tion

That puzzles all human calculation!

Ever since the fatal day which saw  
That 'pass'<sup>2</sup> perform'd on this Lord of  
Law—

A pass potential, none can doubt,  
As it sent Harry B——m to the right  
about—

The condition in which the patient has  
been 40

Is a thing quite awful to be seen

Not that a casual eye could scan

This wondrous change by outward  
survey,

It being, in fact, the *interior* man

That's turn'd completely topsy-  
turvy —

Like a case that lately, in reading o'er  
'em,

I found in the *Acta Eruditorum*,

Of a man in whose inside, when dis-  
clos'd,

The whole order of things was found  
transpos'd,<sup>3</sup>

By a *lusus naturae*, strange to see, 50  
The liver plac'd where the heart should  
be,

And the *spleen* (like B——m's, since  
laid on the shelf)

As diseas'd and as much *out of place* as  
himself.

In short, 'tis a case for consultation,

If e'er there was one, in this thinking  
nation;

And therefore I humbly beg to propose,  
That those *savans* who mean, as the  
rumour goes,

To sit on Miss Okey's wonderful case,  
Should also Lord Harry's case embrace,

And inform us, in *both* these patients'  
states, 60

Which *is* it that predominates,  
Whether magnetism and somnambulism,  
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism

<sup>1</sup> The name of the heroine of the performances  
at the North London Hospital

<sup>2</sup> The technical term for the movements of  
the magnetizer's hand

<sup>3</sup> Omnes ferè interni corporis partes inverso  
ordine sitas — *Act. Erudit* 1690

## THE SONG OF THE BOX

LET History boast of her Romans and Spartans,  
And tell how they stood against tyranny's shocks,  
They were all, I confess, in *my* eye, Betty Martins,  
Compar'd to George Gr—te and his wonderful Box

Ask, where Liberty now has her seat?—Oh, it isn't  
By Delaware's banks or on Switzerland's rocks,—  
Like an imp in some conjuror's bottle imprison'd,  
She's shily shut up in Gr—te's wonderful Box

How snug!—'stead of floating through ether's dominions,  
Blown *this* way and *that*, by the 'populi vox,'  
To fold thus in silence her sincere pinnions,  
And go fast asleep in Gr—te's wonderful Box

10

Time was, when free speech was the life breath of freedom—  
So thought once the Seldens, the Hampdens, the Lockes,  
But mute be *our* troops, when to ambush we lead 'em,  
For 'Mum' is the word with us Knights of the Box.

Pure, exquisite Box! no corruption can soil it,  
There's Otto of Rose, in each breath it unlocks,  
While Gr—te is the 'Betty,' that serves at the toilet,  
And breathes all Arabia around from his Box<sup>1</sup>

20

'Tis a singular fact, that the fam'd Hugo Grotius<sup>2</sup>  
(A namesake of Gr—te's—being both of Dutch stocks),  
Like Gr—te, too, a genius profound as precocious,  
Was also, like him, much renown'd for a Box,—

An immortal old clothes-box, in which the great Grotius  
When suffering, in prison, for views heterodox,  
Was pack'd up incog, spite of gaolers ferocious,<sup>3</sup>  
And sent to his wife,<sup>4</sup> carriage free, in a Box!

But the Fame of old Hugo now rests on the shelf,  
Since a rival hath risen that all parallel mocks,—  
*That* Grotius ingloriously sav'd but himself,  
While *ours* saves the whole British realm by a Box!

30

And oh when, at last, even this greatest of Gr—tes  
Must bend to the Power that at every door knocks,<sup>5</sup>  
May he drop in the urn like his own 'silent votes,'  
And the tomb of his rest be a large Ballot-Box

While long at his shrine, both from county and city,  
Shall pilgrims triennially gather in flocks,  
And sing, while they whimper, the 'appropriate ditty,'  
'Oh breathe not his name, let it sleep—in the Box'

40

<sup>1</sup> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box  
Pope's *Rape of the Lock*

<sup>2</sup> *Groot*, or *Grote*, Latinized into Grotius

<sup>3</sup> For the particulars of this escape of Grotius  
from the Castle of Louvenstein, by means of  
a box (only three feet and a half long, it is said)  
in which books used to be occasionally sent to

him and foul linen returned, see any of the  
Biographical Dictionaries

<sup>4</sup> This is not quite according to the facts of  
the case, his wife having been the contriver  
of the stratagem, and remained in the prison  
herself to give him time for escape

<sup>5</sup> Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede, &c —Horace

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW  
THALABA

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ

WHEN erst, my Southey, thy tuneful  
tongue

The terrible tale of Thalaba sung—  
Of him, the Destroyer, doom'd to rout  
That grim divan of conjurors out,  
Whose dwelling dark, as legends say,  
Beneath the roots of the ocean lay,  
(Fit place for deep ones, such as they.)  
How little thou knew'st, dear Dr  
Southey,

Although bright genius all allow thee,  
That, some years thence, thy wond'ring  
eyes

Should see a second Thalaba rise—  
As ripe for ruinous rigs as thine,  
Though his havoc he in a different line,  
And should find this new, improv'd  
Destroyer

Beneath the wig of a Yankee lawyer,  
A sort of an 'alien,' *alias* man,  
Whose country or party guess who can,  
Being Cockney half, half Jonathan, 18  
And his life, to make the thing completer,  
Being all in the genuine Thalaba metre,  
Loose and irregular as thy feet are,—  
First, into Whig Pindarics rambling,  
Then in low Tory doggrel scrambling,  
Now *love* his theme, now *Church* his glory  
(At once both Tory and ama-tory),  
Now in the 'Old Bailey-lay' meandering,  
Now in soft *couplet* style phlandering,  
And, lastly, in lame Alexandrine,  
Dragging his wounded length along,<sup>1</sup>  
When scourg'd by Holland's silken  
thong

In short, dear Bob, Destroyer the Second  
May fairly a match for the First be  
reckon'd,

Save that *your* Thalaba's talent lay  
In sweeping old conjurors clean away,  
While ours at aldermen deals his blows,  
(Who no great conjurors are, God knows,)  
Lays Corporations, by wholesale, level,  
Sends Acts of Parliament to the devil,  
Bullies the whole Milesian race— 39  
Seven millions of Paddies, face to face,

<sup>1</sup> 'A needless Alexandrine ends the song  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow  
length along'

And, seizing that magic wand, himself,  
Which erst thy conjurors left on the shelf,  
Transforms the boys of the Boyne and  
Liffey

All into *foreigners*, in a piffey—  
Ahens, outcasts, every soul of 'em,  
Born but for whips and chains, the whole  
of 'em!

Never, in short, did parallel  
Betwixt two heroes *gee* so well,  
And, among the points in which they fit,  
There's one, dear Bob, I can't omit 50  
That hacking, hectoring blade of thine  
Dealt much in the *Domdaniel* line,<sup>2</sup>  
And 'tis but rendering justice due,  
To say that ours and his Tory crew  
*Damn Daniel* most devoutly too

RIVAL TOPICS<sup>3</sup>

AN EXTRA VAGANZA

OH W—ll—ngt—n and Stephenson,  
Oh morn and evening papers,  
Times, Herald, Courier, Globe, and Sun,  
When will ye cease our ears to stun  
With these two heroes' capers?  
Still 'Stephenson' and 'W—ll—ngt—n,'  
The everlasting two '—  
Still doom'd, from rise to set of sun,  
To hear what mischief one has done,  
And t'other means to do — 10  
What bills the banker pass'd to friend's,  
But never meant to pay,  
What Bills the other wight intends,  
As honest, in their way,—  
Bills, payable at distant sight,  
Beyond the Grecian kalends,  
When all good deeds will come to light,  
When W—ll—ngt—n will do what's  
right,  
And Rowland pay his balance

To catch the banker all have sought, 20  
But still the rogue unhurt is,  
While t'other juggler—who'd have  
thought?  
Though slippery long, has just been  
caught  
By old Archbishop Curtis,—

<sup>2</sup> 'Vain are the spells, the Destroyer  
Threads the Domdaniel floor'

<sup>3</sup> The date of this squib must have been, I  
think, about 1828-9

And, such the power of papal crook,  
The crozier scarce had quiver'd  
About his ears, when, lo, the Duke  
Was of a Bull deliver'd !

Sir Richard Birnie doth decide  
That Rowland 'must be mad,' 30  
In private coach, with crest, to ride,  
When chaises could be had  
And t'other hero, all agree,  
St. Luke's will soon arrive at,  
If thus he shows off publicly,  
When he might pass in private

Oh W—ll—ngt—n, oh Stephenson,  
Ye ever-boring pair,  
Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,  
Ye haunt me every where 40  
Though Job had patience tough enough,  
Such duplicates would try it,  
Till one's turn'd out and t'other off,  
We shan't have peace or quiet  
But small's the chance that Law  
affords—  
Such folks are daily let off,  
And, 'twixt the old Bailey and the Lords,  
They both, I fear, will get off

### THE BOY STATESMAN

BY A TORY

'That boy will be the death of me' *Mathews at Home*

AN, Tonies dear, our ruin is near,  
With St—nl—y to help us, we can't but fall,  
Already a warning voice I hear,  
Like the late Charles Mathews' croak in my ear,  
'That boy—that boy'll be the death of you all'

He will, God help us '—not even Scriblerius  
In the 'Art of Sinking' his match could be,  
And our case is growing exceeding serious,  
For, all being in the same boat as he,  
If down my Lord goes, down go we, 10  
Lord Baron St—nl—y and Company,  
As deep in Oblivion's swamp below  
As such 'Masters Shallow' well could go;  
And where we shall all, both low and high,  
Embalm'd in mud, as forgotten lie  
As already doth Gr—h—m of Netherby'  
But that boy, that boy '—there's a tale I know,  
Which in talking of him comes *a propos*  
Sir Thomas More had an only son,  
And a foolish lad was that only one, 20  
And Sir Thomas said, one day to his wife,  
'My dear, I can't but wish you joy,  
For you pray'd for a boy, and you now have a boy.  
Who'll continue a boy to the end of his life'

Even such is our own distressing lot,  
With the ever-young statesman we have got,—  
Nay even still worse, for Master More  
Wasn't more a youth than he'd been before,  
While *ours* such power of boyhood shows,  
That, the older he gets, the more juvenile he grows, 30  
And, at what extreme old age he'll close  
His schoolboy course, heaven only knows,—

Some century hence, should he reach so far,  
 And ourselves to witness it heaven condemn,  
 We shall find him a sort of *cub* Old Parr,  
 A whipper-snapper Methusalem,  
 Nay, ev'n should he make still longer stay of it,  
 The boy'll want *judgment*, ev'n to the day of it  
 Meanwhile, 'tis a serious, sad infliction,  
 And, day and night, with awe I recall  
 The late Mr Mathews' solemn prediction,  
 'That boy'll be the death, the death of you all'

40

## LETTER

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN TO THE REV MURTAGH O'MULLIGAN

ARRAH, where were *you*, Murthagh, that beautiful day ?—

Or, how came it your riverence was laid on the shelf,  
 When that poor craythur, Bobby—as *you* were away—

Had to make *twice* as big a Tom-fool of *himself*

Throth, it wasn't at all civil to lave in the lurch  
 A boy so desarving your tindh'rest affection,—

Two such ilgant Siamase twins of the Church,  
 As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut the connection

If thus in two different directions you pull,

'Faith, they'll swear that yourself and your riverend brother  
 Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's Bull,

Whose tails were join'd *one* way, while they look'd *another* !<sup>1</sup>

Och bless'd be he, whosomdever he be,

That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of a Letther !  
 Not ev'n my own self, though I sometimes make free  
 At such bull-manufacture, could make him a better

To be sure, when a lad takes to *forgin'*, this way,

'Tis a thrick he's much ttempted to carry on gaily,  
 Till, at last, his 'ingenuous devices,'<sup>2</sup> some day,

Show him up, not at Exether Hall, but the' Ould Bailey

That parsons should forge thus appears mighty odd,

And (as if somethin' 'odd' in then *names*, too, must be,)

*One* forger, of ould, was a riverend Dod,

While a riverend Todd's now his match, to a T<sup>3</sup>

But, no matther *who* did it—all blessins betide him,

For dishin' up Bob, in a manner so nate,  
 And there wanted but *you*, Murthagh 'vourneen, beside him,  
 To make the whole grand dish of *bull-calf* complete

<sup>1</sup> 'You will increase the enmity with which they are regarded by their associates in heresy, thus tying these foxes by the tails, that their faces may tend in opposite directions'—Bob's *Bull*, read at Exeter Hall, July 14

<sup>2</sup> 'An ingenious device of my learned friend'—Bob's *Letter to Standard*

<sup>3</sup> Had I consulted only my own wishes, I should not have allowed this hasty attack on Dr Todd to have made its appearance in this

Collection, being now fully convinced that the charge brought against that reverend gentleman of intending to pass off as genuine his famous mock Papal Letter was altogether unfounded. Finding it to be the wish, however, of my reverend friend—as I am now glad to be permitted to call him—that both the wrong and the reparation, the Ode and the Palinode, should be thus placed in juxtaposition, I have thought it but due to him to comply with his request



## MUSINGS OF AN UNREFORMED PEER

Of all the odd plans of this monstrosly queer age,  
 The oddest is that of reforming the peerage,—  
 Just as if we, great dons, with a title and star,  
 Did not get on exceedingly well, as we are,  
 And perform all the functions of noodles, by birth,  
 As completely as any born noodles on earth

How *acres* descend, is in law-books display'd,  
 But we as *wisecres* descend, ready made,  
 And, by right of our rank in Debrett's nomenclature,  
 Arc, all of us, born legislators by nature,—  
 Like ducklings, to water instinctively taking,  
 So we, with like quackery, take to law-making,  
 And God forbid any reform should come o'er us,  
 To make us more wise than our sires were before us

10

The' Egyptians of old the same policy knew—  
 If your sire was a cook, you must be a cook too.  
 Thus making, from father to son, a good trade of it,  
 Poisoners *by right* (so no more could be said of it),  
 The cooks, like our lordships, a pretty mess made of it,  
 While, fam'd for *conservative* stomachs, the' Egyptians  
 Without a wry face bolted all the prescriptions

20

It is true, we've among us some peers of the past,  
 Who keep pace with the present most awfully fast—  
 Fruits, that ripen beneath the new light now arising  
 With speed that to *us*, old conserves, is surprising,  
 Conserves, in whom—potted, for grandmamma uses—  
 'Twould puzzle a sunbeam to find any juices  
 'Tis true, too, I fear, midst the general movement,  
 Ev'n *our* House, God help it, is doom'd to improvement,  
 And all its live furniture, nobly descended,  
 But sadly worn out, must be sent to be mended  
 With *moveables* 'mong us, like Br—m and lik D—rh—m,  
 No wonder ev'n *fixtures* should learn to bestir 'em,  
 And, distant, ye gods, be that terrible day,  
 When—as playful Old Nick, for his pastime, they say,  
 Flies off with old houses, sometimes, in a storm—  
 So *ours* may be whipt off, some night, by Reform,  
 And, as up, like Loretto's fam'd house,<sup>1</sup> through the air,  
 Not angels, but devils, our lordships shall bear,  
 Grim, radical phizzes, unus'd to the sky,  
 Shall fit round, like cherubs, to wish us 'good-by,'  
 While, perch'd up on clouds, little imps of plebeians,  
 Small Grotes and O'Connells, shall sing Io Paeans

30

40

<sup>1</sup> The *Casa Santa*, supposed to have been carried by angels through the air from Galilee to Italy.

## THE REVEREND PAMPHLETEER

## A ROMANTIC BALLAD

Oh, have you heard what hap'd of late ?

If not, come lend an ear,  
While sad I state the piteous fate  
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer

All prais'd his skilful jockeyship,  
Loud rung the Tory cheer,  
While away, away, with spur and whip,  
Went the Reverend Pamphleteer

The nag he rode—how *could* it err ?  
'Twas the same that took, last year,  
That wonderful jump to Exeter  
With the Reverend Pamphleteer

Set a beggar on horseback, wise men  
say  
The course he will take is clear,  
And in *that* direction lay the way  
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer

'Stop, stop,' said Truth, but vain her  
cry—

Left far away in the rear,  
She heard but the usual gay 'Good-by'  
From her faithless Pamphleteer

You may talk of the jumps of Homer's  
gods,

When cantering o'er our sphere—  
I'd back for a *bounce*, 'gainst any odds,  
This Reverend Pamphleteer

But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath !  
In the midst of his career,  
A file of the *Times* lay right in the path  
Of the headlong Pamphleteer

Whether he tripp'd or shy'd thereat,  
Doth not so clear appear  
But down he came, as his sermons flat—  
This Reverend Pamphleteer

Lord King himself could scarce desire  
To see a spiritual Peei  
Fall much more dead, in the dirt and  
mire,  
Than did this Pamphleteer

Yet pitying parsons, many a day,  
Shall visit his silent bier,  
And, thinking the while of Stanhope, say  
'Poor dear old Pamphleteer !

'He has finish'd, at last, his busy  
span,  
And now *lies coolly* here—  
As often he did in life, good man,  
Good, Reverend Pamphleteer !

## A RECENT DIALOGUE

1825

A BISHOP and a bold dragoon,  
Both heroes in their way,  
Did thus, of late, one afternoon,  
Unto each other say —  
'Dear bishop,' quoth the brave hussar,  
'As nobody denies  
That you a wise logician are,  
And I am—otherwise,  
'Tis fit that in this question, we  
Stick each to his own art—  
That *yours* should be the sophistry,  
And *mine* the *fighting* part  
My creed, I need not tell you, is  
Like that of W——n,  
To whom no harlot comes amiss,  
Save her of Babylon,'  
And when we're at a loss for words,  
If laughing reasoners flout us,  
For lack of sense we'll draw our swords—  
The sole thing sharp about us.'—  
'Dear bold dragoon,' the bishop said,  
'Tis true for war thou art meant,  
And reasoning—bless that dandy head !  
Is not in thy department  
So leave the argument to me—  
And, when my holy labour  
Hath lit the fires of bigotry,  
Thou'lt poke them with thy sabre  
From pulpit and from sentry-box,  
We'll make our joint attacks,  
I at the head of my *Cussocks*,  
And you of your *Cossacks*  
So here's your health, my brave hussar,  
My exquisite old fighter—  
Success to bigotry and war,  
The musket and the mitre !  
Thus pray'd the minister of heaven—  
While Y—k, just entering then,  
Snor'd out (as if some *Clerk* had  
given  
His nose the cue) 'Amen'

T B

<sup>1</sup> Cui nulla meretrix displicuit practer Baby-  
lonicam.

## THE WELLINGTON SPA

'And drink oblivion to our woes' ANNA MATILDA

1829

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and Harrowgate springs,  
 'Tis from *Lethe* we now our potations must draw,  
 Your *Lethe's* a cure for—all possible things,  
 And the doctors have nam'd it the Wellington Spa

Other physical waters but cure you in part,  
*One* cobbles your gout—*t'other* mends your digestion—  
 Some settle your stomach, but *this*—bless your heart!—  
 It will settle, for ever, your Catholic Question

Unlike, too, the potions in fashion at present,  
 This Wellington nostrum, restoring by stealth,  
 So purges the mem'ry of all that's unpleasant,  
 That patients *forget* themselves into rude health

For instance, the' inventor—his having once said  
 'He should think himself mad, if, at *any one's* call  
 He became what he is'—is so purg'd from his head,  
 That he now doesn't think he's a madman at all

Of course, for your mem'ries of very long standing—  
 Old chronic diseases, that date back, undaunted,  
 To Brian Boroo and Fitz-Stephens' first landing—  
 A dev'l of a dose of the *Lethe* is wanted

But ev'n Irish patients can hardly regret  
 An oblivion, so much in their own native style,  
 So conveniently plann'd, that, whate'er they forget,  
 They may go on rememb'ring it still, all the while!<sup>1</sup>

## A CHARACTER

1834

HALF Whig, half Tory, like those midway things,  
 'Twixt bird and beast, that by mistake have wings;  
 A mongrel Statesman, 'twixt two factions nurst,  
 Who, of the faults of each, combines the worst—  
 The Tory's loftiness, the Whigling's sneer,  
 The leveller's rashness, and the bigot's fear,  
 The thirst for meddling, restless still to show  
 How Freedom's clock, repair'd by Whigs, will go,  
 The' alarm when others more sincere than they,  
 Advance the hands to the true time of day

10

By Mother Church, high-fed and haughty dame,  
 The boy was dandled, in his dawn of fame,  
 List'ning, she smil'd, and bless'd the flippant tongue  
 On which the fate of unborn tithe-pigs hung  
 Ah, who shall paint the grandam's grim dismay,  
 When loose Reform entic'd her boy away,

<sup>1</sup> The only parallel I know to this sort of oblivion is to be found in a line of the late Mr R. P. Knight,

'The pleasing memory of things forgot'

When shock'd she heard him ape the rabble's tone,  
 And, in Old Sarum's fate, foredoom her own '  
 Groaning she cried, while tears roll'd down her cheeks,  
 ' Pooi, glib-tongued youth, he means not what he speaks 20  
 Like oil at top, these Whig professions flow,  
 But, pure as lymph, runs Toryism below  
 Alas, that tongue should start thus, in the race,  
 Ere mind can reach and regulate its pace '—  
 For, once outstripp'd by tongue, poor, lagging mind,  
 At every step, still further lumps behind  
 But, bless the boy '—whate'er his wandering be,  
 Still turns his heart to Toryism and me  
 Like those odd shapes, portray'd in Dante's lay,<sup>1</sup>  
 With heads fix'd on, the wrong and backward way, 30  
 His feet and eyes pursue a diverse track,  
 While *those* march onward, *these* look fondly back '  
 And well she knew him—well foresaw the day,  
 Which now hath come, when snatch'd from Whigs away,  
 The self-same changeling drops the mask he wore,  
 And rests, restor'd, in granny's arms once more

But whither now, mixt brood of modern light  
 And ancient darkness, can'st thou bend thy flight?  
 Tried by both factions, and to neither true,  
 Fear'd by the *old* school, laugh'd at by the *new*; 40  
 For *this* too feeble, and for *that* too rash,  
*This* wanting more of fire, *that* less of flash,  
 Lone shalt thou stand, in isolation cold,  
 Betwixt two worlds, the new one and the old,  
 A small and 'vex'd Bermoothes,' which the eye  
 Of venturous seaman sees—and passes by

## A GHOST STORY

TO THE AIR OF 'UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY'

1835

Not long in bed had L—ndh—rst lain,  
 When, as his lamp burn'd dimly,  
 The ghosts of corporate bodies slain, <sup>2</sup>  
 Stood by his bed-side grimly  
 Dead aldermen, who once could feast,  
 But now, themselves, are fed on,  
 And skeletons of mayors deceas'd,  
 This doleful chorus led on —  
 ' Oh Lord L—ndh—rst,  
 Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst, 10  
 Corpses we,  
 All burk'd by thee,  
 Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst ' '  
 ' Avaunt, ye flights ' his Lordship cried,  
 ' Ye look most glum and whitely '  
 ' Ah, L—ndh—rst, dear ' the flights  
 replied,  
 ' You've us'd us unpolitely,  
 And now, ungrateful man ' to drive  
 Dead bodies from your door so,  
 Who quite corrupt enough, alive, 20  
 You've made, by death, still more so.  
 Oh, Ex-Chancellor,  
 Destructive Ex-Chancellor,  
 See thy work,  
 Thou second Burke,  
 Destructive Ex-Chancellor ' '

<sup>1</sup> 'Chè dalle reni era tornato 'l volto,  
 E indietto venni li convenia  
 Pei che 'l veder dinanzi era lor tolto '

<sup>2</sup> Referring to the line taken by Lord L—ndh—rst, on the question of Municipal Reform

Bold L—ndh—rst then, whom nought  
 could keep  
 Awake, or surely *that* would,  
 Cried 'Curse you all'—fell fast asleep—  
 And dreamt of 'Small v Attwood',<sup>30</sup>  
 While, shock'd, the bodies flew downstairs,  
 But, courteous in their panic,

Precedence gave to ghosts of mayors,  
 And corpses aldermanic,  
 Crying, 'Oh, Lord L—ndh—rst,  
 That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst,  
 Not Old Scratch  
 Himself could match  
 That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst'

## THOUGHTS ON THE LATE DESTRUCTIVE PROPOSITIONS OF THE TORIES<sup>1</sup>

BY A COMMON-COUNCILMAN

1835

I SAT me down in my easy chair,  
 To read, as usual, the morning papers,  
 But—who shall describe my look of  
 despair,

When I came to Lefroy's 'destructive'  
 'capers'!

That *he*—that, of all live men, Lefroy  
 Should join in the cry 'Destroy,  
 destroy'!

Who, ev'n when a babe, as I've heard  
 said,

On Orange conserve was chiefly fed,  
 And never, till now, a movement made  
 That wasn't most manfully retrograde!  
 Only think—to sweep from the light of  
 day

Mayors, maces, criers, and wigs away,  
 To annihilate—never to rise again—

A whole generation of aldermen,  
 Nor leave them ev'n the 'accustom'd tolls,  
 To keep together their bodies and souls!—  
 At a time, too, when snug posts and places

Are falling away from us one by one,  
 Crash—crash—like the mummy-cases

Belzoni, in Egypt, sat upon,

Wherein lay pickled, in state sublime,  
 Conservatives of the ancient time,—

To choose such a moment to overset  
 The few snug nuisances left us yet,

To add to the ruin that round us reigns,  
 By knocking out mayors' and town-  
 clerks' brains,

By dooming all corporate bodies to fall,  
 Till they leave, at last, no bodies at all—

Nought but the ghosts of by-gone glory,  
 Wrecks of a world that once was Tory!

Where pensive criers, like owls unblest,

Robb'd of their roosts, shall still  
 hoot o'er them!

Nor *mayors* shall know where to seek  
 a nest,

Till Gally Knight shall find one for  
 them,—

Till mayors and kings, with none to rue  
 'em,

Shall perish all in one common plague,  
 And the *sovereigns* of Belfast and Tuam

Must join their brother, Charles Dix  
 at Frague.

Thus mus'd I, in my chair, alone,  
 (As above describ'd) till dozy grown, 40

And nodding assent to my own opinions,  
 I found myself borne to sleep's dom-  
 minions,

Where, lo, before my dreaming eyes,  
 A new House of Commons appear'd to

1180,  
 Whose living contents, to fancy's survey,  
 Seem'd to me all turn'd topsy-turvy—

A jumble of polypi—<sup>2</sup>nobody knew  
 Which was the head or which the queue

*Here*, Inglis, turn'd to a sans-culotte,  
 Was dancing the hays with Hume and

Giote,

*There*, ripe for riot, Recorder Shaw

Was learning from Roebuck 'Çaira',  
 While Stanley and Graham, as *poissarde*

wenches,  
 Scream'd '*abas*!' from the Tory benches,

And Peel and O'Connell, cheek by jowl,  
 Were dancing an Irish carmagnole

The Lord preserve us!—if dreams come  
 true,

What is this hapless realm to do?

<sup>1</sup> These verses were written in reference to the Bill brought in at this time, for the reform of Corporations, and the sweeping amendments

proposed by Lord Lyndhurst and other Tory Peers, in order to obstruct the measure

## ANTICIPATED MEETING

OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN THE YEAR 2836

1836.

AFTER some observations from Dr M'Grig  
 On that fossile reliquium call'd Petrified Wig,  
 Or *Perruquolithus*—a specimen rare  
 Of those wigs, made for antediluvian wear,  
 Which, it seems, stood the Flood without turning a hair—  
 Mr Tomkins rose up, and requested attention  
 To facts no less wondrous which *he* had to mention

Some large fossil creatures had lately been found  
 Of a species no longer now seen above ground,  
 But the same (as to Tomkins most clearly appears) 10  
 With those animals, lost now for hundreds of years,  
 Which our ancestors us'd to call 'Bishops' and 'Peers,'  
 But which Tomkins more erudite names has bestow'd on,  
 Having call'd the Peer fossil the 'Aristocratodon,'<sup>1</sup>  
 And, finding much food under t'other one's thorax,  
 Has christen'd that creature the 'Episcopus Vorax'

Lest the *savants* and dandies should think this all fable,  
 Mr Tomkins most kindly produced on the table  
 A sample of each of these species of creatures,  
 Both tol'rably human, in structure and features, 20  
 Except that the 'Episcopus seems, Lord deliver us !'  
 To've been carnivorous as well as granivorous,  
 And Tomkins, on searching its stomach, found there  
 Large lumps, such as no modern stomach could bear,  
 Of a substance call'd Tithe, upon which, as 'tis said,  
 The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed,  
 And which having lately himself decomposed,  
 Just to see what 'twas made of, he actually found it  
 Compos'd of all possible cookable things  
 That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd upon wings— 30  
 All products of earth, both graminaceous, herbaceous,  
 Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farinaceous,  
 All clubbing their quotas to glut the oesophagus  
 Of this ever greedy and grasping Tithophagus<sup>2</sup>  
 'Admire,' exclaim'd Tomkins, 'the kind dispensation  
 By Providence shed on this much-favour'd nation,  
 In sweeping so ravenous a race from the earth,  
 That might else have occasion'd a general dearth—  
 And thus burying 'em, deep as even Joe Hume would sink 'em,  
 With the Ichthyosaurus and Palaeorynchum, 40  
 And other queer *ci-devant* things, under ground—  
 Not forgetting that fossilised youth,<sup>3</sup> so renown'd,  
 Who liv'd just to witness the Deluge—was gratified  
 Much by the sight, and has since been found stratified !'

<sup>1</sup> A term formed on the model of the Mastodon, &c

<sup>2</sup> The zoological term for a tithe-eater

<sup>3</sup> The man found by Schuchzer, and supposed

by him to have witnessed the Deluge ('homo diluvii testis'), but who turned out, I am sorry to say, to be merely a great lizard

This picturesque touch—quite in Tomkins's way—  
 Call'd forth from the *savants* a general hurrah,  
 While inquiries among them went rapidly round,  
 As to where this young stratified man could be found  
 The 'learn'd Theban's' discourse next as lively flow'd on,  
 To sketch t'other wonder, the' Aristocratodon—  
 An animal, differing from most human creatures  
 Not so much in speech, inward structure, or features,  
 As in having a certain excrescence, T said,  
 Which in form of a coronet grew from its head,  
 And devolv'd to its heirs, when the creature was dead,  
 Nor matter'd it, while this heir-loom was transmitted,  
 How unfit were the *heads*, so the *coronet* fitted.

50

He then mention'd a strange zoological fact,  
 Whose announcement appear'd much applause to attract.  
 In France, said the learned professor, this race  
 Had so noxious become, in some centuries' space,  
 From their numbers and strength, that the land was o'errun with 'em,  
 Every one's question being, 'What's to be done with 'em?'  
 When, lo! certain knowing ones—*savants*, mayhap,  
 Who, like Buckland's deep followers, understood *trap*,<sup>1</sup>  
 Shly hinted that nought upon earth was so good  
 For Aristocratodons, when rampant and rude,  
 As to stop, or curtail, their allowance of food  
 This expedient was tried, and a proof it affords  
 Of the' effect that short commons will have upon lords;  
 For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's morn,  
 Shed their coronets, just as a deer sheds his horn,  
 And the moment these gewgaws fell off, they became  
 Quite a new sort of creature—so harmless and tame,  
 That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain 'em  
 To be near akin to the *genus humanum*,  
 And the' experiment, tried so successfully then,  
 Should be kept in remembrance, when wanted again

60

70

## SONGS OF THE CHURCH

## No. 1

## LEAVE ME ALONE

## A PASTORAL BALLAD

'We are ever standing on the defensive All  
 that we say to them is, "*leave us alone*" The  
 Established Church is part and parcel of the  
 constitution of this country You are bound  
 to conform to this constitution We ask of you  
 nothing more,—*let us alone*—'Letter in *The*  
*Times*, Nov 1838

1838

Come, list to my pastoral tones,  
 In clover my shepherds I keep,  
 My stalls are well furnish'd with drones,  
 Whose preaching invites one to sleep

At my *spirit* let infidels scoff,  
 So they leave but the *substance* my  
 own,  
 For, in sooth, I'm extremely well off,  
 If the world will but let me alone.

Dissenters are grumblers; we know,—  
 Though excellent men, in their way,  
 They never like things to be so, II  
 Let things be however they may  
 But dissenting's a trick I detest,  
 And, besides, 'tis an axiom well known,  
 The creed that's best paid is the best,  
 If the *unpaid* would let it alone

<sup>1</sup> Particularly the formation called *Transition*  
*Trap*

To me, I own, very surprising  
 Your Newmans and Puseys all seem,  
 Who start first with rationalizing,  
 Then jump to the other extreme 20  
 Far better, 'twixt nonsense and sense,  
 A nice *half-way* concern, like our own,  
 Where piety's mix'd up with pence,  
 And the latter are *ne'er* left alone  
 Of all our tormentors, the Press is  
 The one that most tears us to bits,  
 And, now, Mrs Woolfrey's 'excesses'  
 Have thrown all its imps into fits  
 The dev'ls have been at us, for weeks,  
 And there's no saying when they'll  
 have done, — 30  
 Oh dear, how I wish Mr Breeks  
 Had left Mrs Woolfrey alone !

If any need pray for the dead,  
 'Tis those to whom post-obits fall,  
 Since wisely hath Solomon said,  
 'Tis 'money that answereth all'  
 But ours be the patrons who *live*, —  
 For, once in their glee they are  
 thrown,  
 The dead have no living to give,  
 And therefore we leave them alone 40  
 Though in morals we may not excel,  
 Such perfection is rare to be had,  
 A good life is, of course, very well,  
 But good living is also—not bad,  
 And when, to feed earth-worms, I go,  
 Let this epitaph stare from my stone,  
 'Here lies the Right Rev so and so,  
 Pass, stranger, and—leave him alone !'

## EPISTLE FROM HENRY OF EX—T—R TO JOHN OF TUAM

DEAR John, as I know, like our brother of London,  
 You've sup'd of all knowledge, both sacred and mundane,  
 No doubt, in some ancient Joe Miller, you've read  
 What Cato, that cunning old Roman, once said—  
 That he ne'er saw two rev'rend soothsayers meet,  
 Let it be where it might, in the shrine or the street,  
 Without wondering the rogues, 'mid their solemn grimaces,  
 Didn't burst out a laughing in each other's faces<sup>1</sup>  
 What Cato then meant, though 'tis so long ago,  
 Even we in the present times pretty well know, 10  
 Having soothsayers also, who—sooth to say, John—  
 Are no better in some points than those of days gone,  
 And a pair of whom, meeting (between you and me),  
 Might laugh in their sleeves, too—all lawn though they be  
 But this, by the way—my intention being chiefly  
 In this, my first letter, to hint to you briefly,  
 That, seeing how fond you of *Tuum*<sup>2</sup> must be,  
 While *Meum*'s at all times the main point with me,  
 We scarce could do better than form an alliance,  
 To set these sad Anti-Church times at defiance 20  
 You, John, recollect, being still to embark,  
 With no share in the firm but your title<sup>3</sup> and mark,  
 Or ev'n should you feel in your grandeur inclin'd  
 To call yourself Pope, why, I shouldn't much mind,  
 While *my* church as usual holds fast by your *Tuum*,  
 And every one else's, to make it all *Suum*

<sup>1</sup> *Miram se, si augur augurum aspiciens sibi temperaret a risu*

<sup>2</sup> So spelled in those ancient versicles which John, we understand, frequently chants —

'Had every one *Suum*,  
 You wouldn't have *Tuum*,

But I should have *Meum*,  
 And sing *Tu Deum*

<sup>3</sup> For his keeping the title he may quote classical authority, as Horace expressly says, '*Potens servare Tuum*,' *De Art Poet* v 329 — *Chronicle*



Thus allied, I've no doubt we shall nicely agree,  
 As no twins can be liker, in most points than we,  
 Both, specimens choice of that mix'd sort of beast,  
 (See Rev xiii 1) a political priest,  
 Both mettlesome *chargers*, both brisk pamphleteers,  
 Ripe and ready for all that sets men by the ears,  
 And I, at least one, who would scorn to stick longer  
 By any giv'n cause than I found it the stronger,  
 And who, smooth in my turnings as if on a swivel,  
 When the tone ecclesiastic wo'n't do, try the *civil*

30

In short (not to bore you, ev'n *jure divino*)  
 We've the same cause in common, John—all but the rhino,  
 And that vulgar surplus, whate'er it may be,  
 As you're not us'd to cash, John, you'd best leave to me  
 And so, without form—as the postman wo'n't tarry—  
 I'm, dear Jack of Tuam,

Yours,

EXETER HARRY.

## SONG OF OLD PUCK

'And those things do best please me,  
 That befall preposterously'

Puck Junior,  
*Midsummer Night's Dream*

Who wants old Puck ? for here am I,  
 A mongrel imp, 'twixt earth and sky,  
 Ready alike to crawl or fly,  
 Now in the mud, now in the air  
 And, so 'tis for mischief, reckless where

As to my knowledge, there's no end to't,  
 For where I haven't it, I pretend to't,  
 And, 'stead of taking a learn'd degree  
 At some dull university,  
 Puck found it handier to commence  
 With a certain share of impudence,  
 Which passes one off as learn'd and  
 clever,

Beyond all other degrees whatever,  
 And enables a man of lively scone  
 To be Master of *all* the Arts at once  
 'No matter what the science may be—  
 Ethics, Physics, Theology,  
 Mathematics, Hydrostatics,  
 Aerostatics or Pneumatics—  
 Whatever it be, I take my luck,  
 'Tis all the same to ancient Puck,  
 Whose head's so full of all sorts of wares,  
 That a brother imp, old Smugden, swears

If I had but of *law* a little smatt'ring,  
 I'd then be *perfect*<sup>1</sup>—which is flatt'ring

My skill as a linguist all must know  
 Who met me abroad some months ago,  
 (And heard me *abroad* exceedingly, too,  
 In the moods and tenses of *parlez-vous*)  
 When, as old Chambaud's shade stood  
 mute,

30

I spoke such French to the Institute  
 As puzzled those learned Thebans  
 much,  
 To know if 'twas Sanscrit or High  
 Dutch,  
 And *might* have pass'd with the' un-  
 observing

As one of the unknown tongues of Irving  
 As to my talent for ubiquity,  
 There's nothing like it in all antiquity  
 Like Mungo (my peculiar care),  
 'I'm here, I'm dere, I'm ebery where'<sup>2</sup>  
 If any one's wanted to take the chair, 40  
 Upon any subject, any where,  
 Just look around, and—Puck is there  
 When slaughter's at hand, your bird of  
 prey

Is never known to be out of the way,  
 And wherever mischief's to be got,  
 There's Puck *instantly*, on the spot

friend, Dr — 'Il se connoit en tout, et même  
 un peu en médecine'

<sup>2</sup> Song in *The Padlock*

<sup>1</sup> Verbatim, as said This tribute is only  
 equalled by that of Talleyrand to his medical

Only find me in *negus* and applause,  
 And I'm your man for *any* cause  
 If *wrong* the cause, the more my de-  
     light,  
 But I don't object to it, ev'n when  
     *right*,  
 If I only can vex some old friend by't,  
 There's D—rh—m, for instance,—to  
     worry *him*  
 Fills up my cup of bliss to the brim !

## (NOTE BY THE EDITOR)

Those who are anxious to run a muck  
 Can't do better than join with Puck,  
 They'll find him *bon diable*—spite of his  
     phiz—  
 And, in fact, his great ambition is,  
 While playing old Puck in first-rate style,  
 To be *thought* Robin Goodfellow all the  
     while

## POLICE REPORTS

## CASE OF IMPOSTURE

AMONG other stray flashmen, dispos'd of, this week,  
 Was a youngster, nam'd St—nl—y, genteelly connected,  
 Who has lately been passing off coins, as antique,  
 Which have prov'd to be *sham* ones, though long unsuspected

The ancients, our readers need hardly be told,  
 Had a coin they call'd 'Talents,' for wholesale demands,<sup>1</sup>  
 And 'twas some of said coinage this youth was so bold  
 As to fancy he'd got, God knows how, in his hands

People took him, however, like fools, at his word,  
 And these talents (all priz'd at his own valuation) 10  
 Were bid for, with eagerness ev'n more absurd  
 Than has often distinguish'd this great thinking nation

Talk of wonders one now and then sees advertiz'd,  
 'Black swans'—Queen Anne farthings'—or ev'n 'a child's caul'—  
 Much and justly as all these rare objects are priz'd,  
 'St—nl—y's talents' outdid them—swans, farthings, and all'

At length, some mistrust of this coin got abroad,  
 Even quondam believers began much to doubt of it,  
 Some rung it, some rubb'd it, suspecting a fraud—  
 And the hard rubs it got rather took the shine out of it 20

Others, wishing to break the poor prodigy's fall,  
 Said 'twas known well to all who had studied the matter,  
 That the Greeks had not only *great* talents but *small*,<sup>2</sup>  
 And those found on the youngster were clearly *the latter*

While others, who view'd the grave farce with a grin—  
 Seeing counterfeits pass thus for coinage so massy,  
 By way of a hint to the dolts taken in,  
 Appropriately quoted Budaëus de *Asse*

In short, the whole sham by degrees was found out,  
 And this coin, which they chose by such fine names to call, 30  
 Prov'd a mere lacker'd article—showy, no doubt,  
 But, ye gods, not the true Attic Talent at all

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the coin called Talents by the ancients, see Budaëus de *Asse*, and the other writers de *Re Nummaria*

<sup>2</sup> The *Talentum Magnum* and the *Talentum Atticum* appear to have been the same coin,

As the' impostor was still young enough to repent,  
 And, besides, had some claims to a grandee connexion,  
 Their Worship—considerate for once—only sent  
 The young Thimblery off to the House of Correction

## REFLECTIONS

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON THE CHURCH,  
 IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

I'm quite of your mind,—though these Pats cry aloud  
 That they've got 'too much Church,' 'tis all nonsense and stuff;  
 For Church is like Love, of which Figaro vow'd  
 That even *too much* of it's not quite enough<sup>1</sup>

Ay, dose them with parsons, 'twill cure all their ills,—  
 Copy Morison's mode when from pill-box undaunted he  
 Pours through the patient his black-coated pills,  
 Nor cares what their quality, so there's but quantity.

I verily think, 'twould be worth England's while  
 To consider, for Paddy's own benefit, whether  
 'Twould not be as well to give up the green isle  
 To the care, wear and tear of the Church altogether

10

The Irish are well us'd to treatment so pleasant,  
 The harlot Church gave them to Henry Plantagenet,<sup>2</sup>  
 And now, if King William would make them a present  
 To 'tother chaste lady—ye Saints, just imagine it!

Chief Secs, Lord-Lieutenants, Commanders-in-chief,  
 Might then all be cull'd from the' episcopal benches,  
 While colonels in black would afford some relief  
 From the hue that reminds one of the' old scarlet wench's

20

Think how fierce at a *charge* (being practis'd therein)  
 The Right Reverend Brigadier Ph—ll—tts would slash on!  
 How General Bl—mf—d, through thick and through thin,  
 To the end of the chapter (or chapters) would dash on!

For, in one point alone do the amply fed race  
 Of bishops to beggars similitude bear—  
 That, set them on horseback, in full steeple chase,  
 And they'll ride, if not pull'd up in time—you know where.

But, bless you, in Ireland, that matters not much,  
 Where affairs have for centuries gone the same way;  
 And a good staunch Conservative's system is such  
 That he'd back even Beelzebub's long-founded sway.

30

I am therefore, dear Quarterly, quite of your mind,—  
 Church, Church, in all shapes, into Erin let's pour,  
 And the more she rejecteth our med'cine so kind,  
 The more let's repeat it—'Black dose, as before'

<sup>1</sup> En fait d'amour, trop même n'est pas assez  
 —Bourcier de Séville

<sup>2</sup> Grant of Ireland to Henry II by Pope  
 Adrian.

Let Coercion, that peace-maker, go hand in hand  
 With demure-ey'd Conversion, fit sister and brother,  
 And, covering with prisons and churches the land,  
 All that wo'n't *go to one*, we'll put *into* the other 40

For the sole, leading maxim of us who're inclin'd  
 To rule over Ireland, not well, but religiously,  
 Is to treat her like ladies, who've just been confin'd,  
 (Or who *ought* to be so) and to *church* her prodigiously

#### NEW GRAND EXHIBITION OF MODELS OF THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Come, step in, gentlefolks, here ye may view  
 An exact and nat'ral representation  
 (Like Siburn's Model of Waterloo<sup>1</sup>)  
 Of the Lords and Commons of this here nation

There they aie—all cut out in cork—  
 The 'Collective Wisdom' wondrous to see;  
 My eyes ' when all them heads are at work,  
 What a vastly weighty consarn it must be

As for the 'wisdom,'—*that* may come anon,  
 Though, to say truth, we sometimes see 10  
 (And I find the phenomenon no uncommon 'un)  
 A man who's M P with a head that's M T

Our Lords are *rather* too small, 'tis true,  
 But they do well enough for Cabinet shelves,  
 And, besides,—*what's* a man with creeturs to do  
 That make such *werry* small figures themselves?

There—don't touch those lords, my pretty dears—(*Aside*)  
 Curse the children '—this comes of reforming a nation  
 Those meddling young brats have so damag'd my peers,  
 I must lay in more cork for a new creation 20

Them yonder's our bishops—'to whom much is given,'  
 And who're ready to take as much more as you please:  
 The seers of old times saw visions of heaven,  
 But these holy seers see nothing but Sees

Like old Atlas<sup>2</sup> (the chap, in Cheapside, there below),  
 'Tis for so much *per cent* they take heaven on their shoulders,  
 And joy 'tis to know that old High Church and Co,  
 Though not capital priests, are such capital-holders

There's one on 'em, Ph—llp—ts, who now is away,  
 As we're having him fill'd with bumbustible stuff, 30  
 Small crackers and squibs, for a great gala-day,  
 When we annually fire his Right Reverence off

'Twould do your heart good, ma'am, then to be by,  
 When, bursting with gunpowder, 'stead of with hile,  
 Crack, crack, goes the bishop, while dowagers cry,  
 'How like the dear man, both in matter and style'

<sup>1</sup> One of the most interesting and curious of all the exhibitions of the day | <sup>2</sup> The sign of the Insurance Office in Cheap-  
 side

Should you want a few Peers and M P s, to bestow,  
 As presents to friends, we can recommend these —<sup>1</sup>  
 Our nobles are come down to nine-pence, you know,  
 And we charge but a penny a piece for M P s

40

Those of *bottle-corks* made take most with the trade,  
 (At least, 'mong such as my *Irish* writ summons,)  
 Of old *whiskey* corks our O'Connells are made,  
 But those we make Shaws and Lefroys of, are *rum* 'uns  
 So, step in, gentlefolks, &c &c.

*Da Capo*

## ANNOUNCEMENT

OF

A NEW GRAND ACCELERATION COMPANY

FOR THE PROMOTION OF

THE SPEED OF LITERATURE

LOUD complaints being made, in these quick-reading times,  
 Of too slack a supply, both of prose works and rhymes,  
 A new Company, form'd on the keep-moving plan,  
 First propos'd by the great firm of Catch-'em-who-can,  
 Beg to say they've now ready, in full wind and speed,  
 Some fast-going authors, of quite a new breed—  
 Such as not he who *runs* but who *gallops* may read—  
 And who, if well curried and fed, they've no doubt,  
 Will beat ev'n Bentley's swift stud out and out  
 It is true, in these days, such a drug is renown,  
 We've 'Immortals' as rife as M P s about town,  
 And not a Blue's rout but can off hand supply  
 Some invalid bard who's insur'd 'not to die'  
 Still, let England but once try *our* authors, she'll find  
 How fast they'll leave ev'n these Immortals behind,  
 And how truly the toils of Alcides were light,  
 Compar'd with *his* toil who can read all they write

10

In fact, there's no saying, so gainful the trade,  
 How fast immortalities now may be made;  
 Since Helicon never will want an 'Undying One,'  
 As long as the public continues a Buying One,  
 And the Company hope yet to witness the hour,  
 When, by strongly applying the mare-motive<sup>2</sup> power,  
 A three-decker novel, 'midst oceans of praise,  
 May be written, launch'd, read, and—forgot, in three days!

20

In addition to all this stupendous celerity,  
 Which—to the no small relief of posterity—  
 Pays off at sight the whole debit of fame,  
 Nor troubles futurity ev'n with a name  
 (A project that wo'n't as much tickle Tom Tegg as *us*,  
 Since 'twill rob *him* of his second-priced Pegasus),  
 We, the Company—still more to show how immense  
 Is the power o'er the mind of pounds, shillings, and pence,

30

<sup>1</sup> Producing a bag full of lords and gentlemen | <sup>2</sup> 'Tis money makes the mare to go

And that not even Phoebus himself, in our day,  
 Could get up a *lay* without first an *outlay*—  
 Beg to add, as our literature soon may compare,  
 In its quick make and vent, with our Birmingham ware,  
 And it doesn't at all matter in either of these lines,  
 How *sham* is the article, so it but *shines*,—  
 We keep authors ready, all perch'd, pen in hand, 40  
 To write off, in any given style, at command  
 No matter what bard, be he living or dead,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ask a work from his pen, and 'tis done soon as said  
 There being, on the' establishment, six Walter Scotts,  
 One capital Wordsworth, and Southey's in lots,—  
 Three choice Mrs Nortons, all singing like syrens,  
 While most of our pallid young clerks are Lord Byrons  
 Then we've —s and —s (for whom there's small call),  
 And —s and —s (for whom no call at all)

In short, whosoe'er the last 'Lion' may be, 50  
 We've a Bottom who'll copy his roar<sup>2</sup> to a T,  
 And so well, that not one of the buyers who've got 'e  
 Can tell which is lion, and which only Bottom

N B—The company, since they set up in this line,  
 Have mov'd their concern, and are now at the sign  
 Of the Muse's Velocipede, *Fleet* Street, where all  
 Who wish well to the scheme are invited to call

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DINNER TO DAN

From tongue to tongue the rumour flew,  
 All ask'd, aghast, 'Is't true? is't true?'  
 But none knew whether 'twas fact or fable  
 And still the unholy rumour ran,  
 From Tory woman to Tory man,  
 Though none to come at the truth was able—  
 Till, lo, at last, the fact came out,  
 The horrible fact, beyond all doubt,  
 That Dan had din'd at the Viceroy's table,  
 Had flesh'd his Popish knife and fork 10  
 In the heart of the' Establish'd mutton and pork<sup>1</sup>

Who can forget the deep sensation  
 That news produc'd in this orthodox nation?  
 Deans, rectors, curates, all agreed,  
 If Dan was allow'd at the Castle to feed,  
 'Twas clearly *all up* with the Protestant creed<sup>1</sup>  
 There hadn't, indeed, such an apparition  
 Been heard of, in Dublin, since that day  
 When, during the first grand exhibition  
 Of Don Giovanni, that naughty play, 20  
 There appear'd, as if rais'd by necromancers,  
 An *extra* devil among the dancers<sup>1</sup>

We have lodgings apart, for our posthumous people,  
 As we find that, if left with the live ones, they *keep* ill  
<sup>2</sup> 'Bottom Let me play the lion, I will roar: you as 'twere any nightingale'

Yes—ev'ry one saw, with fearful thrill,  
That a devil too much had join'd the quadrille,<sup>1</sup>  
And sulphur was smelt, and the lamps let fall  
A grim, green light o'er the ghastly ball,  
And the poor *sham* devils didn't like it at all,  
For, they knew from whence the' intruder had come,  
Though he left, *that* night, his tail at home

This fact, we see, is a parallel case  
To the dinner that, some weeks since, took place  
With the difference slight of fiend and man,  
It shows what a nest of Popish sinners  
That city must be, where the devil and Dan  
May thus drop in, at quadrilles and dinners!

But, mark the end of these foul proceedings,  
These demon hops and Popish feedings  
Some comfort 'twill be—to those, at least,  
Who've studied this awful dinner question—  
To know that Dan, on the night of that feast,  
Was seiz'd with a dreadful indigestion;  
That envoys were sent, post-haste, to his priest,  
To come and absolve the suffering sinner,  
For eating so much at a heretic dinner;  
And some good people were even afraid  
That Peel's old confectioner—still at the trade—  
Had poison'd the Papist with *orangeade*.

#### NEW HOSPITAL FOR SICK LITERATI

With all humility we beg  
To inform the public, that Tom Tegg—  
Known for his spunky speculations,  
In buying up dead reputations,  
And, by a mode of galvanizing  
Which, all must own, is quite surprising,  
Making dead authors move again,  
As though they still were living men,—  
All this, too, manag'd, in a trice,  
By those two magic words, 'Half Price,'  
Which brings the charm so quick about,  
That worn-out poets, left without 12  
A second *foot* whereon to stand,  
Are made to go at second *hand*,—  
'Twill please the public, we repeat,  
To learn that Tegg, who works this feat,  
And, therefore, knows what care it needs  
To keep alive Fame's invalids,  
Has oped an Hospital, in town,  
For cases of knock'd-up renown— 20  
Falls, fractures, dangerous *Epic fits*  
(By some call'd *Cantos*), stabs from wits,

And, of all wounds for which they're  
nurs'd,  
*Dead cuts* from publishers, the worst,—  
All these, and other such fatalities,  
That happen to frail immortalities,  
By Tegg are so expertly treated,  
That oft-times, when the cure's completed,  
The patient's made robust enough  
To stand a few more rounds of *puff*, 30  
Till, like the ghosts of Dante's lay,  
He's puff'd into thin air away!

As titled poets (being phenomenons)  
Don't like to mix with low and common  
'uns,  
Tegg's Hospital has separate wards,  
Express for literary lords,  
Where *prose*-peers, of immoderate length,  
Are nurs'd, when they've outgrown  
their strength,  
And poets, whom their friends despair  
of,  
Are—put to bed and taken care of. 40

<sup>1</sup> History of the Irish stage.

Tegg begs to contradict a story,  
 Now current both with Whig and Tory,  
 That Doctor W—rb—t—n, M P,  
 Well known for his antipathy,  
 His deadly hate, good man, to all  
 The race of poets, great and small—  
 So much, that he's been heard to own,  
 He would most willingly cut down  
 The holiest groves on Pindus' mount,  
 To turn the timber to account '—  
 The story actually goes, that he  
 Prescribes at Tegg's Infirmary,  
 And oft, not only stints, for spite,  
 The patients in their copy-right,  
 But that, on being call'd in lately  
 To two sick poets, suffering greatly,

This vaticidal Doctor sent them  
 So strong a dose of Jeremy Bentham,  
 That one of the poor bards but cried,  
 'Oh, Jerry, Jerry!' and then died, 60  
 While t'other, though less stuff was  
 given,  
 Is on his road, 'tis fear'd, to heaven '1

Of this event, howe'er unpleasant,  
 Tegg means to say no more at present,—  
 Intending shortly to prepare  
 A statement of the whole affair,  
 With full accounts, at the same time,  
 Of some late cases (prose and rhyme)  
 Subscrib'd with every author's name,  
 That's now on the Sick List of Fame 70

## RELIGION AND TRADE

'Sir Robert Peel believed it was necessary to originate all respecting religion and trade in a Committee of the House'—*Church Extension*, May 22, 1830

Sax, who was the wag, indecorously witty,  
 Who, first in a statute, this libel convey'd,  
 And thus shily referr'd to the self-same committee,  
 As matters congenial, Religion and Trade '2

Oh surely, my Ph—llp—ts, 'twas thou didst the deed,  
 For none but thyself, or some pluralist brother,  
 Accustom'd to mix up the craft with the creed,  
 Could bring such a pair thus to twin with each other

And yet, when one thinks of times present and gone,  
 One is forc'd to confess, on maturer reflection,  
 That 'tisn't in the eyes of committees alone  
 That the shrine and the shop seem to have some connection

Not to mention those monarchs of Asia's fair land,  
 Whose civil list all is in 'god-money' paid,  
 And where the whole people, by royal command,  
 Buy their gods at the government mart, ready made,—<sup>1</sup>

There was also (as mention'd, in rhyme and in prose, is)  
 Gold heap'd, throughout Egypt, on every shrine,  
 To make rings for right reverend crocodiles' noses—  
 Just such as, my Ph—llp—ts, would look well in thine.

But one needn't fly off, in this erudite mood,  
 And 'tis clear, without going to regions so sunny,  
 That priests love to do the *least* possible good,  
 For the largest *most* possible quantum of money

'Of him,' saith the text, 'unto whom much is given,  
 Of him much, in turn, will be also requir'd '—  
 'By me,' quoth the sleek and obese man of heaven—  
 'Give as much as you will—more will still be desir'd '3

<sup>1</sup> The Bishops may not buy the sacred marble in mass, but must purchase figures of the deity already made—Symes



More money ' more churches '—oh Nimrod, hadst thou  
 'Stead of *Tower*-extension, some shorter way gone—  
 Hadst thou known by what methods we mount to heaven now,  
 And tried *Church*-extension, the feat had been done '

## MUSINGS

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE PROMOTION OF MRS NETHERCOAT

'The widow Nethercoat is appointed gaoler of Loughrea, in the room of her deceased husband.'  
 —*Limerick Chronicle*

WHETHER as queens or subjects, in these days,  
 Women seem form'd to grace alike each station,—  
 As Captain Flaherty gallantly says,  
 ' You, ladies, are the lords of the creation ' '

Thus o'er my mind did prescient visions float  
 Of all that matchless woman yet y be,  
 When, hark, in rumours less and less remote,  
 Came the glad news o'er Erin's ambient sea,  
 The important news—that Mrs Nethercoat  
 Had been appointed gaoler of Loughrea;  
 Yes, mark it, History—Nethercoat is dead,  
 And Mrs. N now rules his realm instead;  
 Hers the high task to wield the' uplocking keys,  
 To rivet rogues and reign o'er Rapparees!  
 Thus, while your blust'ers of the Tory school  
 Find Ireland's sanest sons so hard to rule,  
 One meek-ey'd matron, in Whig doctrines nurst,  
 Is all that's ask'd to curb the maddest, worst!

10

Show me the man that dares, with blushless brow,  
 Prate about Erin's rage and riot now,—  
 Now, when her temperance forms her sole excess,  
 When long-lov'd whiskey, fading from her sight,  
 ' Small by degrees, and beautifully less,'

20

Will soon, like other *spirits*, vanish quite,  
 When of red coats the number's grown so small,  
 That soon, to cheer the warlike parson's eyes,  
 No glimpse of scarlet will be seen at all,  
 Save that which she of Babylon supplies,—  
 Or, at the most, a corporal's guard will be,  
 Of Ireland's *red* defence the sole remains,  
 While of its gaols bright woman keeps the key,  
 And captive Paddies languish in her chains!

30

Long may such lot be Erin's, long be mine!  
 Oh yes—if ev'n this world, though bright it shine,  
 In Wisdom's eyes a prison-house must be,  
 At least let woman's hand our fetters twine,  
 And blithe I'll sing, more joyous than if free,  
 The Nethercoats, the Nethercoats for me!

## INTENDED TRIBUT

TO THE

AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,  
ENTITLED

## 'ROMANISM IN IRELAND'

It glads us much to be able to say,  
That a meeting is fix'd, for some early day,  
Of all such dowagers—he or she—  
(No matter the sex, so they dowagers be,)  
Whose opinions, concerning Church and State,  
From about the time of the Curfew date—  
Staunch sticklers still for days by-gone,  
And admiring *them* for their rust alone—  
To whom if we would a leader give,  
Worthy their tastes conservative, 10  
We need but some mummy statesman raise,  
Who was pickled and potted in Ptolemy's days,  
For *that's* the man, if waked from his shelf,  
To conserve and swaddle this world, like himself

Such, we're happy to state, are the old *he*-dames  
Who've met in committee, and given their names  
(In good hieroglyphics), with kind intent  
To pay some handsome compliment  
To their sister-author, the nameless he,  
Who wrote, in the last new *Quarterly*, 20  
That charming assault upon Popery,  
An article justly prized by them,  
As a perfect antediluvian gem—  
The work, as Sir Sampson Legend would say,  
Of some 'fellow the Flood couldn't wash away'<sup>1</sup>

The fund being rais'd, there remain'd but to see  
What the dowager-author's gift was to be  
And here, I must say, the Sisters Blue  
Show'd delicate taste and judgment too  
For, finding the poor man suffering greatly 30  
From the awful stuff he has thrown up lately—  
So much so, indeed, to the alarm of all,  
As to bring on a fit of what doctors call  
The Antupapisticoo-monomania  
(I'm sorry with such a long word to detain ye),  
They've acted the part of a kind physician,  
y suting their gift to the patient's condition,  
And, as soon as 'tis ready for presentation,  
We shall publish the facts, for the gratification  
Of this highly-favour'd and Protestant nation 40

Meanwhile, to the great alarm of his neighbours,  
He still continues his *Quarterly* labours,  
And often has strong No-Popery fits,  
Which frighten his old nurse out of her wits

<sup>1</sup> See Congreve's *Love for Love*

Sometimes he screams, like Scrub in the play,<sup>1</sup>  
 'Thieves' Jesuits' Popery' night and day,  
 Takes the Printer's Devil for Doctor Dens,<sup>2</sup>  
 And shies at him heaps of High-church pens,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which the Devil (himself a touchy Dissenter)  
 Feels all in his hide, like arrows, enter 50  
 'Stead of swallowing wholesome stuff from the druggist's,  
 He *will* keep raving of 'Irish Thuggists,'<sup>4</sup>  
 Tells us they all go murd'ring, for fun,  
 From rise of morn till set of sun,  
 Pop, pop, as fast as a minute-gun!<sup>5</sup>  
 If ask'd, how comes it the gown and cassock are  
 Safe and fat, 'mid this general massacre—  
 How haps it that Pat's own population  
 But swarms the more for this trucidation—  
 He refers you, for all such memoranda, 60  
 To the '*archives of the Propaganda*!'<sup>6</sup>  
 This is all we've got, for the present, to say—  
 But shall take up the subject some future day

### GRAND DINNER OF TYPE AND CO

#### A POOR POET'S DREAM<sup>7</sup>

As I sat in my study, lone and still,  
 Thinking of Seigeant Talfourd's Bill,  
 And the speech by Lawyer Sugden made,  
 In spirit congenial, for 'the Trade,'  
 Sudden I sunk to sleep, and, lo,  
 Upon Fancy's reinless night-mare fitting,  
 I found myself, in a second or so,  
 At the table of Messrs Type and Co  
 With a goodly group of diners sitting;  
 All in the printing and publishing line, 10  
 Drest, I thought, extremely fine,  
 And sipping, like lords, their rosy wine;  
 While I, in a state near inanition,  
 With coat that hadn't much nap to spare  
 (Having just gone into its second edition),  
 Was the only wretch of an author there  
 But think, how great was my surprise,  
 When I saw, in casting round my eyes,  
 That the dishes, sent up by Type's she-cooks, 20  
 Bore all, in appearance, the shape of books,  
 Large folios—God knows where they got 'em,  
 In these *small* times—at top and bottom,

<sup>1</sup> *Beauz' Stratagem*

<sup>2</sup> The writer of the article has groped about, with much success, in what he calls 'the dark recesses of Dr Dens's disquisitions'—*Quarterly Review*

<sup>3</sup> 'Pray, may we ask, has there been any rebellious movement of Popery in Ireland, since the planting of the Ulster colonies, in which something of the kind was not visible among the Presbyterians of the North?'—Ib

<sup>4</sup> 'Lord Lorton, for instance, who, for clearing his estate of a village of Irish Thuggists' &c &c—Ib

<sup>5</sup> 'Observe how murder after murder is committed like minute-guns'—Ib

<sup>6</sup> 'Might not the archives of the Propaganda possibly supply the key?'

<sup>7</sup> Written during the late agitation of the question of Copyright

And quartos (such as the Press provides  
 For no one to read them) down the sides  
 Then flash'd a horrible thought on my brain,  
 And I said to myself, 'Tis all too plain,  
 Like those, well known in school quotations,  
 Who ate up for dinner their own relations,  
 I see now, before me, smoking here,  
 The bodies and bones of my brethren dear;— 30  
 Bright sons of the lyric and epic Muse,  
 All cut up in outlets, or hash'd in stews,  
 Their *works*, a light through ages to go,  
*Themselves*, eaten up by Type and Co !'

While thus I moraliz'd, on they went,  
 Finding the fare most excellent,  
 And all so kindly, brother to brother,  
 Helping the tidbits to each other,  
 'A slice of Southey let me send you'—  
 'This cut of Campbell I recommend you'— 40  
 'And here, my friends, is a treat indeed,  
 The immortal Wordsworth fricassee'd !'

Thus having, the cormorants, fed some time,  
 Upon joints of poetry—all of the prime—  
 With also (as Type in a whisper averr'd it)  
 'Cold prose on the sideboard, for such as preferr'd it'—  
 They rested awhile, to recruit their force,  
 Then pounc'd, like kites, on the second course,  
 Which was singing-birds merely—Moore and others—  
 Who all went the way of their larger brothers, 50  
 And, num'rous now though such songsters be,  
 'Twas really quite distressing to see  
 A whole dishful of Toms—Moore, Dibdin, Bayly,—  
 Bolted by Type and Co so gaily !

Nor was this the worst—I shudder to think  
 What a scene was disclos'd when they came to drink.  
 The warriors of Odin, as every one knows,  
 Used \*to drink out of skulls of slaughter'd foes.  
 And Type's old port, to my horror I found,  
 Was in skulls of bards sent merrily round 60  
 And still as each well-fill'd cranium came,  
 A health was pledg'd to its owner's name;  
 While Type said shily, 'midst general laughter,  
 'We eat them up first, then drink to them after'

There was no standing this—incens'd I broke  
 From my bonds of sleep, and indignant woke,  
 Exclaiming, 'Oh shades of other times,  
 Whose voices still sound, like deathless chimes,  
 Could you e'er have foretold a day would be,  
 When a dreamer of dreams should live to see 70  
 A party of sleek and honest John Bulls  
 Hobnobbing each other in poets' skulls !'

## CHURCH EXTENSION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE

SIR,—A well-known classical traveller, while employed in exploring, some time since, the supposed site of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, was so fortunate, in the course of his researches, as to light upon a very ancient bark manuscript, which has turned out, on examination, to be part of an old Ephesian newspaper—a newspaper published, as you will see, so far back as the time when Demetrius, the great Shrine-Extender,<sup>1</sup> flourished I am, Sir, yours, &c

EPHESIAN GAZETTE

Second edition

IMPORTANT event for the rich and religious !  
Great Meeting of Silversmiths held in Queen Square,—  
Church Extension, their object,—the' excitement prodigious,—  
Demetrius, head man of the craft, takes the chair !

Third edition.

The Chairman still up, when our dev'l came away,  
Having prefac'd his speech with the usual state prayer,  
That the Three-headed Dian<sup>2</sup> would kindly, this day,  
Take the Silversmiths' Company under her care  
Being ask'd by some low, unestablish'd divines,  
'When your churches are up, where are flocks to be got ?'  
He manfully answer'd, 'Let us build the shrines,<sup>3</sup>  
And we care not if flocks are found for them or not'

He then added—to show that the Silversmiths' Guild  
Were above all confin'd and intolerant views—  
'Only *pay* through the nose to the altars we build,  
You may *pray* through the nose to what altars you choose'

This tolerance, rare from a shrine-dealer's lip,  
(Though a tolerance mix'd with due taste for the till)—  
So much charm'd all the holders of scriptural scrip,  
That their shouts of 'Hear !' 'Hear !' are re-echoing still

Fourth edition

Great stir in the Shrine Market' altars to Phoebus  
Are going dog-cheap—may be had for a rebus  
Old Dian's, as usual, outsell all the rest,—  
But Venus's also are much in request

## LATEST ACCOUNTS FROM OLYMPUS

As news from Olympus has grown rather rare,  
Since bards, in their cruises, have ceased to *touch* there,  
We extract for our readers the' intelligence given,  
In our latest accounts from that *ci-devant* heaven—  
That realm of the By-gones, where still sit, in state,  
Old god-heads and nod-heads, now long out of date

<sup>1</sup> For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen, whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth'—Acts xix.

<sup>2</sup> *Thia Virginis ora Dianae*

<sup>3</sup> The 'shrines' are supposed to have been small churches, or chapels, adjoining to the great temples,—*'aediculae, in quibus statuae reponerantur'*—Erasm

Jove himself, it appears, since his love-days are o'er,  
 Seems to find immortality rather a bore,  
 Though he still asks for news of earth's capers and crimes,  
 And reads daily his old fellow-Thund'rer, the *Times* 10  
 He and Vulcan, it seems, by their wives still hen-peck'd are,  
 And kept on a stinted allowance of nectar

Old Phoebus, poor lad, has given up inspiration,  
 And pack'd off to earth on a *puff*-speculation  
 The fact is, he found his old shrines had grown dim,  
 Since bards look'd to Bentley and Colburn, not him  
 So, he sold off his stud of ambrosia-fed nags,  
 Came incog down to earth, and now writes for the *Mags*;  
 Taking care that his work not a gleam hath to linger in't,  
 From which men could guess that the god had a finger in't 20

There are other small facts, well deserving attention,  
 Of which our Olympic despatches make mention  
 Poor Bacchus is still very ill, they allege,  
 Having never recover'd the Temperance Pledge  
 'What, the Irish!' he cried—'those I look'd to the most!  
 If they give up the *spirit*, I give up the ghost'  
 While Momus, who us'd of the gods to make fun,  
 Is turn'd Socialist now, and declares there are none!

But these changes, though curious, are all a mere farce,  
 Compar'd to the new '*casus belli*' of Mais, 30  
 Who, for years, has been suffering the horrors of quiet,  
 Uncheer'd by one glimmer of bloodshed or riot!  
 In vain from the clouds his belligerent brow  
 Did he pop forth, in hopes that somewhere or somehow,  
 Luke Pat at a fair, he might 'coax up a row.'  
 But the joke wouldn't take—the whole world had got wiser;  
 Men lik'd not to take a Great Gun for adviser,  
 And, still less, to march in fine clothes to be shot,  
 Without very well knowing for whom or for what  
 The French, who of slaughter had had their full swing, 40  
 Were content with a shot, now and then, at their King,  
 While, in England, good fighting's a pastime so hard to gain,  
 Nobody's left to fight *with*, but Lord C—rd—g—n

'Tis needless to say, then, how monstrously happy  
 Old Mars has been made by what's now on the *taps*,  
 How much it delights him to see the French rally,  
 In Liberty's name, around Mehemet Ali,  
 Well knowing that Satan himself could not find  
 A confection of mischief much more to his mind  
 Than the old Bonnet Rouge and the Bashaw combin'd 50  
 Right well, too, he knows, that there ne'er were attackers,  
 Whatever their cause, that they didn't find backers,  
 While any slight care for Humanity's woes  
 May be sooth'd by that '*Art Diplomatique*,' which shows  
 How to come, in the most approv'd method, to blows

This is all, for to-day—whether Mars is much vext  
 At his friend Thiers's exit, we'll know by our next

## THE TRIUMPHS OF FARCE

Our earth, as it rolls through the regions of space,  
Wears always two faces, the dark and the sunny,  
And poor human life runs the same sort of race,  
Being sad, on one side—on the other side, funny

Thus oft we, at eve, to the Haymarket hie,  
To weep o'er the woes of Macready,—but scarce  
Hath the tear-drop of Tragedy pass'd from the eye,  
When, lo, we're all laughing in fits at the Farce

And still let us laugh—preach the world as it may—  
Where the cream of the joke is, the swarm will soon follow,  
Heroics are very grand things, in their way,  
But the laugh at the long run will carry it hollow

For instance, what sermon on human affairs  
Could equal the scene that took place t'other day  
'Twixt Romeo and Louis Philippe, on the stairs—  
The Sublime and Ridiculous meeting half-way<sup>1</sup>

Yes, Jocus<sup>1</sup> gay god, whom the Gentiles supplied,  
And whose worship not ev'n among Christians declines,  
In our senate thou'st languish'd since Sheridan died,  
But Sydney still keeps thee alive in our shrines

Rare Sydney<sup>1</sup> thrice honour'd the stall where he sits,  
And be his every honour he deigneth to climb at<sup>1</sup>  
Had England a hierarchy form'd all of wits,  
Who but Sydney would England proclaim as its primate<sup>2</sup>

And long may he flourish, frank, merry, and brave—  
A Horace to hear, and a Pascal to read,<sup>1</sup>  
While he *laughs*, all is safe, but, when Sydney grows grave,  
We shall then think the Church is in danger *indeed*

Meanwhile, it much glads us to find he's preparing  
To teach *other* bishops to 'seek the right way,'<sup>2</sup>  
And means shortly to treat the whole bench to an airing,  
Just such as he gave to Charles James t'other day

For our parts, though gravity's good for the soul,  
Such a fancy have we for the side that there's fun on,  
We'd rather with Sydney south-west take a 'stroll,'  
Than *coach* it north-east with his Lordship of Lunnun

<sup>1</sup> Some parts of the *Provinciales* may be said to be of the highest order of *jeux d'esprit* or, squibs

<sup>2</sup> This stroll in the metropolis is extremely well contrived for your Lordship's speech, but

suppose, my dear Lord, that instead of going E and N E you had turned about, &c &c—Sydney Smith's *Last Letter to the Bishop of London*

THOUGHTS ON PATRONS, PUFFS,  
AND OTHER MATTERS

IN AN EPISTLE FROM T M TO S R

WHAT, *thou*, my friend! a man of  
rhymes,

And, better still, a man of guineas,  
To talk of 'patrons,' in these times,  
When authors thrive, like spinning  
jennies,

And Arkwright's twist and Bulwer's  
page

Alike may laugh at patronage!

No, no—those times are pass'd away,  
When, doom'd in upper floors to  
star it,

The bard inscrib'd to Lords his lay,—  
Himself, the while, my Lord Mount-  
garret

No more he begs, with air dependent,  
His 'little bark may sail attendant'

Under some lordly skipper's steerage,  
But launch'd triumphant in the Row,  
Or ta'en by Murray's self in tow,

Cuts both *Star Chamber* and the  
peerage

Patrons, indeed! when scarce a sail  
Is whisk'd from England by the gale,  
But bears on board some authors,  
shipp'd

For foreign shores, all well-equipp'd 20  
With proper book-making machinery,  
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,  
Of all such lands as they shall see,

Or *not* see, as the case may be —  
It being enjoin'd on all who go  
To study first Miss M—,

And learn from her the method true,  
To do one's books—and readers, too  
For so this nymph of *nous* and nerve  
Teaches mankind 'How to Observe,'  
And, lest mankind at all should swerve,  
Teaches them also 'What to Observe' 32

No, no, my friend—it can't be blink'd—  
The Patron is a race extinct,  
As dead as any Megatherion  
That ever Buckland built a theory on  
Instead of bartering, in this age,  
Our praise for pence and patronage,  
We authors, now, more prosperous elves,  
Have learn'd to patronise ourselves, 40

And since all-potent Puffing's made  
The life of song, the soul of trade,  
More frugal of our praises grown,  
We puff no merits but our own

Unlike those feeble gales of praise  
Which critics blew in former days,  
Our modern puffs are of a kind  
That truly, really *raise the wind*,  
And since they've fairly set in blowing,  
We find them the best *trade-winds* going  
'Stead of frequenting paths so shippy 51  
As her old haunts near Agamippe,  
The Muse, now, taking to the till,  
Has open'd shop on Ludgate Hill  
(Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,  
As seen from bard's back attic win-  
dows),

And swallowing there without cessation  
Large draughts (*at sight*) of inspiration,  
Touches the *notes* for each new theme,  
While still fresh '*change* comes o'er her  
dream' 60

What Steam is on the deep—and more—  
Is the vast power of Puff on shore,  
Which jumps to glory's future tenses  
Before the present even commences,  
And makes 'immortal' and 'divine' of  
us

Before the world has read one line of us

In old times, when the God of Song  
Drove his own two-horse team along,  
Carrying inside a bard or two,  
Book'd for posterity 'all through,'—  
Their luggage, a few close-pack'd  
rhymes, 71

(Like yours, my friend,) for after-times  
So slow the pull to Fame's abode,  
That folks oft slept upon the road,—  
And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,  
Took to his nightcap on the way 1

Ye Gods! how different is the story  
With our new galloping sons of glory,  
Who, scorning all such slack and slow  
time,

Dash to posterity in *no time*! 80  
Raise but one general blast of Puff  
To start your author—that's enough  
In vain the critics, set to watch him,  
Try at the starting post to catch him

: Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus —  
Horat



He's off—the puffers carry it hollow—  
 The critics, if they please, may follow.  
 Ere *they*'ve laid down their first positions,  
 He's fairly blown through six editions!  
 In vain doth Edinburgh dispense  
 Her blue and yellow pestilence 90  
 (That plague so awful in my time  
 To young and touchy sons of rhyme)—  
 The Quarterly, at three months' date,  
 To catch the Unread One, comes too  
 late,  
 And nonsense, litter'd in a hurry,  
 Becomes 'immortal,' spite of Murray  
 But, bless me!—while I thus keep  
 fooling,  
 I hear a voice cry, 'Dinner's cooling'  
 That postman, too, (who, truth to tell,  
 'Mong men of letters bears the bell,) 100  
 Keeps ringing, ringing, so infernally  
 That I *must* stop—

Yours sempiternally

### THOUGHTS ON MISCHIEF

BY LORD ST—NL—Y

(HIS FIRST ATTEMPT IN VERSE)

'Evil, be thou my good' Milton

How various are the inspirations  
 Of different men, in different nations!  
 As genius prompts to good or evil,  
 Some call the Muse, some raise the  
 devil

Old Socrates, that pink of sages,  
 Kept a pet demon, on board wages  
 To go about with him inoog,  
 And sometimes give his wits a jog  
 So L—nd—st, in *our* day, we know,  
 Keeps fresh relays of imps below, 10  
 To forward, from that nameless spot,  
 His inspirations, hot and hot

But, neat as are old L—nd—st's doings—  
 Beyond even Hecate's 'hell-broth'  
 brewings—

Had I, Lord Stanley, but my will,  
 I'd show you mischief prettier still,  
 Mischief, combining boyhood's tricks  
 With age's sourest politics,  
 The urchin's freaks, the veteran's gall,  
 Both duly mix'd, and matchless all, 20  
 A compound nought in history reaches  
 But Machiavel, when first in breeches!

Yes, Mischief, Goddess multiform,  
 Whene'er thou, witch-like, rid'st the  
 storm,

Let Stanley ride cockhorse behind thee—  
 No liveher lackey could they find thee  
 And, Goddess, as I'm well aware,  
 So mischief's *done*, you care not *where*,  
 I own, 'twill most *my* fancy tickle  
 In Paddyland to play the Pickle, 30  
 Having got credit for inventing  
 A new, brisk method of tormenting—  
 A way, they call the Stanley fashion,  
 Which puts all Ireland in a passion,  
 So neat it hits the mixture due  
 Of injury and insult too,  
 So legibly it bears upon't  
 The stamp of Stanley's brazen front

Ireland, we're told, means land of *Ire*,  
 And *why* she's so, none need inquire, 40  
 Who sees her millions, martial, manly,  
 Spat upon thus by me, Lord St—nl—y  
 Already in the breeze I scent  
 The whiff of coming devilment,  
 Of strife, to me more stirring far  
 Than the 'Opium or the Sulphur war,  
 Or any such drug ferments are  
 Yes—sweeter to this Tory soul  
 Than all such pests, from pole to pole,  
 Is the rich, 'swelter'd venom' got 50  
 By stirring Ireland's 'charmed pot';<sup>1</sup>  
 And, thanks to practice on that land,  
 I stir it with a master-hand

Again thou'lt see, when forth hath gone  
 The War-Church-cry, 'On, Stanley, on!'  
 How Caravats and Shanavests  
 Shall swarm from out their mountain  
 nests,  
 With all their merry moonlight brothers,  
 To whom the Church (*step-dame* to  
 others)

Hath been the best of nursing mothers  
 Again o'er Erin's rich domain 60  
 Shall Rockites and right reverends reign,  
 And both, exempt from vulgar toil,  
 Between them share that titheful soil,  
 Puzzling ambition *which* to climb at,  
 The post of Captain, or of Primate

And so, long life to Church and Co—  
 Hurrah for mischief!—here we go

<sup>1</sup> 'Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,  
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot'

## EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN ROCK TO LORD L—NDH—T

DEAR L—ndh—t,—you'll pardon my making thus free,—  
 But form is all fudge 'twixt such 'comrogues' as we,  
 Who, whate'er the smooth views we, in public, may drive at,  
 Have both the same praiseworthy object, in private—  
 Namely, never to let the old regions of riot,  
 Where Rock hath long reign'd, have one instant of quiet,  
 But keep Ireland still in that liquid we've taught her  
 To love more than meat, drink, or clothing—*hot water*

All the difference betwixt you and me, as I take it,  
 Is simply, that *you* make the law and *I* break it, 10  
 And never, of big-wigs and small, were there two  
 Play'd so well into each other's hands as we do,  
 Insomuch, that the laws you and yours manufacture,  
 Seem all made express for the Rock-boys to fracture  
 Not Birmingham's self—to her shame be it spoken—  
 E'er made things more neatly contriv'd to be broken;  
 And hence, I confess, in this island religious,  
 The breakage of laws—and of heads *is* prodigious

And long may it thrive, my Ex-Bigwig, say I,—  
 Though, of late, much I fear'd all our fun was gone by, 20  
 As, except when some tithe-hunting parson show'd sport,  
 Some rector—a cool hand at pistols and port,  
 Who 'keeps dry' his *powder*, but never *himself*—  
 One who, leaving his Bible to rust on the shelf,  
 Sends his pious texts home, in the shape of ball-cartridges,  
 Shooting his 'dearly beloved,' like partridges,—  
 Except when some hero of this sort turn'd out,  
 Or, the' Exchequer sent, flaming, its tithe writs<sup>1</sup> about—  
 A contrivance more neat, I may say, without flattery,  
 Than e'er yet was thought of for bloodshed and battery, 30  
 So neat, that even *I* might be proud, I allow,  
 To have hit off so rich a receipt for a *row*,—  
 Except for such rigs turning up, now and then,  
 I was actually growing the dullest of men,  
 And, had this blank fit been allow'd to increase,  
 Might have snor'd myself down to a Justice of Peace  
 Like you, Reformation in Church and in State  
 Is the thing of all things I most cordially hate,  
 If once these curst Ministers do as they like,  
 All's o'er, my good Lord, with your wig and my pike, 40  
 And one may be hung up on t'other, henceforth,  
 Just to show what *such* Captains and Chancellors were worth.

But we must not despair—even already Hope sees  
 You're about, my bold Baron, to kick up a breeze  
 Of the true baffling sort, such as suits me and you,  
 Who have box'd the whole compass of party right through,  
 And care not one farthing, as all the world knows,  
 So we *but* raise the wind, from what quarter it blows

<sup>1</sup> Exchequer tithe processes, served under a commission of rebellion —*Chronicle*.

Forgive me, dear Lord, that thus rudely I dare  
 My own small resources with thine to compare 50  
 Not even Jerry Diddle, in 'raising the wind,' durst  
 Compete, for one instant, with thee, my dear L—ndh—t

But, hark, there's a shot '—some parsonic practitioner ?  
 No—merely a bran-new Rebellion Commissioner,  
 The Courts having now, with true law erudition,  
 Put even Rebellion itself 'in commission'  
 As seldom, in *this* way, I'm any man's debtor,  
 I'll just *pay my shot*, and then fold up this letter.  
 In the mean time, hurrah for the Tories and Rocks !  
 Hurrah for the parsons who fleece well their flocks ! 60  
 Hurrah for all mischief in all ranks and spheres,  
 And, above all, hurrah for that dear House of Peers !

### CAPTAIN ROCK IN LONDON

LETTER FROM THE CAPTAIN TO TERRY ALT, ESQ.<sup>1</sup>

HERE I am, at head-quarters, dear Terry, once more,  
 Deep in Tory designs, as I've oft been before —  
 For, bless them ! if 'twasn't for this wrong-headed crew,  
 You and I, Terry Alt, would scarce know what to do,  
 So ready they're always, when dull we are growing,  
 To set our old concert of discord a-going,  
 While L—ndh—t's the lad, with his Tory-Whig face,  
 To play, in such concert, the true *double-base*  
 I had fear'd this old prop of my realm was beginning 10  
 To tire of his course of political sinning,  
 And, like Mother Cole, when her heyday was past,  
 Meant, by way of a change, to try virtue at last  
 But I wrong'd the old boy, who as staunchly derides  
 All reform in himself as in most things besides,  
 And, by using *two* faces through life, all allow,  
 Has acquir'd face sufficient for *any* thing now

In short, he's all right ; and, if mankind's old foe,  
 My 'Lord Harry' himself—who's the leader, we know,  
 Of another red-hot Opposition, below—  
 If that 'Lord,' in his well-known discernment, but spares 20  
 Me and L—ndh—t, to look after Ireland's affairs,  
 We shall soon such a region of devilment make it,  
 That Old Nick himself for his own may mistake it

Even already—long life to such Big-wigs, say I,  
 For, as long as they flourish, we Rocks cannot die—  
 He has serv'd our right riotous cause by a speech  
 Whose perfection of mischief he only could reach,  
 As it shows off both *his* and *my* merits alike,  
 Both the swell of the wig, and the point of the pike,  
 Mixes up, with a skill which one can't but admire, 30  
 The lawyer's cool craft with the incendiary's fire,  
 And enlists, in the gravest, most plausible manner,  
 Seven millions of souls under Rockery's banner !

<sup>1</sup> The subordinate officer or lieutenant of Captain Rock

Oh Terry, my man, let this speech *never* die,  
 Through the regions of Rockland, like flame, let it fly,  
 Let each syllable dark the Law-Oracle utter'd  
 By all Tipperary's wild echoes be mutter'd,  
 Till nought shall be heard, over hill, dale, or flood,  
 But ' *You're aliens in language, in creed, and in blood,* '  
 While voices, from sweet Connemara afar, 40  
 Shall answer, like true *Irish* echoes, ' We are ! '  
 And, though false be the cry, and though sense must abhor it,  
 Still the' echoes may quote *Law* authority for it,  
 And nought L—ndh—t cares for my spread of dominion,  
 So he, in the end, touches cash ' for the' *opinion* '  
 But I've no time for more, my dear Terry, just now,  
 Being busy in helping these Lords through their row  
 They're bad hands at mob-work, but, once they begin,  
 They'll have plenty of practice to break them well in

## THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND

BEING A SEQUEL TO 'THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS'

### PREFACE

THE name of the country town, in England—a well known fashionable watering-place—in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, render it independent of all time and place, and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public, while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned

### LETTER I

OM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ, TO THE REV RICHARD , CURATE  
 OF , IN IRELAND

Who d'ye think we've got here ?—quite reform'd from the giddy,  
 Fantastic young thing, that once made such a noise—  
 Why, the famous Miss Fudge—that delectable Biddy,  
 Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,  
 In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs—  
 Such a thing as no rainbow hath colours to paint,  
 Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,  
 And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint  
 Poor ' Pa' hath popp'd off—gone, as charity judges,  
 To some choice Elysium reserv'd for the Fudges, 10  
 And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations  
 From some much rever'd and much-palsied relations,

Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet,—  
 Age thirty, or thereabouts—statue six feet,  
 And warranted godly—to make all complete  
*Nota Bene*—a Churchman would suit, if he's *high*,  
 But Socinians or Catholics need not apply

What say you, Dick ? doesn't this tempt your ambition ?

The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man of pith,  
 All brought to the hammer, for Church competition,—

20

Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith  
 Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch !  
 While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now* watch,  
 To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do,  
 And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of *you*

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,  
 Wanting substance even more than your spiritual self,  
 Should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf,  
 When, God knows ! there ne'er was young gentleman yet  
 So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt,  
 Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her  
 With tender love-suit—at the suit of his tailor

30

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,  
 Which thus to your reverend breast I commend  
 Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature !—with eyes  
 Like those sparklers that peep out from summernight skies  
 At astronomers-royal, and laugh with delight  
 To see elderly gentlemen spying all night  
 While her figure—oh, bring all the gracefulest things  
 That are borne through the light air by feet or by wings,  
 Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,  
 Which combines in itself the perfection of each,  
 While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,  
 The mute music of symmetry modulates all

40

Ne'er in short, was there creature more form'd to bewilder

A gay youth like me, who of castles aerial  
 (And *only* of such) am, God help me ! a builder ;

Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,

And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,  
 Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the sky<sup>1</sup>

50

But, alas ! nothing's perfect on earth—even she,

This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes,  
 Talks learning—looks wise (rather painful to see),

Prints already in two County papers her rhymes,

And raves—the sweet, charming, absurd little dear !

About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,

In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends

Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends,

A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,

Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

60

<sup>1</sup> That floor which a facetious garretier called 'le premier en descendant du ciel !'

However, let's hope for the best—and, meanwhile,  
Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile,  
While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play the gallant  
(Uphill work, I confess,) to her Saint of an Aunt  
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who've a lack,

Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,  
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,  
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to release ye;

Never mind, tho' the spinster be reverend and thin,  
What are all the Three Graces to her Three per Cents ? 70  
While her acres '—oh Dick, it don't matter one pin

How she touches the' affections, so *you* touch the rents,  
And Love never looks half so pleas'd as when, bless him ' he  
Sings to an old lady's purse 'Open, Sesame'

By the way, I've just heard, in my walks, a report,  
Which, if true, will insure for your visit some sport  
'Tis rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak  
The Church 'tumbler from Exeter Hall for next week,  
And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rummer set  
Throw, for the' amusement of Christians, a summerset 80  
'Tis fear'd their chief 'Merriman,' C—ke, cannot come,  
Being called off, at present, to play Punch at home,<sup>1</sup>  
And the loss of so practis'd a wag in divinity  
Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on the Trinity,—  
His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately  
Having pleas'd Robert Taylor, the *Reverend*, greatly<sup>2</sup>

'Twill prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,  
As a wag Presbyterian's a thing quite to see,  
And, 'mong the Five Points of the Calvinists, none of 'em  
Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of 'em 90  
But even though depriv'd of this comical elf,  
We've a host of *buffons* in Murtagh himself,  
Who of all the whole troop is chief mummer and mime,  
As C—ke takes the *Ground* Tumbling, *he* the *Sublime*,<sup>3</sup>  
And of him we're quite certa—, so pray, come in time

## LETTER II

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MRS ELIZABETH

JUST in time for the post, dear, and monstrously busy,

With godly concernments—and worldly ones, too,  
Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy,  
In this little brain till, bewilder'd and dizzy,

'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I do  
First, I've been to see all the gay fashions from Town,  
Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has had down

<sup>1</sup> See the *Dublin Evening Post*, of the 9th of this month (July), for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all its former reputation in that line

<sup>2</sup> 'All are punsters if they have wit to be so, and therefore when an Irishman has to com-

mence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a *bull*. (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God '—*Report of the Rev Doctor's speech, June 20, in the Record Newspaper*

<sup>3</sup> In the language of the play-bills, 'Ground and *Lofty* Tumbling'

Sleeves *still* worn (which *I* think is wise), *à la folle*,  
 Charming hats, *pour de soie*—though the shape rather dioll  
 But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace, 10  
 With the *mentonnères*, look on this poor sinful face,  
 And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,  
 To wear one at Mrs Fitz-wigram's to-night  
 The silks are quite heavenly —I'm glad, too, to say,  
 Gimp herself grows more godly and good every day,  
 Hath had sweet experience—yea, even doth begin  
 To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin—  
 And all since her last stock of goods was laid in  
 What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf,  
 Should thus 'walk in newness' as well as one's self ! 20

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit  
 I've had since we met, and they're more than I merit !—  
 Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,  
 Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of the' Elect  
 But now for the picture's reverse—You remember  
 That footman and cook-maid I hir'd last December;  
 He, a Baptist Particular—*she*, of some sect  
 Not particular, I fancy, in any respect,  
 But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,  
 And 'to wait,' as she said, 'on Miss Fudge and the Lord' 30

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist  
 At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest;  
 And, long as he staid, do him justice, more rich in  
 Sweet savours of doctrine, there never was kitchen  
 He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall,  
 He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions, and all

All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,  
 But above all, the cook-maid,—oh, ne'er would she tire—  
 Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire,

She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in 40  
 (God forgive me for punning on points thus of piety !—  
 A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen society)  
 But ah ! there remains still the worst of my tale;  
 Come, Asterisks, and help me the sad truth to veil—  
 Conscious stars, that at even your own secret turn pale !

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,  
 Chosen 'vessels of mercy,' as *I* thought they were,  
 Have together this last week elop'd, making bold 50  
 To whip off as much goods as both vessels could hold—  
 Not forgetting some scores of sweet tracts from my shelves,  
 Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,  
 And besides, from the drawer—I neglecting to lock it—  
 My neat 'Morning Manna, done up for the pocket' <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket,' and chiefly intended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, 'to induce the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides tens of thousands in America and Africa, are every morning learning the same verse

Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear Liz?  
 It has made me quite ill —and the worst of it is,  
 When rogues are *all* pious, 'tis hard to detect  
*Which* rogues are the reprobate, *which* the elect  
 This man 'had a *call*,' he said—impudent mockery!  
 What call had he to *my* linen and crockery? 60

I'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase  
 Of some godly young couple this pair to replace  
 The inclos'd two announcements have just met my eyes,  
 In that venerable Monthly where Saints advertise  
 For such temporal comforts as this world supplies,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made  
 An essential in every craft, calling, and trade  
 Where the attorney requires for his 'prentice some youth  
 Who has 'learn'd to fear God, and to walk in the truth,' 70  
 Where the sempstress, in search of employment, declares,  
 That pay is no object, so she can have prayers,  
 And the Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives out,  
 That the whole of the firm, Co and all, are devout

Happy London, one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,  
 Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages,  
 Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,  
 As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,  
 And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock  
 All lay in religion as part of their stock!<sup>2</sup> 80  
 Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,  
 When thus through all London the Spirit keeps moving,  
 And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement  
 Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

## P S

Have mislaid the two paragraphs—can't stop to look,  
 But both describe charming—both Footman and Cook,  
 She, 'decidedly pious'—with pathos deplores  
 The increase of French cookery and sin on our shores,  
 And adds—(while for further accounts she refers  
 To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers,) 90

<sup>1</sup> *The Evangelical Magazine*—A few specimens taken at random from the wrapper of this highly esteemed periodical will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here given of it. 'Wanted, in a pious pawnbroker's family, an active lad as an apprentice.' 'Wanted, as housemaid, a young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.' 'Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety, to assist in the baking business.' 'A gentleman who understands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership, &c. &c. He is not desirous of being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of God, and seeks connection only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter.'

<sup>2</sup> According to the late Mr Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology got up expressly for the money-market. 'I know how

far wide,' he says, 'of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world.' 'Let these preachers,' he adds, '(for I will not call them theologians), cry up, broker-like, their article' *Morning Watch*—No III 442, 443.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. 'This shows,' says the writer in question, 'that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the *Stock-Exchange Divinity* has been produced'—No x p 375.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market was provided with more than one presiding Deity—'Deae Pecuniae' (says an ancient author) 'commendabantur ut pecuniosi essent.'



That 'though *some* make their Sabbaths mere matter of-fun days,  
 She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays'  
 The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge,—  
 Has late been to Cambridge—to Trinity College,  
 Serv'd last a young gentleman, studying divinity,  
 But left—not approving the morals of Trinity

P S

I enclose, too, according to promise, some scraps  
 Of my Journal—that Day-book I keep of my heart,  
 Where, at some little items, (partaking, perhaps,  
 More of earth than of heaven,) thy prudery may start,  
 And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art  
 For the present, I'm mute—but, whate'er may befall,  
 Recollect, dear, (in Hebrews, xiii 4) St Paul  
 Hath himself declar'd, 'Marriage is honourable in all'

100

#### EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

*Monday*

TRIED a new châlê gown on—pretty  
 No one to see me in it—pity!  
 Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid,—  
 The Lord forgive me!—she look'd dismay'd,  
 But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,  
 While she curl'd my hair, which made me calm  
 Nothing so soothes a Christian heart  
 As sacred music—heavenly art!

110

*Tuesday*

At two, a visit from Mr Magan—  
 A remarkably handsome, nice young man,  
 And, all Hibernian though he be,  
 As civilis'd, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man's spiritual state  
 Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late,  
 And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,  
 To have some talk with him thereupon  
 At present, I nought can do or say,  
 But that troublesome child is in the way.  
 Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he

120

Would also her absence much prefer,  
 As oft, while list'ning intent to me,  
 He's forc'd, from politeness, to look at her

Heigho!—what a blessing should Mr Magan  
 Turn out, after all, a 'renewed' young man,  
 And to me should fall the task, on earth,  
 To assist at the dear youth's second birth  
 Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie,  
 Were it heaven's high will, that he and I—  
 But I blush to write the nuptial word—  
 Should wed, as St Paul says, 'in the Lord,'  
 Not *this* world's wedlock—gross, gallant,  
 But pure—as when Amram married his aunt

130

Our ages differ—but who would count  
 One's natural sinful life's amount,  
 Or look in the Register's vulgar page  
 For a regular twice-born Christian's age, 140  
 Who, blessed privilege! only then  
 Begins to live when he's born again  
 And, counting in *this* way—let me see—  
 I myself but five years old shall be,  
 And dear Magan, when the event takes place,  
 An actual new-born child of grace—  
 Should Heaven in mercy so dispose—  
 A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes

Wednesday  
 Finding myself, by some good fate,  
 With Mr Magan left *tête-a-tête*, 150  
 Had just begun—having stirr'd the fire,  
 And drawn my chair near his—to inquire  
 What his notions were of Original Sin,  
 When that naughty Fanny again bounc'd in,  
 And all the sweet things I had got to say  
 Of the Flesh and the Devil were whisk'd away!

Much griev'd to observe that Mr Magan  
 Is actually pleas'd and amus'd with Fan!  
 What charms any sensible man can see  
 In a child so foolishly young as she— 160  
 But just eighteen, come next May-day,  
 With eyes, like herself, full of nought but play—  
 Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

## LETTER III

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY

STANZAS (INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW, OR, WHY?—WHAT?—HOW?

DARK comrade of my path! while earth and sky  
 Thus wed their charms, in bridal light array'd,  
 Why in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,  
 Black'ning my footsteps with thy length of shade—  
 Dark comrade, WHY?

Thou mimic Shape that, 'mid these flowery scenes,  
 Glidest beside me o'er each sunny spot,  
 Sadd'ning them as thou goest—say, what means  
 So dark an adjunct to so bright a spot—  
 Grim goblin, WHAT? 10

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,  
 Thou bendest, too—then risest when I rise,—  
 Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't that thou  
 Thus comest between me and those blessed skies—  
 Dim shadow, How?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge  
 Than gloom of soul, while, as I eager cried,  
 Oh, Why? What? How?—a Voice, that one might judge  
 To be some Irish echo's, faint replied,  
 Oh fudge, fudge, fudge!

20

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion,  
 And, with it, that odious 'additional stanza,'  
 Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,  
 And which, you'll at once see, is Mr Magan's,—a  
 Most cruel and dark-design'd extravaganza,  
 And-part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are  
 To stifle the flights of my genius by banter

Just so 'twas with Byron's young eagle-eyed strain,  
 Just so did they taunt him,—but vain, critics, vain,  
 All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!  
 To blot out the splendour of Fancy's young stream,  
 Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledg'd beam!'  
 Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, even while these lines I indite,  
 Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or right,  
 And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

30

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards  
 Messrs Sternhold and Co as the first of all bards—  
 That *she* should make light of my works I can't blame,  
 But that nice, handsome, odious Magan—what a shame!  
 Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I rate him,  
 I'm really afraid—after all, I—*must* hate him  
 He is so provoking—nought's safe from his tongue,  
 He spares no one authoress, ancient or young  
 Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou  
 Once shone as contributor, Lord how he'd quiz you!  
 He laughs at *all* Monthlies—I've actually seen  
 A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine!—  
 While of Weeklies, poor things, there's but one he peruses,  
 And buys every book which that Weekly abuser  
 But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,  
 One spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer,  
 And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall burn as  
 Uninjur'd as crucified gold in the furnace!  
 (I suspect the word 'crucified' must be made 'crucible,'  
 Before this fine image of mine is producible)

40

50

And now, dear—to tell you a secret which, pray  
 Only trust to such friends as with safety you may—  
 You know, and indeed the whole county suspects  
 (Though the Editor often my best things rejects),  
 That the verses signed so, ~~etc~~, which you now and then see  
 In our County Gazette (*vide last*) are by me  
 But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes  
 The vile country Press in one's prosody makes  
 For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—  
 Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* ust print;

60

And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes  
 Choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of one's rhymes  
 But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,  
 Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,  
 Where I talk'd of the 'dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,' 70  
 The nasty things made it 'from freshly-blown noses!'  
 And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had tried  
 To commemorate some saint of her *clique*, who'd just died,  
 Having said he 'had tak'n up in heav'n his position,'  
 They made it, he'd 'taken up to heaven his physician!'

This is very disheartening,—but brighter days shine,  
 I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine,  
 For, what do you think?—so delightful! next year,  
 Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news prepare—  
 I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty, my dear, 80  
 To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you're there!'  
 T'other night, at a Ball, 'twas my fortunate chance  
 With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,  
 Who, 'twas plain, from some hints which I now and then caught,  
 Was the author of *something*—one couldn't tell what;  
 But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt  
 It was something that Colburn had lately brought out

We convers'd of *belles-lettres* through all the quadrille,—  
 Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still,  
 Talk'd of Intellect's march—whether right 'twas or wrong— 90  
 And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*  
 In the course of this talk 'twas that, having just hinted  
 That I too had Poems which—long'd to be printed,  
 He protested, kind man! he had seen, at first sight,  
 I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write  
 'In the Annals of England let some,' he said, 'shine,  
 But a place in her Annals, Lady, be thine!'  
 Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,  
 Through the vista of years, as I gaze on those eyes,—  
 All letter'd and press'd, and of large-paper size! 100  
 How *unlike* that Magan, who my genius would smother,  
 And how we, true geniuses, find out each other!

This, and much more he said, with that fine frenzied glance  
 One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the dance,—  
 Till between us 'twas finally fix'd that, next year,  
 In this exquisite task I my pen should engage,  
 And, at parting, he stoop'd down and hsp'd in my ear  
 These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear,  
 'Terms for rhyme—if it's *prime*—ten and sixpence per page,'  
 Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his words right, 110  
 What a mint of half-guineas this small head contains,  
 If for nothing to write is itself a delight,  
 Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid one's strains!

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a court'sy profound,  
 Off, at once, to inquire all about him, I ran,  
 And from what I could learn, do you know, dear, I've found  
 That he's quite a new species of literary man;

One, whose task is—to what will not fashion accustom us ?  
 To *édite* live authois, as if they were posthumous  
 For instance—the plan, to be sure, is the oddest !— 120  
 If any young he or she author feels modest  
 In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher  
 Lends promptly a hand to the interesting blusher,  
 Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit to light,  
 Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,  
 And, in short, renders readers and critics polite  
 My Aunt says—though scarce on such points one can credit her—  
 He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor  
 'Tis certain the fashion's but newly invented,  
 And, quick as the change of all things and all names is, 130  
 Who knows but, as authois, like girls, are *présentés*,  
 We, girls, may be *édités* soon at St James's ?

I must now close my letter—there's Aunt, in full screech,  
 Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite preach  
 God forgive me, I'm not much inclin'd, I must say,  
 To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day  
 And, besides—'twill be all against dancing, no doubt,  
 Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred devout,  
 That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a head,  
 For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said, 140  
 She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead  
 There, again—coming, Ma'am !—I'll write more, if I can,  
 Before the post goes,

Your affectionate Fan

*Four o'clock*

Such a sermon !—though *not* about dancing, my dear,  
 'Twas only on the' end of the world being near  
 Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year that some state  
 As the time for that accident—some Forty-Eight <sup>1</sup>  
 And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,  
 As then I shall be an old maid, and 'two'n't matter  
 Once more, love, good-bye—I've to make a new cap, 150  
 But am now so dead tir'd with this horrid mishap  
 Of the end of the world, that I *must* take a nap

#### LETTER IV

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ TO THE REV RICHARD

He comes from Erin's speechful shore  
 Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er  
 With hot effusions—hot and weak,  
 Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest  
 drums,  
 He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms  
 To Britan's well-fed Church to speak  
 Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,<sup>2</sup>

Twin proser, Watchman and Record <sup>1</sup>  
 Journals reserv'd for realms of bliss,  
 Being much too good to sell in this 10  
 Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,  
 Ye Spinsters, spread your tea and  
 crumpets,  
 And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,  
 Blow all your little penny trumpets.

<sup>1</sup> With regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be a difference only of about two or three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en Droit, et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in

1846 or 1847 'A cette époque,' he says, 'les fidèles peuvent espérer de voir s'effectuer la purification du Sanctuaire'

<sup>2</sup> 'On invidious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord'—*Record Newspaper*

He comes, the reverend man, to tell  
To all who still the Church's part take,  
Tales of parsonic woe, that well

Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's  
heart ache —

Of ten whole Bishops snatch'd away  
For ever from the light of day, 20  
(With God knows, too, how many more,  
For whom that doom is yet in store)—  
Of Rectors cruelly compell'd

From Bath and Cheltenham to haste  
home,

Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,  
Will *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come,  
Nor will the flocks consent to pay  
Their parsons thus to stay away,—  
Though, with *such* parsons, one may  
doubt

If 'tisn't money well laid out,— 30  
Of all, in short, and each degree  
Of that once happy Hierarchy,

Which us'd to roll in wealth so pleas-  
antly,

But now, alas, is doom'd to see  
Its surplus brought to nonplus  
presently !

Such are the themes this man of pathos,  
Priest of prose and Lord of bathos,

Will preach and preach t'ye, till you're  
dull again,

Then, hail him, Saints, with joint  
acclaim,

Shout to the stars his tuneful name, 40  
Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,

But now is *Mortimer O'Mulligan* !

All true, Dick, true as you're alive—  
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive

Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant—  
And Tuesday, in the market-place,

Intends, to every saint and sinner in't,  
To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case,

Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop,—  
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop, 50

And all those other grades seraphic,  
That make men's souls their special  
traffic,

Though caring not a pin *which* way  
The' erratic souls go, so they *pay*—

Just as some roguish country nurse,  
Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,

First pops the payment in her purse,  
Then leaves poor dear to—suck its  
knuckle

Even so these reverend rigmaroles  
Pocket the money—starve the souls 60

Murtagh, however, in his glory,  
Will tell, next week, a different story,

Will make out all these men of barter,  
As each a saint, a downright martyr,

Brought to the *stake*—i.e. a *beef* one,  
Of all their martyrdoms the chief one,

Though try them even at this, they'll  
bear it,

If tender and wash'd down with claret

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all  
hons,

Yoursaintly, *next* to great and high'uns—  
(A Viscount, be he what he may, 71

Would cut a Saint out, any day,)  
Has just announc'd a godly rout,

Where Murtagh's to be first brought  
out,

And shown in *histe* *week-day* state —  
'Prayers, half-past seven, tea at eight'

Even so the circular missive orders—  
Pink cards, with cherubs round the  
borders

Haste, Dick—you're lost, if you lose  
time,

Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy, 80  
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,

Will surely carry off old Biddy,  
Unless some spark at once propose,

And distance him by downright prose  
That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and  
lands

All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,  
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories')  
Is dying of *angina pectoris*,—

So that, unless you're stirring soon,  
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,

May come in for a honey-moon, 91  
And be the *man* of it, himself !

As for *me*, Dick—'tis whim, 'tis folly,  
But this young niece absorbs me wholly

'Tis true, the girl's a vile verse-maker—  
Would rhyme all nature, if you'd let  
her,—

But even her oddities, plague take her,  
But make me love her all the better

Too true it is, she's bitten sadly  
With this new rage for rhyming badly,

Which late hath seiz'd all ranks and  
classes, 101

Down to that new Estate, 'the masses',

Till one pursuit all taste combines—  
One common rail-road o'er Parnassus,  
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,  
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,

And the whole world runs mad *in lines*.  
Add to all this—what's even still worse,  
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,  
Sounds better to a chinking purse— 110  
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,  
While I can muster just a groat,

So that, computing self and Venus,  
Tenpence would clear the' amount be-  
tween us

However, things may yet prove better —  
Meantime, what awful length of letter !  
And how, while heaping thus with gibes  
The Pegasus of modern scribes,  
My own small hobby of farrago 119  
Hath beat the pace at which even *they* go!

### LETTER V

FROM LARRY O'BRIANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT  
MULLINAFAD

DEAR JUDY, I send you this bit of a letter,  
By mail-coach conveyance—for want of a better—  
To tell you what luck in this world I have had  
Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad  
Och, Judy, that night '—when the pig which we meant  
To dry-nurse, in the parlour, to pay off the rent,  
Juliana, the craythur—that name was the death of her<sup>1</sup>—  
Gave us the shlip and we saw the last breath of her '  
And *there* were the childher, six innocent sows,  
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls, 10  
While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin's a folly),  
Stud over Juliana's remains, melancholy—  
Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,  
'Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sowld you, my honey ' '

But God's will be done '—and then, faith, sure enough,  
As the pig was desaced, 'twas high time to be off  
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,  
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the key in the thatch,  
Then tuk laave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,  
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the Ark, 20  
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone '  
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,  
And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my hands,  
Is, at this present writin', too tadious to speak,  
So I'll minton it all in a postscript, next week —  
Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a lath,  
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,  
Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's meat,  
By dhraggin owld ladies all day through the street— 30  
Which their docthors (who pocket, like fun, the pound starlins,)  
Have brought into fashion to plase the owld darlins  
Div'l a boy in all Bath, though I say it, could carry  
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry,  
And the higher they liv'd, like owld crows, in the air,  
The more I was wanted to lug them up there

<sup>1</sup> The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelaud and Eloisa

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,  
 And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way  
 For, pondhern', one morn, on a drame I'd just had  
 Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad, 40  
 Ooh, there came o'er my sines so plasin' a flutther,  
 That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the gutther,  
 Muff, feathers and all '—the descot was most awful,  
 And—what was still worse, faith—I knew 'twas unlawful.  
 For, though, with mere *women*, no very great evil,  
 To' upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is the divil'  
 So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it,  
 (For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet,)  
 Without even mentionin' 'By your lave, ma'am,'  
 I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am ' 50

What's the name of this town I can't say very well,  
 But your heart sure will jump when you hear what befell  
 Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,  
 (And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay,)  
 When his brogues to this city of luck found their way  
 Bein' hungry, God help me, and happenin' to stop,  
 Just to dine on the shmell of a pasthry-cook's shop,  
 I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,  
 And read there a name, och ' that made my heart caper—  
 Though printed it was in some quare A B C, 60  
 That might bother a schoolmasther, let alone *me*  
 By gor, you'd have laugh'd, Judy, could you've but listen'd,  
 As, doubtin', I cried, 'why it is *I*—no, it *isn't* '  
 But it *was*, after all—for, by spellin' quite slow,  
 First I made out 'Rev Mortimer'—then a great 'O,'  
 And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull again,  
 Out it came, nate as imported, 'O'Mulligan'

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jewel, at that name,—  
 Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must* be the same  
 'Masther Murthagh, himself,' says I, 'all the world over ! 70  
 My own fosther-brother—by jinks, I'm in clover  
 Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,  
 One wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand,  
 And he'll not let me shtarve in the meny's land '.

Well, to make a long hishtory short, niver doubt  
 But I manag'd, in no time, to find the lad out,  
 And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,  
 Such a pair of owld cumrogues—was charmin' to see  
 Nor is Murthagh less plas'd with the' evint than I am,  
 As he just then was wanting a Valley-de-sham, 80  
 And, for *dressin'* a gentleman, one way or t'other,  
 Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case,  
 And, in throth, it's the only drawback on my place,  
 'Twas Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,  
 With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago,  
 That's to say, he turn'd Protestant—*why*, I can't larn,  
 But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it's not *my* consarn.



All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,  
 And myself am so still—nayther betther nor worse 90  
 Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey,  
 And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,  
 When Murthagh—or Morthimer, as he's *now* chrishen'd,  
 His *name* being convarted, at laist, if *he* isn't—  
 Lookin' sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see)  
 'Of coorse, you're a Protestant, Larry,' says he  
 Upon which says myself, wid a wink just as shly,  
 'Is't a Protestant'—oh yes, *I am*, sir,' says I,—  
 And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word  
 Controversial between us has since then occur'd 100

What Murthagh could mane, and, in troth, Judy dear,  
 What *I myself* meant, doesn't seem mighty clear,  
 But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a stickler,  
 I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar.—  
 And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair  
 Of twin Protestants couldn't be seen *any* where

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I mintion'd,  
 Address'd to the loyal and godly intintion'd,) 110  
 His rivrence, my master, comes forward to preach,—  
 Myself doesn't know whether sarmon or speech,  
 But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at each,  
 Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations  
 Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations

But, whisht'—there's his Rivrence, shoutin' out 'Larry,'  
 And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry,  
 So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letther,  
 Which, faix, I'd have made a much bigger and betther,  
 But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town  
 Fit to swallow a dacent siz'd billy-dux down 120  
 So good luck to the childer'—tell Molly, I love her,  
 Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all over—  
 Not forgettin' the mark of the red currant whiskey  
 She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky  
 The heavens be your bed'—I will write, when I can again,  
 Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN

## LETTER VI

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS ELIZABETH ———

How I grieve you're not with us'—pray, come, if you can,  
 Ere we're robb'd of this dear oratorical man,  
 Who combines in himself all the multiple glory  
 Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist and Tory —  
 (Choice mixture' like that from which, duly confounded,  
 The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, compounded)—  
 The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,  
 All fus'd down in brogue so deliciously oddly'

In short, he's a *dear*—and *such* audiences draws,  
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause, 10  
As *can't* but do good to the Protestant cause.

Poor dear Irish Church!—he to-day sketch'd a view  
Of her history and prospects, to me at least new,  
And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must arouse  
The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse  
As to *reasoning*—you know, dear, that's now of no use,  
People still will their *facts* and dry *figures* produce  
As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were  
A thing to be manag'd 'according to Cocker!'  
In vain do we say, (when rude radicals hector 20  
At paying some thousands a year to a Rector,  
In places where Protestants *never yet were*,)  
'Who knows but young Protestants *may* be born there?'  
And granting such accident, think, what a shame,  
If they didn't find Rector and Clerk when they came!  
It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,  
These little Church embryos *must* go astray,  
And, while fools are computing what Parsons would cost,  
Precious souls are meanwhile to the 'Establishment lost!

In vain do we put the case sensibly thus,— 30  
They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,  
And ask 'if, while all, choosing each his own road,  
Journey on, as we can, towards the Heavenly Abode,  
It is right that *seven* eighths of the travellers should pay  
For *one* eighth that goes quite a different way?'—  
Just as if, foolish people, this wasn't, in reality,  
A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,  
That, though hating Popery in *other* respects,  
She to Catholic *money* in no way objects, 40  
And so liberal her very best Saints, in this sense,  
That they even go to heaven at the Catholic's expense.

But, though clear to *our* minds all these arguments be,  
People cannot or *will* not their cogency see,  
And, I grieve to confess, did the poor Irish Church  
Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left in the lurch.  
It was therefore, dear Lizzie, with joy most sincere,  
That I heard this nice Reverend O' *something* we've here,  
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and reading,  
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding, 50  
In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought,  
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught

Looking through the whole history, present and past,  
Of the Irish Low Church, from the first to the last,  
Considering how strange its original birth—  
Such a thing having *never* before been on earth—  
How oppos'd to the instinct, the law, and the force  
Of nature and reason has been its whole course;  
Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resistance,  
Scorn, hate, execration—yet still in existence!

Considering all this, the conclusion he draws  
 Is that Nature exempts this one Church from her laws—  
 That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,  
 And before the portentous anomaly stands mute,—  
 That, in short, 'tis a Miracle!—and, *once begun*,  
 And transmitted through ages, from father to son,  
 For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on*

60

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,  
 Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound  
 For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,  
 The more they make out the miraculous case,  
 And the more all good Christians must deem it profane  
 To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign

70

As for scriptural proofs, he quite plac'd beyond doubt  
 That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,  
 As clear and well-prov'd, he would venture to swear,  
 As any thing else has been *ever* found there—  
 While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he deals  
 With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,  
 And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,  
 Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these sort of things.

80

So much for theology.—as for the' affairs  
 Of this temporal world—the light, drawing-room cares  
 And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,  
 From no love of such things, but in humbleness meek,  
 And to be, as the' Apostle was, 'weak with the weak,'  
 Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less busy)  
 In the' extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy

## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

Thursday.

Last night, having nought more holy to do,  
 Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,  
 About the 'Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,'  
 Which we wish by some shorter name to dub —  
 As the use of more vowels and consonants  
 Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really* wants,  
 Is a grievance that ought to be done away,  
 And the Alphabet left to rest, that day

90

Sunday

Sir Andrew's answer!—but, shocking to say,  
 Being franked unthinkingly yesterday,  
 To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,  
 It arriv'd on this blessed Sunday morn!—  
 How shocking!—the postman's self cried 'shame on't,'  
 Seeing the' immaculate Andrew's name on't!—  
 What will the Club do?—meet, no doubt  
 'Tis a matter that touches the Class Devout,  
 And the friends of the Sabbath *must* speak out

100

Tuesday

Saw to-day, at the raffle—and saw it with pain—  
 That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain

Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces—  
 She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of flounces,  
 And showed, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,  
 That we, girls, may be Christians, without being frights 110  
 This, I own, much alarms me, for though one's religious,  
 And strict and—all that, there's no need to be hideous,  
 And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way  
 Of one's going to heaven, 'tisn't easy to say

Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing—if her custom we drop,  
 Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop?  
 If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,  
 She'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven,  
 And this nice little 'fire brand, pluck'd from the burning,'  
 May fall in again at the very next turning 120

Wednesday.

*Mem*—To write to the India-Mission Society;  
 And send £20—heavy tax upon piety!

Of all Indian luxuries we now-a-days boast,  
 Making 'Company's Christians'<sup>1</sup> perhaps costs the most  
 And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,  
 Having liv'd in *our* faith, mostly die in their *own*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,  
 When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and whey,<sup>3</sup>  
 Think, how horrid, my dear!—so that all's thrown away,  
 And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice 130  
 They consum'd, while believers, we saints pay the price

Still 'tis cheering to find that we *do* save a few—  
 The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangadoo,  
 Doorkotchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,  
 While but one and a half's left at Cooroopadum  
 In this last-mention'd place 'tis the barbers enslave 'em,  
 For, once they turn Christians, no barber will shave 'em<sup>4</sup>

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,  
 Some Papists, turn'd Christians,<sup>5</sup> are tack'd to the' account  
 And though, to catch Papists, one needn't go so far, 140  
 Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are,  
 And *now*, when so great of such converts the lack is,  
 One Papist well caught is worth millions of Blackies

Friday

Last night had a dream so odd and funny,  
 I cannot resist recording it here—  
 Methought that the Genius of Matrimony  
 . Before me stood, with a joyous leer,

<sup>1</sup> The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen as become converts

<sup>2</sup> Of such relapses we find innumerable instances in the accounts of the Missionaries

<sup>3</sup> The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu 'One day' (says he Bhagavata) 'Krishna's playfellows complained to Tasuda that he had pilfered and ate their curds'

<sup>4</sup> 'Roteen wants shaving, but the barber here will not do it He is run away lest he should be compelled He says he will not shave Yesoo

Kreest's people'—*Bapt Mission Society*, vol 11, p 493

<sup>5</sup> In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are almost always classed along with the Heathen 'I have extended my labours,' (says James Venning, in a Report for 1831,) 'to the Heathen, Mahomedans, and Roman Catholics' 'The Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood' (says another missionary for the year 1832) 'are not indifferent, but withstand, rather than yield to, the force of truth,

Leading a husband in each hand,  
 And both for *me*, which look'd rather queer,—  
 One I could perfectly understand, 150  
 But why there were *two* wasn't quite so clear  
 'Twas meant, however, I soon could see,  
 To afford me a *choice*—a most excellent plan,  
 And—who should this brace of candidates be,  
 But Messrs O'Mulligan and Magan —  
 A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,  
 To dream, at once, of *two* Irishmen !—  
 That handsome Magan, too, with wings on his shoulders  
 (For all this pass'd in the realms of the Blest),  
 And quite a creature to dazzle beholders, 160  
 While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest  
 As an elderly cherub, was looking his best  
 Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can doubt  
 As to *which* of the two I singled out  
 But—awful to tell—when, all in dread  
 Of losing so bright a vision's charms,  
 I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,  
 Like a mist, away, and I found but the head  
 Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms !  
 The Angel had flown to some nest divine, 170  
 And the elderly Cherub alone was mine '  
 Heigho !—it is certain that foolish Magan  
 Either can't or *won't* see that he *might* be the man,  
 And, perhaps, dear—who knows ?—if nought better befall  
 But—O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after all

## N B

Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout,  
 For the special discussion of matters devout ;—  
 Like those *sourees*, at Powerscourt,<sup>1</sup> so justly renown'd,  
 For the zeal with which doctrine and negus went round ;  
 Those theology routs which the pious Lord R—d—n, 180  
 That pink of Christianity, first set the mode in ;  
 Where, blessed down-pouring<sup>1 2</sup> from tea until nine,  
 The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line,—

<sup>1</sup> An account of these Powerscourt Conversations (under the direct presidency of Lord Roden), as well as a list of the subjects discussed at the different meetings, may be found in the *Christian Herald* for the month of December, 1832. The following is a specimen of the nature of the question submitted to the company—  
 'Monday Evening, Six o'clock, September 24, 1832 — "An examination into the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old, with their connection and explanation, viz &c &c"—  
 Wednesday — "Should we expect a personal Antichrist? and to whom will he be revealed?"  
 &c &c — Friday — "What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? What is next to be looked for or expected?" &c

The rapid progress made at these tea parties in settling points of Scripture, may be judged from a paragraph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the *Christian Herald* —

'On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much, perhaps, upon the Revelations, though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New, particularly on the point, whether there was any "accommodation," or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old. This gave occasion to some very interesting development of Scripture. The progress of the Antichristian powers was very fully discussed.'

<sup>2</sup> 'About eight o'clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us—for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This downpouring continued till about ten o'clock.—Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev John Campbell, of Row, (dated Fermicury, April 4, 1830), giving an account of her 'miraculous cure'.

Then, supper—and then, if for topics hard driven,  
 From thence until bed-time to Satan was given,  
 While R—d—n, deep read in each topic and tome,  
 On all subjects (especially the last) was *at home*.

## LETTER VII

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY

## IRREGULAR ODE

BRING me the slumbering souls of flowers,  
 While yet, beneath some northern sky,  
 Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,  
 They wait the breath of summer hours,  
 To wake to light each diamond eye,  
 And let loose every florid sigh !


Bring me the first-born ocean waves,  
 From out those deep primeval caves,  
 Where from the dawn of Time they've lain—  
 THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN !—  
 Untaught as yet, young things, to speak  
 The language of their PARENT SEA  
 (Polyphlysbæan<sup>1</sup> nam'd in Greek),  
 Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,  
 Round startled isle and wondering peak,  
 They'll thunder loud and long as HE !

10

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,  
 Young fires——

I had got, dear, thus far in my ODE,  
 Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,  
 But, having invok'd such a lot of fine things,  
 Flowers, billows and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings,  
 Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got 'em  
 The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,  
 Of past MSS any new ones to try  
 This very night's coach brings my destiny in it—  
 Decides the great question, to live or to die !  
 And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,  
 All depends on the answer of Simpkins and Co !

20

You'll think, love, I rave, so 'tis best to let out  
 The whole secret, at once—I have publish'd a Book ! !  
 Yes, an actual Book —if the marvel you doubt,  
 You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,  
 And you'll find 'This day publish'd by Simpkins and Co  
 A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled "Woe Woe !"  
 By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly *so* ,  
 Thus I put that my friends mayn't be left in the dark,  
 But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*

30

<sup>1</sup> If you guess what this word means, 'tis more than I can —  
 'I but give't as I got it from Mi Magan F F

How I manag'd, at last, this great deed to achieve,  
 Is itself a 'Romant' which you'd scarce, dear, believe,  
 Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,  
 Looking out for the Magnet,<sup>1</sup> explain it, dear girl  
 Suffice it to say, that one half the expense  
 Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence—  
 (Though 'God knows,' as aunt says, my humble ambition  
 Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition,)—  
 One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,  
 I've manag'd to scrape up, this year past, by stinting  
 My own little wants in gloves, ribands, and shoes,  
 Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse'

40

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?  
 What's *cau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?  
 Yards of riband soon end—but the measures of rhyme,  
 Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time  
 Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,  
 While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,  
 And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,  
 While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on

50

The remaining expense, trouble, risk—and, alas!  
 My poor copyright too—into other hands pass;  
 And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the 'County Gazette'  
 (The only Mecaenas I've ever had yet),  
 He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,  
 Is now set up by them for the rest of his days,  
 And while Gods (as my 'Heathen Mythology' says)  
 Live on nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how much sweeter  
 To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre'

60

As for *puffing*—that first of all literary boons,  
 And essential alike both to bards and balloons—  
 As, unless well supplied with inflation, 'tis found  
 Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground,—  
 In *this* respect, nought could more prosp'rous befall,  
 As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)  
 Knows the whole world of critics—the *hypers* afd all  
 I suspect he himself, indeed, dabbles in rhyme,  
 Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time,  
 As I've heard uncle Bob say, 'twas known among Gnostics,  
 That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics

70

But hark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from Town—  
 How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down  
 That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenaeum,  
 All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em  
 And then the great point—whether Simpkins and Co  
 Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no!—

80

Five o'clock

All's delightful—such praises!—I really fear  
 That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear,  
 I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps—  
 All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps

<sup>1</sup> A day-coach of that name

## FROM THE 'MORNING POST'

'Tis known that a certain distinguish'd physician  
 Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading,  
 And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition 90  
 (Ere critics have injur'd their powers of nutrition),  
 Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding  
 Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific,  
 But smooth, female sonnets he deems a specific,  
 And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific  
 Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,  
 Is a volume just publish'd by Simpkins and Co,  
 Where all such ingredients—the flowery, the sweet,  
 And the gently narcotic—are mix'd *per* receipt,  
 With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitation 100  
 To say that—'bove all, for the young generation—  
 'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation

*Nota bene*—for readers, whose object's *to sleep*,  
 And who read, in their nightcaps, the publishers keep  
 Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap

## ANECDOTE—FROM THE 'COURT JOURNAL'

T'other night, at the Countess of ——'s rout,  
 An amusing event was much whisper'd about,  
 It was said that Lord ——, at the Council, that day,  
 Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,  
 And flown to a corner, where—heedless, they say, 110  
 How the country's resources were squander'd away—  
 He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his pocket  
 Some thought them despatches from Spain or the Turk,  
 Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius,  
 But it turn'd out 'twas only Miss Fudge's new work,  
 Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious—  
 Messrs Simpkins and Co, to avoid all delay,  
 Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,  
 He had distanc'd the whole reading world by a day'

## LETTER VIII

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN

*Tuesday evening*

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,  
 I could not come to —— to meet you,  
 But this curst, gout wo'n't let me stir—  
 Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you  
 As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,  
 Owes all to an amanuensis  
 Most other scourges of disease  
 Reduce men to *extremities*—  
 But gout wo'n't leave one even *these*

And trust you'll think me not uncivil,  
 When I declare that, from my youth,  
 I've wish'd your country at the devil.  
 Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all  
 I've heard of your high patriot fame—  
 From every word your lips let fall—  
 That you most truly wish the same  
 It plagues one's life out—thirty years 20  
 Have I had dinning in my ears,  
 'Ireland wants this, and that, and  
 t'other,'

From all my sister writes, I see 10  
 That you and I will quite agree  
 I'm a plain man, who speak the truth,

And, to this hour, one nothing hears  
 But the same vile, eternal bother



While, of those countless things she  
wanted,  
Thank God, but little has been granted,  
And ev'n that little, if we're men  
And Britons, we'll have back again !

I really think that Catholic question  
Was what brought on my indigestion, 30  
And still each year, as Popery's curse  
Has gather'd round us, I've got worse,  
Till ev'n my pint of port a day  
Can't keep the Pope and bile away  
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,  
I never wanted draught or pill,  
The settling of that cursed question  
Has quite unsettled my digestion

Look what has happen'd since—the  
Elect

Of all the bores of every sect, 40  
The chosen triers of men's patience,  
From all the Three Denominations,  
Let loose upon us,—even Quakers  
Turn'd into speakers and law-makers,  
Who'll move no question, stiff-rump'd  
elves,

Till first the Spirit moves themselves,  
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in  
chorus,

Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,  
Will soon to death's own slumber  
snore us

Then, too, those Jews !—I really sicken  
To think of such abomination, 51  
Fellows, who wo'n't eat ham with  
chicken,

To legislate for this great nation !—  
Depend upon't, when once they've sway,  
With rich old Goldsmid at the head o'  
them,

The' Excise laws will be done away,  
And *Circumcise* ones pass'd instead o'  
them !

In short, dear sir, look where one will,  
Things all go on so devilish ill,  
That 'pon my soul, I rather fear 60

Our reverend Rector may be right,  
Who tells me the Millennium's near,  
Nay, swears he knows the very year,  
And regulates his leases by't,—

<sup>1</sup> This appears to have been the opinion also  
of an eloquent writer in the *Morning Watch*  
'One great object of Christ's second Advent,  
as the Man and as the King of the Jews, is to

Meaning their terms should end, no  
doubt,

Before the world's own lease is out  
He thinks, too, that the whole thing's  
ended

So much more soon than was intended,  
Purely to scourge those men of sin  
Who brought the 'accurst Reform Bill' <sup>1</sup>

However, let's not yet despair, 71

Though Toryism's eclips'd, at present,  
And—like myself, in this old chair—

Sits in a state by no means pleasant,  
Feet crippled—hands, in luckless hour,  
Disabled of their grasping power,  
And all that rampant glee, which revell'd  
In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, be-  
devil'd—

Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,  
And both in Chair of Penance set, 80  
There's something tells me, all's not o'er,

With Toryism or Bobby yet,  
That though, between us, I allow  
We've not a leg to stand on now,  
Though curst Reform and *colchicum*  
Have made us both look deuced glum,  
Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,  
Again we'll shine triumphant out !

Yes—back again shall come, egad,  
Our turn for sport, my reverend lad 90  
And then, O'Mulligan—oh then,  
When mounted on our nags again,  
You, on your high-flown Rosinante,  
Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallantee  
(Glitter great from substance scanty),—  
While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride  
Your Faithful Sancho, by your side,  
Then—talk of tilts and tournaments  
Dam'me, we'll—

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents  
To Reverend Sir his compliments,  
Is griev'd to say an accident 101  
Has just occur'd which will prevent  
The Squire—though now a little better  
From finishing this present letter  
Just when he'd got to 'Dam'me,  
we'll—'  
His Honour, full of martial zeal,

*punish the Kings* who do not acknowledge that  
their authority is derived from him, and who  
submit to receive it from that many-headed  
monster, the mob' No x, p 373

Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able  
To keep his balance or his hold,  
Tumbled, both self and crutch, and  
roll'd

Like ball and bat, beneath the table 110

All's safe—the table, chair, and  
crutch,—

Nothing, thank God, is broken much,  
But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,  
Got bump'd consid'rably—that's all

At this no great alarm we feel,  
As the Squire's head can bear a deal

*Wednesday morning*

Squire much the same—head rather  
light—

Rav'd about 'Barbers' Wigs' all night

Our housekeeper, old Mrs Griggs,  
Suspects that he meant 'barbarous  
Whigs' 120

### LETTER IX

FROM LARRY O'BREANIGAN, TO S WIFE JUDY

As it was but last week that I sint you a letther,  
You'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about,  
And, throth, it's a letther myself would like betther,

Could I manage to lave the contents of it out,  
For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,  
Who takes things quiet, 'twill dhrive *you* crazy

Oh, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scran to him!  
That e'er I should come to've been sarvant-man to him,  
Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood, 10  
And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not ev'n the Flood  
Was able to wash away clane from the earth)<sup>1</sup>  
As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's birth,  
Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,  
Than mine can to wear a great Q at its end

But that's now all over—last night I gev warnin',  
And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin'  
The thief of the world '—but it's no use balraggin',—<sup>2</sup>  
All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be draggin'  
Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days, 20  
Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise, at my aise,  
And be forc'd to discind thro' the same dirty ways  
Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last show'd his phiz,  
I'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is;  
For, by gor, 'twas at Exether Change, sure enough,  
That himself and his other wild Irish show'd off,  
And it's pity, so 'tis, that they hadn't got no man  
Who knew the wild craythurs to act as their show-man—  
Sayin', 'Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take notice,  
How shlim and how shleek this black animal's coat is, 30  
All by reason, we're towld, that the nathur o' the baste  
Is to change its coat *once* in its lifetime, *at laste*,  
And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not bein' common ones,  
Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons

<sup>1</sup> 'I am of your Patrurachs, I, a branch of one  
of your antediluvian families—fellows that the  
Flood could not wash away'—Congreve, *Love  
for Love*

<sup>2</sup> To *balrag*, is to abuse—Mr Lover makes it

*bullyrag*, and he is high authority but if I re-  
member rightly, Curr in his national stories  
used to employ the word as above—See Lover's  
most amusing and genuinely Irish work, the  
*Legends and Stories of Ireland*

In regard of its *name*—why, in throth, I'm consain'd  
To differ on this point so much with the Larn'd,  
Who call it a "*Morthimer*," whereas the craythur  
Is plainly a "*Murthagh*," by name and by nathur<sup>1</sup>

This is how I'd have towld them the rights of it all,  
Had I been then showman at Exether Hall—  
Not forgettin' that other great wondher of Airin 40  
(Of th' owld bitther breed which they call *Prosbetairin*),  
The fam'd Daddy C—ke—who, by gor, I'd have shown 'em  
As proof how such bastes may be tam'd, when you've thrown 'em  
A good frindly sop of the rale *Rargin Donem*<sup>1</sup>

But, throth, I've no laisure just now, Judy dear,  
For any thing, barrin' our own doings here,  
And the cursin' and dammin' and thund'rin, like mad,  
We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had  
He says we're all murtheiers—div'l a bit less—  
And that even our priests, when we go to confess, 50  
Give us lessons in murth'ing and wish us success<sup>1</sup>

When ax'd how he daar'd, by tongue or by pen,  
To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,  
Faith, he said 'twas all towld him by Docthor Den!<sup>2</sup>  
'And who the div'l's *he*?' was the question that flew  
From Chrishtian to Chrishtian—but not a sowl knew.  
While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,  
Blaspheming us Cath'lics all the while,  
As a pack of desavers, parjuers, villians,  
All the whole kit of th' aforesaid millions,—<sup>3</sup> 60  
Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,  
And the innocent craythur that's at your breast,  
All rogues together, in word and deed,  
Owld Den our insthructor and Sin our creed!

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,  
Div'l an answer he'd give but Docthor Den  
Couldn't he call into coort some *lunn*' men?  
'No, thank you'—he'd stick to Docthor Den—  
An ould gentleman dead a century or two,  
Who all about us, live Cath'lics, knew, 70  
And of coorse was more handy, to call in a hurry,  
Than Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor Murray!

But, throth, it's no case to be jokin' upon,  
Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it one  
Even *you*, had you witness'd his grand climacterics,  
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics—  
Or, och! had you heerd such a purty remark as his,  
That Papists are only '*Humanity's* carcasses,

<sup>1</sup> *Lunny* evidently means the *Regnum Donum*—a sum contributed by the government annually to the support of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland

<sup>2</sup> Correctly, *Dens*—*Lunny* not being very particular in his nomenclature

<sup>3</sup> 'The deeds of darkness which are reduced

to horrid practice over the drunken debauch of the midnight assassin are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conference of the priests'—*Speech of the Rev Mr. M'Ghee*—  
'The character of the Irish people generally is, that they are given to lying and to acts of theft'  
—*Speech of the Rev Robert Daly*.

'*Ras'n*'—but, by dad, I'm afeard I can't give it ye—  
 '*Ras'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity,* 80  
*And, like owld corpses, dug up from antiquity,*  
*Wandrin' about in all sorts of iniquity!*'<sup>1</sup>  
 Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld Light,  
 Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant flight  
 Of that figure of speech call'd the Blatherumskite  
 As for me, though a funny thought now and then came to me,  
 Rage got the better at last—and small blame to me!  
 So, slapping my thigh, 'by the Powers of Delf,'  
 Says I bowldly, 'I'll make a noration myself'  
 And with that up I jumps—but, my darlint, the minit 90  
 I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse remain'd in it  
 Though, *saried*, I could have got beautiful on,  
 When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all gone —  
 Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, whate'er we've a hand in,  
 At laste in our *legs* show a sthrong undeistandin'

Howsumdever, detarmin'd the chaps should pursaive  
 What I thought of their dom's, before I tuk lave,  
 'In regard of all that,' says I—there I stopp'd short—  
 Not a word more would come, though I sthruiggled hard for't  
 So, shnapping my fingers at what's call'd the Chair, 100  
 And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'heve) that sat there—  
 'In regard of all that,' says I bowldly again—  
 'To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer—and Docthor Den,'—  
 Upon which the whole company cried out 'Amen,'  
 And myself was in hopes 'twas to what I had said,  
 But, by gor, no such thing—they were not so well bred:  
 For, 'twas all to a pray'r Murthagh just had read out,  
 By way of fit finish to job so devout,  
 That is—*after* well damning one half the community,  
 To pray God to keep all in peace an' in unity' 110

This is all I can shtuff in this letther, though plinty  
 Of news, faith, I've got to fill more—if 'twas twinty  
 But I'll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,  
 (Writin' '*Private*' upon it, that no one may read it,)  
 To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints chrishten him)  
 Bears the big shame of his sarvant's dismisshin' him

(*Private outside*)

Just come from his riv'rence—the job is all done—  
 By the powers, I've discharg'd him as sure as a gun!  
 And now, Judy dear, what on earth I'm to do  
 With myself and my appetite—both good as new— 120  
 Without ev'n a single tranee in my pocket,  
 Let alone a good, dacent pound-starlin', to stock it—  
 Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that's above,  
 Who takes care of us, dissolute sows, when hard dhrove!

<sup>1</sup> 'But she (Popery) is no longer the tenant of the sepulchre of inactivity. She has come from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, as if the spirit of evil had corrupted the carcass of her departed humanity, noxious and noisome, an object of abhorrence and dis- y to all who

are not leagued with her in iniquity'—Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 20, in the *Record Newspaper*

We may well ask, after reading this and other such reverend ravings, 'Quis dubitat quin omne sit hoc rationis egestas?'

## LETTER X

FROM THE REV MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO THE REV —

THESE few brief lines, my reverend friend,  
 By a safe, private hand I send,  
 (Fearing lest some low Catholic wag  
 Should pry into the Letter-bag,)  
 To tell you, fat as pen can dare,  
 How we, poor errant martyrs, fare,—  
 Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,  
 As Saints were, some few ages back,  
 But—scarce less trying in its way—  
 To laughter, wheresoe'er we stray, 10  
 To jokes, which Providence mysterious  
 Permits on men and things so serious,  
 Lowering the Church still more each  
 minute,  
 And—injuring our preferment in it  
 Just think, how worrying 'tis, my friend,  
 To find, where'er our footsteps bend,  
 Small jokes, like squibs, around us  
 whizzing,  
 And bear the eternal torturing play  
 Of that great engine of our day,  
 Unknown to the Inquisition—  
 quizzing! 20

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks  
 Aim'd at the *body* their attacks,  
 But modern torturers, more refin'd,  
 Work *their* machinery on the *mind*  
 Had St Sebastian had the luck

With me to be a godly rover,  
 Instead of arrows, he'd be stuck  
 With stings of ridicule all over,  
 And poor St Lawrence, who was kill'd  
 By being on a gridir'n grill'd, 30  
 Had he but shar'd *my* errant lot,  
 Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,  
 A *moral* roasting would have got  
 Nor should I (trying as all this is)

Much heed the suffering or the shame—  
 As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,  
 I long have known no other tame,  
 But that (as I may own to *you*,  
 Though to the *world* it would not do,)  
 No hope appears of fortune's beams 40  
 Shining on *any* of my schemes,  
 No chance of something more *per ann*  
 As supplement to K—llym—n,

No prospect that, by fierce abuse  
 Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce  
 The rulers of this thinking nation  
 To rid us of Emancipation,  
 To forge anew the sever'd chain,  
 And bring back Penal Laws again

Ah, happy time! when wolves and  
 priests

Alike were hunted, as wild beasts, 51  
 And five pounds was the price, *per* head,  
 For bagging *either*, live or dead,—<sup>1</sup>  
 Though oft, we're told, *one* outlaw'd  
 brother

Sav'd cost, by eating up *the other*

Finding thus all those schemes and hopes  
 I built upon my flowers and tropes  
 All scatter'd, one by one, away,  
 As flashy and unsound as they, 59  
 The question comes—what's to be done?  
 And there's but one course left me—  
*one*

Heroes, when tired of war's alarms,  
 Seek sweet repose in beauty's arms  
 The weary Day-God's last retreat is  
 The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis,  
 And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,  
 Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend,—the tender  
 scheme

Wild and romantic though it seem,  
 Beyond a parson's fondest dream, 70  
 Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes  
 So pleasing to a parson's eyes—  
 That only *gilding* which the muse  
 Cannot around *her* sons diffuse,—  
 Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,  
 From wealthy Miss or benefice,  
 To Mortimer indiff'rent is,  
 So he can make it only *his*.  
 There is but one slight damp I see  
 Upon this scheme's felicity, 80  
 And that is, the fair heroine's claim  
 That I shall take *her* family name  
 To this (though it may look henpeck'd),  
 I can't quite decently object,

<sup>1</sup> 'Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this period (1649), the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish

priest—being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf!—  
*Memoirs of Captain Rock*, book 1 chap 10

Having myself long chos'n to shine  
 Conspicuous in the *alas*<sup>1</sup> line,  
 So that henceforth, by wife's decree,  
 (For Biddy from this point wo'n't budge  
 Your old friend's new address must be  
 The *Rev Mortimer O'Fudge*— 90  
 The 'O' being kept, that all may see  
 We're *both* of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,  
 My public life's calm Euthanasia  
 Thus bid I long farewell to all  
 The freaks of Exeter's old Hall—  
 Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,  
 And rivalling its bears in breeding  
 Farewell, the platform fill'd with  
 preachers—  
 The pray'r giv'n out, as grace,<sup>2</sup> by  
 speakers 100  
 Ere they cut up their fellow creatures —

Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,  
 And, scarce less dead, old Standard's  
 columns —

From each and all I now retire,  
 My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,  
 To bring up little filial Fudges,  
 To be M P s, and Peers, and Judges—  
*Parsons* I'd add too, if, alas !

There yet were hope the Church could pass  
 The gulf now op'd for hers and her, 110  
 Or long survive what *Exeter*—

Both Hall and Bishop, of that name—  
 Have done to sink her reverend fame  
 Adieu, dear friend—you'll oft hear from  
 me,

Now I'm no more a travelling drudge,  
 Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge  
 How well the surname will become me)  
 Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE

### LETTER XI

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ, TO THE REV RICHARD

—, Ireland

DEAR DICK—just arriv'd at my own humble *gite*,  
 I inclose you, post haste, the account, all complete,  
 Just arriv'd, *per* express, of our late noble feat

[*Extract from the 'County Gazette'*]

This place is getting gay and full again

Last week was married, 'in the Lord,'  
 The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,  
 Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,  
 (He, who the Lord's force lately led on—  
 Exeter Hall his *Armagh-geddon*,)<sup>1</sup>  
 To Miss B Fudge of Pisgah Place,  
 One of the chos'n, as 'heir of grace,'  
 And likewise heiress of Phil Fudge,  
 Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge

10

Same evening, Miss F Fudge, 'tis hinted—  
 Niece of the above, (whose 'Sylvan Lyre,'  
 In our *Gazette*, last week, we printed.)  
 Elop'd with Pat Magan, Esquire

<sup>1</sup> In the first edition of his Dictionary, Dr Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word '*alas*' by the instance of Mallet, the poet, who had exchanged for this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Malloch 'What *other* proofs he gave' (says Johnson) 'of disrespect to his native country, I know not, but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend'—*Life of Mallet*

<sup>2</sup> 'I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this *solemn* object, when I call on the Rev Doctor Holloway to open it by prayer'—*Speech of Lord Kenyon*

<sup>3</sup> The Rectory which the Rev gentleman holds is situated in the county of *Armagh*—a most remarkable coincidence—and well worthy of the attention of certain expounders of the Apocalypse

The fugitives were track'd, some time,  
 After they'd left the Aunt's abode,  
 By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme, 20  
 Found strew'd along the Western road,—  
 Some of them, *ci-devant* curl-papers,  
 Others, half burnt in lighting tapers  
 This clue, however, to their flight,  
 After some miles was seen no more,  
 And, from inquiries made last night,  
 We find they've reach'd the Irish shore

Every word of it true, Dick—th' escape from Aunt's thrall—  
 Western road—lyric fragments—curl-papers and all  
 My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine 30  
 (As some balance between Fanny's *numbers* and mine),  
 Was that, when we were *one*, she must give up the *Nine*;  
 Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS  
 With a vow never more against prose to transgress  
 This she did, like a heroine,—smack went to bits  
 The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits—  
 Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets—  
 Some twisted up neatly, to form *allumettes*,  
 Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise  
 And enwreath the Belenice's bright locks in the skies! 40  
 While the rest, honest Larry (who's now in *my* pay),  
 Begg'd, as 'lover of *po'thry*, to read on the way

Having thus of life's *poetry* dar'd to dispose,  
 How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its *prose*,  
 With such slender materials for *style*, Heaven knows!  
 But—I'm call'd off abruptly—*another* Express!  
 What the *douce* can it mean '—I'm alarm'd, I confess.

P S

Hurrah, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thousand hurrahs!  
 I'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my days  
 There—read the good news—and while glad, for *my* sake, 50  
 That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining wake,  
 Admire also the *moral*—that he, the sly elf,  
 Who has fudg'd all the world, should be now fudg'd *himself*!

#### EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED

With pain the mournful news I write,  
 Miss Fudge's uncle died last night,  
 And much to mine and friends' surprise,  
 By will doth all his wealth devise—  
 Lands, dwellings—rectories likewise—  
 To his 'belov'd grand-niece,' Miss Fanny,  
 Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many 60  
 Long years hath waited—not a penny!  
 Have notified the same to latter,  
 And wait instructions in the matter  
 For self and partners, &c &c

# SONGS FROM M.P.; OR, THE BLUE-STOCKING

SONG

SUSAN

YOUNG Love liv'd once in an humble  
shed,

Where roses breathing,  
And woodbines wreathing  
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,  
As wild and sweet as the life he led

His garden flourish'd,  
For young Hope nourish'd  
The infant buds with beams and  
showers,  
But lips, though blooming, must still be  
fed,

And not even Love can live on flowers

Alas ! that Poverty's evil eye  
Should e'er come hither,  
Such sweets to wither !

The flowers laid down their heads to die,  
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew  
nigh

She came one morning,  
Ere Love had warning,  
And rais'd the latch, where the young  
god lay,

'Oh ho !' said Love—'is it you ?  
good-by, '•

So he oped the window, and flew away !

To sigh, yet feel no pain,

To weep, yet scarce know why,  
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,  
Then throw it idly by

To kneel at many a shrine,  
Yet lay the heart on none,  
To think all other charms divine,

But those we just have won  
This is love, faithless love,  
Such as kindle hearts that rove

To keep one sacred flame,  
Through life unchill'd, unmov'd,  
To love, in wintry age, the same  
As first in youth we lov'd,

To feel that we adore,  
Ev'n to such fond excess,  
That, though the heart would break,  
with more,

It could not live with less  
This is love, faithful love,  
Such as saints might feel above

SPIRIT of Joy, thy altar lies  
In youthful hearts that hope like mine,  
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes,  
That leads us to thy fairy shrine  
There if we find the sigh, the tear,  
They are not those to Sorrow known,  
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,  
That Bliss may claim them for her own  
Then give me, give me, while I weep,  
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,  
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep  
The tinge of pleasure as they flow

The child, who sees the dew of night  
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,  
Attempts to catch the drops of light,  
But wounds his finger with the thorn  
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek  
Are lost, when touch'd, and turn'd to  
pain,

The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,  
The tears they waken long remain  
But give me, give me, &c &c

WHEN Leila touch'd the lute,  
Not *then* alone 'twas felt,  
But, when the sounds were mute,  
In memory still they dwelt  
Sweet lute ! in nightly slumbers  
Still we heard thy morning numbers

Ah, how could she, who stole  
Such breath from simple wire,  
Be led, in pride of soul,  
To string with gold her lyre ?  
Sweet lute ! thy chords she breaketh,  
Golden now the strings she waketh ?



But where are all the tales  
 Her lute so sweetly told,  
 In lofty themes she fails,  
 And soft ones suit not gold  
 Rich lute! we see thee glisten,  
 But, alas! no more we listen!

## BOAT GLEE

THE song that lightens our languid way  
 When brows are glowing,  
 And faint with rowing,  
 Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,  
 To whose sound through life we stray  
 The beams that flash on the oar awhile,  
 As we row along through waves so  
 clear,  
 Illume its play, like the fleeting smile  
 That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees  
 With an eye that Feeling gave,—  
 For him there's a story in every breeze,  
 And a picture in every wave  
 Then sing to lighten the languid way,—  
 When brows are glowing,  
 And faint with rowing  
 'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,  
 To whose sound through life we stray

Oh think, when a hero is sighing,  
 What danger in such an adorer!  
 What woman could dream of denying  
 The hand that lays laurels before her,  
 No heart is so guarded around,  
 But the smile of a victor would take it,  
 No bosom can slumber so sound,  
 But the trumpet of Glory will wake it  
 Love sometimes is given to sleeping,  
 And woe to the heart that allows him,

For soon neither smiling nor weeping  
 Will e'er from such slumber arouse him  
 But though he were sleeping so fast,  
 That the life almost seem'd to for-  
 sake him,  
 Even then, one soul-thrilling blast  
 From the trumpet of Glory would  
 wake him

## CUPID'S LOTTERY

A Lottery, a Lottery,  
 In Cupid's Court there us'd to be;  
 Two roguish eyes  
 The highest prize  
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery,  
 And kisses, too,  
 As good as now,  
 Which weren't very hard to win,  
 For he, who won  
 The eyes of fun,  
 Was sure to have the kisses in  
 A Lottery, a Lottery, &c

This Lottery, this Lottery,  
 In Cupid's Court went merrily,  
 And Cupid play'd  
 A Jewish trade  
 In this his scheming Lottery,  
 For hearts, we're told,  
 In shares he sold  
 To many a fond believing drone,  
 And cut the hearts  
 So well in parts,  
 That each believ'd the whole his own.  
*Chor*—A Lottery, a Lottery,  
 In Cupid's Court there us'd to be  
 Two roguish eyes  
 The highest prize  
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery

SONG<sup>1</sup>

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country entwined,  
 And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,  
 Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,  
 And sad the remembrance that slavery stains

Oh Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,  
 But dying of languor in luxury's dome,  
 Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present—  
 Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home

<sup>1</sup> Sung in the character of a Frenchman

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd '  
 In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave,  
 Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,  
 And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave  
 But hail to thee, Albion ! who meet'st the commotion  
 Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam,  
 With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,  
 Hail, Temple of Liberty ! thou art my home

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### AT NIGHT <sup>1</sup>

At night, when all is still around, How sweet to hear the distant sound Of footstep, coming soft and light ! What pleasure in the anxious beat, With which the bosom flies to meet That foot that comes so soft at night !	And then, at night, how sweet to say ' 'Tis late, my love ' ' and chide delay, Though still the western clouds are bright, Oh ! happy, too, the silent press, The eloquence of mute caress, With those we love exchange'd at night !
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### TO LADY HOLLAND

#### ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF BOX

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day,  
 To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever nigh,  
 Oh ! could he see the proud, the happy ray,  
 This relic lights up in her generous eye,  
 Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay  
 A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy

*Paris, July 1821*

### EPILOGUE

#### WRITTEN FOR LADY DACRE'S TRAGEDY OF INA

LAST night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,  
 Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and—all that  
 And wondering much what little knavish sprite  
 Had put it first in women's heads to write  
 Sudden I saw—as in some witching dream—  
 A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,  
 From whose quick-opening folds of azure light  
 Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright  
 As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his head,  
 Some sunny morning, from a violet bed  
 'Bless me !' I starting cried, 'what imp are you ?'—  
 'A small he-devil, Ma'am—my name BAS BLEU—  
 A bookish sprite, much giv'n to routs and reading,  
 'Tis I who teach your spinsters of good breeding,

10

<sup>1</sup> These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words 'at night written over him

The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,  
 The last new bounds of tuckers and of maps,  
 And when the waltz has twirl'd her giddy brain,  
 With metaphysics twirl it back again !'

I view'd him, as he spoke—his hose was blue,  
 His wings—the covers of the last Review— 20  
 Cerulean, border'd with a jaundice hue,  
 And tinsell'd gaily o'er for evening wear,  
 Till the next quarter brings a new-fledg'd pair  
 'Inspn'd by me—(pursued this waggish Fairy)—  
 That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,  
 Votary alike of Cuspin and the Muse,  
 Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and shoes,  
 For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,  
 And mingle Love's blue brilliances with mine,  
 For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking, 30  
 Looks wise—the pretty soul !—and *thinks* she's thinking  
 By my advice Miss Indigo attends  
 Lectures on Memory, and assures her friends,  
 "'Pon honour !—(*mimes*)—nothing can surpass the plan  
 Of that professor—(*trying to recollect*)—pssha ! that memory-man—  
 That—what's his name ?—him I attended lately—  
 'Pon honour, he improv'd *my* memory greatly,"

Here, curtseying low, I ask'd the blue-legg'd sprite,  
 What share he had in this our play to-night  
 'Nay, there—(he cried)—there I am guiltless quite— 40  
 What ! choose a heroine from that Gothic time,  
 When no one waltz'd, and none but monks could rhyme,  
 When lovely woman all unschoold'd and wild,  
 Blush'd without art, and without culture smil'd—  
 Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they shone,  
 Ere Science call'd their brilliant world her own,  
 Rang'd the wild, rosy things in learned orders,  
 And fill'd with Greek the garden's blushing borders !—  
 No, no—your gentle Inas will not do—  
 To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue, 50  
 I'll come—(*pointing downwards*)—you understand—till then adieu !'

And *has* the sprite been here ? No—jest apart—  
 Howe'er man rules in science and in art,  
 The sphere of woman's glories is the heart  
 And, if our Muse have sketch'd with pencil true  
 The wife—the mother—firm, yet gentle too—  
 Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath spun,  
 Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one,  
 Who loves—yet dares even Love himself disown,  
 When Honour's broken shaft supports his throne 60  
 If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,  
 Dire as they are, of Critics and—Blue Devils.

THE DAY-DREAM

THEY both were hush'd, the voice, the  
chords,—

I heard but once that witching lay,  
And few the notes, and few the words,  
Myspell-bound memory brought away,

Traces remember'd here and there,  
Like echoes of some broken strain,—  
Links of a sweetness lost in air,  
That nothing now could join again

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled,  
And, though the charm still linger'd  
on,  
That o'er each sense her song had shed,  
The song itself was faded, gone,—

Gone, like the thoughts that once were  
ours,

On summer days, ere youth had set,  
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer  
flowers,

Though *what* they were, we now forget

In vain, with hints from other strains,  
I woo'd this truant air to come—  
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,  
To lure their wilder kindred home 20

In vain —the song that Sappho gave,  
In dying, to the mournful sea,  
Not muter slept beneath the wave,  
Than this within my memory

At length, one morning, as I lay  
In that half-waking mood, when  
dreams

Unwillingly at last give way  
To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face—the very face, methought,  
From which had breath'd, as from a  
shrine

Of song and soul, the notes I sought—  
Came with its music close to mine, 30

And sung the long-lost measure o'er,—  
Each note and word, with every tone  
And look, that lent it life before,—  
All perfect, all again my own !

<sup>1</sup> In these stanzas I have done little more than relate a fact in verse, and the lady, whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Miss Robert Arkwright

Like parted souls, when, mid the Blest  
They meet again, each widow'd sound  
Through memory's realm had wing'd in  
quest  
Of its sweet mate, till all were found 39

Nor even in waking did the clue,  
Thus strangely caught, escape again,  
For never lark its matins knew  
So well as now I knew this strain

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell  
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,  
I sing this lady's song, and tell  
The vision of that morning hour

SONG

WHERE is the heart that would not give  
Years of drowsy days and nights,  
One little hour, like this, to live—

Full, to the brim, of life's delights ?

Look, look around

This fairy ground,

With love-lights glittering o'er,

While cups that shine

With freight divine

Go coasting round its shore

Hope is the dupe of future hours,  
Memory lives in those gone by,  
Neither can see the moment's flowers  
Springing up fresh beneath the eye

Wouldst thou, or thou,

Forego what's *now*,

For all that Hope may say ?

No—Joy's reply,

From every eye,

Is, 'Lave we while we may'

SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE  
SOCIETY

Hand curat Hippocides

Erasm Adgg

To those we love we've drank to-night.

But now attend, and stare not,

While I the ampler list recite

Of those for whom WE CARE NOT

For royal men, howe'er they frown,

If on their fronts they bear not

That noblest gem that decks a crown,

The People's Love—WE CARE NOT

For slavish men, who bend beneath  
A despot yoke, yet dare not 10  
Pronounce the will, whose very breath  
Would rend its links—WE CARE NOT

For priestly men, who covet sway  
And wealth, though they declare not,  
Who point, like finger-posts, the way  
They never go—WE CARE NOT

For martial men, who on their sword,  
Howe'er it conquers, wear not  
The pledges of a soldier's word, 19  
Redeem'd and pure—WE CARE NOT

For legal men, who plead for wrong,  
And, though to lies they swear not,  
Are hardly better than the throng  
Of those who *do*—WE CARE NOT

For courtly men, who feed upon  
The land, like grubs, and spare not  
The smallest leaf, where they can sun  
Their crawling limbs—WE CARE NOT

For wealthy men, who keep their mines  
In darkness hid, and share not 30  
The paltry ore with him who pines  
In honest want—WE CARE NOT

For prudent men, who hold the power  
Of Love aloof, and bare not  
Their hearts in any guardless hour  
To Beauty's shaft—WE CARE NOT

For all, in short, on land or sea,  
In camp or court, who *are* not,  
Who never *were*, or *e'er will* be  
Good men and true—WE CARE NOT 40

### ANNE BOLEYN

TRANSLATION FROM THE METRICAL  
'HISTOIRE D'ANNE BOLEYN'

S'elle estoit belle et de taille elegante,  
Estoit des yeulx encoir plus attirante,  
Lesquelz scavoit bien conduire a propos  
En les tenant quelquefoys en repos,  
Aucune foys envoyant en message  
Porter du cuer le secret tesmoignage

MUCH as her form seduc'd the sight,  
Her eyes could even more surely woo,  
And when and how to shoot their light  
Into men's hearts full well she knew

For sometimes, in repose, she hid  
Their rays beneath a downcast lid,  
And then again, with wakening an,  
Would send their sunny glances out,  
Like heralds of delight, to bear  
Her heart's sweet messages about

### THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS

FROM DANTE

Nell' ora, credo, che dell' oriente  
Prima raggio nel monte Citerea,  
Che di fuoco d' amor par sempre ardente,  
Giovane e bella in sogno mi pareo  
Donna vedere andar per una landa  
Cogliendo fiori, e cantando dicea —  
Sappia qualunque il mio nome dimanda,  
Ch' io mi son Lea, e vo movendo intorno  
Le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda  
Per piacermi allo specchio qui mi' adorno,  
Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga  
Dal suo miraglio, e siede tutto giorno  
Ell' è de' suoi begli occhi veder viga,  
Com' io dell' adornarmi con le mani,  
Lei lo vede e me l'opiere appaga  
Dante, *Purg.* canto XXVIII

'Twas eve's soft hour, and bright, above,  
The star of Beauty beam'd,  
While lull'd by light so full of love,  
In slumber thus I dream'd—  
Methought, at that sweet hour,  
A nymph came o'er the lea,  
Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,  
Thus said and sung to me —  
'Should any ask what Leila loves,  
Say thou, To wreath her hair  
With flow'rets cull'd from glens and  
groves,  
Is Leila's only care

While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,  
O'er hill and dale I roam,  
My sister, Rachel, far more fair,  
Sits lone and mute at home  
Before her glass untiring,  
With thoughts that never stray,  
Her own bright eyes admiring.  
She sits the live-long day,  
While I—oh, seldom even a look  
Of self salutes my eye,—  
My only glass, the limpid brook,  
That shines and passes by'

## SOVEREIGN WOMAN

## A BALLAD

THE dance was o'er, yet still in dreams

That fairy scene went on,  
Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams,

Though day itself is gone  
And gracefully, to music's sound,  
The same bright nymphs went gliding round,

While thou, the Queen of all, wert there—  
The Fairest still, where all were fair

The dream then chang'd—in halls of state,

I saw thee high enthron'd,  
While, rang'd around, the wise, the great

In thee their mistress own'd  
And still the same, thy gentle sway  
O'er willing subjects won its way—  
'Till all confess'd the Right Divine  
To rule o'er man was only thine !

But, lo, the scene now chang'd again—

And borne on plumed steed,  
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain  
Our land's defenders lead,  
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,  
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,

Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,  
Thy very smile was victory !

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone,

In cot and court the same,  
Wherever woman's smile is known,  
Victoria's still her name

For though she almost blush to reign,  
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,

Disguise our bondage as we will,  
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE  
AIR AGAIN

## A BALLAD

COME, play me that simple air again,  
I us'd so to love, in life's young day,  
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams  
that then

Were waken'd by that sweet lay  
The tender gloom its strain  
Shed o'er the heart and brow,  
Grief's shadow, without its pain—  
Say where, where is it now ?

But play me the well-known air once more,

For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,

Like dreams of some far, fairy shore  
We never shall see again

Sweet air, how every note brings back  
Some sunny hope, some day-dream  
bright,

That, shining o'er life's early track,  
Fill'd ev'n its tears with light

The new-found life that came  
With love's first echo'd vow,—  
The fear, the bliss, the shame—

Ah—where, where are they now ?  
But, still the same lov'd notes prolong,  
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,  
In dreams of youth and love and song  
To breathe life's hour away

# ALCIPHRON

## A FRAGMENT

### LETTER I

FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS

WELL may you wonder at my flight  
From those fair Gardens, in whose  
bowers

Lingers whate'er of wise and bright,  
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,  
Is left to grace this world of ours

Well may my comrades, as they roam,  
On such sweet eyes as thus, inquire  
Why I have left that happy home

Where all is found that all desire,  
And Time hath wings that never  
tire, 10

Where bliss, in all the countless shapes  
That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,  
Comes clustering round, like road-side  
grapes

That woo the traveller's lip, at even,  
Where Wisdom flings not joy away—

As Pallas in the stream, they say  
Once flung her flute—but smiling owns  
That woman's lip can send forth tones

Worth all the music of those spheres  
So many dream of, but none hears, 20  
Where Virtue's self puts on so well

Her sister Pleasure's smile, that, loth  
From either nymph apart to dwell,

We finish by embracing both

Yes, such the place of bliss, I own,  
From all whose charms I just have

flown,

And even while thus to thee I write,  
And by the Nile's dark flood recline,

Fondly, in thought, I wing my flight  
Back to those groves and gardens bright,  
And often think, by this sweet light, 31

How lovely they all must shine,  
Can see that graceful temple throw

Down the green slope its lengthen'd  
shade,

While, on the marble steps below,  
There sits some fair Athenian maid,

Over some favourite volume bending,  
And, by her side, a youthful sage

Holds back the ringlets that, descending,  
Would else o'ershadow all the page 40  
But hence such thoughts '—nor let me  
grieve

O'er scenes of joy that I but leave,  
As the bird quits awhile its nest  
To come again with livelier zest

And now to tell thee—what I fear  
Thou'lt gravely smile at—*why* I'm here  
Though through my life's short, sunny  
dream,

I've floated without pain or care,  
Like a light leaf, down pleasure's stream,  
Caught in each sparkling eddy there,  
Though never Mirth awak'd a strain 51  
That my heart echoed not again,

Yet have I felt, when even most gay,  
Sad thoughts—I knew not whence or  
why—

Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,  
Like clouds, that, ere we've time to say  
'How bright the sky is!' shade the  
sky

Sometimes so vague, so undefin'd,  
Were these strange dark'nings of my  
mind—

While nought but joy around me  
beam'd— 60

So causelessly they've come and flown,  
That not of life or earth they seem'd,  
But shadows from some world un-  
known

More oft, however, 'twas the thought  
How soon that scene, with all its play  
Of life and gladness, must decay—

Those lips I prest, the hands I caught—  
Myself—the crowd that mirth had  
brought

Around me—swept like weeds away !

This thought it was that came to shed  
 O'er rapture's hour its worst alloys,  
 And, close as shade with sunshine, wed  
 Its sadness with my happiest joys 73  
 Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice,  
 Stealing amid our mirth to say  
 That all, in which we most rejoice,  
 Ere night may be the earth-worm's  
 prey,

*But for this bitter—only this—*  
 Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,  
 And capable as feels my soul 80  
 Of draining to its dregs the whole,  
 I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,  
 If bliss made Gods, a Deity!

Thou know'st that night—the very last  
 That 'mong my Garden friends I pass'd—  
 When the School held its feast of mirth  
 To celebrate our founder's birth,  
 And all that He in dreams but saw

When he set Pleasure on the throne  
 Of this bright world, and wrote her law  
 In human hearts, was felt and known—  
*Not* in unreal dreams, but true 92  
 Substantial joy as pulse e'er knew—  
 By hearts and bosoms, that each felt  
*Itself* the realm where Pleasure dwelt

That night, when all our mirth was  
 o'er,

The minstrels silent, and the feet  
 Of the young maidens heard no more —  
 So stilly was the time, so sweet,  
 And such a calm came o'er that scene,  
 Where life and revel late had been— 101  
 Lone as the quiet of some bay,  
 From which the sea hath ebb'd away—  
 That still I linger'd, lost in thought,

Gazing upon the stars of night,  
 Sad and intent, as if I sought

Some mournful secret in their light,  
 And ask'd them, 'mid that silence, why  
 Man, glorious man, alone must die,  
 While they, less wonderful than he, 110  
 Shine on through all eternity

That night—thou haply may'st forget  
 Its loveliness—but 'twas a night

To make earth's meanest slave regret  
 Leaving a world so soft and bright  
 On one side, in the dark blue sky,  
 Lonely and radiant, was the eye  
 Of Jove himself, while, on the other,  
 'Mong stars that came out one by one,

The young moon—like the Roman mother  
 Among her living jewels—shone 121  
 'Oh that from yonder orbs,' I thought,  
 'Pure and eternal as they are,  
 There could to earth some power be  
 brought,

Some charm, with their own essence  
 fraught,

To make man deathless as a star,  
 And open to his vast desires

A course, as boundless and sublime  
 As that which waits those comet-fires,  
 That burn and roam throughout all  
 time! 130

While thoughts like these absorb'd my  
 mind,

That weariness which earthly bliss,  
 However sweet, still leaves behind,  
 As if to show how earthly 'tis,  
 Came lulling o'er me, and I laid

My limbs at that fair statue's base—  
 That miracle, which Art hath made

Of all the choice of Nature's grace—  
 To which so oft I've knelt and sworn,

That, could a living maid like her 140  
 Unto this wondering world be born,  
 I would, myself, turn worshipper

Sleep came then o'er me—and I seem'd  
 To be transported far away

To a bleak desert plain, where gleam'd  
 One single, melancholy ray,

Throughout that darkness dimly shed  
 From a small taper in the hand

Of one, who, pale as are the dead,  
 Before me took his spectral stand, 150

And said, while, awfully, a smile  
 Came o'er the wanness of his cheek—

'Go, and beside the sacred Nile  
 You'll find the' Eternal Life you seek'

Soon as he spoke these words, the hue  
 Of death o'er all his features grew,

Like the pale morning, when o'er night  
 She gains the victory, full of light,

While the small torch he held became  
 A glory in his hand, whose flame 160

Brighten'd the desert suddenly,  
 Even to the far horizon's line—

Along whose level I could see  
 Gardens and groves that seem'd to  
 shine,

As if then o'er them freshly play'd  
 A vernal rainbow's rich cascade,



And music floated every where,  
 Circling, as 'twere itself the air,  
 And spirits, on whose wings the hue 169  
 Of heaven still linger'd, round me flew,  
 Till from all sides such splendours broke,  
 That, with the excess of light, I woke !

Such was my dream,—and, I confess,  
 Though none of all our creedless  
 School

E'er conn'd, believ'd, or reverenc'd less  
 The fables of the priest-led fool,  
 Who tells us of a soul, a mind,  
 Separate and puré, within us shrin'd,  
 Which is to live—ah, hope too bright !—  
 For ever in yon fields of light , 180

Who fondly thinks the guardian eyes  
 Of Gods are on him—as if, blest  
 And blooming in their own blue skies,  
 The' eternal Gods were not too wise

To let weak man disturb their rest !—  
 Though thinking of such creeds as thou  
 And all our Garden sages think,  
 Yet is there something, I allow,

In dreams like this—a sort of link  
 With worlds unseen, which, from the  
 hour 190

I first could hsp my thoughts till now,  
 Hath master'd me with spell-like power

And who can tell, as we're combin'd  
 Of various atoms—some refin'd  
 Like those that scintillate and play  
 In the fix'd stars—some, gross as they  
 That frown in clouds or sleep in clay—  
 Who can be sure, but 'tis the best

And brightest atoms of our frame,  
 Those most akin to stellar flame, 200  
 That shine out thus, when we're at  
 rest,—

Ev'n as the stars themselves, whose light  
 Comes out but in the silent night  
 Or is it that there lurks, indeed,  
 Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,

And that our Guardians, from on high,  
 Come, in that pause from toil and sin,  
 To put the senses' curtain by,  
 And on the wakeful soul look in !

Vain thought !—but yet, howe'er it be,  
 Dreams, more than once, hath prov'd to  
 me 211

Oracles, truer far than Oak,  
 Or Dove, or Tripod, ever spoke  
 And 'twas the words—thou'lt hear and  
 smile—

The words that phantom seem'd to  
 speak—

'Go, and beside the sacred Nile  
 You'll find the Eternal Life you seek'—  
 That, haunting me by night, by day,

At length, as with the unseen hand  
 Of Fate itself, urg'd me away 220  
 From Athens to this Holy Land ,

Where, 'mong the secrets, still untaught,  
 The myst'ries that, as yet, nor sun  
 Nor eye hath reach'd—oh, blessed  
 thought !—

May sleep this everlasting one

Farewell—when to our Garden friends  
 Thou talk'st of the wild dream that sends  
 The gayest of their school thus far,  
 Wandering beneath Canopus' star,  
 Tell them that, wander where he will,

Or, howsoe'er they now condemn 231  
 His vague and vain pursuit, he still  
 Is worthy of the School and them,—  
 Still, all their own—nor e'er forgets,

Ev'n while his heart and soul pursue  
 Th' Eternal Light which never sets,

The many meteor joys that do,  
 But seeks them, hails them with delight,  
 Where'er they meet his longing sight  
 And, if his life *must* wane away, 240

Like other lives, at least the day,  
 The hour it lasts shall, like a fire  
 With incense fed, in sweets expire

## LETTER II

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

*Memphis.*

'Tis true, alas—the myst'ries and the lore  
 I came to study on this wondrous shore,  
 Are all forgotten in the new delights,  
 The strange, wild joys that fill my days and nights  
 Instead of dark, dull oracles that speak  
 From subterranean temples, those I seek

Come from the breathing shrines where Beauty lives,  
 And Love, her priest, the soft responses gives  
 Instead of honouring Isis in those rites  
 At Coptos held, I hail her, when she lights 10  
 Her first young crescent on the holy stream—  
 When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam,  
 And number o'er the nights she hath to run,  
 Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun  
 While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly lends  
 A clue into past times, the student bends,  
 And by its glimmering guidance learns to tread  
 Back through the shadowy knowledge of the dead—  
 The only skill, alas, I yet can claim  
 Lies in deciphering some new lov'd-one's name— 20  
 Some gentle missive, hinting time and place,  
 In language, soft as Memphian reed can trace  
 And where—oh where's the heart that could withstand  
 The' unnumber'd witcheries of this sun-born land,  
 Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,  
 And Love hath temples ancient as the world'  
 Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,  
 Hides but to win, and shades but to adorn,  
 Where that luxurious melancholy, born  
 Of passion and of genius, sheds a gloom 30  
 Making joy holy,—where the bower and tomb  
 Stand side by side, and Pleasure leans from Death  
 The instant value of each moment's breath

Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream  
 This lovely land now looks '—the glorious stream,  
 That late, between its banks, was seen to glide  
 'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side  
 Glitt'ring like jewels strung along a chain,  
 Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain  
 And valley, like a giant from his bed 40  
 Rising with outstretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread;  
 While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear  
 And blue a heaven as ever bless'd our sphere,  
 Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,  
 And high-built temples, fit to be the homes  
 Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose hour  
 Outlasts all time, above the waters tower '

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make  
 One theatre of this vast, peopled lake,  
 Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives 50  
 Of life and motion, ever moves and lives  
 Here, up the steps of temples from the wave  
 Ascending, in procession slow and grave,  
 Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands  
 And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands,  
 While there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts  
 Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—  
 Glide, with their precious lading to the sea,  
 Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory,

Gems from the Isle of Meioe, and those grains  
 Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains  
 Here, where the waters wind into a bay  
 Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way  
 To Sais or Bubastus, among beds  
 Of lotus flowers, that close above their heads,  
 Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,  
 Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour,  
 Oft dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat,  
 That leaf, from which its waters drink most sweet —  
 While haply, not far off, beneath a bank  
 Of blossoming acacias, many a piank  
 Is played in the cool current by a train  
 Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she,<sup>1</sup> whose chain  
 Around two conquerors of the world was cast,  
 But, for a third too feeble, broke at last  
 60

For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand,  
 As poor in charms, the women of this land  
 Though darkened by that sun, whose spirit flows  
 Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,  
 'Tis but the' embrowning of the fruit that tells  
 How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells—  
 The hue their own dark sanctuaries wear,  
 Announcing heaven in half-caught glimpses there  
 And never yet did tell-tale looks set free  
 The secret of young hearts more tenderly  
 Such eyes '—long, shadowy, with that languid fall  
 Of the fang'd lids, which may be seen in all  
 Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays—  
 Lending such looks as, on their marriage days,  
 Young maids cast down before a bridegroom's gaze<sup>1</sup>  
 Then for their grace—mark but the nymph-like shapes  
 Of the young village girls, when carrying grapes  
 From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers—  
 Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest hours,  
 E'er imag'd forth, even at the touch of him<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb,  
 Then, canst thou wonder if, 'mid scenes like these,  
 I should forget all graver mysteries,  
 All lore but Love's, all secrets but that best  
 In heaven or earth, the art of being blest<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet are these times—though brief, I own, their stay,  
 Like Summer clouds that shine themselves away—  
 Moments of gloom, when even these pleasures pall  
 Upon my sadd'ning heart, and I recall  
 That Garden dream—that promise of a power—  
 Oh, were there such '—to lengthen out life's hour,  
 On, on, as through a vista, far away  
 Opening before us into endless day<sup>1</sup>  
 And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought  
 Come on that evening—bright as ever brought  
 100 110

<sup>1</sup> Cleopatra<sup>2</sup> Apelles.

Light's golden farewell to the world—when first  
 The' eternal pyramids of Memphis burst  
 Awfully on my sight—standing sublime  
 'Twixt earth and heaven, the watch-towers of Time,  
 From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past  
 From earth for ever, he will look his last '1

There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round  
 Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound  
 In the still air that circled them, which stole  
 Like music of past times into my soul 120  
 I thought what myriads of the wise, and brave,  
 And beautiful, had sunk into the grave,  
 Since earth first saw these wonders—and I said,  
 'Are things eternal only for the Dead '  
 Hath man no loftier hope than this, which dooms  
 His only lasting trophies to be tombs '  
 But 'tis not so—earth, heaven, all nature shows  
 He *may* become immortal—*may* unclothe  
 The wings within him wrapt, and proudly rise,  
 Redeem'd from earth, a creature of the skies ' 130

And who can say, among the written spells  
 From Heimes' hand, that, in these shines and cells  
 Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be  
 Some secret clue to immortality,—  
 Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire  
 Awake within us, never to expue '  
 'Tis known that, on the Emerald Table, hid  
 For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,  
 The Thrice-Great '1 did himself, engrave, of old,  
 The chymic mystery that gives endless gold 140  
 And why may not this mightier secret dwell  
 Within the same dark chambers ? who can tell  
 But that those kings, who, by the written skill  
 Of the' Emerald Table, call'd forth gold at will,  
 And quarries upon quarries heap'd and hui'd,  
 To build them domes that might outstand the world—  
 Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which shares  
 The life of Gods with man, was also theirs—  
 That they themselves, triumphant o'er the power  
 Of fate and death, are living at this hour, 150  
 And these, the giant homes they still possess,  
 Not tombs, but everlasting palaces,  
 Within whose depths, hid from the world above,  
 Even now they wander, with the few they love,  
 Through subterranean gardens, by a light  
 Unknown on earth, which hath nor dawn nor night '  
 Else, why those deathless structures ? why the grand  
 And hidden halls, that undermine this land ?  
 Why else hath none of earth e'er dared to go  
 Through the dark windings of that realm below, 160

<sup>1</sup> The Heimes Thismegistus

Nor aught from heav'n itself, except the God  
Of Silence, through those endless labyrinths trod ?  
Thus did I dream—wild, wandering dreams, I own,  
But such as haunt me ever, if alone,  
Or in that pause, 'twixt joy and joy I be,  
Like a ship hush'd between two waves at sea  
Then do these spuit whisperings, like the sound  
Of the Dark Future, come appalling round,  
Nor can I break the trance that holds me then,  
Till high o'er Pleasure's surge I mount again !

170

Even now for new adventure, new delight,  
My heart is on the wing,—this very night,  
The Temple on that Island, half-way o'er  
From Memphis' gardens to the eastern shore,  
Sends up its annual rite<sup>1</sup> to her, whose beams  
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams ;  
The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,  
And turns to silvery dew each drop it takes ;—  
Oh, not our Dian of the North, who chains  
In vestal ice the current of young veins,  
But she who haunts the gay Bubastian<sup>2</sup> grove,  
And owns she sees, from her bright heaven above,  
Nothing on earth to match that heaven but Love  
Think, then, what bliss will be abroad to-night !—  
Besides those sparkling nymphs, who meet the sight  
Day after day, familiar as the sun,  
Coy buds of beauty, yet unbreath'd upon,  
And all the hidden loveliness, that lies,  
Shut up, as are the beams of sleeping eyes,  
Within these twilight shrines—to-night shall be  
Let loose, like birds, for this festivity !

180

190

And mark, 'tis nigh, already the sun bids  
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,  
As he hath done, age after age, till they  
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray,  
While then great shadows, stretching from the light,  
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,  
Stretching across the valley, to invade  
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade  
Around, as signals of the setting beam,  
Gay, gilded flags on every house-top gleam  
While, hark !—from all the temples a rich swell  
Of music to the Moon—farewell—farewell

200

<sup>1</sup> The great Festival of the Moon

<sup>2</sup> Bubastis, or Isis, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology

## LETTER III

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

*Memphis*

THERE is some star—or it may be  
 That moon we saw so near last night—  
 Which comes athwart my destiny  
 For ever, with misleading light  
 If for a moment, pure and wise  
 And calm I feel, there quick doth fall  
 A spark from some disturbing eyes,  
 That through my heart, soul, being flies,  
 And makes a wildfire of it all  
 I've seen—oh, Cleon, that this earth so  
 Should e'er have giv'n such beauty  
 birth '—

That man—but, hold—hear all that  
 pass'd

Since yester-night, from first to last

The rising of the Moon, calm, slow,  
 And beautiful, as if she came  
 Fresh from the Elysian bowers below,  
 Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim,  
 Welcom'd from every breezy height,  
 Where crowds stood waiting for her light  
 And well might they who view'd the  
 scene 20

Then lit up all around them, say,  
 That never yet had Nature been  
 Caught sleeping in a lover's ray,  
 Or rival'd her own noon-tide face,  
 With puer show of moonlight grace  
 Memphis—still grand, though not the  
 same

Unrival'd Memphis, that could seize  
 From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame,  
 And wear it bright through cen-  
 turies— 29

Now, in the moonshine, that came down  
 Like a last smile upon that crown,—  
 Memphis, still grand, among her lakes,  
 Her pyramids and shrines of fire,  
 Rose, like a vision, that half breaks  
 On one who, dreaming still, awakes,  
 To music from some midnight choir  
 While to the west—where gradual sinks  
 In the red sands, from Libya roll'd,  
 Some mighty column, or fair sphynx, 39  
 That stood in kingly courts, of old—  
 It seem'd as, 'mid the pomps that shone  
 Thus gaily round him, Time look'd on,  
 Waiting till all, now bright and blest,  
 Should sink beneath him like the rest

No sooner had the setting sun  
 Proclaim'd the festal rite begun,  
 And, 'mid their idol's fullest beams,

The Egyptian world was all afloat,  
 Than I, who live upon these streams,

Like a young Nile-bird, turn'd my boat  
 To the fair island, on whose shores, 51  
 Through leafy palms and sycamores,  
 Already shone the moving lights  
 Of pilgrims hastening to the rites.  
 While, far around, like ruby sparks  
 Upon the water, lighted barks,  
 Of every form and kind—from those

That down Syene's cataract shoot,  
 To the grand, gilded barge, that rows  
 To tambour's beat and breath of  
 flute, 60

And wears at night, in words of flame,  
 On the rich prow, its master's name,—  
 All were alive, and made this sea

Of cities busy as a hill  
 Of summer ants, caught suddenly  
 In the overflowing of a rill

Landed upon the isle, I soon  
 Through marble alleys and small  
 groves

Of that mysterious palm she loves,  
 Reach'd the fair Temple of the Moon, 70  
 And there—as slowly through the last  
 Dim-lighted vestibule I pass'd—  
 Between the porphyry pillars, twin'd

With palm and ivy, I could see  
 A band of youthful maidens wind,  
 In measur'd walk, half dancingly,  
 Round a small shrine, on which was plac'd  
 That bird,<sup>1</sup> whose plumes of black and  
 white

Wear in their hue, by Nature trac'd,  
 A type of the moon's shadow'd light

In drapery, like woven snow, 81  
 These nymphs were clad, and each, below  
 The rounded bosom, loosely wore

A dark blue zone, or bandelet,  
 With little silver stars all o'er,  
 As are the skies at midnight, set,  
 While in their tresses, braided through,  
 Sparkled that flower of Egypt's lakes,  
 The silvery lotus, in whose hue

As much delight the young Moontakes,  
 As doth the Day-God to behold 91  
 The lofty bean-flower's buds of gold

<sup>1</sup> The Ibis

And, as they gracefully went round  
The worshipp'd bird, some to the beat  
Of castanets, some to the sound

Of the shrill *sistrum* tim'd their feet,  
While others, at each step they took,  
A tinkling chain of silver shook  
They seem'd all fan—but there was one  
On whom the light had not yet shone, 100  
Or shone but partly—so downcast  
She held her brow as slow she past  
And yet to me, there seem'd to dwell

A charm about that unseen face—  
A something in the shade that fell  
Over that brow's imagin'd grace,  
Which won me more than all the best  
Outshining beauties of the rest  
And *her* alone my eyes could see,  
Enchain'd by this sweet mystery, 110  
And *her* alone I watch'd, as round  
She glided o'er that marble ground,  
Stirring not more the unconscious air  
Than if a Spirit were moving there  
Till suddenly, wide open flew  
The Temple's folding gates, and threw  
A splendour from within, a flood  
Of glory, where these maidens stood  
While, with that light—as if the same  
Rich source gave birth to both—there  
came 120

A swell of harmony, as grand  
As e'er was born of voice and hand,  
Filling the gorgeous aisles around  
With luxury of light and sound

Then was it, by the flash that blaz'd  
Full o'er her features—oh 'twas then,  
As startingly her eyes she rais'd,

But quick let fall their lids again,  
I saw—not *Psyche's* self, when first  
Upon the threshold of the skies 130

She paus'd, while heaven's glory burst  
Newly upon her downcast eyes,  
Could look more beautiful, or blush

With holier shame, than did this maid,  
Whom now I saw, in all that gush

Of splendour from the aisles display'd,  
Never—though well thou know'st how  
much

I've felt the sway of Beauty's star—  
Never did her bright influence touch

My soul into its depths so far, 140  
And had that vision linger'd there

One minute more, I should have flown,  
Forgetful *who* I was and where,

And, at her feet in worship thrown,  
Proffer'd my soul through life her  
own

But, scarcely had that burst of light  
And music broke on ear and sight,  
Than up the aisle the bird took wing,  
As if on heavenly mission sent, 149  
While after him, with graceful spring,  
Like some unearthly creatures, meant  
To live in that mix'd element  
Of light and song, the young maids  
went,

And she, who in my heart had thrown  
A spark to burn for life, was flown

In vain I tried to follow,—bands  
Of reverend chanteis fill'd the aisle.  
Where'er I sought to pass, their wands  
Motion'd me back, while many a file  
Of sacred nymphs—but ah, not they 160  
Whom my eyes look'd for—throng'd the  
way

Perplex'd, impatient, 'mid this crowd  
Of faces, lights—the o'erwhelming cloud  
Of incense round me, and my blood  
Full of its new-born fire—I stood,  
Nor mov'd, nor breath'd, but when

I caught

A glimpse of some blue, spangled  
zone,

Or wreath of lotus, which, I thought,  
Like those she wore at distance shone

But no, 'twas vain—hour after hour, 170  
Till my heart's throbbing turn'd to  
pain,

And my strain'd eyesight lost its power,

I sought her thus, but all in vain  
At length, hot—wilder'd—in despair,

I rush'd into the cool night-air,

And, hurrying (though with many a look

Back to the busy Temple), took

My way along the moonlight shore,

And spring into my boat once more

There is a Lake, that to the north 180

Of Memphis stretches grandly forth,

Upon whose silent shore the Dead

Have a proud City of their own,<sup>1</sup>

With shrines and pyramids o'erspread—

Where many an ancient kingly head

Slumbers, immortalis'd in stone,

<sup>1</sup> Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the  
south of Memphis

And where, through marble grots beneath,

The lifeless, rang'd like sacred things,  
Nor wanting aught of life but breath,  
Lie in their painted coverings, 190

And on each new successive race,  
That visit their dim haunts below,  
Look with the same unwithering face

They were three thousand years ago  
There, Silence, thoughtful God, who  
loves

The neighbourhood of death, in groves  
Of asphodel lies hid, and weaves  
His hushing spell among the leaves—

Nor ever noise disturbs the air,  
Save the low, humming, mournful  
sound 200

Of priests, within their shrines, at prayer  
For the fresh Dead entomb'd around

'Twas tow'rd this place of death—in mood  
Made up of thoughts, half bright,  
half dark—

I now across the shining flood  
Unconscious turn'd my light-wing'd  
bark

The form of that young maid, in all  
Its beauty, was before me still,  
And oft I thought, if thus to call

Her image to my mind at will, 210

If but the memory of that one  
Bright look of hers, for ever gone,

Was to my heart worth all the rest  
Of woman-kind, beheld, possess—

What would it be, if wholly mine,  
Within these arms, as in a shrine,

Hallow'd by Love, I saw her shine—  
An idol, worshipp'd by the light

Of her own beauties, day and night—  
If 'twas a blessing but to see 220

And lose again, what would *this* be ?

In thoughts like these—but often crost  
By darker threads—my mind was lost,

Till, near that City of the Dead,  
Wak'd from my trance, I saw o'erhead—

As if by some enchanter bid

Suddenly from the wave to rise—  
Pyramid over pyramid

Tower in succession to the skies,  
While one, aspiring, as if soon 230

'Twould touch the heavens, rose o'er  
all,

And, on its summit, the white moon  
Rested, as on a pedestal !

The silence of the lonely tombs

And temples round, where nought was  
heard

But the high palm-tree's tufted plumes,  
Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,

Form'd a deep contrast to the scene  
Of revel, where I late had been, 239

To those gay sounds, that still came o'er,  
Faintly, from many a distant shore,

And the' unnumber'd lights, that shone  
Far o'er the flood, from Memphis on

To the Moon's Isle and Babylon

My oars were lifted, and my boat  
Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream,

While my vague thoughts, alike afloat,  
Drifted through many an idle dream,

With all of which, wild and unfix'd  
As was their aim, that vision mix'd, 250

That bright nymph of the Temple—now,  
With the same innocence of brow

She wore within the lighted fane—  
Now kindling, through each pulse and

vein,  
With passion of such deep-felt fire

As Gods might glory to inspire,—  
And now—oh Darkness of the tomb,

That must eclipse even light like hers !  
Cold, dead, and blackening, 'mid the

gloom  
Of those eternal sepulchres 260

Scarce had I turn'd my eyes away  
From that dark death-place, at the

thought,  
When by the sound of dashing spray

From a light oar my ear was caught,  
While past me, through the moonlight,

sail'd  
A little gilded bark that bore

Two female figures, closely veil'd  
And mantled, towards that funeral

shore  
They landed—and the boat again

Put off across the watery plain 270

Shall I confess—to *thee* I may—  
That never yet hath come the chance

Of a new music, a new ray  
From woman's voice, from woman's

glance,  
Which—let it find me how it might,

In joy or grief—I did not bless,  
And wander after, as a light

Leading to undreamt happiness



And chafly now, when hopes so vain  
Were stirring in my heart and brain, 280  
When Fancy had allur'd my soul

Into a chase, as vague and far  
As would be his, who fix'd his goal

In the horizon, or some star—  
Any bewilderment, that brought  
More near to earth my high-flown  
thought—

The faintest glimpse of joy, less pure,  
Less high and heavenly, but more sure,  
Came welcome—and was then to me  
What the first flowery isle must be 290  
To vagrant birds blown out to sea

Quick to the shore I urg'd my bark,  
And, by the bursts of moonlight, shed  
Between the lofty tombs, could mark  
Those figures, as with hasty tread  
They glided on—till in the shade  
Of a small pyramid, which through  
Some boughs of palm its peak display'd,  
They vanish'd instant from my view

I hurried to the spot—no trace 300  
Of life was in that lonely place,  
And, had the creed I hold by taught  
Of other worlds, I might have thought  
Some mocking spirits had from thence  
Come in this guise to cheat my sense

At length, exploring darkly round  
The Pyramid's smooth sides, I found  
An iron portal—opening high

"Twixt peak and base—and, with a  
prayer

To the bliss-loving Moon, whose eye 310  
Alone beheld me, sprung in there

Downward the narrow stairway led  
Through many a duct obscure and dread,  
A labyrinth for mystery made,  
With wanderings onward, backward,  
round,

And gathering still, wher'er it wound,  
But deeper density of shade

Scarce had I ask'd myself, 'Can aught  
That man delights in sojourn here?'—  
When, suddenly, far off, I caught 320  
A glimpse of light, remote, but clear—  
Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour  
From some alcove or cell, that ended  
The long, steep, marble corridor,  
Through which I now, all hope,  
descended

Never did Spartan to his bride  
With wavier foot at midnight glide.  
It seem'd as echo's self were dead  
In this dark place, so mute my tread  
Reaching, at length, that light, I saw—

Oh listen to the scene, now rais'd 331  
Before my eyes—then guess the awe,

The still, rapt awe with which I gaz'd  
'Twas a small chapel, lin'd around  
With the fair, spangling marble, found  
In many a ruin'd shrine that stands  
Half seen above the Libyan sands  
The walls were richly sculptur'd o'er,  
And character'd with that dark lore,  
Of times before the Flood, whose key  
Was lost in the 'Universal Sea'— 341  
While on the roof was sculptur'd bright

The Theban beetle, as he shines,  
When the Nile's mighty flow declines,  
And forth the creature springs to light,  
With life regenerate in his wings —  
Emblem of vain imaginings!  
Of a new world, when this is gone,  
In which the spirit still lives on!

Direct beneath this type, reclin'd 350

On a black granite altar, lay  
A female form, in crystal shrin'd,  
And looking fresh as if the ray  
Of soul had fled but yesterday  
While in relief, of silv'ry hue,  
Grav'd on the altar's front were seen  
A branch of lotus, broken in two,  
As that fair creature's life had been,  
And a small bird that from its spray  
Was winging, like her soul, away 360

But brief the glimpse I now could spare,  
To the wild, mystic wonders round,  
For there was yet one wonder there,

That held me as by witch'ry bound  
The lamp, that through the chamber shed  
Its vivid beam, was at the head  
Of her who on that altar slept,

And near it stood, when first I came—  
Bending her brow, as if she kept  
Sad watch upon its silent flame— 370  
A female form, as yet so plac'd

Between the lamp's strong glow and  
me,

That I but saw, in outline trac'd,  
The shadow of her symmetry  
Yet did my heart—I scarce knew why—  
Even at that shadow'd shape beat high

Nor was it long, ere full in sight  
 The figure turn'd, and by the light  
 That touch'd her features, as she bent  
 Over the crystal monument, 380  
 I saw 'twas she—the same—the same—

That lately stood before me, bright-  
 ning  
 The holy spot, where she but came  
 And went again, like summer light-  
 ning !

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast  
 Of her who took that silent rest,  
 There was a cross of silver lying—

Another type of that blest home,  
 Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying  
 Build for us in a world to come — 390

This silver cross the maiden rais'd  
 To her pure lips —then, having gaz'd  
 Some minutes on that tranquil face,  
 Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,  
 Upward she turn'd her brow serene,

As if, intent on heaven, those eyes  
 Saw then nor roof nor cloud between

Their own pure orbits and the skies,  
 And, though her lips no motion made,  
 And that fix'd look was all her speech,

I saw that the rapt spirit pray'd 401  
 Deeper within than words could reach

Strange power of Innocence, to turn  
 To its own hue whate'er comes near,  
 And make even vagrant Passion burn

With purer warmth within its sphere !  
 She who, but one short hour before,  
 Had come, like sudden wild-fire, o'er  
 My heart and brain—whom gladly, even

From that bright Temple, in the face  
 Of those proud ministers of heaven, 411

I would have borne, in wild embrace,  
 And risk'd all punishment, divine

And human, but to make her mine,—  
 She, she was now before me, thrown

By fate itself into my arms—  
 There standing, beautiful, alone,

With naught to guard her, but her  
 charms

Yet did I, then—did even a breath  
 From my parch'd lips, too parch'd to  
 move, 420

Disturb a scene where thus, beneath  
 Earth's silent covering, Youth and Death

Held converse through undying love ?  
 No—smile and taunt me as thou wilt—

Though but to gaze thus was delight,

Yet seem'd it like a wrong, a guilt,  
 To win by stealth so pure a sight  
 And rather than a look profane  
 Should then have met those thought-  
 ful eyes,

Or voice or whisper broke the chain 430  
 That link'd her spirit with the skies,  
 I would have gladly, in that place,  
 From which I watch'd her heavenward  
 face,

Let my heart break, without one beat  
 That could disturb a prayer so sweet  
 Gently, as if on every tread,

My life, my more than life, depended,  
 Back through the corridor that led

To this blest scene I now ascended,  
 And with slow seeking, and some pain,  
 And many a winding tried in vain, 441  
 Emerg'd to upper air again

The sun had freshly risen, and down  
 The marble hills of Araby,  
 Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,

His beams into that living sea  
 There seem'd a glory in his light,

Newly put on—as if for pride  
 Of the high homage paid this night

To his own Isis, his young bride, 450  
 Now fading feminine away

In her proud Lord's superior ray  
 My mind's first impulse was to fly

At once from this entangling net—  
 New scenes to range, new loves to try,

Or, in mirth, wine, and luxury  
 Of every sense, that night forget

But vain the effort—spell-bound still,  
 I linger'd, without power or will

To turn my eyes from that dark door,  
 Which now enclos'd her 'mong the dead,

Of fancying, through the boughs, that  
 o'er 462

The sunny pile their flickering shed,  
 'Twas her light form again I saw

Starting to earth—still pure and bright,  
 But wakening, as I hop'd, less awe,

Thus seen by morning's natural light,  
 Than in that strange, dim cell at night

But no, alas—she ne'er return'd  
 Nor yet—though still I watch—nor

yet, 470  
 Though the red sun for hours hath  
 burn'd,

And now, in his mid course, hath met

The peak of that eternal pile  
 He pauses still at noon to bless,  
 Standing beneath his downward smile,  
 Like a great Spirit, shadowless !—  
 Nor yet she comes—while here, alone,  
 Saunt'ring through this death-peopled  
 place,  
 Where no heart beats except my own,  
 Or 'neath a palm-tree's shelter thrown,  
 By turns I watch, and rest, and trace  
 These lines, that are to waft to thee 482  
 My last night's wondrous history  
 Dost thou remember, in that Isle  
 Of our own Sea, where thou and I  
 Linger'd so long, so happy a while,  
 'Till all the summer flowers went by—  
 How gay it was, when sunset brought  
 To the cool Well our favourite maids—  
 Some we had won, and some we sought—  
 To dance within the fragrant shades,  
 And, till the stars went down attune 492  
 Their Fountain Hymns<sup>1</sup> to the young  
 moon ?  
 That time, too—oh, 'tis like a dream—  
 When from Scamander's holy tide  
 I sprung as Genius of the Stream,  
 And bore away that blooming bride,  
 Who thither came, to yield her charms  
 (As Phrygian maids are wont, ere wed)

Into the cold Scamander's arms, 500  
 But met, and welcom'd mine, in-  
 stead—  
 Wondering, as on my neck she fell,  
 How river-gods could love so well !  
 Who would have thought that he, who  
 rov'd  
 Like the first bees of summer then,  
 Riffing each sweet, nor ever lov'd  
 But the free hearts, that lov'd again,  
 Readily as the reed replies  
 To the least breath that round it sighs—  
 Is the same dreamer who, last night, 510  
 Stood aw'd and breathless at the sight  
 Of one Egyptian gul, and now  
 Wanders among these tombs, with brow  
 Pale, watchful, sad, as though he just,  
 Himself, had risen from out their dust !  
 Yet so it is—and the same thirst  
 For something high and pure, above  
 This withering world, which, from the  
 first,  
 Made me drink deep of woman's love—  
 As the one joy, to heaven most near 520  
 Of all our hearts can meet with here—  
 Still burns me up, still keeps awake  
 A fever nought but death can slake  
 Farewell, whatever may befall—  
 Or bright, or dark—thou'lt know it all

## LETTER IV

FROM ORCUS, HIGH PRIEST OF MEMPHIS, TO DECIUS, THE PRAETORIAN PREFECT

REJOICE, my friend, rejoice —the youthful Chief  
 Of that light Sect which mocks at all belief,  
 And, gay and godless, makes the present hour  
 Its only heaven, is now within our power  
 Smooth, impious school !—not all the weapons aim'd  
 At priestly creeds, since first a creed was fram'd,  
 E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield,  
 The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers conceal'd  
 And oh, 'twere victory to this heart, as sweet  
 As any *thou* canst boast—even when the feet 10  
 Of thy proud war-steed wade through Christian blood,  
 To wrap this scoff in Faith's blinding hood,  
 And bring him, tam'd and prostrate, to implore  
 The vilest gods even Egypt's saints adore  
 What !—do these sages think, to *them* alone  
 The key of this world's happiness is known ?  
 That none but they, who make such proud parade  
 Of Pleasure's smiling favours, win the maid,

<sup>1</sup> These songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek  
 isles

Or that Religion keeps no secret place,  
 No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to grace ? 20  
 Fools '—did they know how keen the zest that's given  
 To earthly joy, when season'd well with heaven,  
 How Piety's grave mask improves the hue  
 Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through,  
 And how the Priest, set aptly within reach  
 Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,  
 Would they not, Decius—thou, whom the' ancient the  
 Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally—  
 Would they not change their creed, their craft, for ours ?  
 Leave the gross daylight joys that, in their bowers, 30  
 Languish with too much sun, like o'erblown flowers,  
 For the veil'd loves, the blisses undisplay'd  
 That slyly lurk within the Temple's shade ?  
 And, 'stead of haunting the trim Garden's school—  
 Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,  
 Like the pale moon's, o'er passions heaving tide,  
 Till Pleasure's self is chill'd by Wisdom's pride—  
 Be taught by us, quit shadows for the true,  
 Substantial joys we sager Priests pursue,  
 Who, far too wise to theorise on bliss, 40  
 Or Pleasure's substance for its shade to miss,  
 Preach *other* worlds, but live for only *this* —  
 Thanks to the well paid Mystery round us flung,  
 Which, like its type, the golden cloud that hung  
 O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade benign,  
 Round human frailty wraps a veil divine

Still less should they presume, weak wits, that they  
 Alone despise the craft of us who pray,—  
 Still less their creedless vanity deceive  
 With the fond thought, that we who pray believe 50  
 Believe '—Apis forbid—forbid it, all  
 Ye monster Gods, before whose shrines we fall—  
 Deities, fram'd in jest, as if to try  
 How far gross Man can vulgarise the sky,  
 How far the same low fancy that combines  
 Into a drove of brutes yon zodiac's signs,  
 And turns that Heaven itself into a place  
 Of sainted sin and deified disgrace,  
 Can bring Olympus even to shame more deep,  
 Stock it with things that earth itself holds cheap, 60  
 Fish, flesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sacred brood,  
 Which Egypt keeps for worship, not for food—  
 All, worthy idols of a Faith that sees  
 In dogs, cats, owls, and apes, divinities '

Believe '—oh, Decius, thou, who feel'st no care  
 For things divine, beyond the soldier's share,  
 Who takes on trust the faith for which he bleeds,  
 A good, fierce God to swear by, all he needs—  
 Little canst thou, whose creed around thee hangs  
 Loose as thy summer war-cloak, guess the pangs 70

Of loathing and self-scorn with which a heart,  
 Stubborn as mine is, acts the zealot's part—  
 The deep and dire disgust with which I wade  
 Through the foul juggling of this holy trade—  
 This mud profound of mystery, where the feet,  
 At every step, sink deeper in deceit  
 Oh, many a time, when, 'mid the Temple's blaze,  
 O'er prostrate fools the sacred cist I raise,  
 Did I not keep still proudly in my mind  
 The power this priestcraft gives me o'er mankind— 80  
 A lever, of more might, in skilful hand,  
 To move this world, than Archimede e'er plann'd—  
 I should, in vengeance of the shame I feel  
 At my own mockery, crush the slaves that kneel  
 Besotted round, and—like that kindred breed  
 Of reverend, well-drest crocodiles they feed,  
 At fam'd Aisinoc—make my keepers bless,  
 With their last throb, my sharp-ang'd Holiness

Say, 's it to be borne, that scoffers, vain  
 Of their own freedom from the altar's chain, 90  
 Should mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold,  
 And I my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold ?  
 It must not be —think'st thou that Christian sect,  
 Whose followers, quick as broken waves, erect  
 Then crests anew and swell into a tide,  
 That threats to sweep away our shrines of pride—  
 Think'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, even they  
 Would triumph thus, had not the constant play  
 Of Wit's resistless archery clear'd their way ?—  
 That mocking spuit, worst of all the foes, 100  
 Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummary knows,  
 Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs  
 Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shines,  
 Threat'ning such change as do the awful freaks  
 Of summer lightning, ere the tempest breaks

But, to my point—a youth of this vain school,  
 But one, whom Doubt itself hath fail'd to cool  
 Down to that freezing point where Priests despair  
 Of any spark from the altar catching there—  
 Hath, some nights since—it was, methinks, the night 110  
 That follow'd the full Moon's great annual rite—  
 Through the dark, winding ducts, that downward stray  
 To these earth-hidden temples, track'd his way,  
 Just at that hour when, round the Shrine, and me,  
 The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see,  
 Sing their last night-hymn in the Sanctuary  
 The clangour of the marvellous Gate, that stands  
 At the Well's lowest depth—which none but hands  
 Of new, untaught adventurers, from above,  
 Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move— 120  
 Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh —  
 'Twas the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky,

Had been observ'd, curiously wand'ring round  
The mighty fanes of our sepulchral ground

Instant, the' Initiate's Trials were prepar'd,—  
The Fire, Air, Water, all that Orpheus dar'd,  
That Plato, that the bright-hair'd Samian<sup>1</sup> pass'd,  
With trembling hope, to come to—*what*, at last ?  
Go, ask the dupes of Priestcraft<sup>1</sup> question him  
Who, 'mid terrific sounds and spectres dim, 130  
Walks at Eleusis, ask of those, who brave  
The dazzling miracles of Mithra's Cave,  
With its seven starry gates, ask all who keep  
Those terrible night-mysteries, where they weep  
And howl sad dirges to the answering breeze,  
O'er their dead Gods, their mortal Derties—  
Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men,  
Drown'd, hang'd, empal'd, to rise, as gods, again,—  
Ask *them*, what mighty secret lurks below  
This seven-fold mystery—can they tell thee ? No, 140  
Gravely they keep that only secret, well  
And fairly kept—that they have none to tell,  
And, dup'd themselves, console their humbled pride  
By duping thenceforth all mankind beside

And such the' advance in fraud since Orpheus' time—  
That earliest master of our craft sublime—  
So many minor Mysteries, imps of fraud,  
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,  
That, still to' uphold our Temple's ancient boast,  
And seem most holy, we must cheat the most, 150  
Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round  
In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound,  
Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind,  
With changeful skill, and make the human mind  
Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,  
But by the Priest's permission, wins its way—  
Where through the gloom as wave our wizard-rods,  
Monsters, at will, are conjur'd into Gods,  
While Reason, like a grave-fac'd mummy, stands,  
With her arms swath'd in hieroglyphic bands 160  
But chiefly in that skill with which we use  
Man's wildest passions for Religion's views,  
Yoking them to her car like fiery steeds,  
Lies the main art in which our craft succeeds  
And oh ! be blest, ye men of yore, whose toil  
Hath, for her use, scoop'd out from Egypt's soil  
This hidden Paradise, this mine of fanes,  
Gardens, and palaces, where Pleasure reigns  
In a rich, sunless empire of her own,  
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne,— 170  
A realm for mystery made, which undermines  
The Nile itself, and, 'neath the Twelve Great Shrines

<sup>1</sup> Pythagoras

That keep Initiation's holy rite,  
 Spreads its long labyrinths of unearthly light,  
 A light that knows no change—its brooks that run  
 Too deep for day, its gardens without sun,  
 Where soul and sense, by turns, are charm'd, surpris'd,  
 And all that bard or prophet e'er devis'd  
 For man's Elysium, priests have realms'd

Here, at this moment—all his trials past, 180  
 And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last—  
 Our new Initiate loves—as yet left free  
 To wander through this realm of mystery,  
 Feeding on such illusions as prepare  
 The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear  
 All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,  
 Though every shifting aspect, vapour still,—  
 Vague glimpses of the Future, vistas shown,  
 By scenic skill, into that world unknown, 190  
 Which saints and sinners claim alike their own,  
 And all those other witching, wildering arts,  
 Illusions, terrors, that make human hearts,  
 Ay, even the wisest and the hardest, quail  
 To *any* goblin thron'd behind a veil

Yes—such the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear,  
 Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmosphere,  
 Till, if our Sage be not tam'd down, at length,  
 His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their strength,  
 Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine—  
 If he become not absolutely mine, 200  
 Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy  
 Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,  
 Draw converts also, lure his brother wits  
 To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,  
 And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites—  
 If I effect not this, then be it said  
 The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,  
 Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chas'd  
 To hiss its soul out in the Theban waste

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